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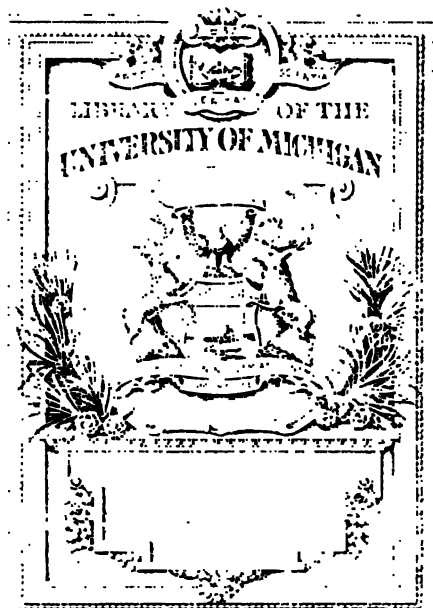
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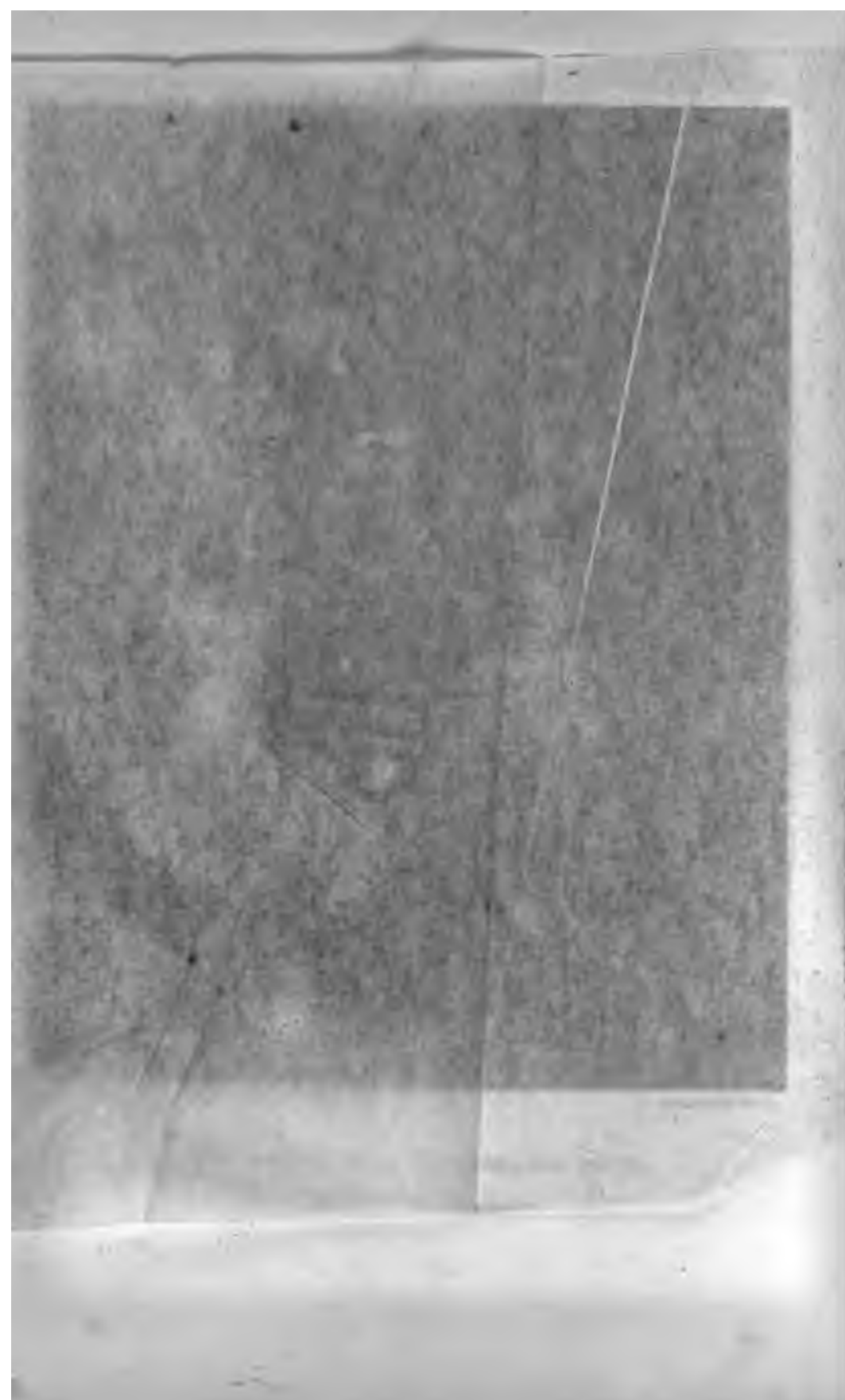
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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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M.

- Macaulay's History of England.—*Edinburgh Review*, . . . 116
 Mehemet Ali, Life and Adventures of.—*Times*, . . . 277
 Memoirs of Myself.—*See Posthumous*.
 Milton and the Commonwealth.—*British Quarterly Review*, . . . 346
 Modern Orator.—*See Chatham*.
 Mania, the Emerson.—*See Emerson*.
 MISCELLANEOUS.—State Education in America, 200; Trees of India, 233; Circumstantial Evidence, 258; Lola Montes, 309; Newspaper Paragraphs, 316; Death of the Duke of St. Albans, 380; Secrets of Opera Management, 452; Statistics of French Literature, 509.

N.

- North's, Christopher, Dies Boreales.—*See Dies*.
 Nile, Sources of.—*New Monthly Magazine*, . . . 201
 Notices of New Books, . . . 284
 Newspapers, London Morning.—*See London*.

O.

- Observations, Astronomical.—*See Herschel*.
 Old Mortality, . . . 416

P.

- Personal Recollections of Lady Blessington.—*See Blessington*.
 Posthumous Memoirs of Myself.—*New Monthly Magazine*, . . . 264, 411
 Poetical Injustice, Thoughts on.—*People's Journal*, . . . 281
 Police Officer, Recollections of.—*See Recollections*.
 Pounds, John, the Cobbler.—*See Contrast*.
 Poems of Robert Browning.—*See Browning*.
 Palmerston, Lord, Kossuth's Letter to.—*See Kossuth*.

- Pepys's Diary.—*Edinburgh Review*, . . . 533

POMTAY.—Heart-treasures, 50; The Past, 71; "Not always shall the cloud obscure," 95; The Winding Sheet, 105; On the death of Abel, 109; Night, 140; The Fatherless, 159; The Shadow of the Past, 169; Prayer, 181; May you die among your kindred, 238; Moses, 270; Sonnet to Elihu Burritt, 335; Come kiss me and be friends, 374; A Dirge, 415; To a Lark, 445; The True Hero, 469; Hymn, 492; Westminster Abbey, 532.

R.

- Recollections of Lady Blessington.—*See Blessington*.
 Rejected Addresses, Authors of.—*See Authors*.
 River Jordan and the Dead Sea.—*See Jordan*.
 Recollections of a Police-Officer.—*Chambers's Journal*, . . . 375
 Reign of Louis XV.—*See Louis XV*.
 Railway System of Great Britain.—*North British Review*, . . . 470

S.

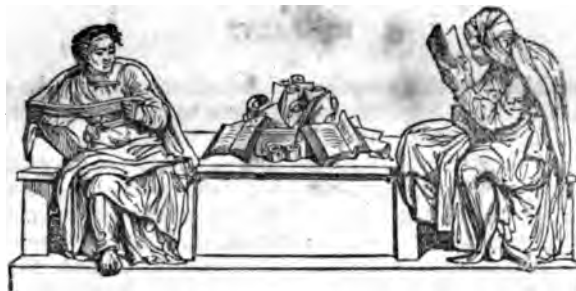
- Swift and his Biographers.—*North British Review*, . . . 141
 Sources of the Nile.—*See Nile*.
 System, Railway.—*See Railway*.
 Sheridan.—*See Chatham*.

T.

- Thoughts on Poetical Injustice.—*See Poetical*.
 Troubadour, the Modern.—*See Jasmin*.

U, W.

- United States, Lyell's Visit to.—*See Lyell*.
 What Strikes an American in England.—*Bentley's Miscellany*, . . . 72
 Wicked Women.—*Dublin University Magazine*, . . . 96, 271
 W rongs of Hungary.—*See Hungary*.



THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1849.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review

HUNGARY.

The Case of Hungary stated. Manifesto published in the name of the Hungarian Government. By COUNT LADISLAS TELEKI, Member of the Hungarian Diet. Translated from the French, with prefatory remarks. By H. F. W. BROWNE, B. A. London: Effingham Wilson.

THE nation which, in political language, we call Hungary, but comprising many nationalities, is that large tract of country included in the Austrian dominions, extending from the Carpathian Mountains on the north, to the Gulf of Quarnero on the Adriatic and the Turkish frontier; longitudinally, it extends from the Austrian boundary line of Moravia, Lower Austria, Styria, and Illyria on the west; eastward to the Alpine chain which bounds Transylvania. It would seem as if nature had designed it for the separate habitation of a great people. On all sides it is defended by the bulwarks of nature—mountain or flood. Nature has been prodigal in the gifts of a rich soil, and of a climate favorable to all productions necessary for the sustentation of man. It is a country prolific in corn and wine; the broad plains afford luxuriant pasturage for the flocks, and the mountains yield mineral treasures of boundless extent. In the admirable distribution of Providence, the richer soils of the plain yield more than enough of the staff of

life to supply the deficiencies of those mountain regions which contribute minerals to the national wealth. Hungary is copiously watered by noble rivers. The Danube flows through the heart of the country; and the Thieiss, the Drave, the Save, and waters of lesser magnitude, give breadth to Duna's mighty flood. The superficial magnitude of the country is estimated at nearly 88,000 square miles.

The kingdom of Hungary is composed of Hungary proper, Slavonia, Croatia, Transylvania, and the Gränz Comitates, or military frontier. It is subdivided thus:

I.—Hungary proper, containing the following districts and population:

1. Hungary west of the Danube; divided into eleven komitats, or counties; population in 1842, 2,109,510.
2. East of the Danube; thirteen counties; population, 2,764,247.
3. West of the Thieiss; eleven counties population, 1,789,700.

4. East of the Thieiss; twelve counties; population, 2,631,600.
- II.—Sclavonia; three counties; Syrmia, Verócz, and Posegan; population, 336,100.
- III.—Croatia; three counties; Kreutz, Waradin, and Agram; population, 506,500.
- IV.—Transylvania; containing:
 1. The Hungarian country; eleven counties; population, 1,279,700.
 2. The Szekler country; five cantons; population, 373,000.
 3. The Saxon country; nine cantons; population, 446,700; making, with a military force of 9,005, a total of 2,108,405.
- V.—Five small separate districts; population, 296,100; making, with 66,243 military for the districts, exclusive of Transylvania, a total population of 10,500,000, according to an approximate estimate made in 1842.

The bulk of the population is composed of three races: 1. The Magyars, or Hungarians *par excellence*. 2. The Sclavonians, or Slaves, comprising various tribes, as the Slovacs, Croats, Serbs, &c. 3. Germans. The relative proportions are thus stated by M. Fényes: Magyars, 4,812,759; Slovacs, 1,687,256; Germans, 1,273,677; Wallaks, 2,202,542; Croats, 886,079; Raiks, or Raitzes, 828,305; Schocks, 429,868; Wends, 40,864; Ruthenians, 442,903; Bulgarians, 12,000; French, 6,150; Greeks, 5,680; Armenians, 3,798; Montenegrins, 2,830; Clementins, 1,600; Jews, 244,035=12,880,406.*

The chief settlements of the Magyars are the plains west and east of the Danube. The Germans are for the most part of Saxon and Suabian descent, and dwell on the Austrian frontier and the mining districts. The Slovacs, who are supposed to be the oldest settlers, and who came of the Czecs of Bohemia, people the northern districts along with the Ruthenians or Russniaks (from Red Russia,) and the slopes of the Carpathians. The Schocks inhabit Sclavonia; and with the Raitzes, who people that province as well as the district called the Banat, lying between the rivers Danube, Thieiss, and Arad and Transylvania, are of the Serbian stock of Slaves. Many of this race took shelter in Hungary from the persecution of the Turks, and settled in the country. The Croats inhabit the district of Croatia. The Wends are of the Styrian tribe of Slaves. The Walaques or Wallaks are supposed to be of

Sclavo-Roman origin, the descendants of the Roman colonists who peopled Dacia in the time of Trajan.

The statistics of the religious faith of these populations, according to the tables of 1842, for the whole kingdom, including Transylvania, are these: Roman Catholics, 6,444,418; Greek Church (united,) 1,379,717; (non-united) 2,603,060=3,982,777. Protestants (Lutheran,) 1,014,518; (Calvinists,) 1,949,606=2,964,124; Unitarians, 45,769; Jews, 258,882. To this bird's-eye view of the country it may be interesting to the English reader to add an outline of the history of Hungary, for which information must still be sought in the chronicles of the kingdom.

The history of Hungary is copious in incidents, replete with romance and deeds of chivalry, and affords ample materials for philosophical reflection. We cannot, however, do more than indicate the prominent points necessary to illustrate the origin, progress, and recent liberal development of the Hungarian Constitution. The earliest accounts are fabulous and obscure. We know nothing certain prior to the Roman conquest of Pannonia. And from that period till the Magyar settlement, about the close of the ninth century, there is little to arrest the attention of the political inquirer. The Hungarians, in the common desire of mankind to trace their origin to a noted ancestry, have reckoned the conquering Huns of Attila as their ancestors; but ethnology and history alike fail to support the assertion.* The country which we now call Hungary, prior to the period when it received that name, appears, according to the best authorities, to have been successively occupied by the Huns, the Goths, and Gepidæ, (between the years 489 and 526;) by the Lombards, till 568; and by the far-conquering Abares or Avars. Towards the close of the ninth century, the progenitors of the Magyar or Hungarian nation obtained their first settlement in the country. The received opinion is, that they

* Gibbon has graphically described the Calmuck characteristics of Attila's Huns. The Magyars bear no traces of the personal peculiarities of that race. On the historical point we may quote Gibbon, for the brevity of his summary: "Hungary has been successively occupied by three Scythian colonies.—1. The Huns of Attila; 2. The Abares, in the sixth century; and 3. The Turks, or Majiars, A. D. 889—the immediate and genuine ancestors of the modern Hungarians, whose connection with the two former is extremely faint and remote."—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapter xxxiv.

* "Statistique du Royaume de Hongrie," par Alexis de Fényes. Three vols, 1843-1844-1845.

were of an Asian tribe which wandered westward in search of a better land, from their original settlement to the south of the Black Sea; a learned but fanciful attempt has even been made to trace them to the family of the ancient Egyptians.* As in all attempts to determine the etymology of names, there is much diversity of opinion on the origin of the Hungarian name. Some of the hypotheses are curious. It is said that the Huns of the race of Attila returned to Pannonia in the eighth century, under the leadership of their chieftain Hungar—a word signifying the valiant, or the conqueror; and that, having acquired a settlement, they gave the name of their commander to the land of his conquest. Others affirm that it is but a compound of the national denominations of the two races who had previously peopled the land—the Huns and the Avari. A third legend says, that near the spot where the nomade warriors first encamped, stood a fortification called Hungvar, which they made their stronghold; and that, when they sallied forth on raid or foray, the terrified natives of the plains, as they prepared for defense or fled, warned their brethren that the Hungvarians were coming. In northwestern Hungary there is a town called Unghvar, which gives the name to one of the eleven komitats of the district west of the Thies. The town is situated on the river Ungh. But there is no bound to the fancy of the etymologist. The comic historian could possibly support an hypothesis as plausible, that the name was not given from the ferocity, but from the voracity of the conquerors.†

* Dr. F. Thomas—*Conjecturae de origine prima sede et lingua Hungarorum*. Budæ, 1806.

† In Dr. Bowring's interesting specimens of the poetry of the Magyars, there is a translation of a national ballad of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, much admired by the Magyars, and often sung at their festivals—"On the conquest of the Magyar Land." The minstrel sings how their sires, in search of a better land, left their Scythian home, and came to Erdely or Transylvania—

"And glorious were their doings then,
Seven bands composed the host;
Seven valiant chieftains led the men,
And each a *Far* (fort) could boast."

Arpad, "The Magyars' pride," was the leader. In their wanderings they came on the broad waters of the Duna or Danube, and much charmed were they with the fatness of the land. An embassy was sent to the ruler, the "Lengvel lord," at his court at Vezprim. The ambassador cunningly represented that he had come to learn the people's laws, at which the Herzeg or Duke expressed much self-satisfaction. The messenger returned to Erdely, with a

Tradition says that seven tribes of these Magyar wanderers, under the conduct of Almus, or of his son Arpad, entered the country near the Thies, and gradually won settlements in the fertile plain, but that it was ten years before they conquered the country. Whatever may have been the origin of the race and of the Hungarian name, these Magyar warriors had brave notions of liberty; if they enslaved the vanquished, they were yet resolved themselves to live free; they exercised but the right of the sword, which, nine centuries later in the march of civilization, is still the "*ultimus ratio regis*." The very foundation of their State was laid on the right divine of the people. To concentrate their strength, they chose Arpad as their duke, or leader; and a solemn compact was made between that chief and the heads of the tribes, that the office of chief magistrate should be hereditary to his line, but that the right of the tribes to choose their governor, if they so willed, should never be questioned. It was, in short, a federal aristocracy, or union of clans owing a limited obedience to a superior chief; for there appears to have been an express stipulation made by the heads of the tribes, that the ducal title, on every new accession to the leadership must be solemnly acknowledged by the State, and that a refusal to take certain oaths prescribed, to observe the popular liberties, should be followed by rejection. The fullest liberty of action was reserved by the people, or rather by their chiefs. They promised to yield military

glowing account of his sojourn at the Duke's court. After a council of the chiefs had been held, the messenger was sent back to Vezprim, with a snow-white steed meekly caparisoned,

"With golden bit and saddle rich,"

as a peace-offering to his Grace the Herzeg; and the messenger craved the boon of a quiet settlement in the country for his tribe. Alas! poor Duke—his love of a snow-white steed cost him his ducal dominions. The Magyars advanced to the conquest of the land—

"In those proud wars, the Magyars,
By God upheld, their foemen quelled,
And weighty was their gain."

The Duke sought oblivion in Duna's flood, and the Magyar occupied the land which his race still retains. The poet thus triumphantly concludes his song:

"Of those who gained the Magyar land,
A chief as bold as any
Was Budon, who, when Arpad died,
Was Magyar's Kaptaany.

He reared his throne by Duna's banks,
Near Pesth, along the hill;
And Buda's city, fair and rich,
Preserves his memory still."

service to the State, to defend the country from internal turmoil and foreign invasion; but, like the militia force of England, they could not be compelled to go beyond the bounds of the country—a useful check, undoubtedly, on the ambition of adventurous spirits. So long as military skill was requisite to keep the Magyars in their new government, their aristocratical political system came within the moral sense of the term, “the government of the *ἀριστοί*, or the best;” but when more settled times enabled leaders to serve themselves as well as the State, the wealthiest became the best, territorial lords the most excellent of the land, and the aristocracy of young Hungary degenerated, step by step, into a plutocracy. Geysa, or Geyson, the third in descent from Arpad, embraced Christianity; and his son Stephen, who attained the dukedom in the year 1000, under the proselyting patronage of the Roman See, exchanged his coronet for a crown. The diadem consecrated by Pope Sylvester, and by him presented to Hungary’s saintly king, still exists in the dear regards of the nation.* But Holy Church is prudent in her generosity. When she could patronize monarchs, and bestow rich gifts, she expected a tenfold profit. The enrolment of Hungary in the array of Christendom was no exception. Stephen built churches and monasteries, and endowed rich sees. A new, powerful, and oftentimes most troublesome branch was thus engrafted on the original aristocratic stem of the Constitution. Stephen divided the kingdom into seventy-two *komitats* or lordships, over each of which he placed a chief. The declining aristocracy of merit, under the genial glow of priestly influence, expanded into a more unbending system of class distinction. Three orders of privileged men were instituted in the kingdom: foremost were the princes, the magnate churchmen, and the barons of the king-

dom; next to them in rank were the king’s chief retainers, with the holders of fiefs under the princes and prelates, with their principal retainers; the third order of magnates consisted of the untitled gentry—the *eidelmen*, or primal squirearchy of Hungary, all of noble descent. The rest of the people were serfs. The privileged classes were exceedingly tenacious of their rights and privileges; they yielded military service to the State, and pecuniary aid, when admitted by themselves to be requisite; but the sovereign could exact no aids from his subjects, without an express vote to that effect in the national assembly. The *comitia* or national council was not a representative body, for all members of the privileged classes attended in person; neither could it be termed a deliberative assembly, for, accompanied as the magnates were by their retainers, the *comitiæ* were sometimes attended by eighty thousand men. Stephen added Transylvania to the Hungarian kingdom. In the course of the next two centuries, Sclavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Servia and Galicia were successively added to the dominions of the crown.

On the death of Stephen without issue, the country for a time lapsed into a state of anarchy; but order was restored by the election of Ladislaus, the representative of a junior branch of the house of Arpad, in 1077. It was during the rule of this prince that Croatia and Sclavonia were added to Hungary.* The march of social refinement made some progress in softening the rude manners of the martial nobles in the twelfth century; especially toward the close of it, when Belas the Second married a daughter of Henry of France.

In the first quarter of the thirteenth century, we come to a marked and interesting era in Hungarian history—namely, to the establishment of the rudiments of a regularly-defined constitutional and representative system. In the reign of Andreas the Second, in the year 1223, eight years after the barons of England had compelled John to grant *Magna Charta*, the magnates of Hungary obtained a similar charter, under the title of the Golden Bull.

The charter, after recognizing the ancient privileges of the nobility, in substance provided that the magnates should sit as heredi-

* The fated stone of Scone, carried off by Edward I. for a coronation-chair for his saintly namesake’s chapel at Westminster, was not more devoutly regarded by the Scottish nation, than is Stephen’s crown by the Magyars. Joseph II. deeply offended the nation by removing the crown to Vienna. Since it was restored by his successor, it has, till very recently, been preserved with reverent care in the chapel of the palace at Buda. On the advance of the Austrians to attack the capital, in the present war, to save it from the unholy touch of the hands of these Philistines, the crown was taken to Debreczin; and with what a burst of pious horror did the scribes of our oligarchical press narrate that Kossuth had stolen the crown. Peace to their troubled souls! Stephen’s crown will probably long outlast his monarchy!

* His daughter, the Princess Sophia, married a prince of the house of Hapsburg, the origin of the family connection of the present imperial family with Hungary.

tary legislators in the national diet or assembly; and that the inferior nobility, or untitled gentry, with the body of the clergy, should be represented by members of their respective bodies; but all other classes of the community were beyond the pale of citizenship. With the progress of social civilization, there gradually arose a middle class between the nobles and their peasant serfs; and about a century and a half after the Golden Bull was granted, they received a *quasi* political recognition. In the reign of Sigismund, the representative branch of the legislature was increased by a burgess class, the delegates or deputies from the free towns and royal cities. To trace the exact historical progress and development of the Constitution, would far exceed our allotted space; it is enough to say, that the Constitution of Hungary, under the rule of the imperial dynasty, has been successively recognized and confirmed by the treaties of Vienna, in 1606, and Leutz, in 1647; and by the inaugural diploma of the Emperor Joseph the Second, in 1790. And here it may be convenient to anticipate the course of history, and give a brief sketch of the Hungarian Constitution as it existed down to 1848, when the patriotism of the nation enlarged its boundaries, admitting all classes of the people as free citizens of the commonwealth.

The Constitution may be theoretically described as a mixed form of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; but practically it was a rigid oligarchy. It had king and lords, with the phantom of a Commons.

The monarchy was limited, and latterly hereditary, in the dynasty chosen by the portion of the nation having legislative power. The person of the king is sacred. He is the executive chief magistrate, by whom all civil appointments are made. He is the temporal head of the Church, appoints to all ecclesiastical dignities, and receives the proceeds of all vacant benefices.* He is the fountain of honor, the head of the army, the arbiter of war or peace; and with him rests the power to call out the Honveds, or national force, to the field; he has also the power to summon and dissolve the States. The Constitution requires that, within six months after his accession, the sovereign shall call together the States of the realm, take the oath of fealty† to the

Constitution,* and that he shall be invested with all the insignia of royalty.† There is a curious and somewhat anomalous office attached and subsidiary to the regal dignity. The Palatin of Hungary discharges the double functions of viceroy of Hungary

Hapsburg line, was elected to the throne, he took the following oath, which has been the form of the act of fealty observed by all his successors down to the coronation of Ferdinand V.: "Nos Ferdinandus, Dei gratiâ Hungariæ, Bohemiæ, Dalmatiæ, Croatia, Scaloniæ, &c., Rex Apostolicus, Archi-dux Austriæ, &c. Quas prælibati Regni Hungariæ, et aliorum regnorum, ac partium eidem adnexarum Rex, iuramus per Deum vivum, per ejus Sanctissimam Genitricem Virginem Mariam, ac omnes sanctos; quod ecclesias Dei dominos, prælatos barones, magnates, nobiles, civitates liberas, et omnes regnicolas, in suis immunitatibus et libertatibus, juribus, legibus, privilegiis, ac in antiquis bonis, et approbatis, consuetudinibus, conservabimus, omnibusque justitiam faciemus; Serenissimi quondam Andree Regis decreta: (Exclusa tamen et semota Articula 31 ejusdem decreti clausula incipienti: Quod si vero nos, &c., usque ad verba in pertutinum facultatem) observabimus. Fines regni nostri Hungariæ, et quæ ad illud quocunque jure aut titulo pertinent, non abalienabimus, nec minuemus, sed quoad poterimus, augebimus et extendemus, omniaque illa faciemus, quæcunque pro bono publico, honore et incremento omnium statuam, ac totius Regni Hungariæ juste facere poterimus; sic nos Deus adjuvet et omnes sancti."

* So important is this ceremony deemed by the nation, that it has been customary, during the reign of the King of Hungary, to crown his successor as heir presumptive. The late emperor, Ferdinand I. of Austria, (the fifth Ferdinand of Hungary,) who abdicated his Imperial throne last year, was crowned King of Hungary some years before the decease of his father. His abdication has never been recognized by the Diet of Hungary; he is, therefore, still, *de jure*, King of Hungary, and his nephew and imperial successor, the "Boy Emperor," is consequently a usurper within the kingdom of Hungary.

† The coronation, which takes place at Presburg, is described as a ceremony of great solemnity and splendor. "Like its counterpart among ourselves," says Mr. Gleig, in his interesting account of a tour in Hungary, in 1837, "it is regarded as the ratification of a covenant between the sovereign and the people, and is performed amid much pomp, both religious and civil. The monarch elect, attended by his magnates and councillors, repairs to the cathedral, where the officiating prelate administers to him the customary oaths. He is anointed with the holy oil, and undergoes the usual routine of anointing and crowning; after which he proceeds on horseback, the states of the realm in his train, to the Königsberg. It is a circular mound, perhaps fifty feet high, which stands just outside the city, and commands an extensive view over the plain, both eastward and southward. This the king ascends, his nobles and knights, and dignified clergy, being collected in a mass round its base; and as all are on horseback—as their dresses are picturesque, their arms and housings costly, and their port chivalrous in the extreme—the spectacle is, perhaps, as grand

* On failure of heirs, all property in Hungary is *ipso facto* inherited by the crown.

† When Ferdinand I., the first prince of the

proper, during the absence of the king. While the sovereign is in the kingdom, the palatin acts as a kind of mediator for the whole country, between king and people, with a view of preventing an encroachment on the popular liberties and regal prerogatives on or by either side.* The palatin is elected for life by the Diet, from one of a list of four persons presented to the king. Till the Reform Act of 1848, the administration of the kingdom was conducted through the Hungarian Court of Chancery at Vienna.

The States or Diet of Hungary are divided into two Chambers or Tables as they are termed—the Lords and the Commons of the kingdom. The first Table is composed of the royal barons, the high officers of the crown, the prelates, counts, and free landlords of the kingdom. The house is hereditary, and the members number from six hundred to seven hundred. The palatin is president of this assembly. The second Table consists of the deputies from the komitats, (that is, the representatives of the untitled gentry,) and from the enfranchised cities and towns. There is a third and very singular element, viz: the elected representatives of those nobles who do not personally attend in the upper house. These members are termed "ablegati absentium." The total number of deputies does not exceed two hundred and fifty. The representatives were paid by their constituents. The Speaker or President of this House of Commons, whose official title is "*Personalis presentatiæ Regiæ in judiciis locum tenens*," as far as respects the double offices of president of a legislative house and of one of the supreme courts, resembles our Lord High Chancellor.

The legislative functions of these two bodies are these: the election of a new sovereign, in the event of the extinction of a dynasty, or of the confirmation of a successor in the case of an ordinary demise by death; the election of Palatin of Hungary; the granting of subsidies and imposing taxes,

and to give assent to or reject new laws proposed by the executive power. The Constitution requires that a Diet shall be held once at least in five years. The only other legislative feature that requires to be noticed here is, with respect to the mode of voting. The two Tables vote in four distinct bodies, each of which votes separately on the question proposed. The absolute majority determines the question. There is, or was, we believe, a parliamentary rule to the effect that no member should vote on a question unless he had previously spoken on it; but on this point we do not speak confidently. Of the social working and effects of this political system, we shall have to speak when we come to describe the changes introduced into the constitution, or, more properly speaking, for its popular development, through the liberal and enlightened policy and patriotism of the Diet of 1847-48.

We must now resume our narrative, and briefly state the leading events of Hungarian history subsequent to the grant of the Golden Bull by Andreas II. In 1301, the male line of Arpad became extinct in the person of Andreas IV. The crown then passed into the house of Anjou, by election of the States. Through the female line, these princes claimed descent from Arpad thus: Charles le Boiteux, son to Charles the first Count of Anjou, and King of Sicily, and the younger brother of Louis IX. of France, married the Princess Maria, daughter of Stephen IV., King of Hungary. His eldest son, Charles Martel, (who pre-deceased his father,) was elected king by the states of Hungary, on failure of the male line of Arpad. On the death of this prince, who left a son named Carobert, his younger brother Robert disputed the succession, which gave rise to some confusion in the kingdom. The pope decided in favor of Carobert, who reigned from 1308 to 1342; and was succeeded by his son Louis, surnamed the great—1342-1382—who, marrying the princess Elizabeth, daughter of king Ladislaus of Poland, united that country to Hungary. Louis contributed much to the splendor of the Hungarian throne, the dominion of which extended from the Baltic Sea to the Adriatic. Considerable intellectual progress was also made, and the University of Buda was founded in this reign. Louis left two daughters: Maria betrothed to Sigismund of Luxemburg, afterwards emperor; and Hedwig, who subsequently married Jagellon, Grand Duke of Lithuania.

as can be met with in any part of Europe. Meanwhile, the king has ridden to the crest of the hill, where, before the bishops, he again gives the pledges which had been exacted from him in the cathedral. Finally, he draws his sword, and making a cut towards each of the cardinal points, thereby denotes that, let danger come from what quarter it may, he will repel it. Then are medals scattered among the crowd; then is the air rent with shouts; and the princely cavalcade returns to the city in the same order which attended its outward progress."

* In Croatia and Sclavonia, the viceregal chief or governor is called the Ban; in Transylvania, the Vayvóda.

This failure of issue male involved the kingdom in many troubles, and resulted in the separation of Poland from Hungary. During the minority of Maria, the government was conducted by the queen dowager and the palatin Gare; but being very unpopular, the States sent an embassy to Charles king of Naples to offer him the crown. Charles, who was a kinsman to the young queen, accepted the offer, and was crowned at Buda in 1386. A reaction of popular feeling, however, soon arose in behalf of the young princess, and Gare and the queen-mother treacherously invited the king to their apartment, under pretense of showing him a letter from Sigismund, resigning pretension to the throne, and he was killed by an assassin in their service. But a terrible revenge overtook the murderers. The queens, accompanied by the palatin, having occasion to journey into Lower Hungary, Hiornard, the governor of Croatia, who owed his rise to the murdered king, hastily assembling a body of troops, surprised the royal cavalcade. The palatin and his attendants were instantly put to death; the dowager queen, after the most humiliating appeals for mercy, was drowned in the river Boseth, and the young princess was cast into a frightful dungeon. Sigismund, who had been living in retirement in Bohemia, put himself at the head of some troops, and, entering Hungary, was well received by the nobles. Hiornard thereupon relaxed the severity of his treatment of his royal prisoner, and even offered to set her at liberty if she would procure his pardon. This she promised; and she was escorted to Buda, and received amidst public rejoicings. Sigismund, who was then but twenty years of age, was soon after crowned king of Hungary; but despite the guaranty his queen had given, the governor of Croatia and his followers were put to death with great cruelty. The queen died very soon after these transactions; and Sigismund commenced a series of the most tyrannical persecutions against all who supported the ill-fated king of Naples. The Count Stephen Contus, and many of the principal magnates, were seized and beheaded with cold-blooded malignity. This barbarous murder excited the princes and nobles so much, that they one after the other took up arms against the tyrant. We have detailed these tragical events, because they mark the commencement of a series of troubles which afflicted Hungary for centuries. Bajazet, Sultan of the Turks, profiting by the internal

dissensions of the country, invaded Hungary, and seized Nicopolis, on the Danube. Sigismund having applied for foreign aid, France sent a fine army to his assistance, commanded by the son of the Duke of Burgundy, and comprising the Count D'Eu the constable, Jean de Vienne admiral, and Jean le Maingre Boucicaut, marshal of France, and the flower of her chivalry. Men of other nations and all arms joined the host of 100,000 soldiers which Sigismund led against the Turk.

"Ils firent du commencement des actions d'une valeur incroyable," says the historian Mezeray, when alluding to this enterprise of his countrymen, "mais leurs folies et leur dissolution les rendirent ridicules aux *Turcs memes*."* The Christians met with some partial successes at first, which they abused by murdering the prisoners whom they had captured. Having besieged Nicopolis, Bajazet the Thunderbolt marched to its relief; and in the battle of Nicopolis, on the 28th of September, 1396, the allies were signally defeated. Bajazet made terrible reprisals on his captives. Sigismund, instead of making exertions to repair this disaster, sank into luxurious repose, which further alienated his nobility to such an extent that, in 1401, they seized and detained him prisoner. In 1410, the captive, having gained the ears of his guards, succeeded in escaping into Bohemia; whence he soon returned, with a force which enabled him to remount his throne. Sigismund was one who profited by the bitter lessons of misfortune, for the remainder of his Hungarian rule was characterized by moderation and justice. His election to the head of the Germanic Empire in 1411, belongs to general history. Hungary continued to be ravaged by the Turks; and Sigismund's last military achievement was to lead the Hussites against the infidels, with considerable success. By his second queen, Barbara of Cilley, whose gallantries are celebrated in story, Sigismund left one daughter, Elizabeth, married to Albert, Duke of Austria. The nomination of this prince made by Sigismund as his successor, was confirmed by the States. Amurath, the Turkish Sultan, having entered Bulgaria, and laid siege to Sideravia, Albert marched against him; but a violent dysentery put an end to his short reign, in 1439. He left his queen pregnant with Ladislas the Fifth, commonly called Ladislas Posthumus.

* *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France*, iii. 161.

At this period the famous name of John Hunnyades appears in history. This chivalrous soldier was a Wallachian, surnamed Corvinus, from the place of his birth. Having rendered Hungary essential service in the defense of the borders against the Turks, he acquired high reputation and influence in the nation. The Turks again ravaged Hungary and alarmed Christendom. Through the influence of Hunnyades, Wladislas, king of Poland, was raised to the throne, and Hunnyades was made Vayvóde of Transylvania and chief leader of the army. A solemn truce, concluded between Wladislas and the Sultan, for ten years, having been broken at the instigation of Julian, the papal legate, and on the papal morality that "no faith is to be kept with heretics," the fatal battle of Warnau, in Moldavia, was fought in 1444, in which the Polish and Hungarian host were completely worsted, and Wladislas perished. Hunnyades was elected captain-general and governor of the kingdom, which he ruled gloriously for ten years. In the mean time, the emperor Frederic III., to whom the guardianship of the young Ladislas, son of King Albert, had been committed, delaying to restore his ward to the Hungarian nation, Hannyades marched against the emperor at Neustad, and compelled him to come to terms of accommodation; by which the prince was placed under the guardianship of his maternal uncle, the Count Ulric of Cilley; but Ladislas tasted little of the sweets or bitterns of power, for he died at Prague in his 18th year. Hungary was again ravaged by the Turks, under Mahomet I., the successor of Amurath. Then it was that Hunnyades marched to the relief of Belgrade, and gained his celebrated victory; and the "joyful nations," to quote the words of Gibbon, "celebrated Hunnyades and Belgrade as the bulwarks of Christendom." But a month after that event Hunnyades died, in 1456; and two years later the nation elected his son, Matthias Corvinus, to the throne.* The character of Matthew has been painted in glowing colors by the historians of his court.† Learning was patronized, and flourished; the country enjoyed much prosperity; Matthew

gained new dominions, and regained several provinces lost by his predecessors; and one of his achievements was the expulsion of the Turks from Bosnia. Matthew died in 1490; and Wladislas, of Bohemia, grandson of Albert and Elizabeth, was elected king by the States. His reign was unfortunate, and the country was sorely troubled by internal dissensions and Turkish invasion. An attempt was made in 1505, by Count Zapoyla, a powerful magnate, to pass an act in the assembly of the States to revive an ancient law, to the effect, that in the event of the failure of the royal line, the choice of a sovereign should be limited to natives of Hungary. The opposition of the royal party led to an insurrection, which was not quelled till 1512, nor without the aid of the emperor. Wladislas was succeeded by his son Louis, a youth who fell at the battle of Mohacs, in 1526, when Solyman defeated and drove the *élite* of the Magyar chivalry into the fatal swamp of Czetze. On this event, the party which had supported Zapoyla now declared for his succession to the throne. This nobleman had previously persecuted the Protestants, who had become a numerous denomination in the State; and they now threw their influence into the scale in favor of Ferdinand of Austria, brother to the emperor Charles V., who had acquired a family connection with Hungary, through marriage with the Princess Anna, daughter of Wladislas.* A civil war ensued, in which Ferdinand was the victor, and at an assembly of the States, in 1547, he was placed on the throne,† which ever since has been occupied by his descendants, the emperors of Germany or Austria, &c., and *Kings* of Hungary.‡

The history of the Hungarian monarchy is, from this point, included in that of Austria. On the history of the Hungarian nation it is not necessary that we should here dwell. It presents a long series of invasions by their active enemies, the Turks, and of bold encroachments on the national liberties on the

* The marital fortunes of this lucky house were celebrated in a popular Latin couplet—

Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube;
Quæ dat Mars alii; hæc tibi regna Venus.

† On the abdication of Charles V., in 1556, Ferdinand was raised to the imperial throne.

‡ The gender is not, perhaps, historically correct; but it is so constitutionally. The "*moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa*" of the enthusiastic nobility has been laughed at as a Hungarian bull; but it was in reality a legal or constitutional expression, which probably had its origin in the tradition of the preference given to the male line, in the compact made with Arpad.

* This occurred on the death of Ladislas, in the preceding year. Matthew was not a complete constitutional king for some years, inasmuch as the Emperor Frederic, a pretender to the Hungarian throne, held the insignia of royalty, which he had obtained from Ladislas.

† See Bonfinius III., 1. and Galeotti, (librarian to King Matthew,) "*De Jocose dictis ac factis regis Matt. Corvini.*"

part of the sovereigns; but there are some points of political importance which it will be convenient to detail.

From the accession of Ferdinand I., till the Hungarian throne was made hereditary in the house of Hapsburg in 1687, seven princes had ruled over the country in the following succession: Ferdinand I., 1526—virtually (or by formal recognition, in 1547) to 1564; Maximilian, 1564-1572; Rodolph, 1572-1611, all in succession of primogeniture. Matthias II., his brother, 1607 to 1618, when he relinquished the crown in favor of his cousin-german, Ferdinand II., 1618-1625. Ferdinand III., his son, 1625-1655; Leopold, from 1655-1687, when he abdicated in favor of his son Joseph.*

Shortly after the accession of Maximilian, he was compelled to take arms against John Sigismund, Prince of Transylvania, vassal to the Sultan, who aspired to the Hungarian throne. After the capture of Tokay and some other places, a peace was concluded, and John transferred his feudality from the Turks to the emperor. That prince died shortly afterwards; and Stephen Bathori, elected as his successor by the States of Transylvania, renewed the treaty. A war with the Turks succeeded, who laid siege to the city of Sigath, on the Sclavonian frontier, bravely defended by Count Zerini, who with 300 men of Spartan valor, made a sally, and died with glory. The town fell in 1566, although Maximilian was close by with a large army. The king ingloriously abandoned the war, and concluded a truce for eight years. Amurath III., successor to Solymán, the party to the truce, following the Christian example set his ancestors in the previous century, broke the truce, and invaded Croatia in 1592. Rodolph beat one army, killing or drowning 12,000 men. Amurath, however, entered Hungary with another large force, and committed great ravages. Rodolph advanced toward Belgrade and gave battle to the infidels, signally defeated them, and killed 12,000 of their most warlike Janizaries. The Imperial forces captured many places of great strength, which had long remained in the hands of the Turks; and in the pitched battle of Hatvan, in 1594, they were again victorious. The war was conducted with great spirit by the Archduke Matthias, till 1606, when an advantageous

peace was concluded. In 1604 an arrangement was concluded with Stephen Botschay, a Hungarian noble of the Calvinistic faith, by which the Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists, were to have equally the free privilege of religious worship in Hungary. The reign of Matthias was tranquil and prosperous; but his policy toward the Protestants, in the end, involved Hungary in the troubles of the Thirty Years' war. While the Protestants of the empire composing the evangelical union, were supporting the Palatin Frederic against Ferdinand II., Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, on the invocation of the Hungarian Protestants, who offered to support him for the crown, entered the country in 1620, at the head of 60,000 troops, composed of Turks, Tartars, and men of other nations; but his efforts were badly seconded, and after an army had been sent against him, he concluded a truce, in which he resigned all pretension to the crown, and received very advantageous terms. He died in 1629. After the base assassination of Wallenstein, the King of Hungary took command of the Imperial troops up to the pacification of Prague.

In 1683 Hungary was again invaded by the Grand Vizier Kupruli, at the head of 100,000 Turks, and defeated by Monteculi, at the great battle of St. Godard on the Raab, in the following year. As Hungary was then threatened with serious internal troubles, the king was fain to conclude a peace as speedily as possible. The policy of Leopold was most despotic; his aim was to subvert the national institutions of Hungary, and bring the country completely under imperial sway. Under pretense that a conspiracy had been formed against the life of the emperor, several of the leading magnates of the kingdom were put to death. The brave and high-spirited people, unable to bear the oppression of this despot, flew to arms. The king sent General Sporth with a large force against the insurgents. That commander, aided by the Marquis of Baden and Prince Charles of Lorraine, treated the Hungarians with great rigor. After a brief but brave struggle, the patriots were compelled to succumb to the fortune of war. But, though conquered, they were not won; their affections were alienated, and the house of Austria never permanently regained the love of the Hungarian people. So intolerable was the German rule of Leopold, that the struggle was renewed in 1679. The leaders of the national party assembled secretly, drew up a plan of action, and engaged in their in-

* The regnal years of Hungary and the Empire do not correspond; for in almost every instance, as before stated in the text, the heir-apparent was elected and crowned in the lifetime of the king.

terest the Prince Abassi of Transylvania, who aided them with a large body of troops, under the command of the famous Count Emerik Tekeli. When the emperor-king heard the news, he sent a numerous army against the insurgents, who were defeated in several engagements. In their extremity they applied to and obtained aid from the Sultan Mahomet VI., stipulated in a treaty by which Tekeli was to become King of Hungary, and pay tribute to the Sultan. Tekeli, in the mean time, was elected king by his party. In the spring of 1683, the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha entered Hungary with a magnificent army of 280,000 men, with the design of marching on and besieging the Imperial capital itself. In his terror, Leopold sought and obtained the military alliance of John Sobieski, King of Poland. The Turks advanced in their conquering progress on the right bank of the Danube, and Tekeli on the left. The Duke of Lorraine was sent, at the head of the Imperialists, to prevent a junction of the invading armies, in which he was successful. About the middle of July the Turks invested the city of Vienna, defended by a force of 65,000 men and armed citizens. Sobieski with his own troops and those of Saxony, Bavaria, and the Circle, to the number of 64,000, attacked the besiegers with great fury, who simultaneously with a defensive movement assaulted the city with 20,000 soldiers. The Ottomans, seized by one of those unaccountable panics which at times prostrate the moral and physical powers of armed hosts, fled, and Vienna was saved. Sobieski followed them to the plain of Barkan, where they were again signally defeated. But the noble Poles, when they had vanquished "the enemies of Christendom," had done enough for duty and for glory; they would not fight against men who were in arms for the defense of their national liberties. Sobieski, therefore, persuaded the Duke of Lorraine, the Imperial commander, to listen to proposals for peace; and in the tent of the Polish Lion, the following demands were made by the Vice-Chancellor of Hungary: The confirmation of the ancient liberties and institutions of the Hungarians; liberty of conscience; the restitution of confiscated property; the convocation of a free Diet; winter quarters, and a suspension of arms pending the negotiations; and, lastly, a confirmation of the lordship of Tekeli in the territorial possession which he had acquired in the preceding year. The Duke of Lorraine replied that he had not the power to grant the terms, and Sobieski quitted the

field. The Hungarian war, and successive incursions of the Turks, engaged the Imperial arms, until the peace of Carlowitz, concluded on the 26th of January, 1699, freed the emperor from the attacks of the latter.

Down to 1687, the throne, although practically confined to the house of Lorraine, was elective by the States of the kingdom, and to ensure the succession to that house, it had been the practice with the emperor to secure the Hungarian throne by the election and coronation of his heir during his lifetime. By his later victories over the Turks, and by the capture of all the principal strongholds of the kingdom, Leopold acquired great power and legislative influence in the country, which was in fact under the domination of a German army. He convoked a Diet at Presburg, composed of men nearly all devoted to his interests. A number of Hungarian magnates, who had come up to the capital to plead the cause of their country, were seized by Leopold on the pretext that they had been engaged in correspondence with the Count Tekeli, then living in the Turkish dominions. Many of them were dragged from the churches, and some even from their bed-chambers. No tittle of the charge was proved against them, and they died without one word of confession extorted from their lips. The Diet was kept under the most rigid constraint, and was compelled to assent to whatever the court dictated. Nevertheless, some of the members had the courage to refuse to exercise their suffrages; and Leopold, in the full license of despotism, with a stroke of his pen repealed the electoral formalities of seven centuries. On a pretended resolution of the Diet, he founded and issued an edict, declaring that the choice of the kingdom had fallen on the Archduke Joseph as their legitimate sovereign. The hand that dared to strike this blow against the primal privileges of the Hungarian nation, was not scrupulous in cutting down other ancient laws to suit his despotic purposes. The patriots remonstrated earnestly, and fought and died bravely; but the Imperial troops carried out the imperious will of their master, and the crown became hereditary in the house of Austria.

The popular struggle for national independence was continued, in the beginning of the next century, with the same zeal of purpose, but uncertainty of process, which had previously characterized the military efforts of the insurgents. Under the leadership of Prince Rakoczy, they baffled all the efforts of the Imperial court to subdue them. Proposals of peace were made on these, the prin-

cial terms, that notwithstanding the result of the pretended Diet of Presburg in 1687, the Hungarian nation should exercise their ancient liberty of choosing their king after the death of Joseph, and that meanwhile he should take a new oath of fealty to the constitution; that Catholics and Protestants should enjoy equal religious liberty; that a general amnesty should be granted to all who had been in arms against Austria; freedom of commerce and from taxes, except those imposed by the States; that three months after the ratification of the proposed treaty, a general Diet should be held to determine the laws of the nation, and to restore those which had been arbitrarily abrogated; that a Diet should be triennially, or oftener if necessary, convened to deliberate on the affairs of the nation; and that the Diet should nominate one or two deputies to reside at Vienna in the capacity of counsellors of the King of Hungary, to assist in the administration of affairs concerning the kingdom. A mediation ensued on the part of Great Britain and the States-General of Holland, respectively represented by Mr. Stepney and the Count Rechteren. The emperor-king was desirous to draw his troops from Hungary, in order to employ them against France and Spain, and a meeting of plenipotentiaries was accordingly held at Chemnitz, in Upper Hungary. The Imperialists, however, in insisting that Tekeli should relinquish his rank as Prince of Transylvania, prevented the conclusion of the treaty.

Meantime, in 1705, the Emperor Leopold went to the great judgment-bar of kings and tyrants. His son, Joseph I. of Hungary, became Emperor of Germany. Joseph made an offer of peace to the Hungarian insurgents, in which he proposed to restore confiscated Protestant property; to convoke a general Diet, at which all grievances should be stated in writing; that the liberties, privileges, and prerogatives of the nation should be established and confirmed, in as far as they did not interfere with the hereditary succession to the crown; the convocation of Diets triennially; an examination of the claims of the Prince Rakoczy and the other patriot leaders; a general amnesty; and, lastly, that, within five months, the Hungarians should lay down their arms, on penalty of losing all benefit under the treaty. But the leaders were not so easily to be persuaded to place themselves at the mercy of a faithless court. A grand council of the patriot Hungarians was held, when it was resolved that they should on no pretense lay

down their arms, until they had first obtained their demands. They likewise declared that the Protestant religion should be maintained in the country; that the proceedings of the Diet held at Presburg in 1687 were illegal and contrary to the written law of Hungary; that they must be annulled, and the ancient liberty to choose their king, whenever a vacancy occurred, restored to the people; that without the express permission of the Diet no troops should garrison the country but those of Hungary; and that all offices of trust should be filled by Hungarians, unless the Diet specially declared that signal service to the State entitled foreigners to reward. The members of the council themselves solemnly swore to observe these resolutions, and to treat as criminals and traitors to their country all who should abandon the confederation, or enter into any separate treaty with the Imperial court.

The war still continued, and the insurgents increased in numbers as well as in the earnestness of their demands. Joseph convoked a Diet at Presburg in 1708, but the result only tended to show him the firm resolve the nation had made to resist the Imperial despotism. The patriots were beaten at Trentschin, but on the other hand, General Heisler was obliged to raise the siege of Neuhausel. The struggle proceeded, and by the end of 1710 the insurgents lost, with but one considerable exception, all the positions they had gained. In 1711 Joseph died, and during the interregnum of six months, when the dowager Empress Eleonora Magdalen administered power in all the hereditary States, a pacification was accomplished. By the treaty of Zaturar on the 29th of April, 1711, all the property confiscated during the troubles was restored to the lawful owners; the Protestants had accorded to them liberty of worship and conscience, and a confirmation was made of all the national liberties and privileges.

Charles III. (Charles VI. of Germany) succeeded his father. Of the events of this reign it is unnecessary here to speak, more than of the Pragmatic Sanction of 13th April, 1713, by which Charles regulated the order of Austrian succession in favor of males—failing whom, females; and in failure of both, to the Archduchesses, daughters of the Emperor Joseph, to the Queen of Portugal, and to the other daughters of Joseph, and their descendants in perpetuity. The Diet accepted this line of succession; and on the death of Charles, his daughter, the famous Maria Theresa, married to Francis of Lor-

raïne, Grand Duke of Tuscany, came to the throne, and the Hungarian States took the oaths of allegiance. This princess, by her voluntary recognition of the ancient laws and liberties of Hungary, and by her personal qualities and troubles, won the hearts of the chivalrous Magyars. How she invoked and secured their aid in the hour of her need, is one of the golden pages of history. The great European war which followed the extinction of the Austrian house as emperors of Germany, contributed to place the husband of Maria Theresa on the Imperial throne, as Francis I., after the death of the Emperor Charles VII., in 1746. Joseph II. succeeded to the Hungarian kingdom. In an earnest desire for that system of centralization, or bureaucratic rule, at Vienna, which has ever since been the policy of the Imperial Court, he made many attempts to amalgamate or incorporate Hungary with Austria; but the nation boldly and successfully resisted them; and in 1790 the Diet of Presburg exacted from him an express recognition of their rights, in Article 10 of which he solemnly declared—"That Hungary is a free and independent nation in her entire system of legislation and administration, and not subject to any other State or any other people; but that she shall always have her own separate existence and constitution, and shall consequently be governed by kings crowned according to her national laws and customs." It is to defend these rights that the Hungarian nation, in this year of 1849, are now in arms.

From this sketch of the political history of Hungary, it will be seen that the throne was elective from the accession of Ferdinand I. in 1526, to the coercion of the Diet at Presburg, in 1687, by Leopold. By force of the Imperial arms, the hereditary succession of the Austrian house was maintained in the male line till the failure of the heirs of King Charles III. transferred it to a female—Maria Theresa, under the Pragmatic Sanction. In Francis of Lorraine, the male line was restored, and has since continued in the house of Hapsburg Lorraine. Hungary was never conquered by Austria. Moreover, it has been a constitutional requirement as well under the hereditary as the elective system of monarchy, that the king must swear fealty to the constitution, and be crowned king with all the solemnities required by custom of the kingdom. The monarch might be king *de facto*, by succession or might of arms; but *de jure*, he was not recognized as sovereign till he had fulfilled the conditions of the con-

stitution. The Pragmatic Sanction only provided that Hungary should accept the terms of succession therein stipulated; it altered not the political relations of the two countries, nor did it affect the ancient constitution of Hungary. The declaration of Joseph II., and the solemn oaths sworn at their coronation by all his successors, are all additional guaranties and proofs of Hungarian independence. Hungary, therefore, is not an Austrian province, but a free and independent nation.*

As one of the political institutions of Hungary, we must pause for a moment to describe the establishment of a military government on the Turkish frontier, which has remained in all its integrity to the present day, and has served as a powerful aid to Austrian influence in the country. We allude to the military komitats or colonies of the frontier; devised and established by Prince Eugene during the Turkish wars, and considerably improved in the system of working, at a later period, by the French Marshal, Lascey. The "Gränz comitates," as they are termed in Austrian phrase, extend from New Orsova on the Danube, opposite the southwestern boundary of Transylvania, to the Adriatic, a distance, to follow the boundary line, of not less than 500 miles. The maximum breadth is thirty miles; and the country is politically, or rather strategetically, divided into fourteen komitats. The government, in fact everything connected with this territory, is peculiar to itself. There is a governor, or commander-in-chief at Peterwardein, and subordinate to him are several generals of district. All the land belongs to the crown; and it is portioned out to the inhabitants on a military tenure. Every man is a peasant-soldier. In peace each county must keep on foot two battalions, of 1,200 men each; in war the number is increased to four. In case of exigency, the emperor may call out every man between the ages of 18 and 36. All above and below that age, capable of

* A monarchical event in our own history, *mutatis mutandis*, is a case in point. When James VI. of Scotland, by the death of Elizabeth, became James I. of England, England did not therefore become a Scottish province, nor *vice versa*. What would the independent citizens and stout 'prentices of London, or the brave old yeomen of the provinces have said and done, had the British Solomon led the kilted caterans and borderers (mitigated prototypes of Jellachich's murdering red mantles) to force England to become a Caledonian province? The parallel will hold good if we suppose a like folly in any Sooto-Anglian king down to the legislative union of the two countries, when they became Great Britain.

bearing arms, must arm for local defense. In peace the emperor has, therefore, always at his disposal 30,000 admirably disciplined infantry, which by a mere order from the War Department may be increased to 60,000, without seriously affecting the defense of the border. The men cultivate the soil, and once a week assume the garb and arms of soldiers, and are splendidly drilled into companies. Once a month they are exercised in battalion. Along the whole of the frontier, a regular chain of posts is established night and day, on a system of as rigid observation as if an enemy were in front. Each county is governed by colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, sergeant-majors, sergeants, and corporals, who each has his department of office allotted to him; and to such perfection is the supervision carried, that the most private affairs of every man are known and registered. Civil and judicial functions are performed by the chiefs. In short, it is a military colony, governed with Spartan discipline and severity—an institution, the sole end and purpose of which was, and is, to train a race of soldiers for the service of the Imperial State. These men know no duty but services to the emperor; no law but obedience to the commands of their military superiors.*

Up to this point we have been detailing the successions and transactions of kings and nobles; let us now see what has been the condition, political and social, of the great mass of the people. That the legislative constitution was essentially aristocratical, must have been apparent to the reader in our brief statement of its composition. The Upper Table was entirely noble in its elements, either by birth in its laity, or position in the ecclesiastical dignitaries. In the Lower Table noble birth prevailed, for the members for the komitats were the representatives of an inferior, because an untitled nobility, and of their order or class.† The only democratic element in the legislature was the burghal or

*The curious reader is referred, for complete information as to the details of the system, to the work of Marshal Marmont, who was governor in the Southern Slavonian district during the occupation of the country by Napoleon.

† "Of these (the county constituency) very many are, in point of fact, mere peasants, whom the misfortunes or imprudence of their ancestors have reduced to poverty; but all must have noble blood in their veins, for it is an honorable descent, and not the possession of lands or houses which entitles a man to exercise the elective franchise in Hungary. Such poor nobles are of course controlled and managed by their wealthier neighbors, who, when the season of an election comes round, deal with them pretty much as our own candidates and their com-

city representatives; and that, if political terms are to be taken according to electoral and non-electoral proportions, was essentially oligarchical. But all discussion on this point is precluded by the statistics of the case; for of the persons either having influence in, or an electoral influence on the Hungarian Diet, the aggregate hardly exceeded 200,000 souls—about the number composing the electoral colleges of France under Louis Philippe. Two hundred thousand males alone enjoyed the liberties, rights, and privileges of the Hungarian constitution; all other classes and conditions of men were beyond the pale of citizenship. Political duties they had abundantly allotted to them in the exclusive payment of the taxes of the State, and in the military service of the Honved when an "insurrection" or general muster was required for the defense of the country; but political rights they had none; not even in the sense attached to the unmeaning phrase of a "virtual representation," beyond a limited protection by the common law of the land.

When we come to look at the more social aspect of the position of the people, we are compelled to admit that the peasant class—the great bulk of the population—were socially and politically in serfdom. The Hungarian peasantry corresponded in some respects to the second class of Roman slaves—the *adscripti*, or *adscriptii*—who were bound to perpetual service in cultivating a particular field or farm, and who were rather slaves to that farm than to the owner of it; so that he could not transfer his right in them without alienating the farm to which they were astricted or bound. In some respects, also, they corresponded to the ancient *naviti*, or bondsmen of Scotland.* The

mittees deal with the poor voters in boroughs. There is prodigious feasting at the castle—there is no end of magnanimous declarations—no lack of brilliant and spirit-stirring speeches; under the influence of which, and of the wine and strong drinks that accompany them, the pauper eidelman becomes a hero in his own eyes. But alas! political gratitude is not more enduring in Hungary than elsewhere. The crisis has its course, and the scion of a glorious race—the representative of a family which followed Almus to the Thieiss, and gave the coronet to Arpad—goes back to his hovel, and his daily toil, and his filth, and his wretchedness, there to chew the cud of bitter fancy, till the return of an electioneering season shall call him forth once more to act a part upon the stage of life."—*Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary visited in 1837. By the Reverend G. R. Gleig, M. A., Chaplain to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea*; vol. ii. p. 408.

* See Reg. Maj., ii. c. 12, s. 45; quoted in "Erskine's Inst," ii. c. 2, s. 60.

Rev. Mr. Gleig's account of his visit to Hungary in 1837, an impartial and unpretending work, contains several graphic sketches of Hungarian manners, so life-like, that one regrets that pen so competent for the task had not entered more fully into the subject. Mr. Gleig's tour was limited to an excursion in the Carpathian district of the north-western corner; to a brief sojourn in the ancient and modern capitals; to a voyage down the Danube to Semlin; and to a rapid ride thence along the military frontier, through Sclavonia and Croatia to Hungary's sole seaport, Fiume. But as he journeyed as a pedestrian in the north, with keen and intelligent observation, he had many opportunities of obtaining information; and his pictures are acknowledged to be faithful. One or two extracts from his work will convey some notion of the politico-social position of the people down to the radical changes in the Hungarian constitution made by the Diet in 1847-48.

"The people, properly so called," says Mr. Gleig, writing in 1838, "the peasants who cultivate the soil, the mechanics who construct the dwellings, the artisans who fabricate the household utensils, the wearing apparel, the carriages, the ships, the machinery, these are precisely in the condition of Gurth and Wamba, in Sir Walter Scott's romance of *Ivanhoe*. In the rural districts, every man whom you meet, provided he be neither a noble nor a soldier, belongs to somebody.* He has no rights of his own. He is a portion of another man's chattels; he is bought and sold with the land, as if he were a horse or an ox. On him, too, all the common burdens of the State are thrown. If the parliament vote an increase of the taxes, it is from the peasants that these taxes are wrung; for the lord takes care, though he himself pay immediately, that he shall be indemnified by the deduction which he makes from his serf's allowances.† It is the same spirit which provides that the peasantry who make the roads, and, by the labor of their hands, keep them in repair, shall be the only class of persons of whom toll is anywhere exacted. An eidelman in his chariot passes free through every barrier; a poor peasant's wagon is stopped at each, till the full amount of *mout*, as it is called, has been settled. But this is not all. Till the year 1835, each landed proprietor possessed over his peasantry an almost unlimited power of punish-

ment, into his manner of exercising which no human being ever took the trouble to inquire. Accordingly, you still find, as an appendage to each mansion, a prison with its bolts and chains and other implements of torture; while the rod was as freely applied to the backs of delinquents, real or imaginary, as ever the whip made acquaintance with the persons of our own negroes in a West Indian sugar-field."

In his descriptions of the domestic arrangements of a Hungarian country gentleman, which Mr. Gleig aptly compares to those of the Highland laird of half a century ago, there are some traits worthy of note. The eidelman, or "squire," was surrounded by an endless number of retainers, who each, according to his ability, contributed country produce, not as good-will offerings, but as the feudal perquisites which the chief claimed:

"The precise amount, either of labor or of tribute, which the land-owner might exact from his serfs or peasants, was never fixed by any pretext, either of law or custom, till 1764. It was then that Maria Theresa published her *Urbarium*, a mere royal proclamation, to which the Diet never gave its sanction, but which, being adopted as a standard of justice, has ever since obtained universal observance. Accordingly, a full farm is now estimated to contain twenty-five acres of arable land, and of grass as much as a man shall be able to mow in twelve days. For this the tenant pays annually a ninth of his whole produce, as well as of all lambs, kids, and bees, which he may rear upon his farm, two chickens, two capons, twelve eggs, and half a pound of butter. Moreover, he is bound to furnish to his landlord during the year an hundred and eleven days' labor with a pair of hands, as well as one day's service in every week with a wagon and four horses. Then again, when the proprietor marries, or a child is born to him, or his son takes a wife, or a new incumbent is inducted, a donation of poultry, or corn, or some other species of produce becomes due; while, to sum up all, the peasant's whole property, should he die without natural heirs, is immediately seized upon by his landlord. On the other hand, a peasant once put in possession of a farm, becomes almost as much a fixture there as if the land were his own freehold. If he leave sons behind him, they succeed to the occupancy, of course sharing it among them till it is split into mere shreds, and uniting their means to make good the tribute that is due, and without a faithful discharge of which they are liable to punishment. All the serfs on a land-owner's property are not, however, farmers. There are multitudes who inhabit cottages only, and who find a subsistence, as well as they can, from their gardens and their labor. Each of these pays to the land-owner one florin, or two shillings yearly, as the rent of his cottage, and eighteen days' labor in the fields. During the remaining three hundred and forty-seven days he is paid for his exertions. But though every

* In the *stricted* sense mentioned in the text.

† There was one exemption to the general exception of the nobility from taxation, and it marked, in an odd way, the connection of the Church with the State in Hungary. The church militant, or rather the prelates, as the possessors of the sees, were taxed to support the principal fortresses of the kingdom. Imagine Harry of Exeter being compelled to pay annually a tenth of his episcopal revenue for the repair of the Tower!

land-owner in Hungary is likewise a farmer on a large scale, it rarely happens that, in the dull season of the year, very many of these poor creatures do not find it a hard matter to earn the scantiest subsistence; for all the rights of hunting, shooting, and fishing belong strictly to the lords of the soil; nay, the woods themselves being theirs, except where townships may have obtained them, the very acorns are reserved exclusively for feeding the swine of the great proprietors."

The *forstban* is another privilege enjoyed by all nobles and government functionaries, that is, of impressing the horses of the peasantry in travelling. They are paid, it is true; but the system is most vexatious during the operations of harvest. The villages and habitations of the peasantry, especially amongst the Slavonian population of the highlands, are squalid and unhealthy. The habits of the peasant are gregarious. In the fertile plains one vast tract of golden corn is bounded only by the horizon, and the weary traveller may journey far in fields of bounteous plenty, ere he is cheered by sight of human habitation. At remote intervals there are peasant towns—cities of hovels with serf citizens, varying from three to thirty thousand souls. There they herd together during the winter, till seed-time calls them forth to the labor of husbandry, when they squat in rude huts till harvest-home. This gregarious practice had its origin in the fierce times when the great plains were ravaged by invading Turks. What was begun as necessity, has continued from the choice of a class too degraded, perhaps, to seek out even physical means of elevating their social state, or too poor and powerless to effect a change. But in the bounty of Providence, and in the march of liberal ideas, there is much hope, even for the peasant-serf of Hungary's broad plains. It would seem that the feudal rule in Croatia is even more severe than in the palatinate; for some years ago, what threatened to be a fierce servile war was only put down by an overpowering military force. However, all attempts to draw distinctions in vassalage must be shadowy, for Mr. Gleig tells us that, in the household of the Prince-bishop of Kreutz, he saw men and women with logs and chains upon their ankles. It seems astonishing, under such an unequal distribution of power, and with slavery as a domestic institution, how the nobility succeeded so long in maintaining the integrity of their political constitution. It can only, we think, be attributed to the incessant engagement in foreign and domestic wars, and in a strong feeling of nationality in antago-

nism to Austria, and to the incessant attempts of that house to subdue the nation; for Magyar and Slave forgot their antipathies of race in the necessity for union against the common enemy of both.

Of the social and territorial position of the Hungarian aristocracy, it may be interesting to say a word or two. We have no data on which to determine the proprietary division of the soil; but it was, up to 1847, very much smaller than the electoral constituency. Some of the nobility possess enormous territory, and plain country gentlemen are the owners of whole *komitats*. In as far as an abundant produce of corn, and wine, and flocks, the land-owners are rich exceedingly; but from the want of markets and good communications for export, they cannot be termed wealthy in the commercial sense. The nobles are exceedingly fond of grand equipages, equipments, and other forms of aristocratic display; and to procure the ready money necessary for the indulgence of that taste, they make great sacrifices at the shrine of the Hebrew Mammon.* The *Sidonias*, great and small, are indeed almost the only capitalists in Hungary. Mr. Gleig gives some curious instances of the money power they possess over the needy nobility, and incidentally notices some striking peculiarities in the system of land tenure. The influence of the Caucasian does not tend to mitigate the vassalage of the ascribed races. The Hungarian land-owner enjoyed the undisputed right of sovereignty within his own domain. No one could open an inn or public-house except by permission of the great man. Nor could any man introduce alcoholic liquors without the lord's permission. Temperance is not a peasant virtue among the Slaves, and here was a valuable and meet monopoly for the money-loving sons of Israel.

"Accordingly, the Jew, when applied to for a loan, invariably stipulates with the needy *eidelman* for the exclusive privilege of tenantry the inns upon his estate, and of retailing wine and spirits to his people. Once established, however, in the enjoyment of these rights, and he holds both lord and vassal at his mercy. The former dare not move, lest the loan, with difficulty obtained, should be demanded back again; while the latter, a slave to his appetite, may be either won to anything, or deterred from it, by the promise of a dram, or the refusal even to sell it. So far the power of the Jew is felt, and so far his privileges extend, but they go no farther. A Jew cannot, for example,

* Prince Esterhazy's diamond-gemmed jacket was a nine days' wonder in the kingdom of Cockaigne, some years ago.

become the avowed owner of a rood of land. He may encumber the noble's estate so entirely, that the produce shall, in fact, become his own; or, should the produce be inadequate to cover the interest of the loans, he may even force the debtor to sell his lands, and himself take possession of the purchase-money. But he may not, in his own person, enter upon the occupation of these lands and retain them. Let him, indeed, renounce his religion, and this disability passes away. His reception of the sacrament of baptism puts him at once on a political level with other eidelmen; for it is curious enough that the descendants of Abraham, though utterly despised, are in Hungary treated as freemen."

The peculiarities of land tenure, and of the practice of the Hungarian law as effecting it, are these:

"It is a remarkable fact that, in Hungary, estates cannot, in strict propriety of speech, be sold at all. A man may burden his land with mortgages to any amount; and if he fail in paying the interest, or satisfying others of the creditor's claims, the creditor may enter upon possession. But neither in this case, nor in the event of a special bargain, is the original owner supposed to forfeit, either for himself or his heirs, the right of recovery. A stranger purchases, in fact, but a thirty years' occupancy, and no more; at the expiration of which, it is competent for the former proprietor, if he be alive—or, in the event of his death, for his nearest kin—to commence proceedings of retriever. But it is much easier to begin a suit in Hungary, than to obtain a judgment. The courts, which consist of the magistracy of each county, afford the utmost imaginable facilities to delay. They hear every statement on both sides; they pause long and often, to weigh their relative plausibility; they send back the suitors again and again to amend their pleas; and when, at length, a decision is obtained, the party defeated may apply for a new trial, which is in no instance refused him. Finally, when all the quirks of the first tribunal are exhausted, an appeal lies elsewhere; till the case comes at last before the supreme court in Pesth, where years may elapse before it be called on. The consequence is, that he who has once disposed of his property, because he was unable otherwise to sustain his credit, may, unless some extraordinary change in his circumstances befall, relinquish all hope of ever recovering it. His right may be admitted everywhere—ay, even in the courts before which it is necessary to establish it; but the sort of proof required is so strange, and the process of deducing it so tedious and so expensive, that more than the value of the property at issue is sure to be expended in the prosecution of the claim. I was told of several suits which had been pending for five-and-twenty years, and nobody appeared to anticipate that decisions would be obtained for five-and-twenty years longer."

Free trade in land was a point for the Hungarian reformer as well as at home.

These details may seem irrelevant to a statement of the merits of the great Hungarian question now at issue; but it will presently be seen that they are of great importance in estimating the magnitude of the changes, social as well as political, which the popular party in Hungary have instituted within the last two years.

Since the time of Joseph II. a movement in favor of large social reform has grown and gathered strength. The first important point gained was under the administration of Count Szechenzi in 1835, who carried a measure in the Diet for the protection of the serfs from the capricious violence of the nobles. Under that statute magistrates were appointed for each komitat, before whom delinquents must be brought, and without whose sanction the punishment of the lash could not legally be inflicted. The Hungarian Tories grumbled much at the change; and direful were the predictions, by the protectionists of the country party, of ruin to Hungary from the abolition of the monopoly of corporal punishment. Mr. Gleig tells us, that in 1837 this was the constant burden of the comments of the eidelmen on Count Szechenzi's measure:—"Do you think this is possible? Do you suppose that the nobles can or will obey an edict in itself so preposterous? We do not obey it. We do punish in the face of the law, and some of our people know, while they submit, that we are acting illegally. Can this continue? Surely not. Depend upon it, that Hungary is on the eve of great changes, and what the consequences may be time only can determine." The changes came almost within the decade; and happily, too, a change came o'er the spirit of the beast of the nobles.

The Count Szechenzi's reform policy was principally directed to the development of the physical resources of the country, by the construction of public works, roads, bridges, and other aids to intercommunication. But an earnest, and in time a powerful popular party, sprang up, desirous of effecting radical improvements in the condition of the people. Their political position may seem anomalous. They were the conservative radicals of Hungary, defending the ancient rights and privileges of the constitution against the encroachments of Austria on the one hand, and advocating broad popular reforms on the other. The policy of the court party being imperial centralization, was revolutionary as opposed to the first point, and stationary to the other.

Conspicuous in the ranks of the patriot

party, and ever foremost in earnestness of purpose and liberality of opinion and policy, was Ludwig or Louis Kossuth, of Kossuthfalva, in Zemplin. He comes of a noble but decayed Magyar family, who gave much service to the Hungarian State; for during the wars of national conservatism, from 1527 to 1715, seventeen members of the family were declared by Austria guilty of high treason. Kossuth was born at Monok in 1801, and according to the custom of Hungarian gentlemen, was sent to study law; he adopted the bar as his profession, and became a learned and popular advocate. But his vocation was statesmanship; and about twenty years ago, he earnestly directed his attention to political studies. In 1832 he went to the Diet in the capacity of reporter, and edited its transactions in a manuscript journal; for at that time the Hungarian legislature adopted the favorite policy of an Irish member in our own, and excluded the press.* After the close of the Diet, Kossuth continued his journal, and published the transactions of the county meetings, which were very interesting in 1836, as the reactionary ministry of Count Palfy was then threatening a serious inroad on the constitution. The country was in a ferment, and many arrests were made on charges of high treason. On the 6th of May, 1837, Kossuth was arrested for refusing to obey a ministerial order forbidding the appearance of his manuscript journal, and for having declared that order illegal. His trial excited great public interest; and his personal defense was eloquent and masterly, but he was found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years. This increased the ferment of the country; and after an earnest protestation by the Diet, Kossuth was released under the general amnesty of 1840, granted by Count Mailath, the successor of Palfy. In the following year he commenced the editorship of the *Pesti Hirlap*, the first liberal newspaper published in Hungary; and he became the centre for the liberal party, all the leaders of which rallied round him, with the exception of Szechenzi, whose policy, as we have seen, was to promote material reforms. Owing to some misunderstandings amongst the members of his party, Kossuth relinquished his connection with the journal in 1844, and for two years devoted himself to educational and other reforms—establishing, during that period, a

gratuitous school for apprentices; an industrial union; lectures on natural philosophy, chemistry, and mathematics; and competition for the promotion of the industrial arts. In 1847, he was elected deputy for the komitat of Pesth, by a splendid majority; and in the Diet, his large powers of mind, fervid eloquence, skillful debating talent, and thorough knowledge of public affairs, at once raised him to the leadership of his party, which had now become the majority. It was then that the Diet devoted itself to the great work—to use the emphatic words of Count Tekeli—"TO GIVE CITIZENS TO HUNGARY."

To accomplish that end, the Diet proclaimed civil and political equality, without distinction of language or religion, equal and proportionate participation in the public imposts by all Hungarians, and the complete abolition of all privileges.

"The nobility," says Count Tekeli, "did not consider that they accomplished all their duties by merely doing away the privileges they enjoyed; they consented to deprive themselves of a portion of their property, to concede gratuitously to the peasants the land they had received from them as peasants. Thus, certainly, there were many families ruined and fortunes shattered; but it was necessary to give citizens to Hungary—it was necessary to take advantage of the first day of liberty which shone upon their native land, and to assure to it a morrow. Thus they did not stop short after proclaiming liberty; they finally established its foundation, in granting property to those who heretofore were not qualified to possess land; they did not merely proclaim equality, they firmly established it, in promoting prosperity universally amongst all classes; and in giving to the cultivator of the soil the land of which, until then, he had only been the occupier, and to the possession of which he owes his present political rights."

The suffrage law requires that the elector should have for qualification what is barely sufficient to live upon. Every one who is possessed of real or personal property to the amount of £30, exercises electoral rights. In the towns, these rights are extended to those who are in receipt of an annual sum of £10, to those who possess a college diploma, and to workmen having apprentices. The laws were first proposed in the second Table, or Chamber of Deputies, and voted unanimously; and at the request of the Archduke Stephen, the Palatine, cousin to the Emperor King, they were passed unanimously also by the Table of Magnates. On the 11th of April, 1848, the king came personally to the Diet, and

* The debates were, however, afterwards officially published in the Hungarian "*Hansard*."

solemnly confirmed the statutes in these words:

"Having graciously listened to and graciously granted the prayers of our beloved and faithful dignitaries of the Church and of the State, magnates and nobles of Hungary and her dependencies, we ordain, that the before-mentioned laws be registered in these presents, word for word; and, as we consider these laws, and their entire contents, both collectively and separately, fitting and suitable, we give them our consent and approbation. In exercise of our royal will, we have accepted, adopted, approved, and sanctioned them, in assuring at the same time our faithful States, that we will respect the said laws, and will cause them to be respected by our faithful subjects.

(Signed) "FERDINAND,
(Countersigned) "BATHYANYI."

But there were questions of national integrity, as well as of internal progress, which demanded reform. It was necessary to assure to Hungary a Parliamentary Government, and an independent ministry, emanating from and responsible to the National Assembly. In short, it was necessary to give force to pre-existing laws, to create a national government, and consecrate forever the ancient independence of the country; that is to say, establishing in practice that which always existed according to the laws.

"Article III. of 1848," remarks Count Tekeli, "modified considerably the situation of Hungary in relation to Austria; so that the old imperial policy, tending to incorporate Hungary with the empire, received a decisive check, and that the tendency towards a central government, residing at Vienna, and making Hungary a dependency, became a dream not to be realized without the overthrow of two States and two constitutions, for the benefit of absolute power—a pretension which cannot be clothed with the slightest pretext of legality."

Accordingly, amongst the laws to which the solemn assent of the king was given, as already stated, it was provided that Hungary should have a national and independent government.*

* Here is the text of the most important sections of Article III. of 1847-48, on the formation of the responsible Hungarian ministry:

Section 1. The person of the king is sacred and inviolable.

2. In the absence of the king, the executive power, limited by the laws and by the constitution, is administered in the kingdom and its dependencies by the palatine-vice-roy, with full powers, save the unity of the crown, and the main-

tenance of its alliance with the monarchy; and under these circumstances, the person of his Royal Highness, the Archduke Palatine Stephen, is equally inviolable.

3. His majesty, and in his absence the palatine-vice-roy, are to exercise the executive power, in accordance with the laws, through the organ of the independent Hungarian ministry; and their decrees, orders, and judgments, whatever they may be, shall not be valid until they have been countersigned by one of the ministers residing at Budapest.

6. Whatever has been, or ought to have been, up to the present time, under the jurisdiction of the Hungarian Chancery, the Council of Lieutenancy, the Aulic Chamber, (including the mines,) and all affairs civil, military, and ecclesiastic, as well as everything that concerns the finances and defense of the country, shall for the future be regulated and directed by the Hungarian ministry; and his majesty shall exercise the executive power exclusively through his ministry.

11. The prime-minister shall be named, in the absence of his majesty, by the palatine-vice-roy; reserving to his majesty the power to ratify or annul the appointment.

12. The other ministers shall be presented for the approval of the king, by the prime-minister.

13. One of the ministers shall always reside near the person of the king; and charged to take part in those affairs which concern at the same time his own country and the hereditary States, he shall be the responsible representative of the kingdom.

14. In addition to the minister residing near the king's person, according to section 13—to watch over the interests hereinbefore mentioned, the ministry shall be composed of the following departments:

A. The Home department.

B. Finance.

C. Public works, roads, canals, and navigation.

D. Agriculture, industry, and commerce.

E. Public worship and instruction.

F. Justice and grace.

G. Defense of the country (war).

18. Each minister is responsible for the ordinance that he has countersigned.

19. To protect the public interests of the king-

old feudal title of the Ban. It differed materially from Hungary proper in respect to religious freedom; for Croatia would tolerate no public Protestant worship. There were some disturbances, a few years ago, on the subject of the language of official life. When the Magyar tongue was substituted in Hungary proper in 1830 for the Latin, in the legislature and courts of law, the Croats demanded the use of the Slavonian dialect of Croatia. That there was hostility of feeling between Croat and Magyar, was as undoubted as that antagonism is felt by the Celt to the Saxon within our own realm.

It is, however, erroneous to suppose that the warlike attitude assumed by Croatia under Jellachich, last year, had any peculiar connection with the general Slavonic movement commenced by the Protestant pastor, Kollar, of Buda, in 1828, and which has been designated Panslavism.* The prime object of that movement was an intellectual communion between the scattered nations and tribes of the race, and to establish a literary reciprocity amongst all the Slavonic nations. Later, it acquired a political complexion, in which boundless aspirations were breathed of Slavonian empire. That

dom, a Council of State shall be established at Buda-Pesth, under the presidency of the king, the palatine-vice-roy, or the prime-minister. The definite organization of this council shall be settled in the next session.

27. The tribunals shall be maintained in their legal independence, and according to their present system, until further decisions.

28. The ministers have seats in both chambers of the Diet, and are to be heard whenever they think proper.

29. The ministers are to obey the summons of each of the Chambers, and are obliged to give all the information asked of them.

32. The ministers may be impeached:

A. For any acts or decrees prejudicial to the independence of the country, to her constitutional guaranties, to existing laws, to individual liberty, or to private property, which may have been published by them in their capacity of ministers;

B. For dereliction of duty, fraud, or misapplication of the money which may be entrusted to them;

C. For neglect in the execution of the laws, or in the maintenance of the public tranquillity and security, as far as the powers which have been entrusted to them are sufficient.

33. The impeachment of ministers can only be decreed by the absolute majority of the Chamber of Representatives.

* For information on this subject, see the interesting work of Count Valerian Krasinski—entitled "Panslavism and Germanism." London: Newby, 1847.

Slavonia and Croatia shared in these day-dreams of the national ambition of a conquered race, we do not deny; but there was a long step to be accomplished in the task of uniting the many-tongued Slaves of the Hungarian kingdom in that harmonious union of sentiment and feeling which could only be effected by constant intercommunication, and expressed in a common language. Between the Slovack and Rusniak-Slaves of Carpathia, and the disunited tribes of the south, there was no communication; and in language there were dialectic differences so marked, that each was and is to the other as a foreign tongue. Besides, as we shall presently show, the antagonism of Croatia, or rather of Jellachich's Croats, to the Hungarian government, was an isolated temporary movement—the impulse of an hour, stirred up and excited by the Austrian court. In the wise policy of the Hungarian Diet, they extended to Croatia all the blessings of freedom and of equal laws, which they had given to Hungary in the widest sense of the term. Distinction of races was abolished; the Slave was as free as the Magyar. But the Diet went beyond this. While the old feudal offices of the State were abolished in Hungary, the dignity and power of the Ban of Croatia were preserved. The influence of Croatia in the Diet was increased by giving eighteen instead of three representatives. Croats were called to fill the State employments of Croatia. The use of the Slavonian language of Croatia was guaranteed in the official business of the country; and Hungary undertook to examine all demands which the Croats might otherwise prefer. But Hungary, in her liberality, even went a step beyond justice, and ministered to the religious intolerance of her province, by maintaining the former supremacy and exclusive domination of the Roman Catholic Church. Away, then, with the flimsy mass of argumentative assertion, and the affectations of sympathy expressed by the oligarchical writers, that Jellachich and his barbarian Croats were fighting for the independence of an oppressed nation, against a small but dominant faction.

The reader may remember that, about the time that the emperor-king expressed his assent to the unanimous voice of the nation, despotism seemed prostrate in Vienna. It soon breathed again, and reaction was animated by its respiration. But Austria was not daring enough openly and at once to put down the newly-developed and extended

liberties of Hungary ; between the assent of the king to the reforms of the Diet of 1847-48, and the convocation of a new Diet, according to the new suffrage, in the beginning of July, Austria magnanimously set herself to work to stir up a civil war in Hungary, and to excite Croat and Serb against Magyar, that the Imperial power might step in and overthrow the liberties of the Hungarian nation. Louis Gay, a Croat journalist, devoted to Austria, was sent down by the government to Agram, to create an agitation in favor of Austria, and against the Hungarian government ; and so faithfully did he discharge his mission, that a military chief was speedily required to head the revolt. A leader was found in the person of Baron Joseph Jellachich, the representative of a family who had rendered considerable military service to the empire, and colonel of a Croat regiment, who was raised to the dignity of the Ban of Croatia, without the consent of the Hungarian ministry.

The character of the Ban has been misrepresented by friend and foe ; senseless lavish adulation on the one hand, and unmitigated vituperation on the other, have been poured forth in the journals on both sides. In truth, Jellachich possesses many personal qualities to endear him to friends. A poet, scholar, and wit ; a bold chivalrous and generous officer, he was highly popular amongst soldiers ;* but on the other hand his devotion to Vienna was a soldier's—he has scanty notions of popular liberty, and he has proved himself by no means scrupulous in the exercise of the right of the sword. Up to this time he has neither displayed genius in strategy, nor in council. In mediæval times the Ban might have been a gallant and adventurous knight for the troubadour's lay or for romance to praise ; but he has not yet displayed the powers to found the Slavonic Empire which floats in the teeming imaginations of his injudicious panegyrists. The appointment of Jellachich was Austria's first breach of faith with the Hungarian government. Anxious to avoid all conflict, at a time when internal peace and good will were of so much importance, the government did not protest against this nomination of the Ban, but invited him to put himself in communication with them, in order to fix a day for convoking the General Assembly of Croatia, in which he was to be officially in-

stalled. At the same time, they addressed the population of the military and civil districts of Croatia, to get them to make known their wishes through the medium of special delegates. The Ban elect replied to this friendly invitation by forbidding the Croat magistrates to hold any intercourse whatever with the Hungarian government, and by declaring martial law against those who should make any reference to the legal connection between Hungary and Croatia. The Hungarian ministry called upon the Ban to retract these orders ; and the Palatine ordered an inquiry into his conduct. A commissioner was accordingly sent down into Croatia, but his entrance was violently opposed by Jellachich, who boldly declared that he in no way recognized the authority of the Hungarian ministry. On his own authority, and in violence to the constitution, because the act was without the authority of the king, he convoked the General Assembly for the 5th of June. The Croato-Viennese agitators having declared, in the name of the Ban, that the King encouraged the Croat revolt, the Hungarian ministry called upon the sovereign for a formal contradiction of these reports. On the 29th of May, the king, in an autograph letter, forbade Jellachich to convoke an Assembly, and summoned him to Inspruck to confer with the Hungarian government. Jellachich, apparently, having a desire to play the despot on his own account, put the letter aside, and opened the General Assembly, consisting of his own nominees, under the title of the Croato-Sclavo-Dalmatian Diet.* This daring outrage against the central authority of Hungary, produced a strong remonstrance on the part of the Hungarian ministry at the Imperial Court ; and the King was forced, on the 10th of June, to issue an ordinance suspending Jellachich from all his functions, civil and military. That this was what, in vulgar parlance, is termed "a sham," is abundantly evident in the succeeding transaction. Jellachich's Assembly was at the same time declared illegal, and a royal commissioner was sent into the country for the purpose of convoking a new Assembly. Jellachich did not submit, but declared that, in consequence of the changes that had occurred in the government of Hungary,

* Jellachich's songs are very popular in the Austrian service, especially his "Garrison's-lie," or garrison song.

* In the month of August, an influential party of the Croat provinces issued a manifesto against this pretended Assembly, and the policy of Jellachich. This important document will be found in the Appendix to Count Tekeli's statement.

Croatia no longer wished to be united to that kingdom, but to the empire of Austria. In the mean time, the partial revolt of Croatia was aided and abetted by a conspiracy against Hungary in the Banat; and in the komitats of Bacs and Szerem, in concert with the Serbs of Serbia.

"The population of these countries," says Count Tekeli, "of the Greek religion, and of the Serb race, took refuge in Hungary at different periods, to escape Turkish oppression. At the time of their settling in the country they obtained the same rights as Hungarians; but the Imperial Government, the enemy of religious liberty, and which at that time persecuted the Hungarian Protestants, did not allow them the free enjoyment of their form of worship. The States of Hungary succeeded, by different efforts, in ameliorating the lot of the members of the Greek church; but it was the Diet of 1848, to which it was granted to diffuse liberty universally, which assured their legitimate rights by pronouncing the perfect equality of all creeds. The Hungarian Government, in order to become acquainted with the further demands that the Greek church might put forward, convoked a meeting of the Greek clergy for the 27th of May, which was to be charged with the investigation of the questions of instruction and religion. The Serbs, grateful for what the Diet had done for them, declared themselves perfectly satisfied, and testified their attachment to the Hungarian people. But, after a little, the influence which had agitated and divided Croatia, commenced to re-act upon them also. Stephen Suplikacz, colonel, like Jellachich, of a frontier regiment, put himself at the head of the Serb movement. Under the pretext of holding a meeting preparatory to that which was to take place on the 27th of May, the Serbs convoked a National Assembly for the 13th, to which a great number of the Ottoman Serbs were called. The Assembly, opened first at Ujvidek, was moved afterwards to Carlowitz.

"The Serbs named patriarch Joseph Rajacsis, Archbishop of Carlowitz, and elected Suplikacz as Vayvode. Putting forward the most illegitimate pretexts, they formed their Vayvodat of the Banat and the military frontiers, with the counties of Bacs, Szerem, and Baranya; thus being the first to violate the rights of nationality which they invoked, inasmuch as a considerable portion of this territory is principally peopled by Hungarians, Wallacks, and Germans. They decreed that the Serb Vayvodat should form an alliance with Croatia, and nominated a permanent committee to govern it. Finally, a deputation was commissioned to make these determinations known to the king.

"The two deputations, the Croat and that of the Serbs, the first under the direction of Jellachich, the second under that of Rajacsis, met at Inspruck. Notwithstanding the murders of Hungarians which had been committed by the Serb insurgents, and in defiance of the royal decree, which a few days before had dismissed Jellachich,

and authorized an indictment against him for high treason, these two deputations were formally received by the King, and the Archduke Francis Charles, his brother. Still the members who composed them were received as private individuals, not as delegates. It was yet impossible to brave Hungary openly. The Croats and the Serbs were also obliged to hear a few words of blame. But, at the same time, and by a contradiction which betrayed it, the court addressed their demands to the Hungarian ministry, in order that they should become the base of new negotiations."

The Croats and Serbs having been favorably received by various members of the royal family at court, it was generally believed in Croatia, that the imperial house of Austria encouraged the insurrections against Hungary. Jellachich, indeed, on the 4th June, wrote to that effect, in a letter addressed to the frontier regiments stationed in Italy. The result was, that the Croat movement displayed itself every day under a more threatening aspect. The murder and pillage committed by the Serbs on the lower Danube, were faintly stated at the time in some of the newspapers; but description can hardly convey an idea of the atrocity of these disciplined marauders. Villages and towns were burned, and the inhabitants put to the sword, with an atrocity only equalled in the most barbarous times. The Hungarian government had only at its disposal a few troops hastily assembled, and for the most part foreign or national guards, badly equipped, and most of them not armed at all; for the Hungarian troops of the line were then distributed through the different provinces of Austria. The continued refusal of the Imperial court to send back these troops to the country, is additional evidence that the court party favored the Croato-Serbian rebellion, and its atrocities. The Hungarian government, therefore, resorted to the creation of new battalions.

As the Servian insurgents continued to push forward their cause in the name of the Emperor-King, the Hungarian ministers requested his majesty to come in person to Pesth, on the occasion of the approaching opening of the Diet, in order, by his presence, to give a positive contradiction to the enemies of Hungary. But the invitation had no effect. They also requested the Archduke John to address himself directly to the Croats, declaring that the king disapproved and disavowed all insurrection; but with no better success.

On the 2nd of July, the new National As-

sembly of Hungary, founded for the first time on the real suffrage of the nation, was opened at Pesth. At the opening of the session, in the king's speech, pronounced in his name by the Palatine, the king expressed his unalterable determination to maintain the integrity of the kingdom of Hungary, and of her laws, particularly those that he had sanctioned in the last Diet at Presburg. He stigmatized as revolts and as hostile to these laws, the Serb and Croat movements, and declared that all the members of the Imperial dynasty participated in his determination. The Diet sent a deputation to beg the king to come to Pesth, to prove to the insurgent population that he spoke sincerely, but his majesty declined to do so.

At last the Austrian ministry, in a communication to the Hungarian ministry, dated the 29th of June, declared that it was about to put an end to the neutrality it had observed hitherto, and to support Croatia openly. Hungary then began to see that the cause of national independence and integrity must be defended by arms.

The Diet accordingly decreed a levy to increase the army to the number of 200,000 troops, and opened the credit this measure required. Two laws were passed to this effect: one as to the enlistment, the other as to the issue of bank-notes to cover the deficits. The two enactments were presented for the royal sanction by the prime minister and the minister of justice. A long period having elapsed without reply, and the position of affairs on the frontier being every day more critical, the Diet sent a deputation to the king, demanding the sanction of those laws which were requisite to save the country, the recall of the Hungarian troops, and that the foreign troops appointed to defend Hungary should be ordered to discharge their duty faithfully. Lastly, they again requested the king to come into his kingdom, to restore peace and order.

The deputation received an evasive reply. But at the same time, and while the two ministers were at Vienna, the king, without acquainting them, dispatched, on the 31st of August, a letter to the Palatine, directing him to send several members of the Hungarian ministry to Vienna, to concert measures with the Austrian ministry, to consolidate and ensure the unity of the government of the monarchy, and to open negotiations with the Croats, in order to conciliate their interests with those of Hungary. The king declared it as an indispensable preliminary condition of any such arrangements, that Jel-

lachich should take a part in the conferences and that all preparations for war should cease on both sides. Finally, in this same document, a communication was made to the Hungarian ministry, of a note from the Austrian government, on the subject of the relations to be established between Austria and Hungary. It was stated in it, that the provisions of the law of 1848, by which the Archduke Palatine had been appointed depository of the royal authority, and chief of the executive power in the absence of the king, and by which a responsible ministry had been conceded to Hungary, detaching from the central government of Vienna the administration of war, finance, and commerce, were contrary to the Pragmatic Sanction, opposed to the legal relations between Austria and Hungary, and detrimental alike to the interests of Hungary and Austria. These concessions were declared illegal and of none effect, under the pretext that they had not been consented to by the responsible Austrian ministry; and although they had been sanctioned by the royal word on the 11th of April, and again formally recognized in the speech from the throne on the 2nd of July, it was announced that these laws were to be considerably modified, in order that a central power might be established in Vienna. On the 4th of September the Austrian ministry made the Emperor-King withdraw the decree which suspended Jellachich from all his dignities, as a person accused of high treason, on the ground that all the accusations against the Ban were false, and that he had exhibited an unflinching fidelity to the house of Austria.* Jellachich was reinstated in all his offices, although he was actually encamped with his army on the frontiers of Hungary, ready to invade her. The Hungarian ministry thereupon resigned, and the Diet decided, that the two laws presented in vain for the royal consent, should be put in force provisionally.† At the same time the Count Louis Bathanyai, president of the ministry

* If true the plea, what a pleasant notion it gives one of Austrian justice! In olden times there was a rude kind of tribunal on the Scottish border, which executed what was called "Jeddart justice"—the offender was suspended by a halter to the first convenient tree, and tried at leisure.

† A deputation was also sent to the National Assembly of Austria, to propose that the two countries should mutually guaranty to each other their constitution and independence, and to declare that Hungary was ready to negotiate for the common interests of Austria and Hungary, upon a footing of liberty and justice. But the Diet did not receive the deputation.

which had just resigned, having received the orders of the Palatine to form a new ministry, was charged with the legal government of the country, and he accepted the trust on condition that Jellachich should be ordered to retire beyond the Hungarian boundary. The king parried the condition by demanding the list of the ministry before he replied to the demand; and the cunning of his fence was manifest, for Jellachich passed the Drave, with his Croat and Austrian regiments, and advanced to the lake Balaton. The Diet then gave the command of the Hungarian forces to the Palatine, as Captain General of the country, who joined the army then retiring towards Buda-Pesth. But after attempting to effect an arrangement, which failed by Jellachich breaking his appointment, he quitted the camp, passed through Buda to Vienna, and forwarded his resignation to the Hungarians! At the same time, the Court intimated to Bathyanyi that his ministry was not accepted, and that the Baron Nicholas Vay had been called on to form a ministry. On the 25th of September a royal ordinance, without the signature of any minister, placed all the troops stationed in Hungary under the command-in-chief of the Count Lamberg. But the Diet were not dispirited; two days after the publication of the ordinance, they declared that the appointment was illegal under sect. 3 of the third article of the constitution of 1848; and they called upon the authorities, the citizens, the army, and Count Lamberg himself, to obey the decree under pain of high treason. They finally resolved to oppose the violence of Austria and her rebel allies by force.

"To oppose the danger, the Diet appealed to the heroism of the nation. The people rose en masse; defenders of their country flocked from all quarters; their ranks swelled from day to day, from hour to hour. The Hungarian regiments of the line, until then shaken by the intrigues of the reactionary party, were carried away by the universal enthusiasm. The resistance was organized with surprising rapidity under the impulse of the Diet, collecting all its energies. It was in consequence of this unanimous excitement, occasioned by so many treacheries, that the Count Francis Lamberg, who had braved the decree issued against him, unfortunately fell a victim to an unjustifiable attack. His death, however, should be considered as a fact by itself; for the Diet having understood its duties, and having ordered the murderers to be brought to trial, the public peace and security have not been again disturbed in the capital of Hungary."

On the 29th of September a decisive bat-

tle was fought within twelve miles of Buda, and the Austro-Croat rebels were defeated. Jellachich obtained an armistice and fled; and the rear-guard, 10,000 strong, which was marching to his aid, fell into the hands of the Hungarians, with Generals Roth and Philippovits. Jellachich, pursued by the Hungarians, took refuge in the Austrian territory.

The next step of the Court was to nominate Count Adam Recsey as president of the Hungarian ministry, to dissolve the Hungarian Diet, annul its decrees, and to appoint Jellachich royal commissioner of the executive power in Hungary, with the command-in-chief of all the Hungarian troops. The country was also declared under martial law. Jellachich announced his appointment to all the military authorities, to all the commanders of corps, as well as to the chief of the Serb revolt, Joseph Rajacsis, and directed that all the troops that could be spared should be sent towards Buda-Pesth. Taking their stand upon the constitution, the Diet declared the self-styled royal ordinance, which invested Jellachich with the executive power, null and void; and the measures that accompanied this ordinance illegal and unconstitutional both in form and substance. The Diet further decided that it would continue its sittings, and would persist in the fulfilment of its duties. It declared Joseph Jellachich, and all those who aided him, traitors to their country; and decreed that Adam Recsey, guilty of having countersigned an illegal ordinance, should be brought to trial, in accordance with the constitution. Finally, in the absence of a ministry, the country not being able to remain without a government, the executive power was entrusted to a committee of defense, which had been previously formed to assist the administration of Louis Bathyanyi, and which from that time was invested with the extraordinary power that circumstances might render necessary. Louis Kossuth, representative of the people, and until then Minister of Finance, was named president of this committee.

In this position of affairs, Jellachich retired to Vienna, and was there joined by the Austrian regiments stationed in Hungary. On the western frontier Suplikacz simultaneously occupied the Serb country in the name of the emperor; Colonel Meyerhofer attacked Hungary on the side of Syerem; Colonel Blomberg invaded the Banat, and General Simonich the Gallician frontier. Count Latour, the minister of war, having directed Baron Puckner to send all the battalions at his disposi-

tion and a regiment of Austrian cavalry to Grand Varadin, the memorable insurrection of the 6th of October broke out at Vienna, and for a time suspended the war in Hungary. It may be recollected that the first collision occurred in the effort to prevent the departure of the troops to Hungary. Jellachich crossed the Austrian frontier at Bruck on the 8th, and advanced with his troops on the capital, and subsequently united with Auersperg and Windischgratz in crushing the movement of freedom in Vienna. The terrible atrocities committed by Jellachich's Croats on the devoted city are unparalleled in modern warfare. Had the Hungarians at once marched against him, the fortune of war might have been changed; but the Hungarian army was not then freed from the destructive influence of the Austrian *camarilla*. After the terrible bombardment of Vienna, in the latter days of October, a partial agreement for surrender was made; when on the 30th the Hungarians were observed from the tower of St. Stephen's attacking the besieging army. For a moment there was a brave rally; but avarice, indecision, and timid counsels had done their work; the true-hearted and the brave had now only to fight like men for whom there was no hope of mercy—they died as soldiers, good men and true; and Vienna became the prey of the brutal force of the Imperial arms.

Meanwhile, the noble Hungarians were watering the plain with their life's blood. The eloquence and energy of Kossuth had collected a considerable body of troops. "It is an eternal law of God," said he, in one of his grand proclamations, "that whosoever abandoneth himself will be forsaken by the Lord. It is an eternal law that whosoever assisteth himself, him will the Lord assist. It is a divine law that false swearing by its results chastiseth itself. It is a law of our Lord's that whosoever availeth himself of perjury and injustice, prepareth himself the triumph of justice. Standing firm on these eternal laws of the universe, I swear that my prophecy will be fulfilled—it is, that the *freedom* of Hungary will be effected by this invasion of Hungary by Jellachich." And he thus invoked the patriotism of the nation: "Between Vezprim and Weissenburg the women shall dig a deep grave, in which we will bury the name, the honor, the nation of Hungary, or our enemies. And on this grave shall stand a monument, inscribed with a record of our shame, 'So God punishes cowardice:' or we will plant on it the tree

of freedom, eternally green, from out of whose foliage shall be heard the voice of God speaking, as from the fiery bush to Moses, 'The spot on which thou standest is holy ground; thus do I reward the brave. To the Magyars freedom, renown, well-being, and happiness.'" This noble invocation was nobly answered by the patriot citizens, who hastened to the field.

Although the Diet in the month of July had voted an enlistment of 200,000 men, up to this point the levy and equipment had proceeded but slowly. Of the 40,000 regular troops in Hungary, about 24,000 had declared for the nation. By the 24th of November Kossuth had, however, collected 12,000 regulars, and 8,000 of the Honved or national force, to march against Jellachich in the direction of Vienna. The regulars, by the departure of officers, were inefficiently led, and the Honved recruits and volunteers were badly armed, many of them only with scythes. The force was subsequently increased to 50,000 infantry, with 54 cannon and 1,200 hussars. It was in the interval of this increase that the hopes and fears of the beleaguered Viennese were so painfully excited. With this force the Hungarians marched on the plains of Vienna, where were opposed to them the united armies of Auersperg, Jellachich, and Windischgratz, amounting to 120,000 splendid infantry, four heavy calvary regiments, and a park of 272 heavy cannon. Fearful odds these; but strong in the might of a just cause, the Hungarians boldly met the foe in the battle of Schwachat, on the 30th of October. Their right wing gallantly carried the village of Mannwerth with the bayonet; but being exposed to a murderous cross-fire from the forts of Schwachat, and disappointed of aid from a Viennese sally, they were compelled to retreat, leaving 6,000 dead on the field. In that battle many noble deeds of personal courage were performed. The scythe-men armed themselves with the muskets of the slain. A gallant countryman of ours, Captain Guyon, who led a Honved battalion of scythe-men, received his rank of colonel on the field. The Hungarians finally retreated, in tolerable order, through Bruck and Raab to Buda-Pesth.

The defeat of Schwachat did not dispirit the Hungarians. The enlistment and equipment of the Honveds proceeded, under the extraordinary energy of Kossuth, with marvellous rapidity. The anvils of the towns rang with the clang of the arms which their artisans forged by night and day, and the

bells of the churches were cast into cannon. Everywhere did the local committees of defense promote the work of recruitment. The nobles mortgaged their properties, to aid the patriotic movement with money; and heading their dependants, brought whole battalions and regiments into the field. Even women, casting aside the vestments of their sex, took arms as soldiers. It was a great and generous movement.*

By the end of December about sixty battalions of from 1,200 to 1,500 men each, were equipped, officered by the magnates, and men from foreign services; but merit always received foremost recognition. The humblest men who manifested talent for leadership were sure of promotion.† The Honved battalions are now considerably upwards of two hundred. Buda-Pesth was the centre of these movements up to the close of December; but at that time the united force of Jellachich and Windischgratz, amounting to 110,000 men, made their advance on the capital, on both sides of the Danube. Kossuth, to oppose them, erected barricades throughout the route by which they must approach the capital; but this effort, which was attended with vast labor, was defeated by a severe frost, which enabled the Austrians to avoid these formidable obstructions by crossing the frozen marshes on each side. The Hungarians wisely avoided the risk of a battle on a plain, at that time; and in the beginning of January in the present year, they abandoned the capital and fell back westwards, to the more important strategic position of Debreczin, on the eastern side of the Thieiss. They, however, left a strong garrison in the commanding fortress of Komorn, by which they retained a hold on the communication of the Danube. Debreczin now became the provisional seat of government. The army was divided thus. Under the command of the heroic Arthur Gorgey—a young man who in

the previous year was but sub-lieutenant of his regiment—60,000 men with 100 cannon held the plains between the Danube and the Thieiss. The centre at Szolnok operated thence along the only road which leads from Pesth into the plains of the Thieiss through Abany. A second corps extended on the right wing covering the passage over the Thieiss, in the famous vintage district of Tokay; and it thus kept up the communication with Gallicia, whence important auxiliaries in men and money were drawn. To them were opposed the corps of General Schlick. The third division of the army stationed in Hungary proper, covered the passages lower down the Thieiss near Kékskemet, to check the advance of Jellachich.

To cover the rear, General Bem was sent into Transylvania at the head of from 15,000 to 20,000 men. The brilliant career of this general, not only in subduing the hostile elements of the country, but in annihilating the Russian auxiliaries, deserves a word or two of personal detail. Bem has been too conspicuous in the battles of freedom to escape the calumny of despotic pens. His career has been eventful and glorious. Of a noble Gallician family, he first saw service as a lieutenant under Davoust and Macdonald, in the French expedition against Russia. On the reorganization of the Polish army, his military talents secured him a military professorship, but his independent spirit and his bold utterance of free opinions, subjected him to long imprisonment and even to torture. In the Polish Revolution his great skill as an artillery officer gained him the command of that branch of the service. Up to a recent period he has lived in retirement in France and England, devoted to scientific pursuits. He was on his return to his native land when the command of the National Guard of Vienna was conferred on him, which he held with honor up to the surrender of the city. A price being put upon his head, he escaped to Pesth; and Kossuth and the war committee gladly availed themselves of his military genius, since so amply displayed in the fields of Transylvania. Bem's greatness and gallantry as a soldier are not more remarkable than his humanity as a man. Despite the vile calumnies of the insatiate libellers of freedom in the German and English press, he has in no single instance abused the fortune of war, but has been generous to excess in forbearance. Indeed, throughout the war, the whole conduct of the Hungarians towards their prisoners has been chivalrous, and offers a noble contrast to the cold-blooded

* The Hungarian correspondent of the *Daily News*, to whom we are indebted for some of these details, states, that in a band of 140 prisoners, subsequently captured by the Austrians, sixteen were women. He adds, that "a countess, who is living in the midst of the Austrians, and not unseldom seen at court, has equipped for war all her tenants capable of bearing arms, and completed a regiment of 1,800 hussars, who are commanded by her sister in person."

† What a fine opportunity for those ardent spirits who have sought military enterprise in the fields of Portugal and Spain, to do the cause of liberty a service. Good artillery officers are eagerly sought after by the Hungarians.

fusillades on defenseless men, and the scourgings of delicate women, of the Austrians.

To return to our general view of the strategical divisions of the Hungarian army, we find further south a strong force in the direction of the Banat, to check the Serbians. From the left wing of the Hungarian centre, 17,000 men under Perczel acted in the direction of Styria and Croatia. Another corps of 18,000 were sent under Blagowic and Casimir Bathyany in the direction of Slavonia and Sirmia. Lastly, 15,000 men under the command of Colonel Kiss, were dispatched against the great centre of the Serb revolt, the fortress of St. Thomas. This outline chart of the division of the army may perhaps aid the reader in following out the details of the brilliant movements chronicled by the newspapers during the last two or three months—movements which have given Hungary possession of Transylvania, with a great additional strength to the army, the Banat, and many strong and important fortresses in that quarter; which have enabled her to beat back the Ban from Kekskemet, and enabled the defensive force to unite with Gorgey. In the north, a series of successes has established the Hungarian position. But we cannot describe the movements in detail, for they would fill a volume; nor can we speak of the well-fought fields of Kapolna, and Gyön gyös, nor of Hatvar, nor of the crowning success in the storming of Waitzen. On the 21st of May, the victorious Hungarians captured and re-entered Buda. Three words, in imitation of the three-worded dispatch of Cæsar, "Hurrah! Buda! Gorgey!" announced the victory. And so falls the curtain on Austrian chivalry, to rise again when the energies of the Hungarian nation are called to defend their country from the inroads of the Czar and his hosts.

We have travelled far in the field of Hungarian history, and led the reader through many stirring and changeful scenes. Let us hope that we have contributed to promote a

juster knowledge of the merits of the Hungarian war—a struggle not only for the preservation of venerable institutions, but one in which are involved the personal liberties of nine millions of men.

"Now let us be judged!" says Count Tekeli, in the eloquent and masterly statement he has published in the name of his country, "we are a free and independent people; we are restored to our original liberty by the violation of the charter which united us to the Austrian dynasty, and we repel by force of arms the foreigner who attempts to enslave us. Our crime is having unfurled the flag of liberty and progress in the east of Europe. It is to punish us for this, and overturn what we have built up, that several armies at a time are directed against us. As conquerors our object will be for the future, as the advance-guard of civilization, to defend the principles we have rescued—as conquered, for expiation, we shall leave to Europe the pain of seeing the people retrograding towards the darkness of the past; and Russian absolutism, which every day extends its bounds, raise itself above our ruins, in order subsequently to overthrow liberty in the west. For it is only in passing over us, that the Cossacks will fulfil the prophecy of Napoleon. This thought animates us as we descend into the array of battle. We feel that we are, for a portion of the world, the champions of liberty; that all that is noble and generous ought to fight with us. Our national history tells us what blood our fathers have heretofore shed for the safety of Europe. We are prepared for the same sacrifices, and we glory in seeing our country, now as then, serving the cause of civilization, even by her suffering. Confident in the sanctity of our cause, we accept the war that is declared against us, which we have not provoked. May Providence decide the victory!"

What will be the final result of this great battle of liberty, it is not within the narrow bounds of human power to estimate. But it is evident that we are approaching one of the alternative political results predicted by Napoleon—republican institutions, or the dominion of the Cossack.

From the Quarterly Review.

LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

A Second Visit to the United States, in the years 1845-6. By Sir CHARLES LYELL.
2 vols. 1849.

[The liberal and candid tone of the following article is in such striking contrast with that which has hitherto usually characterized Tory criticisms upon our national character and customs, as to be quite worthy of note.—*Ed.*]

THIS is very pleasant and at the same time very instructive reading. Sir Charles Lyell ranges with great ease, liveliness, and rapidity over an infinite variety of subjects, religious, scientific, political, social—from the most profound inquiries into the structure of the immense continent of North America, and the institutions, the resources, the destiny of the mighty nation which is spreading over it with such unexampled activity, down to the lightest touches of transatlantic character and manners. Now we are discussing the grooves and indentations which the icebergs have left, as they grated over the rocks, when great part of Canada and the United States formed the bottom of an unfathomed ocean; we are taking measure of the enormous coal-fields, as large as most European kingdoms, which promise to be the wealth and strength of this great federation; or we are calculating the thousands of years before man became an inhabitant of our planet, when the Mississippi began to accumulate its delta. We are now amusing ourselves among the every-day topics of American steamboats and railroads, with incidental anecdotes of the language, habits, modes of feeling in the various races and classes or conditions of American citizens; we may almost see the growth of cities springing into existence, we trust under happier auspices, as in a more genial clime, but hardly less rapidly, than that which Milton describes as "rising like an exhalation." We are discussing the exhausted Oregon question, the inexhaustible Slavery question; even to the Millerites, a set of fanatical impostors and dupes, who sat up in their winding-sheets, or in more becoming white robes, awaiting, on the night of October 23, 1844, the dissolution of this world and all its geology.

Sir Charles Lyell's present volumes will command the interest of the ordinary reader in a much higher degree than his former valuable tour, which we can take some shame to ourselves for not having reviewed in this Journal.* Not only do the author's peculiar pursuits occupy in proportion much less space, but the scientific part, without being condescendingly popular, from his perfect mastery of his topics and the lively perspicuity of his style, has the rare merit of making the most abstruse discussions intelligible, we cannot but think even attractive, if not to the absolutely uninitiate, to those who have but slight elementary acquaintance with this new philosophy. If on the other grave questions with which Sir Charles Lyell, in the strong curiosity of an active and ardent mind, delights to grapple, his judgments do not always obtain our assent, they command our respect for their honesty, calmness, and moderation. If from the natural bias of his mind, predisposed and kindled by the wonderful revelations of his own science to the utmost speculative freedom and boldness, from gratitude for the more than generous hospitality which he everywhere met with, from the honor paid to his philosophical pursuits, the universal acceptance which he encountered in all parts of the land, he is inclined to take a favorable view of American institutions and American life—to look forward with sanguine hope to the future of this great unprecedented experiment in political society; there is, nevertheless, no blind flattery, no courteous reticence of that which is socially dangerous or disagreeable, if not worse, in

* The former tour was made in 1841-2, and the account of it (2 vols.) published in 1845. This ought to be at hand while one reads the new book.

the result of those institutions or in the prevailing character of that life. The work may at once enlighten and render us more just and fair on our side of the Atlantic; on the other side, by the strong predominance of good will, by the total absence of acrimony, though now and then there is a touch of sly, perhaps involuntary satire, (in some of the quiet anecdotes there is a singular force and poignancy,) it may afford matter for serious reflection to the thoughtful and dispassionate, and force or win some to sober thought who are in danger of surrendering themselves to the unsafe guidance of passion, jealousy, or national vanity. We cannot but hail with satisfaction anything which may tend to promote the mutual harmony and good will of the great Anglo-Saxon race, on whom, at present at least, seems to depend the cause of order, civilization, and religion.

We write with fear and trembling when, amid this universal breaking up of the fountains of human affairs, we dwell on the stability of any political institutions. The Almighty might seem to have written on the crystal arch of the all-seen heavens, or rather on the crumbling walls of earthly palaces, for all mankind to read, the simple Apostolic axiom, "Be not high-minded, but fear." It is in no spirit of boasting, therefore, but in humble gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of all things, that we refuse to close our eyes upon this inevitable fact. So far as the world as yet has shown—partly, perhaps, from some innate national idiosyncrasy, but far more from its slow and gradual training, its widely ramified and universal scheme of self-government, the growth of its laws and polity out of its character, the strengthening of its character in congeniality and in attachment to its laws and polity—the Anglo-Saxon race alone seems gifted with the power of building up for duration free institutions in the two majestic forms of an ancient constitutional monarchy and of a new federal republic. To each its station has manifestly been appointed by irrevocable laws, and by the force of uncontrollable circumstances. England, in the nature of things, could no more have become—could no more become—a flourishing republic, than America could have started as a dignified monarchy. England could no more, with safety, without endangering all that is her pride, her glory, and her strength, even her existence—without hazarding her wealth, her culture, her place among the nations—break with the

Past, sweep away her throne, her aristocracy, and her church; dismantle her Windsor, demolish her Alnwick, and Chatsworths, and Belvoirs, and Blenheims, and Hatfields; break up her cathedrals into congregational churches—than America, when the inevitable day of her independence was come, could have vested her presidency in an hereditary line of sovereigns, or attempted to create an aristocracy without descent, wealth, traditional names, or those great professional fortunes and distinctions, or fortunes and distinctions from public services, which are the popular element constantly renewing our aristocracy. This subject—"this great much injured name"—the aristocracy of England, with its influence, we have long wished to see treated with the fullness, the freedom, the philosophic impartiality of M. de Tocqueville's celebrated work on the Democracy of America; but we confess that among the most profound, as among the more empiric or ignorant continental writers, including among the former M. de Tocqueville himself—even among the most enlightened Americans—there seems so complete an incapacity of comprehending its real nature and bearings, that we almost despair of the fulfilment of our earnest desire. Yet, so long as such a work is wanting—a work developing and illustrating worthily the profound and real meaning of a phrase which with most writers conveys but a vulgar and utterly erroneous reproach—we take the freedom to say that no political writer can judge, with the least justice, the absolute necessity of our present institutions to our political and social well-being; nay, the *fact*, that while the slow, and gradual, and inevitable expansion of those institutions in their own spirit and in their own principles is their one safeguard, a revolution which would shatter them to the earth would, in Europe at least, throw back for ages the civilization, the order, the social happiness of mankind. We might then seek in far western realms old English institutions under totally different circumstances, growing out into the laws and usages of orderly and of happy republics; we might find our laws, our language, our letters renewing their youth under new social forms. As we may now, we might perhaps for centuries contrast North America with South America—the grave legislative assemblies of New York or Pennsylvania with the lawless bands in Monte Video or Paraguay, which rise one day to power and have disappeared the next—the great system of

education established in Massachusetts, where the whole community cheerfully submits to a very heavy taxation to secure the intellectual and religious advancement of every order, even the lowest of the citizens, with the anarchy of Peru and Mexico, where to judge from some recent travellers, (Mr. Luxton in Mexico, or Dr. Von Tschudi in Peru,) the land would hardly lose in peacefulness, or in intelligence and cultivation, if it were resumed by the Indian tribes. We might with deep and reverential sorrow acknowledge the truth of Bishop Berkeley's famous prophecy as to the western course of empire and civilization—a prophecy which we will not believe so long as our throne and our three estates maintain their ancient authority.

Enough, perhaps too much of this; more especially since, while we attend our accomplished traveller in his wanderings over almost the whole continent of North America, we shall be perpetually reminded at once of those points of kindred and sympathy which arise out of our common descent—of the contrasts and differences which spring from the different forms taken by institutions primarily of the same origin, but developed under different auspices—when we shall behold the strange, striking, and amusing juxtaposition of the European life of Boston or New York, with the savage squattings in the far West; the inflexible law, which the sovereign people, even while we write, are vindicating against a furious mob by the right royal argument of files of soldiers and discharges of musket-balls—to the law of Judge Lynch, which the Borderers assured Sir Charles he would duly respect as his best, his necessary protection, if he were to settle among themselves. This consummation, indeed, they seemed to consider the necessary consequence, as it could be the sole object, of travelling so far westward.

Sir C. Lyell left England as far back as Sept. 4, 1845, in one of those magnificent steam-ships which have, as it were, bridged the Atlantic; and have brought Halifax, and even Boston, almost as much within the reach of London as Dublin was in the earlier part of this century. We have heard a retired Home Secretary of the old school say, that in his active days, between the transmission of a dispatch and an answer received from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, owing to adverse winds on both sides of the channel, several weeks had been known to elapse. The average passage to

Boston is now fourteen days. Here is something still more startling:

"In September, 1848, one of my London friends sent a message by telegraph to Liverpool, which reached Boston by mail-steamer *via* Halifax in twelve days, and was sent on immediately by electric telegraph to New Orleans in one day, the answer returning to Boston the day after. Three days were then lost in waiting for the steam-packet, which conveyed the message back to England in twelve days, so that the reply reached London on the twenty-ninth day from the sending of the question; the whole distance being more than 10,000 miles, which had been traversed at an average rate exceeding 350 miles a day."—vol. i. p. 244.

Another singular contrast suggests itself to Sir Charles; his noble vessel, the *Britannia*, was of 1200 tons burden; the first discoverers of America committed themselves to the unknown ocean in barks, one not above 15, Frobisher in two vessels of 20 or 25 tons; Sir Humphrey Gilbert in one of 10 tons only. Sir Charles had the great good fortune—a good fortune which can only be duly appreciated by those who know how important a part the glacier theory fills in modern geology—to behold, and at safe distance, one of those gigantic icebergs which warp slowly down the Atlantic: he could judge, to a certain extent by ocular demonstration, how far those mighty masses, "voyaging in the greatness of their strength," might achieve all the wonders now assigned to them—the transport of enormous boulders, the furrowing of the hardest rocks, the transplantation of the seeds of arctic or antarctic vegetation. On his return home he had the advantage of a nearer view, and detected a huge iceberg, the base of which towards the steamer covered 600 feet, actually conveying two pieces of rock, not indeed of any very great dimensions, to be deposited somewhere at the bottom of the sea, a long way to the south. Yet, after all, modern philosophers are prudent and unenthusiastic compared to those of old. He who

—"ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit,"

is said to have been urged to his awful leap, either by the desire of knowing more, or despair at his knowing nothing, of the causes of volcanic action. We do not read of Sir Charles Lyell, nor do we hear of any other more self-devoted geologist, desiring to be left, as some melancholy bears sometimes are, on one of these majestically-moving and

tardily-melting islands, as on an exploring voyage to test the powers and follow out the slow workings of these great geological agents.

Sir Charles was no stranger in Boston—though Boston, from its great improvement in handsome buildings during but three years, was in some degree new to him. Before his first journey to the United States an invitation to read a course of lectures in that city had happily fallen in with his own desire to explore the geology of North America. One of those munificent donations for the promotion of intellectual culture, to their honor now becoming of frequent occurrence—particularly in the Northern States—had excited the laudable ambition of the conductors of the “Lowell Institute” to obtain aid from some of the most distinguished philosophers in Europe; and if we may judge from the eager curiosity, as well as from the intelligent behavior of the audiences which assembled to hear the author of the “Principles of Geology,” this munificence is not wasted on an ungrateful soil. “The tickets were given gratuitously to the number of 4500. The class usually attending amounted to above 3000. It was necessary, therefore, to divide them into two classes, and to repeat in the evening the lecture of the morning. Among my hearers were persons of both sexes, of every station in society—from the most affluent and eminent in the various learned professions, to the humblest mechanics—all well-dressed, and observing the utmost decorum.” (*First Tour*, vol. i. p. 108.) The scientific traveller, indeed, enjoys peculiar advantages. Throughout the civilized world he is welcomed at once by persons of kindred minds and congenial pursuits—these being in Europe sometimes of the highest rank and position—everywhere of superior education and intelligence. The man of science may be but a man of science—his entire mind narrowed to one study—his conversation on one subject; the whole talk of a zoologist may be of Mammalia and Mollusks—of Ornithorhynchi Paradoxi and the last of the Dodos; the botanist may be but a “culler of simples;” even the geologist may have such a mole-like vision for that which is under the earth as to see nothing upon it—he may seem to despise everything not pre-Adamitic—his vocabulary may not go beyond greywacke, eocene and meiocene, ichthyosauri and plesiosauri. But these are the rare exceptions—the hermits and devotees of an exclusive study. Far more usually men of science are not merely under the

strong desire, almost the necessity, of extending their knowledge to kindred branches of natural philosophy; but they are likewise men of keen observation, quickened intelligence, extensive information on all general subjects. It must be of inestimable use to the traveller to be thrown at once under the guidance of such persons; instead of being entirely dependent, at best, on chance letters of introduction, on the casual acquaintance of the steamboat, the railway-carriage, or the table d’hôte, (though, of course, much that is amusing and characteristic may be gleaned by the clever and communicative tourist from these sources, and, well weighed and winnowed, may assist in judgments on graver subjects)—or, last and worst of all, on the professional guide or lacquey-de-place. Nor is it only in cities like Boston, in meetings held in that capital of American geologists, that Sir Charles Lyell finds a zealous interest in his own inquiries, as well as society calculated to give him sound views on the state and prospects of the country. It is remarkable that in the most remote and untravelled quarters of the spacious land—on the edge of the wilderness—even within the primeval forest, where men have just hewn themselves out room for a few dwellings—he encounters persons familiar with his own works, who are delighted to accompany him on his expeditions, and to make an honorable exchange of their own local observations for the more profound and comprehensive theories, the larger and universal knowledge, of a great European master of the science. Of course, now and then, he will fall in with admirers of his science rather solicitous to turn it to practical than to philosophical advantage—men who would not be sorry to have the name of the famous geologist as at least encouraging the hope of finding coal or valuable minerals on certain lands, the value of which would rise thereby in the market with the rapidity once possessed by railway shares. A geological Dousterswivel would find plenty of victims—or Face would be content to agree with Subtle for a full share in the vast profits of such “smart” transactions. We have heard of advances of this kind, only prevented from becoming more explicit, only crushed in the bud, by certain unmistakable signs of impracticability, of an unapproachable dignity of honor and honesty, which even awed such men. But—besides and beyond the facilities thus afforded to Sir C. Lyell for his more complete geological survey of the land—our knowledge of the intimate footing on which

he stood with the intellectual aristocracy of United States, his opportunities, of which he seems constantly to have availed himself, of gathering information from those most trustworthy authorities, gives far greater weight to his statements on these more general subjects. We are hearing through him educated and accomplished Americans speaking of themselves and of their own country; while at the same time the pursuits of the geologist, leading him almost over the whole vast area of the United States, to its wildest and most untravelled regions, are constantly setting him down in the strangest quarters, bringing him into contact with every gradation of wild as well as of civilized life. He is among abolitionists and slaveholders—people of color, and of every shade and hue of color; he is lodging in a splendid hotel or in a log-hut; travelling smoothly in well-appointed railroad carriages, in splendid floating hotels on the great rivers, or jolting over corduroy roads in cars or in stage-coaches, which might seem to be making their own road as they proceed; on Sundays he is listening to Dr. Channing—to Dr. Hawkes or some other of our eloquent Episcopalian divines—or to a black Baptist preacher, himself the only white man in a large congregation.

We return to our traveller at Boston—admonishing the reader that we are about to dwell far more on these general topics than on the author's scientific inquiries. To geologists his work will not want our commendation: his name, and if more than his name were wanting, his former volumes, his masterly account of Niagara, his description of the organic remains discovered in various parts of the continent, as well as his other papers on the geology of the New World, will at once command their attention. Our first impression, not only at Boston, but throughout the extensive journeys on which we accompany Sir Charles Lyell, is that we are travelling in a transatlantic England; yet we can never forget that it is transatlantic: the points of resemblance and dissimilitude—of kindred, and of departure from the original stock—of national sympathies and national peculiarities—are equally striking; and give at once the interest of that which is native and familiar, and the freshness of a strange and untrodden land. "It is an agreeable novelty to a naturalist to combine the speed of a railway and the luxury of good inns with the sight of a native forest; the advantages of civilization with the beauty of unreclaimed nature—no hedges, few ploughed fields, the wild plants, trees, birds, and animals undisturbed."

This is a slight and casual illustration of our travelling in a transatlantic England. But the affinity and the difference extend much further. England is circumscribed within two comparatively small islands—the United States stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Bay of Mexico. England, with colonies and dependencies almost as vast as America itself, but distant, scattered over remote regions, in every continent—America, swallowing up, as if already not spacious enough, bordering territory, but those territories only divided by mountain ranges or uncultivated provinces; England, therefore, with an excessive population pent within her narrow pale, is finding a vent only at great cost and with great difficulty, and is ever threatened by explosion from its accumulation in crowded quarters—America is spreading freely, and year after year adding almost new States to her Union; making highways of rivers which but a short time before were rarely broken by the canoe of the Indian, but are now daily and nightly foaming up before the prow and the paddles of the huge steamboat; exemplifying Cooper's famous sentence, quoted by Sir Charles Lyell, that Heaven itself would have no charm for the backwoodsman if he heard of any place farther west. England proper has long completely amalgamated her earlier races—the Briton, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman for centuries have been merged undistinguishably into the Englishman; we may say nearly the same as to Scotland; yet England has her Celtic population in Ireland—either from her impolitic and haughty exclusiveness, or the stubborn aversion on the other part, or what may almost seem a natural and inextinguishable oppugnancy, a mutual repulsion—still lying on the outside of her higher civilization, a separate, unmingling nation. America has not the less dangerous black races, apparently repelled by a more indelible aversion, in a state of actual slavery—of which we wish that we could foresee some safe and speedy termination. England from her remote youth has slowly and gradually built up her history, her laws, her constitution, her cities, her wealth, her arts, her letters, her commerce, her conquests:—America, in some respects born old, is starting at the point where most nations terminate, with all the elements of European civilization, to be employed, quickened it may be, and sharpened by her own busy acuteness and restless activity; with a complete literature, in which it might almost seem impossible to find

place for any great genius, should such arise among our American sons, in its highest branches—at least of poetry and inventive fiction; with English books in every cottage; with the English Bible the book of her religion. She is receiving with every packet all the products of our mind—and we must not deny making some valuable returns in the writings of her Prescotts, Irvings, Bancrofts, Channings; America, in short, is an England almost without a Past—a Past at the furthest but of a few centuries; if calculated from her Declaration of Independence, a Past not of one century—though assuredly, if it had but given birth to Washington, no inglorious Past. But she has, it must seem, a Future (and this is the conclusion from Sir Charles Lyell's book) which, if there be any calculation to be formed on all the elements of power, wealth, greatness, happiness—if we have not fondly esteemed more highly than we ought, the precious inheritance of our old English institutions, and the peculiar social development which may counteract and correct, at least for a long period, the dangers inseparable from republican politics—a Future which might almost tempt us to the sanguine presumption of supposing, in favor of this Transatlantic England, an exception to the great mysterious law of Providence—

"Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus."

Boston itself forces upon us, in more than one point, the analogy and the divergence of England and America. America is an England without a capital, without a London. A London she could not have had without a king, without an aristocracy, without a strong central government, without a central legislature, central courts of law, without a court, without an hereditary peerage, we may well add, without a St. Paul's and a Westminster Abbey. It is singular, but it is both significant and intelligible, that Washington is the only city in America which has not grown with rapidity:

"In spite of some new public edifices built in a handsome style of Greek architecture, we are struck with the small progress made in three years since we were last here. The vacant spaces are not filling up with private houses, so that the would-be metropolis wears still the air of some projected scheme which has failed."—vol. i. p. 265.

The cities of America answer to our great modern commercial towns, Liverpool, Man-

chester, Birmingham. Many of these English towns have boasted and may still boast of scientific and literary circles, to which have belonged men not equal perhaps to those of whom Boston is now proud, but still—notwithstanding the natural flow of the life-blood to the heart, the gravitation which draws all the more eminent talent to London—of deserved name and estimation. Yet Boston, New York, perhaps Philadelphia and Baltimore (New Orleans seems to stand by itself, with some faint kindred with Paris) are, though not the capitals of the Federation, the capitals of States. Boston in one respect, as likewise the province of Massachusetts, and indeed the New England States in general, may glory in one distinction, of which we cannot boast, the cheerful, unreluctant submission to general and by no means light taxation for the purposes of public education. We have before us, besides Sir C. Lyell's volumes, a report of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and an eloquent speech of the late most highly respected Minister of the United States in England, Mr. Everett, for a short time the president of Harvard College, near Boston. In the main facts they fully agree:

"The number of public or free schools in Massachusetts in 1845-6, for a population of 800,000 souls, was about 500, which would allow a teacher for each twenty-five or thirty children, as many as they can well attend to. The sum raised by *direct taxation* for the wages and board of the tutors and for fuel for the schools is upwards of \$600,000, or 120,000 guineas, [Mr. Everett states the amount for 1848, at \$754,000,] but this is exclusive of all expenditure for school-houses, libraries, and apparatus, for which other funds are appropriated, and every year a great number of newer and finer buildings are erected. Upon the whole about one million of dollars is spent in teaching a population of 800,000 souls, *independently of the sums expended on private instruction*, which in the city of Boston is supposed to be equal to the money levied by taxes for the free schools, or \$260,000 (£55,000.) If we were to impose a school-rate in Great Britain, bearing the same proportion to our population of twenty-eight millions, the tax would amount annually to more than seven millions sterling, and would then be far less effective, owing to the higher cost of living and the comparative average standard of income among professional and official men."—vol. i. p. 190.

The State of New York, it appears, is not behind Massachusetts; the population in 1845, was 2,604,495. The schools 11,000. The children in the schools for the whole or part of the year 807,200, being almost one-third; and of these only 31,240 in private

schools. The expenditure, chiefly raised by rates, \$1,191,697, equal to about £250,000.

Sir Charles Lyell discusses at some length the causes which have led to this universal acquiescence in the duty and even the necessity of providing, at so large a cost to the whole State, this system of popular education :

"During my first visit to the New England States, I was greatly at a loss to comprehend by what means so large a population had been brought to unite great earnestness of religious feeling with so much real toleration. In seeking for the cause, we must go further back than the common schools, or at least the present improved state of popular education; for we are still met with the question—How could such schools be maintained by the State, or by compulsory assessments, on so liberal a footing, in spite of the fanaticism and sectarian prejudices of the vulgar? When we call to mind the enthusiasm of the early Puritans—how these religionists, who did not hesitate to condemn several citizens to be publicly whipped for denying that the Jewish code was obligatory on Christians as a rule of life, and who were fully persuaded that they alone were the chosen people of God, should bequeath to their immediate posterity such a philosophical spirit as must precede the organization by the whole people of a system of secular education acceptable to all, and accompanied by the social and political equality of religious sects such as no other civilized community has yet achieved—this certainly is a problem well worthy of the study of every reflecting mind. To attribute this national characteristic to the voluntary system would be an anachronism, as that is of comparatively modern date in New England; besides that the dependence of the ministers on their flocks, by transferring ecclesiastical power to the multitude, only gives to their bigotry, if they be ignorant, a more dangerous sway. So also of universal suffrage; by investing the million with political power, it renders the average amount of their enlightenment the measure of the liberty enjoyed by those who entertain religious opinions disapproved of by the majority. Of the natural effects of such power, and the homage paid to it by the higher classes, even when the political institutions are only partially democratic, we have abundant exemplification in Europe, where the educated of the laity and clergy, in spite of their comparative independence of the popular will, defer outwardly to many theological notions of the vulgar with which they have often no real sympathy."—vol. i. pp. 49, 50.

Our author illustrates largely the mutual toleration which prevails, not only as to the great purpose of the common education. Thus, we read concerning the cheerful, smokeless town of Portland, the principal city of Maine :

"There are churches here of every religious de-
VOL. XVIII. NO. I

nomination : Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Free-will Baptists, Universalists, Unitarians, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Quakers, all living harmoniously together. The late governor of the State was a Unitarian; and as if to prove the perfect toleration of churches the most opposed to each other, they have recently had a Roman Catholic governor."—vol. i. p. 48.

Sir Charles is disposed to attribute great influence in this change of the staunch exclusionists, the old Puritan settlers, into perfect religious cosmopolitans, "to the reaction against the extreme Calvinism of the Church first established in this part of America, a movement which has had a powerful tendency to subdue and mitigate sectarian bitterness." He gives us some curious extracts (vol. i. pp. 53-5) from an old religious poem, the "Day of Doom," written by one Michael Wigglesworth, teacher of the town of Maldon, New England. In this strange homily in verse the extreme Calvinistic opinions are followed out to their most appalling conclusions with unflinching fearlessness; and this poem was, not more than seventy years ago, a *school-book* in New England. We forget which was the teacher, within or without the Church, of the last century, who noted in his diary: "Enjoyed some hours comfortable meditation on the infinite mercy of God in damning little babes!" Of this race was our poet, who, in his picture of the Last Day, has this group :

"Then to the bar all they drew near who died in infancy,
And never had, or good or bad, effected personally"—

Alleging that it was hard for them to suffer for the guilt of Adam :

"Not we, but he, ate of the tree whose fruit was interdicted,
Yet on us all, of his sad fall, the punishment's inflicted."

To which the Judge replies that none can suffer "for what they never did."

"But what you call old Adam's fall, and only his trespass,
You call amiss to call it his; both his and yours it was.
He was designed of all mankind to be a public head,
A common root whence all should shoot; and stood in all their stead."

With more to the like effect—when

"The glorious King thus answering, they cease
and plead no longer,
Their consciences must needs confess his rea-
sons are the stronger."

We are then instructed that the elect mo-
thers admitted to heaven are not permitted
to be disturbed by any compassion for their
babes consigned to the place where

—"God's vengeance feeds the flame
With piles of wood and brimstone flood, that none
can quench the same."

After which it cannot startle us to hear that
"The godly wife conceives no grief, nor can she
shed a tear,
For the sad fate of her dear mate, when she his
doom doth hear."

* Our transatlantic friends need not suspect us of
the slightest wish to discompose them by transcrib-
ing a few of Sir C. Lyell's extracts from the poet
Wigglesworth, who died, and by the way had a
funeral sermon highly eulogistic preached over him
by the celebrated Cotton Mather, in 1710. We do
not need to be reminded that the "Day of Doom"
might be paralleled, stanza for stanza, from hymn-
books of more recent composition, and even now
current in old England. For example, we have on
our table the seventeenth edition of the Hymns of
Daniel Herbert, (2 vols. *Sinkin & Marshall*.) The
preface is dated 1825, and the poet says,

"I live in Sudbury, that dirty place,
Where are a few poor sinners saved by grace."—ii. p. 3.

These hymns are at this day, we believe, chanted
throughout the communion of our Whitfield Metho-
dists. Imagine a Christian congregation singing
"to the praise and glory of God" in 1849 such strains
as—

"God's own elect, how oft they fall, as often rise again;
Not one shall ever fall to hell; for Christ bore all their sin;
Although he falls ten times a day, (which often is the case),
These falls will make him cry to God to hold him up by grace.
Then, oh! my soul, take courage then; thy God permits all
this;
To prove that he hath chosen thee for everlasting bliss."—i. pp.
66, 67.

"The things I would I cannot do, because the flesh oppose,
And what I would not that I do, thro' these my carnal foes;
But shall Satan ever have to boast of one that fell from grace?
I'd tell the man that dare say so he's one of Satan's race.
If one might fall, then all might fall—but ah! that cannot be!
Will Jesus lose the souls he loved from all eternity?"—*Ibid.*, p.
129.

"'Twas mercy made poor Peter mourn and weep,
For Mercy knew he was a chosen sheep;
'Twas mercy found its way to David's heart,
Though he was found to act the murderer's part:
He was a sheep before he killed Uriah,
'Twas sovereign mercy saved him from hell-fire."—*Ibid.*,
p. 43.

"Too many trust, be saved they must, because of their behavior;
Christ must be all, or none at all; he won't be half a Sa-
viour."—*Ibid.*, p. 52.

Again (p. 92)—

"If Jesus is holy, his people are holy, for Christ and his people
are one:
As Jehovah's gift in the counsels of old, ere creation's work
was begun."

"Were such a composition," proceeds our
author, "now submitted to any committee of
school managers or teachers in New England,
they would not only reject it, but the most
orthodox amongst them would shrewdly sus-
pect it to be a weak invention of the enemy,
designed to caricature, or give undue promi-
nence to, precisely those tenets of the domi-
nant Calvinism which the moderate party
object to, as outraging human reason, and
as derogatory to the moral attributes of the
Supreme Being." No doubt it is the inevita-
ble tendency of these extreme Calvinistic
opinions to produce a violent revulsion. Cal-
vinism is everywhere the legitimate parent of
Unitarianism. It has been so in Calvin's own
city, in Geneva; it has been so in England,

In another of these hymns we read (ib. p. 8)—

"That day when he brings all the nations from afar,
When Caiaphas and Pilate shall stand at his bar—
The Arian will tremble, Socinians will quake,
For he'll plunge such as those in the fiery lake."

Once more, (vol. ii. p. 125)—

"Read then Paul's Epistles, you rotten Arminian!
You will not find a passage support your opinion."

But why go so far as to the Whitfield Methodists
or 1825? Here is a neat little volume just publish-
ed in London, (Nisbet & Co., 1849), entitled "*Evangelical Melodies*," the author of which professes
himself to be a member of the Church of England,
animated by a fervent desire to redeem the piano-
forte and the poetry of Moore and Burns from the
service of the Evil One; and in this volume, which
probably has already attained great circulation and
success within the bills of mortality, we find old
favorites of younger days metamorphosed in cer-
tainly a most astounding fashion. For example—

"The Pilgrim Boy on his way has gone,
In the path of Life you'll find him," &c.—p. 13.

"Sing, sing—if music desire
Themes that with ravishing rapture are glowing,
Surely believers can proffer her lyre
Themes with such rapture replete to o'erflowing," &c.—p. 18.

"Ah! think it not—the notion
No warrant gleams from truth and fact—
That to this cruel devotion
Brings lawlessness in outward act!"—p. 36.

"It is not an act at a moment done,
On the spur of some one occasion,
Can attest that a soul has lost or won
The treasures of true salvation."—p. 78.

Campbell too has his share in the pious transmog-
rification.

"Ye spirits of our Fathers
Who (instrumentally)
From England's church did exorcise
The demon Popery!" &c.—p. 108.

But Moore is the staple, and we hope, if he has
not seen the precious little tome, that this incidental
notice of it may both gratify and edify the recluse
of Sloperton Cottage:

it has been so in America. The process is simple, and, if slow, direct. The human mind directly it subsides from that high-wrought agony of belief which trembles before and submissively adores the Calvinistic Deity, can no longer endure the presumption which has thus harshly defined, and, as it were, materialized the divine counsels; which has hardened into rigid, clear dogma, all which must be unfathomable mystery. It becomes impatient of all circumscription of the spiritual nature as of the moral attributes of the Godhead. All other dogmas now appear as purely of human invention as those intolerable dogmas relating to predestination, election, the five points, with their hideous consequences. Calvinism has already snapped asunder the long chain of traditionary theology, and contemptuously cast aside its links. No restraint remains; the whole doctrinal system of older Christianity is broken up. In truth, the one leading thought throughout that school of powerful, eloquent, and, in justice we cannot but add, deeply devotional American writers, Channing, Dewey, Norton, is the abnegation of Calvinism; this is the key to all their doctrinal system, as far as they have any system; without this they cannot be fairly judged, or addressed

"There is not in this fallen world season more sweet
Than is that when the Lord in the closet we meet."—p. 102.

"Go where duty calls thee," &c.—p. 148.

"Yes! Praise to the Lord for the good City Mission."—p. 94.

"The voice that once within these walls the Gospel trumpet
blew."—p. 179.

"When in death I at length recline,
This message bear to my kindred dear!
Tell them I sought upon grace divine
Day and night to live while I sojourned here.
If a stone on my grave repose,
I pray you upon its surface write—
That be the mouth of whose grave it closes
Held free-grace principles, main and might."—p. 190.

Our own feelings of respect and veneration for the prelate lately, mostly fitly and happily advanced to the first place in our national hierarchy, must not prevent us from adding a single stave *after* Moore's well-known tribute to his illustrious countryman, the hero of Waterloo:

"While History the record was mournfully keeping
Of all that false doctrine had done in our age,
O'er her shoulder Britannia in sadness leaned weeping,
As though she would weep out the tale from her page.
But oh! what a sunshine—how joyous! how bright!
Dissipated on the instant the blush from her brow,
When she saw the pen write,
In letters of light,
John, Bishop of Chester, is Archbishop now!" &c.—p. 114.

The modest author of this work is anonymous. It appears from a parody on *John Anderson my Joe*, at p. 90, that he is a mercantile gentleman, and is, or once was, connected in worldly fortunes with a devout citizen named *Jones*. Whether the firm was "*Jones, Blifil & Co.*," we cannot say.

with any hope of success. It is a curious and significant fact, that exactly the same process went on among the English descendants of the Puritans, though in far more unfavorable times, in times dangerous to all religion, and under auspices less likely to maintain any hold on the religious mind. This change too was chiefly in our great commercial and manufacturing towns, which, as we have observed, are our nearest types of the American cities. In almost all these towns—if not the actual offspring, the growth of our rapid, almost sudden, manufacturing prosperity—the Church of England was at its weakest. A single parish-church, in general a miserably poor vicarage, saw itself almost in a few years the centre of a vast city. Many of the master-manufacturers were of the shrewd, sober, money-making race of the old Dissenters. For them, as they grew in intelligence and mingled more with mankind, the old stern Puritan creed became too narrow. Then arose Priestley and his school—we could follow out this whole history with far greater closeness and particularity—but it is well known how great a number of the old Presbyterian congregations utterly throw aside the old Presbyterian creed. Calvinism found refuge chiefly among the Whitfieldian Methodists, where it still broods in all its harrowing darkness; where it still (it is but justice to say) is crushing many hard hearts into religious belief; with amiable inconsistency bringing forth from that iron soil a large harvest of Christian gentleness and love.

As to the United States, we confess that we have grave doubts whether the whole secret of this mutual toleration is not in the multiplicity of the sects; in the weakness of each single one against the hostile aggregate. But after all, is this more than outward reconciliation, a compulsory treaty in which all have been compelled to yield up to the common use the neutral ground of education, because no one has such a superiority of force as to occupy it as his exclusive possession? We have been very much struck by a passage from a sermon by a writer of a very high order, of the school of Channing—in some respects, we think, his superior—the Rev. Orville Dewey. Dr. Dewey wants perhaps some of that almost passionate earnestness, that copious flow, that melting tenderness, which carries away the reader of Dr. Channing; but he is a more keen observer of human nature, writes more directly to what we will call the rational conscience, has, with almost equal command of vigorous, at times nobly sustained language, a strong and prac-

tical good sense, not often surpassed in our common literature. If suspected as a religious writer—and we may observe that whoever wishes to be acquainted with the real tenets of the American Unitarians will find in his writings the most *distinct* statement of them)—as an ethical writer, as an expositor of the modes of moral, social, religious thought and feeling among our New England kindred, he might be studied with great advantage. In a very remarkable sermon *On Associations*, (Dewey's Works, p. 259,) we read :

"With regard to those great associations denominated religious sects, I fear that the case involves no less peril to the mental independence of our people. I allow that the multiplicity of sects in this country is some bond for their mutual forbearance and freedom; but the strength and repose of a great establishment are, in some respects, more favorable to private liberty. If less favor is shown to those without, there is usually more liberality to those within. It is in the protected soil of great establishments that the germs of every great reform in the Church have quietly taken root. For myself, if I were ever to permit my liberty to be compromised by such considerations, I would rather take my chance in the bosom of a great national religion than amidst the jealous eyes of small and contending sects, and I think it will be found that a more liberal and catholic theology has always pervaded establishments than the bodies of dissenters from them. Nay, I much doubt whether intolerance itself in such countries, in England and Germany for instance, has ever gone to the length of Jewish and Samaritan exclusion that has sometimes been practised among us. In saying this, I am not the enemy of dissent: nor do I deny that it is often the offspring of freedom. It certainly is the usual condition of progress. But this I say, that dissent sometimes binds stronger chains than it broke, and this is especially apt to be the case for a time when several rival and contending sects spring from the general freedom. Then the parent principle is often devoured by its own children."

Fas est et ab hoste doceri. These are wise words, of the wisdom drawn from experience. We need not observe, that even under the broad shade of our establishment opinions such as those of Mr. Dewey would of course find no repose; but we recommend this line of thought to those who have long been murmuring in secret, and are now openly clamoring for the dissolution of Church and State, which, if it means anything, must mean the abrogation of our Establishment. These zealots can hardly suppose that they are to unite the perfect independence of self-government with the privileges of a national church; that the Anglican Church is to re-

tain the endowments, the glebes, tithes, estates, rights, honors, when it is no longer the Church of England. The Pope, it seems, is now to be put on the voluntary system; let us wait the result before we reduce our own clergy to that state, of something far worse than poverty, subserviency to their congregations. Break up the Establishment—which, we repeat, must be the inevitable consequence of the severance from the State—and what a Cadmean army of sects, not yet compelled as in America, and wearied out into mutual toleration! What a wild din of controversy! Poor Charity, where wilt thou find refuge, but in thy native heaven?

Sir Charles Lyell is no less at a loss to reconcile the excellent and universal New England system of education with the outbursts of fanaticism, of which the latest, the most ludicrous, and in some respects most deplorable, was what is called the Millerite movement. The leader of this sect, one Miller, taught that the millennium would come to pass on the 23d of October, 1844—the year before our author revisited Boston. He has many whimsical stories of the proselytes. Some would not reap their harvest; it was mocking of Providence to store up useless grain; some gave their landlord warning that he was to expect no more rent. There were shops for the sale of white robes. A tabernacle was built out of plunder cruelly extorted from simple girls and others, for the accommodation of between two thousand and three thousand, who were to meet, pray, and "go up" at Boston. As the building was only to last a short time, but for the interference of the magistrates, who compelled the erection of walls of more providence-despising solidity, their Last Day might have come to many of these poor people sooner than they expected. But oh the fate of human things! In the winter of 1845 Sir Charles and Lady Lyell saw in this same tabernacle, now turned into a theatre, the profane stage-play of *Macbeth*, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, where Hecate's "Now I mount and now I fly," reminded some of the audience of the former use of the building.

"I observed," proceeds the traveller, "to one of my New England friends, that the number of Millerite proselytes, and also the fact that the prophet of the nineteenth century, Joseph Smith, could reckon at the lowest estimate sixty thousand followers in the United States, and, according to some accounts, one hundred and twenty thousand, did not argue much in favor of the working

lan of national education. 'As for the,' he replied, 'you must bear in mind were largely recruited from the manufacturing districts of England and Wales, and ocean emigrants recently arrived. They are chiefly from an illiterate class of the States, where society is in its rudest

The progress of the Millerites, however, confined to a fraction of the population undoubtedly much discredit on the moral and religious training in New England, since the year 1000, when all Christians believed that the world was to come to an end, there have never been wanting interpreters of prophecy, who have confidently assigned a date, and one near at hand, for the millennium. Your *Faber on the Prophecies*, and *Discourses of Croly*, and even some articles in the *Quarterly Review*, helped to keep up this spirit here, and make it more prevalent. But the Millerite movement, like the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, has done much to open men's minds; and the movement of late to check this fanatical movement, have advanced the cause of truth.'

Other apologists observed to me, that as a part of the population was very even the well-educated would occasionally participate in fanatical movements; 'for enthusiasm, being very contagious, is a famine-fever, which first attacks those who are starving, but afterwards infects the healthiest and best-fed individuals of the whole community.' This explanation, and ingenious as it may appear, is, I think, a fallacy. If they who have gone to school and college, and have been for years in the habit of listening to preachers, victims of popular fanaticism, it proves that they have never accomplished and learned they have never learned that their reasoning powers have not been improved, their understandings have not been enlarged, they have not been trained in habits of reasoning for themselves; in fact, they are ill-educated. Instead of being told that it is their duty carefully to investigate historical facts for themselves, and to cherish an independence of mind, they have probably been taught to think that a docile, submissive, and deference to the authority of church and state is the highest merit of a Christian. They have heard much about the pride of philosophy, and how all human learning is a snare. Connected with religion they have been taught to resign themselves to the will of others, and hence are prepared to submit themselves up to the influence of any man who claims to be superior sanctity, who is a fanatic more than themselves.'—vol. i. pp.

Charles Lyell, we see, argues that this is a fallacy. To a certain extent it may be true. We venture to say that no culture, no careful and general, of the reason, no education, the most intellectual and systematic will ever absolutely school the

world out of religious fanaticism. What was the rank—what had been the education of some of the believers in Mr. Edward Irving and the unknown tongues? Man cannot live on intellect alone; there are other parts of his moral being, his imagination, his feelings, his religious nature, which in certain constitutions, under certain circumstances, will be liable to excess. Where there is life, there will be at times too much blood; where there is not utter torpor, energy in accesses too highstrung and uncontrollable; without religious apathy, there must at times be religious eccentricity. We go further, we cannot wish it otherwise; we think that here, too, we see the divine wisdom and goodness. We would wish all mankind to be cultivated to the height of their reason; we would desire that all might be capable of comprehending as familiar things the great truths of philosophy. We have the supreme contempt for those who would limit philosophy in her inquiries by narrow views of religion; who (for example) would lose sight of this plain, irrefragable fact, that where there is one passage in the Old Testament, according to its rigid literal interpretation, which comes into collision with the principles of geology, there are twenty which must be forced out of the meaning which they bore when they were written, before they can be made to agree with the Newtonian astronomy. We are content, with the archbishop of Canterbury and our geological deans among ourselves, with Dr. Wiseman among Roman Catholics, and with Dr. Pye Smith among the Dissenters, to seek the history of man in the Bible intended for man. We would place geologists, like Sir Charles Lyell, on that serene eminence, where all who are conscious that they seek truth, and truth alone, have a right to take their seat far above the low murmurs of those who, setting the sacred Scriptures and modern science at issue with each other, show their want of profound and sober knowledge of both; we would leave the dean of York to that befitting answer, which we trust he will receive—silence. But this before us is a question entirely different, and to be judged on different principles. We believe that the irregularity of those individuals, or even of those sects of minds, which diverge into folly, into extravagance, into fanaticism, is the price which we pay for those irregularly great minds which are the glories and the benefactors of mankind, the creators, the inventors, the original impellers, in all great

works and movements in our race—the great poets, artists, patriots, philanthropists, even philosophers. Our vision of education, we confess, is rather that of Milton, which Sir Charles Lyell, we are inclined to think, has judged (p. 202) more from the report of Johnson, than from actual study of that noble treatise addressed to Master Samuel Hartlib. Science, indeed, finds a place in that all-embracing system, but rather an early and subordinate one; youth are to rise at length, having left “all these things behind,” to the height and summit of human wisdom.

“When all these employments (not merely natural philosophy, which Milton treats as almost elementary, but even politics, jurisprudence, and theology,) are well conquered, then will those choice histories, heroic poems, and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most royal argument, with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which, if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right action and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the spirit of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles.”—*Of Education, Milton's Prose Works.*

We have dwelt long enough on these subjects; though there are others of the same class in which we should wish to join issue with Sir Charles; in truth, the whole twelfth chapter, on the higher education in New England, and all the great questions which arise out of that primal controversy, would require a number of our journal to itself. But it would be the greatest injustice to a work, the charm of which is its fertile and ever-changing variety, to give undue prominence to one class of topics. On one kindred point alone we are bound to touch briefly and emphatically, and this in justice to the writer, as regards his estimation among ourselves. Our readers are not to ascribe to Sir Charles Lyell, from his intercourse with the Unitarians of Boston, in private, or his attendance on their religious services, agreement or sympathy with their opinions. That intercourse was almost inevitable. To this community belong almost all the great names in science and in letters, at least, those known in England; their chief preachers are men of great eloquence, and it is their ordinary and avowed system to exclude controversial subjects from their teaching; they dwell on the great truths on which all Christians are agreed; they do not scruple to use, without comment or explanation favorable to their own views, the common phraseology of the Scripture. The

unsuspecting reader might indeed peruse almost volumes of Channing's writings without discovering his peculiar opinions. Sir Charles Lyell himself, however, has inserted this significant caution:

“But I should mislead my readers if I gave them to understand that they could frequent churches of this denomination without risk of sometimes having their feelings offended by hearing doctrines they have been taught to reverence treated slightly, or even with contempt. On one occasion, (and it was the only one in my experience,) I was taken, when at Boston, to hear an eminent Unitarian preacher who was prevented by illness from officiating, and his place was supplied by a self-satisfied young man, who, having talked dogmatically on points contested by many a rationalist, made it clear that he commiserated the weak minds of those who adhered to articles of faith rejected by his church. If this too common method of treating theological subjects be ill-calculated to convince or conciliate dissentients, it is equally reprehensible from its tendency to engender, in the minds of those who assent, a Pharisaical feeling of self-gratulation that they are not as other sectarians are.”—vol. ii. p. 347.

Our difficulty in turning to other topics is to know where to pause for discussion. We cannot, however, refrain from submitting to our readers' consideration the strong good sense with which he exposes one of the great dangers, as well as one of the inevitable abuses of republican institutions—of institutions which virtually rest the whole power of the State in a complete democracy—that which he aptly calls the “ostracism of wealth.” It is a wise lesson on the jealous impatience of a democracy as to trusting the least power out of their own hands; on their suspicion of the only true and legitimate guaranties for public order, and for a wise judgment on the public welfare—we mean property and distinction, either political or intellectual—on their overweening confidence in their own wisdom and knowledge. It strikingly displays their fear of subservience to those above them, which almost always betrays them into far more degrading subservience to those below them, needy and noisy demagogues. We are sorry not to quote the whole of a very instructive conversation between Sir Charles and a leading lawyer of Massachusetts. This gentleman said, *inter alia*—

“Every one of our representatives, whether in the State Legislatures, or in Congress, receives a certain sum daily when on duty, besides more than enough travelling money for carrying him to his post and home again. In choosing a delegate,

herefore, the people consider themselves as patrons who are giving away a place; and if an opulent man offers himself, they are disposed to say, 'You have enough already, let us help some one as good as you who needs it.'"

Sir C. Lyell adds:

"During my subsequent stay in New England [often conversed with men of the working classes in the same subject, and invariably found that they had made up their mind that it was not desirable to choose representatives from the wealthiest class. 'The rich,' they say, 'have less sympathy with our opinions and feelings; love their amusements, and go shooting, fishing, and travelling; keep hospitable houses, and are inaccessible when we want to talk with them, at all hours, and tell them *how we wish them to vote*.' I once asked a party of New England tradesmen whether, if Mr. B., already an eminent public man, came into a large fortune through his wife, as might soon be expected, he would stand a worse chance than before of being sent to Congress. The question gave rise to a discussion among themselves, and at last they assured me that they did not think his accession to a fortune would do him any harm. It clearly never struck them as possible that it could do him any good, or aid his chance of success.

"The chief motive, I apprehend, of preferring a poorer candidate, is the desire of reducing the members of their legislature to mere delegates. A rich man would be apt to have an opinion of his own, to be unwilling to make a sacrifice of his free agency; he would not always identify himself with the majority of his electors, condescend to become, like the wires of the electric telegraph, a mere piece of machinery for conveying to the capital of his State, or to Washington, the behests of the multitude. That there is, besides, a vulgar jealousy of superior wealth, especially in the less educated districts and newer States, I satisfied myself in the course of my tour; but in regard to envy, we must also bear in mind, on the other hand, that they who elevate to distinction one of their own class in society, have sometimes to achieve a greater victory over that passion than when they confer the same favor on one who occupies already, by virtue of great riches, a higher position."—vol. i. pp. 97–99.

America, like some of the old Greek republics, will need a law to compel her best men to take a part in her affairs.

"The great evil of universal suffrage is the irresistible temptation it affords to a needy set of adventurers to make politics a trade, and to devote all their time to agitation, electioneering, and flattering the passions of the multitude. The natural aristocracy of a republic consists of the most eminent men in the liberal professions—lawyers, divines, and physicians of note, merchants in extensive business, literary and scientific men of celebrity; and men of all these classes are apt to set too high a value on their time to be willing to

engage in the strife of elections perpetually going on, and in which they expose themselves to much calumny and accusations, which, however unfounded, are professionally injurious to them. The richer citizens, who might be more independent of such attacks, love their ease or their books, and from indolence often abandon the field to the more ignorant; but I met with many optimists who declared that whenever the country is threatened with any great danger or disgrace, there is a right-minded majority whose energies can be roused effectively into action. Nevertheless, the sacrifices required on such occasions to work upon the popular mind are so great that the field is in danger of being left open on all ordinary occasions to the demagogue."—vol. i. p. 101.

The second volume gives the comic side of this serious evil—its actual workings on the verge of civilized society:

"I heard many anecdotes, when associating with small proprietors in Alabama, which convinced me that envy has a much ranker growth among the aristocratic democracy of a newly settled slave State than in any part of New England which I visited. I can scarcely conceive the ostracism of wealth or superior attainments being carried farther. Let a gentleman who has made a fortune at the bar, in Mobile or elsewhere, settle in some retired part of the newly cleared country, his fences are pulled down, and his cattle left to stray in the woods, and various depredations committed, not by thieves, for none of his property is carried away, but by neighbors who, knowing nothing of him personally, have a vulgar jealousy of his riches, and take for granted that his pride must be great in proportion. In a recent election for Clarke county, the popular candidate admitted the upright character and high qualifications of his opponent, an old friend of his own, and simply dwelt on his riches as a sufficient ground for distrust. 'A rich man,' he said, 'cannot sympathize with the poor.' Even the anecdotes I heard, which may have been mere inventions, convinced me how intense was this feeling. One, who had for some time held a seat in the legislature, finding himself in a new canvass deserted by many of his former supporters, observed that he had always voted strictly according to his instructions. 'Do you think,' answered a former partisan, 'that they would vote for you after your daughter came to the ball in them fixings?' His daughter, in fact, having been at Mobile, had had a dress made there with *flounces* according to the newest Parisian fashion, and she had thus sided, as it were, with the aristocracy of the city, setting itself up above the democracy of the pine-woods. In the new settlements, there the small proprietors, or farmers, are keenly jealous of thriving lawyers, merchants, and capitalists. One of the candidates for a county in Alabama confessed to me that he had thought it good policy to go everywhere on foot when soliciting votes, though he could have commanded a horse, and the distances were great. That the young lady whose 'fixings' I have alluded to had been ambitiously in the fashion I make no doubt; for my wife found

there had been a bloody fight with the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and I was told how many Indians had been slaughtered there, and how the present clerk of the Circuit Court was the last survivor of those who had won the battle. The memory of General Jackson is quite idolized here. It was enough for him to give public notice as he passed, that he should have great pleasure in meeting his friends at a given point on a given day, and there was sure to be a muster of several hundred settlers, armed with rifles, and prepared for a fight with 5000 or 7000 Indians."—vol. ii. p. 65.

This cause of General Jackson's popularity is quite new to us. Macon is now a considerable town.

"I often rejoiced, in this excursion, that we had brought no servants with us from England, so strong is the prejudice here against what they term a white body-servant. Besides, it would be unreasonable to expect any one, who is not riding his own hobby, to rough it in the backwoods. In many houses I hesitated to ask for water or towels for fear of giving offense, although the yeoman with whom I lodged for the night allowed me to pay a moderate charge for my accommodation. Nor could I venture to beg any one to rub a thick coat of mud off my boots or trowsers, lest I should be thought to reflect on the members of the family, who had no idea of indulging in such refinements themselves. I could have dispensed cheerfully with milk, butter, and other such luxuries; but I felt much the want of a private bedroom. Very soon, however, I came to regard it as no small privilege to be allowed to have even a bed to myself. On one occasion, when my host had humored my whims so far in regard to privacy, I felt almost ashamed to see, in consequence, a similar sized bed in the same room, occupied by my companion and two others. When I related these inconveniences afterwards to an Episcopal clergyman, he told me that the bishop and some of his clergy, when they travel through these woods in summer, and the lawyers, when in the circuit or canvassing for votes at elections, have, in addition to these privations, to endure the bites of countless mosquitoes, fleas, and bugs, so that I had great reason to congratulate myself that it was now so cold. Moreover, there are parties of emigrants in some of these woods, where women delicately brought up, accustomed to be waited on, and with infants at the breast, may now be seen on their way to Texas, camping out, although the ground within their tent is often oaked with heavy rain. 'If you were here in the hot season,' said another, 'the exuberant growth of the creepers and briars would render many paths in the woods, through which you now pass freely, impracticable, and venomous snakes would make the forest dangerous.'"—vol. ii. p. 72.

And yet even here science finds more than liberal hospitality; it has its ardent votaries:

"The different stages of civilization to which families have attained, who live here on terms of the strictest equality, is often amusing to a stranger, but must be intolerable to some of those settlers who have been driven by their losses from the more advanced districts of Virginia and South Carolina, having to begin the world again. Sometimes, in the morning, my host would be of the humblest class of 'crackers,' or some low, illiterate German or Irish emigrants, the wife sitting with a pipe in her mouth, doing no work and reading no books. In the evening, I came to a neighbor whose library was well stored with works of French and English authors, and whose first question to me was, 'Pray tell me, who do you really think is the author of the Vestiges of Creation?' If it is difficult in Europe, in the country far from towns, to select society on a principle of congeniality of taste and feeling, the reader may conceive what must be the control of geographical circumstances here, exaggerated by ultra-democratic notions of equality and the pride of race. Nevertheless, these regions will probably bear no unfavorable comparison with such part of our colonies, in Canada, the Cape, or Australia, as have been settled for an equally short term of years, and I am bound to say that I passed my time agreeably and profitably in Alabama, for every one, as I have usually found in newly peopled districts, was hospitable and obliging to a stranger. Instead of the ignorant wonder, very commonly expressed in out-of-the-way districts of England, France, or Italy, at travellers who devote money and time to a search for fossil bones and shells, each planter seemed to vie with another in his anxiety to give me information in regard to the precise spots where organic remains had been discovered. Many were curious to learn my opinion as to the kind of animal to which the huge vertebræ, against which their ploughs sometimes strike, may have belonged. The magnitude, indeed, and solidity of these relics of the colossal zeuglodon are such as might well excite the astonishment of the most indifferent. Dr. Buckley informed me that on the estate of Judge Creagh, which I visited, he had assisted in digging out one skeleton, where the vertebral column, almost unbroken, extended to the length of seventy feet, and Dr. Emmons afterwards showed me the greater part of this skeleton in the Museum of Albany, New York. On the same plantation, part of another back-bone, fifty feet long, was dug up, and a third was met with at no great distance. Before I left Alabama, I had obtained evidence of so many localities of similar fossils, chiefly between Macon and Clarksville, a distance of ten miles, that I concluded they must have belonged to at least forty distinct individuals."—vol. ii. p. 74.

Our philosopher is here in the south, in the midst of the Slave States. Throughout the Union, and here more especially, his object is to inform himself upon this vital question—the state of slavery, the condition and prospects of the slaves, the hope, the possi-

bility of an early and a peaceful adjustment of this awful feud of races. There is throughout a quiet dispassionateness, which gives great weight to his opinions. He has manifestly in his heart the true English, Christian abhorrence of slavery; yet neither, on the one hand, does he close his eyes to the fact that the actual slavery of the present time—in many parts of the country at least—has its compensations in the ease, comfort, plenty of food, good lodging, secure provision for old age, as compared with the condition of the laboring classes in most parts of the Old World; nor is he blind to the difficulties and perils, perils appallingly serious to the colored race, which would make rapid and inconsiderate emancipation a curse rather than a blessing. No more, on the other hand, does he disguise or mitigate the inherent evils of the system; the barbarous laws which in Georgia prohibit the education of the negroes; the barbarous jealousy which prevents their employment when free as workmen and mechanics; the more barbarous, it should seem indelible antipathy, which will not allow social intercourse, still less the connection of marriage, with one in whom there can possibly be suspected one drop of black blood. Sir Charles Lyell is disposed to take a favorable view of the capacity of the black, still more of the colored race, for moral and intellectual cultivation. We do not doubt this conclusion up to a certain point, (beyond this, evidence is wanting;) and below this point it is criminal and unchristian to attempt to keep down this race of God's creatures, of our brethren in Christ. In Virginia the question first presents itself in a practical form; at Richmond, in that province, the rector and proprietors of a handsome new church have set apart a side gallery for people of color. "This resolution had been taken in order that they and their servants might unite in the worship of the same God, as they hoped to enter hereafter together into his everlasting kingdom if they obeyed his laws." (p.275.) In this church there were few negroes; but the galleries of the Methodist and Baptist churches are crowded with them. The mixed races, it is allowed, are more intelligent and more agreeable as domestic servants; whether from physical causes, or intercourse with the whites, is still matter of controversy:

"Several Virginian planters have spoken to me of the negro race as naturally warm-hearted, patient, and cheerful, grateful for benefits, and forgiving of injuries. They are also of a reli-

gious temperament, bordering on superstition. Even those who think they ought forever to remain in servitude give them a character which leads one to the belief that steps ought long ago to have been taken towards their gradual emancipation. Had some legislative provision been made with this view before the annexation of Texas, a period being fixed after which all the children born in this State should be free, that new territory would have afforded a useful outlet for the black population of Virginia, and whites would have supplied the vacancies which are now filled up by the breeding of negroes. In the absence of such enactments, Texas prolongs the duration of negro slavery in Virginia, aggravating one of its worst consequences, the internal slave-trade, and keeping up the price of negroes at home. They are now selling for 500, 750, and 1000 dollars each, according to their qualifications. There are always dealers at Richmond, whose business it is to collect slaves for the southern market, and, until a gang is ready to start for the south, they are kept here well fed, and as cheerful as possible. In a court of the gaol, where they are lodged, I see them every day amusing themselves by playing at quoits. How much this traffic is abhorred, even by those who encourage it, is shown by the low social position held by the dealer, even when he has made a large fortune. When they conduct gangs of fifty slaves at a time across the mountains to the Ohio river, they usually manacle some of the men, but on reaching the Ohio they have no longer any fear of their attempting an escape, and they then unshackle them. That the condition of slaves in Virginia is steadily improving, all here seem agreed."—vol. i. p. 277.

There is great repugnance to the separation of families; and some persons have been known to make great sacrifices in order to do their duty by their dependants, whom they might profitably have thrown on the world; in other words, sent to market.

At Hopeton, further south, in Georgia, Sir Charles Lyell had an opportunity of examining the actual working of the system as he admits, on a well-regulated estate. There seems to be much mutual attachment between the master and the slave. Of 500 blacks on the property, some are old, superannuated, live at their ease in separate houses, in the society of neighbors and kinsfolk. There is no restraint, rather every encouragement to marriage. The out-door laborers have separate houses, "as neat as the greater part of the cottages in Scotland"—no flattering compliment, observes our author, himself a Scot; their hours of labor are from six in the morning, with an interval of an hour, till two or three. In summer they divide their work, and take a cool siesta in the middle of the day. In the evening they make merry, chat, pray, and

ing psalms. There is a hospital. To counterbalance all this there is the overseer and his whip, not a heavy one, and rarely used—but still there is a whip; though the number of stripes is generally limited, its terrors seem to have great effect:

"The most severe punishment required in the last forty years for a body of 500 negroes at Milledgeville, was for the theft of one negro from another. In that period there has been no criminal act of the highest grade, for which a delinquent could be committed to the penitentiary in Georgia, and there have been only six cases of assault and battery. As a race, the negroes are mild and forgiving, and by no means so prone to indulge in drinking as the white man or the Indian. There were more serious quarrels and more broken heads among the Irish in a few years, when they came to dig the Brunswick canal, than had been known among the negroes in all the surrounding plantations for half a century. The murder of a husband by a black woman, whom he had beat violently, is the greatest crime remembered in this part of Georgia for a great length of time."—vol. i. p. 258.

The Baptist and Methodist missionaries were for some time the most active in evangelizing the negroes. Since Dr. Elliott has been bishop of Georgia, the Episcopalians have labored with much zeal and success. The negroes have no faith in the efficacy of baptism, except with a complete washing away of sin; the bishop has wisely adopted the rubric which allows immersion:

"It may be true that the poor negroes cherish a superstitious belief that the washing out of every taint of sin depends mainly on the particular manner of performing the rite, and the principal harm to the black women in the ceremony of total immersion, consists in decking themselves out in white robes like brides and having their shoes rimmed with silver. They well know that the waters of the Altamaha are chilly, and that they and the officiating minister run no small risk of catching cold, but to this penance they most cheerfully submit."—vol. i. p. 363.

Sir Charles Lyell attended at Savannah, first a black Baptist church with a black preacher, and then a black Methodist church with a white preacher. The black preacher delivered an extempore sermon, for the most part in good English, with only a few phrases in "talkee-talkie," to come more home to his audience:

"He got very successfully through one flight about the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, and, speaking of the probationary state of a pious man left for a while to his own guidance, and when in danger of failing saved by the grace of God, he compared it to an eagle teaching her newly-fledged offspring to fly by carrying it up high into the air, then dropping it, and, if she sees

it falling to the earth, darting with the speed of lightning to save it before it reaches the ground. Whether any eagles really teach their young to fly in this manner, I leave the ornithologists to decide; but when described in animated and picturesque language, yet by no means inflated, the imagery was well calculated to keep the attention of his hearers awake. He also inculcated some good practical maxims of morality, and told them they were to look to a future state of rewards and punishments in which God would deal impartially with 'the poor and the rich, the black man and the white.'"—vol. ii. p. 3.

In neither of these churches did that odor, which is said to keep the two races apart, at all offend the sense. At another black Methodist church at Louisville, in Kentucky, built by subscription by the blacks themselves, and well lighted with gas, he heard another dark divine, (we regret to say that Sir Charles compares him with a white Purseycote Episcopalian, not much to the advantage of the latter.) This preacher was a full black, spoke good English, and quoted Scripture well. He laid down, it is true, metaphysical points of doctrine with a confidence which seemed to increase in proportion as the subjects transcended human understanding; but in this we discern the sect rather than the color. Our black Chrysostom received signs of assent—not the riotous clapping of hands which applauded him of Constantinople, nor the sighs and groans, so well known in other places, like those which are heard above the torrent's brawl on the hillsides in Wales. It was said of a celebrated metropolitan preacher of the last generation, that he had taken lessons of Mr. Kemble; our sable brother (as he would be called at Exeter Hall) was a manifest imitator of an eminent American actor who had been playing in those parts. We must not omit one point more; from his explanation of 'Whose image and superscription is this?' it was clear that he supposed that Cæsar had set his signature to a dollar note. Our author afterwards attended in Philadelphia a free black Episcopal church, in which the more solemn and quiet Anglican service was performed by a black clergyman with great propriety. While on this point we will add that, according to the account of Dr. Walsh, published many years ago, and confirmed, if we remember right, by later travellers, the black Roman Catholic priests in Brazil conduct the ceremonial of their faith with much greater impressiveness and dignity than those of European descent.

But there is much to be set against these hopeful signs of negro improvement, and the

better state of feeling between the two races. By an unfortunate schism, called the "Northern and Southern split," the black Methodist churches are severed from the great and powerful communities with whom it might have been to their pride as well as to their advantage to have been in close union. Still, likewise, in many parts there is a stern and jealous resistance to their education; a resistance which was dying away, but which has been provoked into life by the imprudent and fanatic crusade of the Abolitionists. Sir C. Lyell gives the barbarous law of Georgia, which we should read with more righteous indignation but for the compunctious remembrance of certain Irish penal statutes, abrogated only in latter days. Yet even in Georgia Sunday-schools arise in Christian defiance of the law. There is still almost everywhere the indelible antipathy of the races; the inextinguishable attainer of blood, on which M. de Beaumont founded his romance, and Miss Martineau her tale, which we wish that we could believe, like many of her tales, to be romance. Still the thumb-nail without its white crescent, still the heel betrays the lingering drops of black blood; those drops which annul marriage, even if fruitful in children; which drive back the most amiable, virtuous, intelligent, accomplished persons into the proscribed caste. Still slaves are carried openly about for sale; may be stolen like other objects of trade; may be shot by passionate overseers, without the overseer suffering in social estimation, (p. 92;) are advertised when runaways exactly like stray horses or dogs here; still, they are either, when free, prohibited by law from acting as mechanics, (they are very clever and ingenious in some arts,) or by the jealousy of the whites, who will not admit them of their guild. Still writers of the calm humanity of Sir Charles Lyell are obliged to waver and hesitate; at one time eagerly to look forward; at another, for the sake of the blacks themselves, to tremble at their immediate—even their speedy emancipation. The number of negroes in the Union is now three millions; and according to their present rate of increase may, by the close of the century, amount to twelve millions. But for "disturbing causes," he would cherish sanguine hopes of their ultimate fusion and amalgamation. But by his own account, are those disturbing causes likely to become less powerful as the two races show a broader front towards each other? The following passage seems to us to give a most impressive view of the difficulties of the question:

"One of the most reasonable advocates of immediate emancipation whom I met with in the North, said to me, 'You are like many of our politicians, who can look on one side only of a great question. Grant the possibility of these three millions of colored people, or even twelve millions of them fifty years hence, being capable of amalgamating with the whites, such a result might be to you perhaps, as a philanthropist or physiologist, a very interesting experiment; but would not the progress of the whites be retarded, and our race deteriorated, nearly in the same proportion as the negroes would gain? The whites constitute nearly six-sevenths of our whole population. As a philanthropist you are bound to look to the greatest good of the two races collectively, or the advantage of the whole population of the Union.'"
—vol. ii. p. 101.

From Alabama we arrive at New Orleans, a provincial Paris in the midst of this land of Anglo-Saxondom, with its Roman Catholic religion, its carnival, its theatres open on Sundays, its hotels with Louis XIV. furniture, its brilliant shops, its life and gaiety, but with its black slaves, its voluptuous quadroon beauties. This must contrast strangely with the sober, busy, thriving cities of the North, the pale and fever-worn "crackers," in the new provinces, the restless pioneers of society pressing on towards Texas. From New Orleans Sir Charles makes his excursion to the delta of the Mississippi—perhaps the most important of his geological chapters. The delta he estimates at 14,000 square miles; the level alluvial plain to the north, which stretches above the junction of the Ohio, is 16,000 square miles; being reached by so gradual a slope that the junction of the Ohio is but 200 feet above the level of the bay of Mexico. He calculates by various processes, and from certain data furnished to him by skillful engineers and philosophic observers of the country, that the delta must have taken 67,000 years, the plain above—assuming a certain depth of alluvial matter—37,000 years more, to accumulate. These vast periods of time, like those of space in astronomy, alternately depress us with the most humiliating sense of our insignificance; and next awaken something like proud gratitude to our Divine Maker for the gift of those faculties which enable us thus, as it were, to gauge this overwhelming, this almost boundless time and space. As regards the Deity, while astronomy vindicates the majesty of space, so does geology that of time. What a comment on the scriptural phrase, that to Him a thousand years are but as a day! And all this time and space, so measured, is but a brief fragment of His eternity and infinity!

Our traveller's return is up the vast Mississippi, after an excursion to Grenville, in Missouri, upon the Ohio, and so across the Alleghany Mountains, back to the land of the older cities, to Philadelphia and New York. We must leave our readers to complete this immense circuit, feeling confident that, having once set forth with Sir Charles Lyell, they will not abandon him from weariness, from want of interest, or of gratitude for his varied and valuable communications.

The conclusion at which we arrive, which has never been forced upon us so strongly by any former tour in America as by these many, sensible, and fearless volumes, is still growing astonishment at the resources of this great country. Here is an immense continent, not like old Asia, at times overshadowed into a seeming unity by some one Assyrian, or Babylonian, or Persian, or Mahometan empire, and at the death of the great conqueror, or the expiration at least of his dynasty, breaking up again into conflicting kingdoms, or almost reduced to the primitive anarchy of hostile tribes: not like Europe, attaining something like unity, first by the consolidating and annealing power of the Roman Empire, and afterwards in a wider but less rigorous form by the Church; in later times by the balance of power among the great monarchies—a balance only maintained by perpetual wars and by immense military establishments in times of peace. The New World is born as it were *one*; a federation with much of the vigor of separate independent states, with no necessary, no hereditary, principles of hostility, but rather bound together by the strongest community of interests; one in descent, at least with one race so predominant that the rest either melt away into it, or, if they remain without, are each, even the colored population, so small comparatively in numbers, that they may continue insulated and outlying sections of society, with no great danger to the general harmony; one in language, and that our noble, manly Anglo-Saxon, the language of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, and Locke, now spoken over portions of the globe infinitely more extensive than ever was any other tongue; one in religion, for from the multiplicity of sects, as we have observed, must result a certain unity—at least, religious difference, spread equably over all the land, cannot endanger the political unity. The means of communication throughout this immense continent are absolutely unexampled, both from the natural distribution of the lakes, and seas, and rivers, and from the discoveries of mod-

ern science, which are seized, adapted and appropriated with the restless eagerness of a people fettered by no ancient hereditary prejudices, active even to the overworking of their physical constitutions, speculative so as hazard everything—even, in the case of repudiation, that good-faith which is the foundation of credit—for rapid advantage. There are no local attachments, at least in the masses, to check that adventurous passion for bettering their condition, which turns the faces of men westward with a resolute uniformity; (Sir Charles Lyell met *one* man moving eastward and that one only from a temporary motive of curiosity.) Along the whole range of coast there is steam navigation, from New England to Georgia. West of the Alleghany ridge, besides the noble rivers, also crowded with steamboats, which are so many splendid high roads for travel and for commerce, there is a line of railroads and electric telegraphs, branching off and bringing into intimate relation with the rest every considerable city. These railroads are not wild enterprises, destined, like too many of our own, to swallow up irretrievable capital—framed with no sober calculation of the necessities of the land—magnificent, luxurious, and proportionately wasteful; but prudently conceived, and at first, at least, economically managed, only allowing greater speed, comfort, luxury, on such lines as those between New York and Boston. Behind the Alleghanies to the east, nature has achieved that which, on a small scale, magnificent monarchs have attempted in Europe—a system of internal navigation unrivalled in its extent, and of which even American enterprise has far from approached the limits. Instead of running up singly into the central land—as in the old continents the Ganges, the Indus, the Volga, the Nile, the Niger, the Danube, the Rhine, each divided from other great rivers by ridges of impenetrable mountains—the Mississippi receives her countless and immense tributaries, ramifying and intersecting the whole region from the borders of Canada, from the Alleghanies to within a certain distance of the Pacific. She is carrying up the population almost of cities at once to every convenient fork, to every situation which may become an emporium; and then receiving back into her spacious bosom and conveying to the ocean the accumulating produce, the corn, the cotton, even the peltries of the West. Almost in the centre of this empire is a coal-field, or rather two coal-fields, of which we believe the boundaries are not yet ascertained—but in Sir Charles's geological map (in his former vol-

umes) they blacken a space which, according to the scale, might furnish out several great kingdoms in the Old World. By a singular provision the clear-burning and smokeless anthracite on the east side of the Apalachian ridge furnishes its inexhaustible fuel for the hearths and manufactures of the more polished and stately cities, for the gayer steamboats on the Hudson and the Delaware; the heavier and more opaque, that of the Illinois, seems destined to adumbrate the manufacturing towns on the Ohio. Those treasure-fields, quarries as they are at present rather than mines, require hardly any expense to work them. If steam is still to be, as no doubt it must be, the great creator of wealth, of comfort, of commerce, this fact might alone almost justify our boldest visions as to the expansion and duration of American civilization. In California the United States may appear to have acquired the more doubtful and dangerous command of the precious minerals to an unexampled extent. And over this progressive world, this world which, even at its present gigantic strides, will not for an immense period have reached its actual boundary, which—even if it swallow up no more Texas, no more of Mexico, if it merely absorb into itself its own prairies and forests, if it people only its half of Oregon—will still have “ample space and verge enough”—some elements of civilization seem to spread, if not with equable, with unlimited advance. There is no bound to the appetite, if not for intellectual improvement, for intellectual entertainment. With Sir Charles Lyell we have full confidence in the palled craving for one leading to the sober and wholesome demand for the other: once awaken the imagination and the feelings, the reason will rarely remain in torpid slumber. This almost passion for reading appears to be universal: newspapers perhaps first, (and newspapers are compelled to become books,) and then books accompany man into the remotest squattings in the backwoods, are conveyed in every steamboat, spring up with spontaneous growth in every settlement, are sold at prices which all can afford. From later intelligence than that of Sir Charles Lyell, we are assured that the sale of Mr. Macaulay's History has reached at least 100,000. We recommend our author's statements on these subjects, of which we have room but for a fragment, to the consideration especially of our men of letters:

“Of the best English works of fiction, published at thirty-one shillings in England, and for about sixpence here, it is estimated that about ten times as many copies are sold in the United States

as in Great Britain; nor need we wonder at this, when we consider that day laborers in an American village often purchase a novel by Scott, Bulwer, or Dickens, or a popular history, such as Alison's Europe, (published at thirteen pounds in England and sixteen shillings in America,) and read it at spare moments, while persons in a much higher station in England are debarred from a similar intellectual treat by considerations of economy.

“It might have been apprehended that, where a daily newspaper can be bought for a half-penny, and a novel for sixpence, the public mind would be so taken up with politics and light reading, that no time would be left for the study of history, divinity, and the graver periodical literature. But, on the contrary, experience has proved that, when the habit and facility of reading has been acquired by the perusal even of trashy writings, there is a steady increase in the number of those who enter on deeper subjects. I was glad to hear that, in proportion as the reading public augments annually, the quality of the books read is decidedly improving. About four years ago, 40,000 copies were printed of the ordinary commonplace novels published in England, of which sort they now only sell about 8000.

“It might also have been feared that the cheapness of foreign works unprotected by copyright, would have made it impossible for native authors to obtain a price capable of remunerating them highly, as well as their publishers. But such is not the case. Very large editions of Prescott's “Ferdinand and Isabella,” and of his “Mexico,” and “Peru,” have been sold at a high price; and when Mr. Harper stated to me his estimate of the original value of the copyright of these popular works, it appeared to me that an English author could hardly have obtained as much in his own country. The comparative cheapness of American books, the best editions of which are by no means in small print, seems at first unintelligible, when we consider the dearth of labor, which enters so largely into the price of printing, paper, and binding. But, first, the number of readers, thanks to the free-schools, is prodigiously great, and always augmenting in a higher ratio even than the population; and, secondly, there is a fixed determination on the part of the people at large to endure any taxation, rather than that which would place books and newspapers beyond their reach. Several politicians declared to me that not only an income tax, but a window tax, would be preferred; and ‘this last,’ said they, ‘would scarcely shut out the light from a greater number of individuals.’” *—vol. ii. pp. 336–338.

* As some drawback to this we must subjoin the following sentence—“Many are of opinion that the small print of cheap editions in the United States will seriously injure the eyesight of the rising generation, especially as they often read in railway cars, devouring whole novels, printed in newspapers, in very inferior type. Mr. Everett, speaking of this literature, in an address to the students of Harvard College, said, ‘If cheap it can be called, which begins by costing a man his eyes, and ends by perverting his taste and morals.’” —vol. ii. p. 139.

The great cities, it is true, can never be as the ancient capitals of Europe. America, perhaps the world, will hardly see again a new Cologne, or a new Strasbourg, a new St. Peter's, or a new St. Paul's, any more than new Pyramids, a new Parthenon, or a new Coliseum. Yet we cannot but think that peace and wealth may beyond the Atlantic achieve great things, though of a different character; and this assuredly should be the aim of her artists, especially of her architects. Whether Trinity Church, now the pride of the Broadway in New York, will bear the rigorous judgment of our Gothic Purists, or stand as high even as our best modern churches, may, notwithstanding Sir Charles Lyell's opinion, admit of doubt. But we have heard only one opinion of the great Croton aqueduct; a work which for magnificence, ingenuity, science, and utility, (as pouring pure and wholesome water, even to the luxury of noble fountains and water-works, throughout the whole city of New York,) most nearly approaches the days of old Roman greatness. The expenditure of almost the whole of the great Girard bequest, (half a million sterling,) on building alone, leaving hardly anything for the endowment of the college, may in one sense have been very unwise, and indeed wrong; but as showing at least a noble ambition for architectural grandeur, even if not in this respect successful, may not be without its use. But so long as we hear of such legacies as those of Mr. Lowell, £70,000 sterling; of Mr. Astor for a public library, of a much larger amount—and we believe that those public-spirited acts of generosity do not stand alone—there can be no room for despair. Though the Capitol at Washington be but a cold and feeble attempt to domiciliate classic forms—though bold and creative originality be more difficult of attainment to those born late into the world in art even than in letters; the great transatlantic cities will gradually have their great, we trust, characteristic American monuments. If we had believed the story for an instant, we certainly should have shared in the alarm—we perhaps should not have been without some jealousy, if brother Jonathan had bought and carried off the Apollo Belvidere. On the other hand, we most cordially rejoice in the place which the young American sculptor, Powers, has taken even in Italy. That such statues as his exquisite Greek Slave should be set up in American halls by American hands would be to us a source of unfeigned satisfaction, not merely for the gratification of the present, but as an

omen of the future. For, as the future of America, to be a glorious future, must be a future of peace, so we would hope that it may be fruitful in all which embellishes, and occupies, and hallows, and glorifies peace.

Sir Charles Lyell must excuse us, if with these wonderful prospects of centuries to come, "expanding their cloudy wings before us," we have been less willing to look back to those ages behind ages, which are the study and the revelation of his important science. Interesting as it may be, under his sure guidance, to be told that a hundred thousand years must have passed in forming the land at the mouth of the Mississippi, we are more absorbed in the thought of the few years which have beheld on the banks of that wide river and its affluents, cities arising beyond cities, and those cities peopled with thousands on thousands of free, industrious, in many respects, as far as is given to man, happy human beings; province after province yielding to possession, to cultivation, to production—the production of harvests now poured without stint, and we suppose destined to be still more profusely poured, upon our shores. The Indian corn, we ought to have observed, appears by no means one of the least precious gifts of this region. The aboriginal tribes so wither away before the invader, that his occupation of the land can hardly be called usurpation. Instructive as it is to be initiated in the growth of those 63,000 square miles of coal, (First Tour, p. 88,) the gradual transformation of terrestrial plants into this store of fuel, garnered up it might seem for endless generations, with the vegetable texture still apparent throughout under the microscope; and flattened trunks of trees, now transmuted into pure coal, and erect fossil trees in the overlying strata; instructive to trace all the geological and all the chemical processes in this immense laboratory;—yet to us there is something even more surprising in the application of those inexhaustible treasures by that race of beings for whom the Almighty Creator in his boundless Providence may seem to have entombed them in the earth. What can be more strange than their sudden revelation, as it were, in these enormous quantities, just when is most apparent the practical dependence of man, in his most crowded state of civilization, on powers which his ancestors, content to warm their hearths and to cook their provisions with bright and useful fuel, dreamed not to be latent in this coarse and ordinary product of the earth? Who shall conjecture the incalculable results of the use, perhaps

the improvement of steam-power in a country where railroads are of such comparatively easy construction, and the spreading network of rivers might seem providentially designed for steam-navigation? Intellectually delightful as it may be to follow out such a beautiful piece of philosophical reasoning as that in Sir C. Lyell's second volume, (p. 304,) where, from certain footmarks on slabs of sandstone, which could only have been made by air-breathing animals, (all others being too light to make such deep impressions even when the stones were in the state of fluid mud,) the date of the primal existence of this class of animals is ascertained;—nevertheless, we are more inclined to lose ourselves in wondering speculations as to the short time which must elapse before the first footprints of man, at least of civilized man, in the lands west of the Mississippi, will be utterly untraceable through the broad strata of culture and population which even one century will spread perhaps to the Pacific. We seem irresistibly compelled to look onward: we are seized, as it were, and carried away by the advancing tide to the still receding haven, till we are lost in a boundless ocean.

That clouds, heavy, blackening, awful thunder-clouds loom over this wide horizon of the future, who that knows the mutability of human things, the wild work which fortune or fate, or rather divine Providence, makes of the most sagacious conjectures, what wise and reflective American will attempt to disguise from himself? There is surely enough to check and subdue the overweening national pride, which prevails among the vulgar. We must in justice to ourselves touch on some of these dangers. One of them, though we do not know how far it extends over the Union, is the effect of the climate. In New England especially, there seems a certain delicacy of health, a general "care-worn" expression, a kind of premature old age, which, with other circumstances, shows that our Anglo-Saxon race is not perfectly acclimated. This may be aggravated, but is not entirely caused, by the busy, exhausting, restless life of the great body of Americans. The loves and agues of the back settlements will probably disappear with the swamps and marshes before cultivation and drainage; the vigorous health of Kentucky and some other of the back settlements may eventually render the youthful renewal necessary of an earlier race, which seems to want the robust look, the clear, sun-burnt complexion of the Englishman. (See Lyell, vol. i. pp. 124-5.) But this danger will probably bring its own

cure; every succeeding century will adapt the race more completely to their climate. Their political dangers are more serious and inevitable. That which is their strength and pride, their independence, is their greatest peril. There is no great repressive, no controlling power, nothing to drag the wheel of popular rule, either in the constitution of the Federation or in the States. In each the Senates must obey the mighty will of the masses. But separate interests may grow up, in the nature of things cannot but grow up: the North and the South, the West and the East, may be arrayed against each other. The ruder, the more tumultuous, the more uneducated West, may be able to dictate at Washington not the soundest policy, policy which may be fatal, but which must be adopted from fear of separation, and the consequence of separation. In each State there is the same danger: the predominance of the of the turbulent many, or those who, self-multiplied by their noise and activity, represent themselves, and are believed to be the many—over the quiet, the wise, the educated. We have great faith, we need hardly say, in the effects of true and real education; but here is the rub—can sound political education travel as fast as population? That which, to all appearance, is most feared by the calmer immediate speculators, is indeed too much in human nature not to justify serious apprehension—the quiescence of those who ought from their superior intelligence to govern, but are too easy and happy to strive and wrestle for their proper influence.

This applies equally to the States and to individuals: Kentucky and Illinois may lord it over New England and New York; and if Kentucky and Illinois become more civilized, States yet unnamed, unsettled, still farther West, may lord it in their turn over Kentucky and Illinois. So long as the subjects of collision are but the election of a President or even a Tariff, this predominance may be comparatively innocuous: but when it comes to war or peace—war, not with Texas or Mexico, but with European nations, or even with Canada, if Canada should grow up into a real power—then may the United States be exposed, at least, to the chances of loss and defeat, or, escaping them, to the proverbial consequences of military glory and success. We have the most sovereign contempt for Mr. Cullen, and his international liberalism—for the European peace societies, which have the most fatal effect, that of assuring individuals what is in itself a righteous cause: but, if Americans, we should

hardly refrain from joining with Mr. Sumner; though even in America peace societies have, we know not why, something of a bustling, officious, and somewhat ridiculous air. We should hail the more legitimate denunciations of war as unchristian by her Channings and Deweys; as American patriots and Christians we should never cease to cry Peace! Peace! That which is utterly, hopelessly, as seems at present, impossible in Europe, seems, by a wonderful combination of circumstances, of easy practicability in America. This vast continent may, if it will, exhibit to the wondering annals of mankind centuries barren of warlike glory, safe from the miseries of war. The United States may at length relieve republican governments from that heavy charge registered against them by all history—and too much countenanced by their own proceedings in Texas and in Mexico—that democracies are as ambitious and aggressive as the most absolute monarchies. What has America to gain—what may it not lose by war?

Sir C. Lyell was in the midst of the fierce discussions about Oregon: fiery news-writers were brandishing their pens—wild backwoodsman posing their rifles; they would have had the country at once adopt the language of that not very imitable personage in Milton—"My sentence is for open war." What can happen?—these were among the amiable anticipations—"England may bombard and burn a few of the cities on the east coast; but then she will add hundreds of millions to her debt; she will break down and be forever ruined under her intolerable burthen." There is one result from all this which Brother Jonathan, even in his wildest mood, we doubt not, would be acute enough to apprehend—Brother John bankrupt, he has lost his best customer. Sir C. Lyell, with his calm good sense, at the very outset of his volume, doubts the wisdom of the commemoration of "Independence Day:" all this recital (of the doings of the mother country before the war) "may have been expedient when the great struggle for liberty and national independence was still pending; but what effect can it have now but to keep alive bad feelings?" We are happy in believing that all "rumors of wars" with England have passed away; but any other great war, we conceive, might arrest for centuries the progress of transatlantic civilization—might split up the Union into the chronic condition of the Old World, that of separate, and, before long, hostile States—might raise up in one a military despotism, formidable to

all. Before we close these hastily written but not less deliberately considered opinions on the expediency, the necessity of peace, to the development of American wealth, happiness, virtue; on the majestic position which the United States may take in the history of man, by showing herself superior to the folly, the intoxication, the madness of war—of war which cannot be necessary as self-defense, and therefore must be wanton and wicked; we would look on one other peril, which appears to us, if more remotely, to threaten her internal peace. Her growth must be in wealth—and wealth, even under the most levelling institutions, will accumulate in masses. There will be individuals, there will be classes high above the rest in opulence, in luxury. This will be, of course, more manifest in the great cities, which, as they grow in size, will become more unmanageable; and notwithstanding the constant vent in the backwoods for turbulent and violent spirits, will leave a still larger class of those who feel that they have a right to be as rich as others, and are not. There must be an aristocracy, and that aristocracy an object of hatred and jealousy to some; by whatever title it may be held up to scorn or animosity; "a white-gloved aristocracy," &c. &c.; such class there must be, where capital, commercial industry, enterprise, even fortune, are left to their free course. It is to be seen whether the Republic, or Republics, will have strength, courage, and determination to defend property, as the basis of human freedom and happiness.

Thus far that spirit has not been wanting; the sovereign people, on more occasions than we are aware of here, has not scrupled to use the Old World arms against "the mob." At Providence, the soldiers were ordered, some short time ago, to fire on "the people," and did fire to put down a riot which rose out of the destruction of houses of ill-fame; they did the same at Philadelphia, during the attack on the Roman Catholics; and now at New York, in the disgraceful disturbances around the theatre.* Thus far, too, the public voice has been strongly and unequivocally in favor of public order. There has been no maudlin sympathy for lawless rioters; the press has been, almost with one voice, on the side of authority; the attempt to get up a popular demonstration was an utter failure. It has been seen that the only true mercy is to stop a riot at once—if

* It was impossible, as we hear from all quarters, and cannot refrain from repeating, to surpass the coolness, self-command, gentlemanly, we might add Christian, bearing of Mr. Macready.

not, as with us on a recent occasion, by the civil force—at all events to stop it. There are dangers which must be imminent under the broadest republican forms. Only free and popular institutions like our own and those of the United States, and the spirit they inspire into the citizens, can prevent them from becoming calamities. But these slight outbreaks from insignificant causes, we must acknowledge, cast somewhat dark shadows before them; if more deeply-rooted causes of discontent should spring up—if with the spreading cities there should be quarters inhabited perhaps by multitudes of a particular race or class, and so bonded together by common passions—quarters into which education does not equably penetrate—which there is no strong police to overawe—our only trust is that there will be an instantaneous tact and sympathy among those to whom order is life, which will combine them into a more commanding league. We trust that not neglecting measures of pre-

caution in improving, as far as they may, the condition of their more abject fellow-citizens, they will never be wanting in resolution to confront and crush these insurrections of communism, (for such even in free America may be their form,) and not scruple to hazard their lives for what is dearer than life. There must be moreover no self-gratulation in more remote towns, that it is but one city which has thus become a city of desolation. The rapid communication of revolutionary wild-fire, more swift and terrible than the conflagration over leagues of prairie land—this fearful rapidity is an essential part of its nature; one city a prey to its ravages, who will insure the rest? If the waters of the Hudson reflect its red light, how long will it be before it glares on the Mississippi or the Ohio? May Heaven avert the omen—may one human community grow up as a great peace society, peace external and internal, peace with all its blessings!

HEART-TREASURES.

A MAIDEN sat plying her needle
In a cottage remote from the crowd;
All was still as the alip of a beetle,
Save the wind hoarse with raging so loud.
All without appeared chill and unseemly,
All within, too, was silent and lone,
Save the fire that illumined the hearth-stone,
And the clock with its shrill, hurried tone.

Yet within that full heart there was music
Unknown to the ear of the throng.
Oh! gladly the world would have listened
Had those cadences found a true tongue.
For love—though sublime—hath not uttered
Those blest spirit-tones which oft roll
Through the heart when all outward is gloomy,
Sublime as the song of the soul.

Though pensive that brow, and half-shaded
The light of those love-waking eyes,
There was joy in the deeps of that being
That absorbed every sense in surprise.
Fair Fancy had laid out the Future
To the dictates of Hope and of Love,
And it seemed, as it gleamed in blest beauty,
That the model had dropped from above.

As I gazed on the face of that maiden,
I thought of the millions that roam
In quest of the honey called pleasure,
Far away from themselves and from home;
But 'tis not in the air we find treasures
Of jewels, of gems, and of gold;
Nor in the wide world find we pleasures
Like those which the heart doth unfold.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DIES BOREALES.—NO. II.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

ENCAMPMENT AT CLADICH. TIME—11, A.

M. SCENE—*The Portal of the Pavilion.*

NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD.

BULLER. I know there is nothing you dislike so much as personal observations—

NORTH. On myself to myself—not at all on others.

BULLER. Yet I cannot help telling you to your face, sir, that you are one of the finest looking old men—

NORTH. Elderly gentlemen, if you please, sir.

BULLER. In Britain, in Europe, in the World. I am perfectly serious, sir. You are.

NORTH. You needed not to say you were perfectly serious; for I suffer no man to be ironical on Me, Mr. Buller. I am.

BULLER. Such a change since we came to Cladich! Seward was equally shocked, with myself, at your looks on board the Steamer. So lean—so bent—so sallow—so haggard—n a word—so aged!

NORTH. Were you shocked, Seward?

SEWARD. Buller has such a blunt way with him that he often makes me blush. I was not shocked, my dear sir, but I was affected.

BULLER. Turning to me, he said, in a whisper, "What a wreck!"

NORTH. I saw little alteration on you, Mr. Seward; but as to Buller, it was with the utmost difficulty I could be brought, by his reiterated asseverations, into a sort of quasi-belief in his personal identity; and even now, it is far from amounting to anything like a settled conviction. Why, his face is twice the breadth it used to be—and so red! It used to be narrow and pale. Then, what a bushy head—now, cocker it as he will, bald. In figure was he not slim? Now, stout's the word. Stout—stout—yes, Buller, you have grown stout, and will grow stouter—your doom is to be fat—I prophesy paunch—

BULLER. Spare me—spare me, sir. Sew-

ard should not have interrupted me—'twas but the first impression—and soon wore off—those Edinboro' people have much to answer for—unmercifully wearing you out at their ceaseless *soirées*—but since you came to Cladich, sir, CHRISTOPHER'S HIMSELF AGAIN—pardon my familiarity—nor can I now, after the minutest inspection, and severest scrutiny, detect one single additional wrinkle on face or forehead—nay, not a wrinkle at all—not one—so fresh of color, too, sir, that the irradiation is at times ruddy—and without losing an atom of expression, the countenance absolutely—plump. Yes, sir, plump's the word—plump, plump, plump.

NORTH. Now you speak sensibly, and like yourself, my dear Buller. I wear well.

BULLER. Your enemies circulated a report—

NORTH. I did not think I had an enemy in the world.

BULLER. Your friends, sir, had heard a rumor—that you had mounted a wig.

NORTH. And was there, among them all, one so weak-minded as to believe it? But, to be sure, there are no bounds to the credulity of mankind.

BULLER. That you had lost your hair—and that, like Sampson—

NORTH. And by what Delilah had my locks been shorn?

SEWARD. It all originated, I verily believe, sir, in the moved imagination of the Pensive Public:

"Res est solliciti plena timoris Amor."

NORTH. Buller, I see little, if any—no change whatever—on you, since the days of Deeside—nor on you, Seward. Yes, I do. Not now, when by yourselves; but when your boys are in Tent, ah! then I do indeed—a pleasant, a happy, a blessed change. Bright boys they are—delightful lads—noble youths—and so are my Two—emphasis on my—

NEWARK and BETTIE. Yes, all emphasis, and may the Four be friends for life.

NORTH. In presence of an old folk, composed and respectful, in manly modesty attentive to every word we say—at times, no doubt, wearisome enough! Yet each ready, at a look or pause, to join in when we are at our gravest—and the solemn may be getting dull—enhancing the sleepy flow of our conversation as with rivulets issuing from pure sources in the hills of the morning—

NEWARK. Aye—aye; heaven bless them all!

NORTH. Why, there is more than sense—more than talent—there is genius among them—in their eyes and on their tongues—though they have no suspicion of it—and that is the charm. Then, how they rally one another! Witty fellows all Four. And the right sort of rally. Gentlemen by birth and breeding, to whom, in their wildest sallies, vulgarity is impossible—to whom, on the giddy brink—the perilous edge—still adheres a native decorum superior to that of all the Schools.

NEWARK. They have their faults, sir—

NORTH. So have we. And 'tis well for us. Without faults we should be unlovable.

NEWARK. In affection I spoke.

NORTH. I know you did. There is no such hateful sight on earth as a perfect character. He is one mass of corruption—for he is a hypocrite—*intus et in cute*—by the necessity of nature. The moment a perfect character enters a room—I leave it.

NEWARK. What if you happened to live in the neighborhood of the nuisance?

NORTH. Emigrate. Or remain here—encamped for life—with imperfect characters—till the order should issue. Strike Tent.

BETTIE. My Boy has a temper of his own.

NORTH. Original—or acquired?

BETTIE. Naturally sweet blooded—sincerely by the mother's side—but in her goodness she did all she could to spoil him. Some excuse. We have but Mammy.

NORTH. And his father, naturally not quite so sweet blooded, does all he can to preserve him? Between the two, a pretty pickle he is. Has there a temper of his own, too, Newark?

NEWARK. No.

NORTH. Hired boy?

NEWARK. No, North. A milder weaker Christian Lady than his mother is not in England.

NORTH. I confess I was at the moment

not thinking of his mother. But somewhat too much of this. I hereby authorize the Boys of this Empire to have what tempers they choose—with one sole exception—THE SULK.

BULLER. The Edict is promulged.

NORTH. Once, and once only, during one of the longest and best-spent lives on record, was I in the mood proscribed—and it endured most part of a whole day. The Anniversary of that day I observe, in severest solitude, with a salutary horror. And it is my Birthday. Ask me not, my friends, to reveal the Cause. Aloof from confession before man—we must keep to ourselves—as John Foster says—a corner of our own souls. A black corner it is—and enter it with or without a light—you see, here and there, something dismal—hideous—shapeless—nameless—each lying in its own place on the floor. There lies the CAUSE. It was the morning of my Ninth Year. As I kept sitting high up stairs by myself—one familiar face after another kept ever and anon looking in upon me—all with one expression! And one familiar voice after another—all with one tone—kept muttering at me—“*He's still in the Sulks!*” How I hated them with an intenser hatred—and chief them I before had loved best—at each opening and each shutting of that door! How I hated myself, as my blubbered face felt hotter and hotter—and I knew how ugly I must be, with my fixed, fiery eyes. It was painful to sit on such a chair for hours in one posture, and to have so chained a child would have been great cruelty—but I was resolved to die, rather than change it; and had I been told by any one under an angel to get up and go to play, I would have spat in his face. It was a lonesome attic, and I had the fear of ghosts. But not then—my superstitious fancy was quelled by my troubled heart. Had I not deserved to be allowed to go? Did they not all know that all my happiness in this life depended on my being allowed to go? Could any one of them give a reason for not allowing me to go? What right had they to say that if I did go, I should never be able to find my way, by myself, back? What right had they to say that Roundy was a blackguard, and that he would lead me to the gallows? Never before, in all the world, had a good boy been used so on his birthday. They pretended to be sorry when I am sick—and when I say my prayers, they say theirs too—but I am sick now—and they are not sorry, but angry—when I use in prayers—and I won't read one verse in the

Bible this night, should my aunt go down on her knees. And in the midst of such unworded soliloquies did the young blasphemer fall asleep.

BULLER. Young Christopher North! Incredible.

NORTH. I know not how long I slept; but on awaking, I saw an angel with a most beautiful face and most beautiful hair—a little young angel—about the same size as myself—sitting on a stool by my feet. “Are you quite well now, Christopher? Let us go to the meadows and gather flowers.” Shame, sorrow, remorse, contrition, came to me with those innocent words—we wept together, and I was comforted. “I have been sinful”—“but you are forgiven.” Down all the stairs, hand in hand, we glided; and there was no longer anger in any eyes—the whole house was happy. All voices were kinder—if that were possible—than they had been when I rose in the morning—a Boy in his Ninth Year. Parental hands smoothed my hair—parental lips kissed it—and parental greetings, only a little more cheerful than prayers, restored me to the Love I had never lost, and which I felt now had animated that brief and just displeasure. I had never heard then of Elysian fields; but I had often heard, and often had dreamt happy, happy dreams, of fields of light in heaven. And such looked the fields to be, where fairest Mary Gordon and I gathered flowers, and spoke to the birds, and to one another, all day long—and again, when the day was gone, and the evening going, on till moon-time, below and among the soft-burning stars.

BULLER. And never has *Christopher* been in the *Sulks* since that day.

NORTH. Under heaven, I owe it all to that child's eyes. Still, I sternly keep the Anniversary—for, beyond doubt, I was that day possessed with a Devil—and an angel it was, though human, that drove him out.

SEWARD. Your first Love?

NORTH. In a week she was in heaven. My friends—in childhood—our whole future life would sometimes seem to be at the mercy of such small events as these. Small call them not—for they are great for good or for evil—because of the unfathomable mysteries that lie shrouded in the growth, on earth, of an immortal soul.

SEWARD. May I dare to ask you, sir—it is indeed a delicate—a more than delicate question—if the Anniversary—has been brought round with the revolving year since we encamped?

NORTH. It has.

SEWARD. Ah! Buller! we know now the reason of his absence that day from the Pavilion and Deeside—of his utter seclusion—he was doing penance in the Swiss Giantess—a severe sojourn.

NORTH. A Good Temper, friends—not a good Conscience—is the Blessing of Life.

BULLER. Shocked to hear you say so, sir. Unsay it, my dear Sir—unsay it—pernicious doctrine. It may get abroad.

NORTH. THE SULKs!—the CELESTIALs. The Sulks are hell, sirs—the Celestials, by the very name, heaven. I take temper in its all-embracing sense of Physical, Mental and Moral Atmosphere. Pure and serene—then we respire God's gifts, and are happier than we desire! Is not that divine? Foul and disturbed—then we are stifled by God's gifts—and are wickeder than we fear! Is not that devilish? A good Conscience and a bad Temper! Talk not to me, Young Men, of pernicious doctrine—it is a soul-saving doctrine—“millions of spiritual creatures walk unseen” teaching it—men's Thoughts, communing with heaven, have been teaching it—surely not all in vain—since Cain slew Abel.

SEWARD. The Sage!

BULLER. Socrates.

NORTH. Morose! Think for five minutes on what that word means—and on what that word contains—and you see the Man must be an Atheist. Sitting in the House of God *morosely*! Bright, bold, beautiful boys of ours, ye are not morose—heaven's air has free access through your open souls—a clear conscience carries the Friends in their pastimes up the Mountains.

SEWARD. And their fathers before them.

NORTH. And their great-grandfather—I mean their spiritual great-grandfather—myself—Christopher North. They are gathering up—even as we gathered up—images that will never die. Evanescent! Clouds—lights—shadows—glooms, the falling sound—the running murmur—and the swinging roar—as cataract, stream, and forest all alike seem wheeling by—these are not evanescent—for they will all keep coming and going—before their Imagination—all life-long at the bidding of the Will—or obedient to a Wish! Or by benign Law, whose might is a mystery, coming back from the far profound—remembered apparitions!

SEWARD. Dear sir.

NORTH. Even my Image will sometimes reappear—and the Tents of Cladich—the Camp on Lochawe-side.

BULLER. My dear sir—it will not be evanescent—

NORTH. And withal such Devils! But I have given them *carte blanche*.

SEWARD. Nor will they abuse it.

NORTH. I wonder when they sleep. Each has his own dormitory—the cluster forming the left wing of the Camp—but Deeside is not seldom broad awake till midnight; and though I am always up and out by six at the latest, never once have I caught a man of them napping, but either there they are each more blooming than the other, getting ready their gear for a start; or, on sweeping the Loch with my glass, I see their heads, like wild-duck—swimming—round Rabbit Island—as some wretch has baptized Inishail—or away to Inistrynish—or, for anything I know, to Port-Sonachan—swimming for a Medal given by the Club! Or there goes *Gutta Percha* by the Pass of Brandir, or shooting away into the woods near Kilchurn. Twice have they been on the top of Cruachan—once for a clear hour, and once for a dark day—the very next morning, Marmaduke said, they would have “some more mountain,” and the Four Cloud-compellers swept the whole range of Ben Bhuridh and Bein-Lurachan as far as the head of Glensrea. Though they said nothing about it, I heard of their having been over the hills behind us, t’other night, at Cairndow at a wedding. Why, only think, sirs, yesterday they were off by daylight to try their luck in Loch Dochart, and again I heard their merriment soon after we had retired. They must have footed it above forty miles. That Cornwall Clipper will be their death. And off again this morning—all on foot—to the Black Mount.

BULLER. For what?

NORTH. By permission of the Marquis, to shoot an Eagle. She is said to be again on egg—and to cliff-climbers her eyrie is within rifle-range. But let us forget the Boys, as they have forgot us.

SEWARD. The Loch is calmer to-day, sir, than we have yet seen it; but the calm is of a different character from yesterday’s—that was serene, this is solemn—I had almost said austere. Yesterday there were few clouds; and such was the prevailing power of all those lovely woods on the islands, and along the mainland shores—that the whole reflection seemed sylvan. When gazing on such a sight, does not our feeling of the unrealities—the shadows—attach to the realities—the substances? So that the living trees—earth-rooted, and growing upwards—

become almost as visionary as their inverted semblances in that commingling clime? Or is it that the life of the trees gives life to the images, and imagination believes that the whole, in its beauty, must belong, by the same law, to the same world?

NORTH. Let us understand, without seeking to destroy, our delusions; for has not this life of ours been wisely called the dream of a shadow?

SEWARD. To-day there are many clouds, and aloft they are beautiful; nor is the light of the sun not most gracious; but the repose of all that downward world affects me—I know not why—with sadness—it is beginning to look almost gloomy—and I seem to see the hush not of sleep, but of death. There is not the unbounded expanse of yesterday—the loch looks narrower—and Cruachan closer to us, with all his heights.

BULLER. I felt a drop of rain on the back of my hand.

SEWARD. It must have been, then, from your nose. There will be no rain this week. But a breath of air there is somewhere—for the mirror is dimmed, and the vision gone.

NORTH. The drop was not from his nose, Seward, for here are three—and clear, pure drops too—on my Milton. I should not be at all surprised if we were to have a little rain.

SEWARD. Odd enough. I cannot conjecture where it comes from. It must be dew.

BULLER. Who ever heard of dew dropping in large fat globules at meridian on a summer’s day? It is getting very close and sultry. The interior must be, as Wordsworth says, “Like a Lion’s den.” Did you whisper, sir?

NORTH. No. But something did. Look at the silver, Buller.

BULLER. Thermometer 85. Barometer I can say nothing about—but that it is very low indeed. A long way below Stormy.

NORTH. What color would you call that glare about the Crown of Cruachan? Yellow?

SEWARD. You may just as well call it yellow as not. I never saw such a color before—and don’t care though I never see such again—for it is horrid. That is a—Glare.

NORTH. Cowper says grandly,

“A terrible sagacity informs
The Poet’s heart; he looks to distant storms;
He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers.”

He is speaking of tempests in the moral

world. You know the passage—it is a fine one—so indeed is the whole Epistle—Table-Talk. I am a bit of a Poet myself in smelling thunder. Early this morning I set it down for mid-day—and it is mid-day now.

BULLER. Likier Evening.

NORTH. Dimmish and darkish, certainly; but unlike Evening. I pray you look at the Sun.

BULLER. What about him?

NORTH. Though unclouded—he seems shrouded in his own solemn light—expecting thunder.

BULLER. There is not much motion among the clouds.

NORTH. Not yet. Merely what in Scotland we call a carry; yet that great central mass is double the size it was ten minutes ago—the City Churches are crowding round the Cathedral, and the whole assemblage lies under the shadow of the Citadel—with battlements and colonnades at once Fort and Temple.

BULLER. Still some blue sky. Not very much. But some.

NORTH. Cruachan! you are changing color.

BULLER. Grim—very.

NORTH. The Loch's like ink. I could dip my pen in it.

SEWARD. We are about to have thun ler.

NORTH. Weather-wise wizard—we are. That mutter was thunder. In five seconds you will hear some more. One—two—three—four—there; that was a growl. I call that good growling—sulky, sullen, savage growling, that makes the heart of Silence quake.

SEWARD. And mine.

NORTH. What? Dying away! Some incomprehensible cause is turning the thunderous masses round towards Appin.

SEWARD. And I wish them a safe journey.

NORTH. All right. They are coming this way—all at once—the whole Thunder-storm. Flash—roar.

"Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard."

Who but Willy could have said *that*?

SEWARD. Who said what?

NORTH. How ghastly all the trees!

SEWARD. I see no trees—nor anything else.

NORTH. How can you, with that Flying Dutchman over your eyes?

BULLER. I gave him my handkerchief—for at this moment I know his head is like to rend. I wish I had kept it to myself; but no use—the lightning is seen through lids

and hands, and would be through stone walls.

NORTH. Each flash has, of course, a thunder-clap of its own—if we knew where to look for it; but, to our senses, all connection between cause and effect is lost—such incessant flashings—and such multitudinous outbreaks—and such a continuous roll of outrageous echoes!

BULLER. Coruscation—explosion—are but feeble words.

NORTH. The Cathedral's on fire.

BULLER. I don't mind so much those wide flarings among the piled clouds, as these gleams—oh!

NORTH. Where art thou, Cruachan? Ay—methinks I see thee—methinks I do not—thy Three Peaks may not pierce the masses that now oppress thee—but behind the broken midway clouds, those black purple breadths of solid earth are thine—thine those unmistakeable Cliffs—thine the assured beauty of that fearless Forest—and may the lightning scathe not one single tree!

BULLER. Nor man.

NORTH. This is your true total Eclipse of the Sun. Day, not night, is the time for thunder and lightning. Night can be dark of itself, nay, cannot help it; but when Day grows black, then is the blackness of darkness in the Bright One terrible; and terror—Burke said well—is at the heart of the sublime. The Light, such as it is, sets off the power of the lightning—it pales to that flashing—and is forgotten in Fire. It smells of hell.

SEWARD. It is constitutional in the Sewards. North, I am sick.

NORTH. Give way to gasping—and lie down—nothing can be done for you. The danger is not—

SEWARD. I am not afraid—I am faint.

NORTH. You must speak louder, if you expect to be heard by ears of clay. Peals is not the word. "Peals on peals redoubled" is worse. There never was—and never will be a word in any language—for *all that*.

BULLER. Unreasonable to expect it. Try twenty—in twenty languages.

NORTH. Buller, you may count ten individual deluges—besides the descent of three at hand—conspicuous in the general Rain, which without them would be Rain sufficient for a Flood. Now the Camp has it, and let us enter the Pavilion. I don't think there is much wind here; yet far down the black Loch is silently whitening with waves like breakers; for here the Rain alone rules, and its rushing deadens the retiring thunder.

The ebbing thunder ! Still louder than any sea on any shore ; but a diminishing loudness, though really vast, seems quelled ; and, losing its power over the present, imagination follows it not into the distant region where it may be raging as bad as ever. Buller ?

BULLER. What ?

NORTH. How's Seward ?

SEWARD. Much better. It is very, very kind of you, my dear sir, to carry me in your arms, and place me in your own Swing-chair. The change of atmosphere has revived me—but the Boys ?

NORTH. The Boys—why, they went to the Black Mount to shoot an eagle, and see a thunder-storm, and long before this they have had their heart's desire. There are caves, Seward, in Buachail-Mor ; and one recess I know—not a cave—but grander far than any cave—near the Fall of Eas-a-Bhrogich—far down below the bottom of the Fall, which in its long descent whitens the sable cliffs. Thither leads a winding access no storm can shake. In that recess you sit rock-surrounded—but with elbow-room for five hundred men—and all the light you have—and you would not wish for more—comes down upon you from a cupola far nearer heaven than that hung by Michael Angelo.

SEWARD. The Boys are safe.

NORTH. Or the lone house of Dalness has received them—hospitable now as of yore—or the Huntsman's hut—or Shepherd's shieling—that word I love, and shall use it now—though shieling it is not, but a comfortable cottage—and the dwellers there fear not the thunder and the lightning—for they know they are in His hands—and talk cheerfully in the storm.

SEWARD. Over and gone. How breathable the atmosphere !

NORTH. In the Forests of the Marquis and of Monzie, the horns of the Red-deer are again in motion. In my mind's eye—Harry—I see one—an enormous fellow—bigger than the big stag of Benmore himself—and not to be so easily brought to perform, by particular desire, the part of Moriens—giving himself a shake of his whole huge bulk, and a caïce of his whole wide antlers—and then leading down from the Corrie, with Platonic affection, a herd of Hinds to the greensward islanded among brackens and heather—a spot equally adapted for feed, play, rumination, and sleep. And the Roes are glinting through the glades—and the Fleece are nibbling on the mountain's glitter-

ing breast—and the Cattle are grazing, and galloping, and lowing on the hills—and the furred folk, who are always dry, come out from the crevices for a mouthful of the fresh air ; and the whole four-footed creation are jocund—are happy !

BULLER. What a picture !

NORTH. And the Fowls of the Air—think ye not the Eagle, storm-driven not unalarmed along that league-long face of cliff, is now glad at heart, pruning the wing that shall carry him again, like a meteor, into the sub-sided skies ?

BULLER. What it is to have an imagination ! Worth all my Estate.

NORTH. Let us exchange.

BULLER. Not possible. Strictly entailed.

NORTH. Dock.

BULLER. Mno.

NORTH. And the little wren flits out from the back-door of her nest—too happy she to sing—and in a minute is back again with a worm in her mouth, to her half-score gaping babies—the sole family in all the dell. And the sea-mews, sore against their will driven seawards, are returning by ones and twos, and thirties, and thousands, up Loch-Etive, and, dallying with what wind is still alive above the green transparency, drop down in successive parties of pleasure on the silver sands of Ardmatty, or lured onwards into the still leas of Glenliver, or the profounder quietude of the low mounds of Dalness.

SEWARD. My fancy is contented to feed on what is before my eyes.

BULLER. Doff, then, the Flying Dutchman.

NORTH. And thousands of Rills, on the first day of their apparent existence, are all happy too, and make me happy to look on them leaping and dancing down the rocks—and the River Etive rejoicing in his strength, from far Kingshouse all along to the end of his journey, is happiest of them all ; for the storm that has swollen has not discolored him, and with a pomp of clouds on his breast, he is flowing in his expanded beauty into his own desired Loch.

SEWARD. Gaze with me, my dear sir, on what lies before our eyes.

NORTH. The Rainbow !

BULLER. Four miles wide, and half a mile broad.

NORTH. Thy own Rainbow, Cruachan—from end to end.

SEWARD. Is it fading—or is it brightening ?—no, it is not fading—and to brighten is impossible. It is the beautiful at perfection—it is dissolving—it is gone.

BULLER. I asked you, sir, have the Poets well handled Thunder?

NORTH. I was waiting for the Rainbow. Many eyes besides ours are now regarding it—many hearts gladdened—but have you not often felt, Seward, as if such apparitions came at a silent call in our souls—that we might behold them—and that the hour—or the moment—was given to us alone! So have I felt when walking alone among the great solitudes of Nature.

SEWARD. Lochawe is the name now for a dozen little lovely lakes! For, lo! as the vapors are rising, they disclose, here a bay that does not seem to be a bay, but complete in its own encircled stillness—there a bare grass island—yes, it is Inishail—with a shore of mists—and there, with its Pines and Castle, Freoch, as if it were Loch Freoch, and not itself an Isle. Beautiful bewilderment! but of our own creating!—for thus Fancy is fain to dally with what we love—and would seek to estrange the familiar—as if Lochawe in its own simple grandeur were not all-sufficient for our gaze.

BULLER. Let me try my hand. No—no—no—I can see and feel, have an eye and a heart for Scenery, as it is called, but am no hand at a description. My dear, sweet, soft-breasted, fair-fronted, bright-haired, delightful Cruachan—thy very name, how liquid with open vowels—not a consonant among them all—no Man-Mountain Thou—Thou art the *LADY OF THE LAKE*. I am in love with Thee—Thou must not think of retiring from the earth—Thou must not take the veil—off with it—off with it from those glorious shoulders—and come, in all Thy loveliness, to my long—my longing arms!

SEWARD. Is that the singing of larks?

NORTH. No larks live here. The laverock is a lowland bird, and loves our braided fields and our pastoral braes; but the Highland mountains are not for him—he knows by instinct that they are haunted—though he never saw the shadow nor heard the sigh of the eagle's wing.

SEWARD. The singing from the woods seems to reach the sky. They have utterly forgotten their fear; or think you, sir, that birds know that what frightened them is gone, and that they sing with intenser joy because of the fear that kept them mute?

NORTH. The lambs are frisking—and the sheep staring placidly at the Tents. I hear the hum of bees—returned—and returning from their straw-built Citadels. In the primal hour of his winged life, that wavering butterfly goes by in search of the sunshine

that meets him; and happy for this generation of ephemerals that they first took wing on the afternoon of the day of the Great Storm.

BULLER. How have the Poets, sir, handled thunder and lightning?

NORTH.

*Sæpe ego, cum flavis messorum induceret arvis
Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret hordea culmo,
Omnia ventorum concurrere proelia vidi,
Quæ gravidam latè segetem ab radicibus imis
Sublimè expulsam eruerent: ita turbine nigro
Feret hyems culmumque levem, stipulasque volantes.*

*Sæpe etiam immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris
Collectæ ex alto nubes: ruit arduus æther,
Et pluvîa ingenti sata læta, boumque labores
Diluit: implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescunt
Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
Ipsæ Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ: quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit: ingeminant Austri, et densissimus imber:
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora plangunt.*

BULLER. You recite well, sir, and Latin better than English—not so sing-songy—and as sonorous: then Virgil, to be sure, is fitter for recitation than any Laker of you all—

NORTH. I am not a Laker—I am a Locher.

BULLER. Tweedledum—tweedledee.

NORTH. That means the Tweed and the Dee? Content. One might have thought, Buller, that our Scottish Critics would have been puzzled to find a fault in that strain—

BULLER. It is faultless; but not a Scotch critic worth a curse but yourself—

NORTH. I cannot accept a compliment at the expense of all the rest of my countrymen. I cannot indeed.

BULLER. Yes, you can.

NORTH. There was Lord Kames—a man of great talents—a most ingenious man—and with an insight—

BULLER. I never heard of him—was he a Scotch Peer?

NORTH. One of the Fifteen. A strained elevation—says his Lordship—I am sure of the words, though I have not seen his *Elements of Criticism* for fifty years—

BULLER. You are a creature of a wonderful memory.

NORTH. "A strained elevation is attended with another inconvenience, that the author is apt to fall suddenly, as well as the reader; because it is not a little difficult to descend

sweetly and easily from such elevation to the ordinary tone of the subject. The following is a good illustration of that observation—and then his Lordship quotes the passage I recited—stopping with the words “*densissimus imber*,” which are thus made to conclude the description!

BULLER. Oh! oh! oh! That's murder.

NORTH. In the description of a storm—continues his Lordship—“to figure Jupiter throwing down huge mountains with his thunderbolts, is hyperbolically sublime, if I may use the expression; the tone of mind produced by that image is so distinct from the tone produced by a thick shower of rain, that the sudden transition *must be very unpleasant*.”

BULLER. Suggestive of a great-coat. That's the way to deal with a great Poet. Clap your hand on the Poet's mouth in its fervor—shut up the words in mid-volley—and then tell him that he does not know how to descend sweetly and easily from strained elevation!

NORTH. Nor do I agree with his Lordship that—“to figure Jupiter throwing down huge mountains with his thunderbolts is hyperbolically sublime.” As a part for a whole is a figure of speech, so is a whole for a part. Virgil says, “*deiecit*,” but he did not mean to say that Jupiter “tumbled down” Athos, or Rhodope, or the Acroceraunian range. He knew—for he saw them—that there they were in all their altitude after the storm—little, if at all, the worse. But Jupiter had struck—smitten—splintered—rent—trees and rocks—midway or on the summits—and the sight was terrible—and “*deiecit*” brings it before our imagination, which not for a moment pictures the whole mountain tumbling down. But great Poets know the power of words, and on great occasions how to use them—in this case—*one*—and small critics will not suffer their own senses to mislead them in Poetry—and hence the Elements of Criticism are not the Elements of Nature, and assist us not in comprehending the grandeur of reported storms.

But now let us pass them on.

NORTH. Good Dr. Hugh Blair again, who at his day had a high character for sense and judgment, agreed with Henry Home that “the transition is made by *deiecit*,” an adverb—from the preceding sublime images, of a thick shower and the blowing of the storm wind, and shows how difficult a transition is to descend with great wisdom, seeming at all. Next, even Dr. Alison

himself—one of the finest spirits that ever breathed on earth, says—“I acknowledge, indeed, that the ‘*pluvia ingenti sata læta, boumque labores diluit*,’ is defensible from the connection of the imagery with the subject of the poem; but the ‘*implentur fossæ*’ is both an unnecessary and a degrading circumstance, when compared with the magnificent effects that are described in the rest of the passage.” In this quotation, too, the final grand line is inadvertently omitted—

“*Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora plangunt.*”

BULLER. I never read Hugh Blair—but I have read—often, and always with increased delight—Mr. Alison's exquisite Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste, and Lord Jeffrey's admirable exposition of the Theory—in statement so clear, and in illustration so rich—worth all the *Æsthetics* of the Germans—Schiller excepted—in one Volume of Mist.

NORTH. Mr. Alison had an original as well as a fine mind; and here he seems to have been momentarily beguiled into mistake by unconscious deference to the judgment of men—in his province far inferior to himself—whom in his modesty he admired. Mark. Virgil's main purpose is to describe the dangers—the losses to which the agriculturist is at all seasons exposed from wind and weather. And he sets them before us in plain and perspicuous language, not rising above the proper level of the didactic. Yet being a Poet he puts poetry into his description from the first and throughout. To say that the line “*Et pluvia*,” &c. is “*defensible* from the connection of the imagery with the subject of the Poem” is not enough. It is *unavoidable*. Strike it out and you abolish the subject. And just so with “*implentur fossæ*.” The “*fossæ*” we know in that country were numerous and wide, and, when swollen, dangerous—and the “*cava flumina*” well follow instantly—for the “*fossæ*” were their feeders—and we hear as well as see the rivers rushing to the sea—and we hear not as well as see, the sea itself. There the description ends. Virgil has done his work. But his imagination is moved, and there arises a new strain altogether. He is done with the agriculturist. And now he deals with man at large—with the whole human race. He is now a Seafarer—a sea of danger—and he begins with *Pluvia*. The sublime comes in a moment. “*Ipse Pluvius, medium mundum et mare*”—and a sustain-

ed to the close—the last line being great as the first—and all between accordant, and all true to nature. Without rain and wind, what would be a thunder-storm? The “densissimus imber” obeys the laws—and so do the ingeminating Austri—and the shaken woods and the stricken shores.

BULLER. Well done, Virgil—well done, North.

NORTH. I cannot rest, Buller—I can have no peace of mind but in a successful defense of these Ditches. Why is a Ditch to be despised? Because it is dug? So is a grave. Is the Ditch—wet or dry—that must be passed by the Volunteers of the Fighting Division before the Fort can be stormed, too low a word for a Poet to use? Alas! on such an occasion well might he say, as he looked after the assault and saw the floating tartans—*implentur fossæ*—the Ditch is filled!

BULLER. Ay, Mr. North, in that case the word Ditch—and the thing—would be dignified by danger, daring, and death. But here—

NORTH. The case is the same—with a difference, for there is all the Danger—all the Daring—all the Death—that the incident or event admits of—and they are not small. Think for a moment. The rain falls over the whole broad heart of the tilled earth—from the face of the fields it runs into the Ditches—the first unavoidable receptacles—these pour into the rivers—the rivers into the river mouths—and then you are in the Sea.

BULLER. Go on, sir, go on.

NORTH. I am amazed—I am indignant, Buller. *Ruit arduus æther*. The steep or high ether rushes down! as we saw it rush down a few minutes ago. What happens?

“Et pluvîa ingenti sata læta, boumque labores Diluit!”

Alas! for the hopeful—hopeless husbandman now. What a multiplied and magnified expression have we here for the arable lands. All the glad seed-time vain—vain all industry of man and oxen—there you have the true agricultural pathos—washed away—set in a swim—deluged! Well has the Poet—in one great line—spoke the greatness of a great matter. Sudden affliction—visible desolation—imagined dearth.

BULLER. Don't stop, sir, you speak to the President of our Agricultural Society—go on, sir, go on.

NORTH. Now drop in—in its veriest place, and in two words, the *necessitated Implen-*

tur fossæ. No pretense—no display—no phraseology—the nakedest, but quite effectual statement of the fact—which the farmer—I love that word farmer—has witnessed as often as he has ever seen the Coming—the Ditches that were dry ran full to the brim. The homely rustic fact, strong and impressive to the husbandman, cannot be dealt with by poetry otherwise than by setting it down in its bald simplicity. Seek to raise—to dress—to disguise—and you make it ridiculous. The Mantuan knew better—he says what must be said—and goes on—

BULLER. He goes on—so do you, sir—you both get on.

NORTH. And now again begins Magnification,

“Et cava flumina crescent
Cum sonitu.”

The “hollow-bedded rivers” grow, swell, visibly wax mighty and turbulent. You imagine that you stand on the bank and see the river that had shrunk into a thread getting broad enough to fill the capacity of its whole hollow bed. The rushing of arduous ether would not of itself have proved sufficient. Therefore glory to the Italian Ditches and glory to the Dumfriesshire Drains, which I have seen, in an hour, change the white murmuring Esk into a red rolling river, with as sweeping sway as ever attended the Arno on its way to inundate Florence.

BULLER. Glory to the Ditches of the Vale of Arno—glory to the Drains of Dumfriesshire. Draw breath, sir. Now go on, sir.

NORTH. “Cum sonitu.” Not as Father Thames rises—*silently*—till the flow lapse over lateral meadow-grounds for a mile on either side. But “cum sonitu,” with a voice—with a roar—a mischievous roar—a roar of—ten thousand Ditches.

BULLER. And then the “flumina”—“cava” no more—will be as clear as mud.

NORTH. You have hit it. They will be—for the Arno in flood is like liquid mud—by no means enamoring, perhaps not even sublime—but showing you that it comes off the fields and along the Ditches—that you see swillings of the “sata læta boumque labores.”

BULLER. Agricultural Produce!

NORTH. For a moment—a single moment—leave out the Ditches, and say merely, “The rain falls over the fields—the rivers swell roaring.” No picture at all. You must have the fall over the surface—the gathering in the narrower artificial—the de-

livery into the wider natural channels—the fight of spate and surge at river mouth—

“Fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.”

The Ditches are indispensable in nature and in Virgil.

BULLER. Put this glass of water to your lips, sir—not that I would recommend water to a man in a fit of eloquence—but I know you are abstinent—infatuated in your abjuration of wine. Go on—half-minute time.

NORTH. I swear to defend—at the pen's point—against all Comers—the position that the line

“Diluit: implentur fossæ, cava flumina crescant Cum sonitu”—

is, where it stands—and looking before and after—a perfect line; and that to strike out “implentur fossæ” would be an outrage on it—just equal, Buller, to my knocking out, without hesitation, your brains—for your brains do not contribute more to the flow of our conversation—than do the Ditches to that other spate.

BULLER. That will do—you may stop.

NORTH. I ask no man's permission—I obey no man's mandate—to stop. Now Virgil takes wing—now he blazes and soars. Now comes the power and spirit of the Storm gathered in the Person of the Sire—of him who wields the thunderbolt into which the Cyclops have forged storms of all sorts—wind and rain together—“*Tres imbri torti radios!*” &c. You remember the magnificent mixture. And there we have VIRGIL'S *versus* HOMER'S.

BULLER. You may sit down, sir.

NORTH. I did not know I had stood up. Beg pardon.

BULLER. I am putting Swing to rights for you, sir.

NORTH. Methinks Jupiter is *twice* apparent—the first time, as the President of the Storm, which is agreeable to the dictates of reason and necessity;—the second—to my fancy—as delighting himself in the conscious exertion of power. What is he splintering Athos, or Rhodope, or the Acroceraunians for? The divine use of the Fulmen is to quell Titans, and to kill that mad fellow who was running up the ladder at Thebes, Capaneus. Let the Great Gods *find out their enemies now*—find out and finish them—and enemies they must have not a few among those prostrate crowds—“*per gentes humilis stravit pavor.*” But shattering and shiver-

ing the mountain tops—which, as I take it, is here the prominent affair—and, as I said, the true meaning of “*dejicit*”—is mere pastime—as if Jupiter Tonans were disporting himself on a holiday.

BULLER. Oh! sir, you have exhausted the subject—if not yourself—and us; I beseech you sit down;—see, Swing solicits you—and oh! sir, you—we—all of us will find in a few minutes' silence a great relief after all that thunder.

NORTH. You remember Lucretius?

BULLER. No, I don't. To you I am not ashamed to confess that I read him with some difficulty. With ease, sir, do you?

NORTH. I never knew a man who did but Bobus Smith; and so thoroughly was he imbued with the spirit of the great Epicurean, that Landor—himself the best Latinist living—equals him with Lucretius. The famous Thunder passage is very fine, but I cannot recollect every word; and the man who, in recitation, haggles and boggles at a great strain of a great poet deserves death without benefit of clergy. I do remember, however, that he does not descend from his elevation with such ease and grace as would have satisfied Henry Home and Hugh Blair—for he has so little notion of true dignity as to mention rain, as Virgil afterwards did, in immediate connection with thunder.

“Quo de concussu sequitur gravis imber et uber,
Omnis utei videatur in imbrem vortier æther,
Atque ita præcipitans ad diluvium revocare.”

BULLER. What think you of the thunder in Thomson's Seasons?

NORTH. What all the world thinks—that it is our very best British Thunder. He gives the Gathering, the General engagement, and the Retreat. In the Gathering there are touches and strokes that make all mankind shudder—the foreboding—the ominous! And the terror, when it comes, aggrandizes the premonitory symptoms. “Follows the loosened aggravated roar” is a line of power to bring the voice of thunder upon your soul on the most peaceable day. He, too—prevailing poet—feels the grandeur of the Rain. For instant on the words, “convulsing heaven and earth,” ensue,

“Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain.”

Thomson had been in the heart of thunderstorms many a time before he left Scotland; and what always impresses me is the want of method—the confusion, I might almost say—in his description. Nothing contradic-

tory in the proceedings of the storm; they all go on obediently to what we know of nature's laws. But the effects of their agency on man and nature are given—not according to any scheme—but as they happen to come before the poet's imagination, as they happened in reality. The pine is struck first—then the cattle and the sheep below—and then the castled cliff—and then the

“Gloomy woods

Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.”

No regular ascending—or descending scale here; but wherever the lightning chooses to go, there it goes—the blind agent of indiscriminating destruction.

BULLER. Capricious Zig-zag.

NORTH. Jemmy was overmuch given to mouthing in the *seasons*; and in this description—matchless though it be—he sometimes out-mouths the big-mouthed thunder at his own bombast. Perhaps that is inevitable—you must, in confabulating with that Meteor, either imitate him, to keep him and yourself in countenance, or be, if not mute as a mouse, as thin-piped as a fly. In youth I used to go sounding to myself among the mountains the concluding lines of the *Re-treat*:

“Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar; with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heaped hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs, and Snowdon's peak
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load;
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows through her utmost isles.”

Are they good—or are they bad? I fear—not good. But I am dubious. The previous picture has been of one locality—a wide one—but within the visible horizon—enlarged somewhat by the imagination, which, as the schoolmen said, inflows into every act of the senses—and powerfully, no doubt, into the senses engaged in witnessing a thunder-storm. Many of the effects so faithfully, and some of them so tenderly painted, interest us by their picturesque particularity:

“Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look

They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-raised.”

We are here in a confined world—close to us and near; and our sympathies with its inhabitants—human or brute—comprehend

the very attitude or postures in which the lightning found or left them; but the final verses waft us away from all that terror and pity—the geographical takes place of the pathetic—a visionary panorama of material objects supersedes the heart-throbbing region of the spiritual—for a mournful song, instinct with the humanities, an ambitious bravura displaying the power and pride of the musician, now thinking not at all of us, and following the thunder only as affording him an opportunity for the display of his own art.

BULLER. Are they good—or are they bad? I am dubious.

NORTH. Thunder-storms travel fast and far—but here they seem simultaneous; Thule is more vociferous than the whole of Wales together—yet perhaps the sound itself of the verses is the loudest of all—and we cease to hear the thunder in the din that describes it.

BULLER. Severe—but just.

NORTH. Ha! thou comest in such a questionable shape—

ENTRANT. That I will speak to thee. How do you do, my dear sir? God bless you, how do you do?

NORTH. Art thou a spirit of health or goblin damned?

ENTRANT. A spirit of health.

NORTH. It is—it is the voice of TALBOYS. Don't move an inch. Stand still for ten seconds—on the very same site, that I may have one steady look at you, to make assurance doubly sure—and then let us meet each other half-way in a Cornish hug.

TALBOYS. Are we going to wrestle already, Mr. North?

NORTH. Stand still ten seconds more. He is he—You are you—gentlemen—H. G. Talboys—Seward, my crutch—Buller, your arm—

TALBOYS. Wonderful feat of agility! Feet up to the ceiling—

NORTH. Don't say ceiling.

TALBOYS. Why not? ceiling—cælum. Feet up to heaven.

NORTH. An involuntary feat—the fault of Swing—sole fault—but I always forget it when agitated—

BULLER. Some time or other, sir, you will fly backwards and fracture your skull.

NORTH. There, we have recovered our equilibrium—now we are in grips, don't fear a fall—I hope you are not displeased with your reception.

TALBOYS. I wrote last night, sir, to say I was coming—but there being no speedier

conveyance—I put the letter in my pocket, and there it is—

NORTH.

. (On reading "*Dies Boreales*.—No. 1.")

A friend returned! spring bursting forth again!
The song of other years! which, when we roam,
Brings up all sweet and common things of home,
And sinks into the thirsty heart like rain!
Such the strong influence of the thrilling strain
By human love made sad and musical,
Yet full of high philosophy withal,
Poured from thy wizard harp o'er land and main!
A thousand hearts will waken at its call,
And breathe the prayer they breathed in earlier youth—

May o'er thy brow no envious shadow fall!
Blaze in thine eye the eloquence of truth!
Thy righteous wrath the soul of guilt appal,
As lion's streaming hair or dragon's fiery tooth!

TALBOYS. I blush to think I have given you the wrong paper.

NORTH. It is the right one. But may I ask what you have on your head?

TALBOYS. A hat. At least it was so an hour ago.

NORTH. It never will be a hat again.

TALBOYS. A patent hat—a waterproof hat—it was swimming, when I purchased it yesterday, in a pail—warranted against Lammas floods—

NORTH. And in an hour it has come to this! Why, it has no more shape than a coal-heaver's.

TALBOYS. Oh! then it can be little the worse; for that is its natural artificial shape. It is constructed on that principle—and the patentee prides himself on its affording equal protection to head, shoulders, and back—helmet at once and shield.

NORTH. But you must immediately put on dry clothes—

TALBOYS. The clothes I have on are as dry as if they had been taking horse-exercise all morning before a laundry-fire. I am waterproof all over—and I had need to be so—for between Inverary and Cladich there was much moisture in the atmosphere.

NORTH. Do—do—go and put on dry clothes. Why the spot you stand on is absolutely swimming—

TALBOYS. My sporting-jacket, sir, is a new invention—an invention of my own—to the sight silk—to the feel feathers—and of feathers is the texture—but that is a secret, don't blab it—and to rain I am impervious as a plover.

NORTH. Do—do—go and put on dry clothes.

TALBOYS. Intended to have been here last night—left Glasgow yesterday morning, and had a most delightful forenoon of it in the steamer to Tarbert. Loch Lomond fairly outshone herself—never before had I felt

the full force of the words—"Fortunate Isles." The Bens were magnificent. At Tarbert—just as I was disembarking—who should be embarking but our friends Outram, M'Culloch, Macnee—

NORTH. And why are they not here?

TALBOYS. And I was induced—I could not resist them—to take a trip on the Inverarnan. We returned to Tarbert and had a glorious afternoon till two this morning—thought I might lie down for an hour or two—but, after undressing, it occurred to me that it was advisable to redress—and be off instant—so, wheeling round the head of Loch Long—never beheld the day so lovely—I glided up the gentle slope of Glencroe and sat down on "Rest and be thankful"—to hold a minute's colloquy with a hawk—or some sort of eagle or another, who seemed to think nobody at that hour had a right to be there but himself—covered him to a nicety with my rod—and had it been a gun, he was a dead bird. Down the other—that is, this side of the glen, which, so far from being precipitous, is known to be a descent but by the pretty little cataractettes playing at leap-frog—from your description I knew that must be Loch Fine—and that St. Catherine's. Shall I drop down and signalize the Inverary Steamer? I have not time—so through the woods of Ardkinglass—surely the most beautiful in this world—to Cairndow. Looked at my watch—had forgot to wind her up—set her by the sun—and on nearing the inn door an unaccountable impulse landed me in the parlor to the right. Breakfast on the table for somebody up stairs—whom nobody—so the girl said—could awaken—ate it—and the ten miles were but one to that celebrated Circuit Town. Saluted Dun-nu-quech for your sake—and the Castle for the Duke's—and could have lingered all June among those gorgeous groves.

NORTH. Do—do—go and put on dry clothes.

TALBOYS. Hitherto it had been cool—shady—breezy—the very day for such a saunter—when all at once it was an oven. I had occasion to note that fine line of the Poet's—"Where not a lime-leaf moves," as I passed under a tree of that species, with an umbrage some hundred feet in circumference, and a presentiment of what was coming whispered "Stop here"—but the Fates tempted me on—and if I am rather wet, sir, there is some excuse for it—for there was thunder and lightning, and a great tempest.

NORTH. Not to-day? Here all has been hush.

TALBOYS. It came at once from all points of the compass—and they all met—all the storms—every mother's son of them—at a central point—where I happened to be. Of course, no house. Look for a house on an emergency, and if once in a million times you see one—the door is locked, and the people gone to Australia.

NORTH. I insist on you putting on dry clothes. Don't try my temper.

TALBOYS. By-and-by I began to have my suspicions that I had been distracted from the road—and was in the Channel of the Airey. But on looking down I saw the Airey in his own channel—almost as drumly as the mire-burn—vulgarily called road—*L* was plashing up. Altogether the scene was most animating—and in a moment of intense exhilaration—not to weather-fend, but in defiance—I unfurled my Umbrella.

NORTH. What, a Plover with a Parapluie?

TALBOYS. I use it, sir, but as a Parasol. Never but on this one occasion had it affronted rain.

NORTH. The same we sat under, that dog-day, at Dunoon?

TALBOYS. The same. Whew! Up into the sky like the incarnation of a whirlwind! No turning outside in—too strong-ribbed for inversion—before the wind he flew—like a creature of the element—and gracefully accomplished the descent on an eminence about a mile off.

NORTH. Near Orain-imali-chauan-mala-chuillish?

TALBOYS. I eyed him where he lay—not without anger. It had manifestly been a wilful act—he had torn himself from my grasp—and now he kept looking at me—at safe distance as he thought—like a wild animal suddenly undomesticated—and escaped into his native liberty. If he had sailed before the wind—why might not I? No need to stalk him—so I went at him right in front—but such another flounder! Then, sir, I first knew fatigue.

NORTH.

“So eagerly THE FIEND

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense,
or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps or flies.”

TALBOYS. Finally I reached him—closed on him—when Eolus, or Eurus, or Notus, or Favonius—for all the heathen wind-gods were abroad—inflated him, and away he flew—rustling like a dragon fly—and zig-zagging

all fiery green in the gloom—sat down—as composedly as you would yourself, sir—on a knoll, in another region—engirdled with young birch-groves—as beautiful a resting-place, I must acknowledge, as, after a lyrical flight, could have been selected for repose by Mr. Wordsworth.

NORTH. I know it—Arash-alaba-chaliora-begota-la-chona-hurie. Archy will go for it in the evening—all safe. But do go and put on dry clothes. What now, Billy?

BILLY BALMER. Here are Mr. Talboy trunk, sir.

NORTH. Who brought it?

BILLY. Nea, Maister—I dan't kna—I 'spose Carrier. I ken't reet weel—ance at Windermere-watter.

NORTH. Swiss Giantess—Billy.

BILLY. Ay—ay—sir.

NORTH. You will find the Swiss Giantess as complete a dormitory as man can desire, Talboys. I reserve it for myself in event of rheumatism. Though lined with velvet, it is always cool—ventilated on a new principle—of which I took merely a hint from the Punka. My cot hangs in what used to be the Exhibition-room—and her Retreat is now a commodious Dressing-room. Billy, show Mr. Talboys to the Swiss Giantess.

BILLY. Ay—ay, sir. This way Mr. Talboy—this way, sir.

TALBOYS. What is your dinner-hour, Mr. North?

NORTH. Sharp seven—seven sharp.

TALBOYS. And now 'tis but half-past two. Four hours for work. The Cladich—or whatever you call him—is rumbling disorderly in the wood; and I noted, as I crossed the bridge, that he was proud as a piper of being in Spate—but he looks more rational down in yonder meadow—and—HEAVEN HAVE MERCY ON ME! THERE'S LOCH AWE!!

NORTH. I thought it queer that you never looked at it.

TALBOYS. Looked at it? How could I look at it? I don't believe it was there. If it was—from the hill-top I had eyes but for the Camp—the Tents and the Trees—and “Thee, the spirit of them all!” Let me have another eye-full—another soul-full of the Loch. But 'twill never do to be losing time in this way. Where's my creel—where's my creel?

NORTH. On your shoulders—

TALBOYS. And my Book? Lost—lost—lost! Not in any one of all my pockets. I shall go mad.

NORTH. Not far to go. Why your Book's in your hand.

TALBOYS. At eight?

NORTH. Seven. Archy, follow him—In that state of excitement he will be walking with his spectacles on over some precipice. Keep your eye on him, Archy—

ARCHY. I can pretend to be carrying the landing-net, sir.

NORTH. There's a specimen of a Scottish Lawyer, gentlemen. What do you think of him?

BULLER. That he is without exception the most agreeable fellow, at first sight, I ever met in my life.

NORTH. And so you would continue to think him, were you to see him twice a week for twenty years. But he is far more than that—though, as the world goes, that is much: his mind is steel to the back-bone—his heart is sound as his lungs—his talents great—in literature, had he liked it, he might have excelled; but he has wisely chosen a better Profession—and his character now stands high as a Lawyer and Judge. Yonder he goes! As fresh as a kitten after a score and three quarter miles at the least.

BULLER. Seward—let's after him. Billy—the minnows.

BILLY. Here's the Can, sirs.

Scene closes.

SCENE II.—*Interior of Deeside.* TIME—7 P. M. NORTH—TALBOYS—BULLER—SEWARD.

NORTH. Seward, face Buller. Talboys, face North. Fall to, gentlemen; to-day we dispense with regular service. Each man has his own distinct dinner before him, or in the immediate vicinity—soup, fish, flesh, fowl—and with all necessary accompaniments and sequences. How do you like the arrangement of the table, Talboys?

TALBOYS. The principle shows a profound knowledge of human nature, sir. In theory, self-love and social are the same—but in practice, self-love looks to your own plate—social to your neighbors. By this felicitous multiplication of dinners—this One in Four—this Four in One—the harmony of the moral system is preserved—and all works together for the general good. Looked at artistically, we have here what the Germans and others say is essential to the beautiful and the sublime—Unity.

NORTH. I believe the Four Dinners—if weighed separately—would be found not to differ by a pound. This man's fish might prove in the scale a few ounces heavier than

that man's—but in such case, his fowl would be found just so many ounces lighter. And so on. The Puddings are cast in the same mould—and the things equal to the same thing, are equal to one another.

TALBOYS. The weight of each repast?

NORTH. Calculated at twenty-five pounds.

TALBOYS. Grand total, one hundred. The golden mean.

NORTH. From these general views, to descend to particulars. Soup (turtle) two pounds—Hotch, ditto—Fish (Trout) two pounds—Flesh (Jigot—black face five year old,) six pounds—Fowl (Howtowdie boiled) five pounds—Duck (wild) three pounds—Tart (gooseberry) one pound—Pud (Variorum Edition) two pounds.

BULLER. That is but twenty-three, sir! I have taken down the gentleman's words.

NORTH. Polite—and grateful. But you have omitted sauces and creams, breads and cheeses. Did you ever know me incorrect in my figures, in any affirmation or denial, private or public?

BULLER. Never. Beg pardon.

NORTH. Now that the soups and fishes seem disposed of, I boldly ask you, one and all, gentlemen, if you ever beheld Four more tempting Jigots?

TALBOYS. I am still at my fish. No fish so sweet as of one's own catching—so I have the advantage of you all. This one here—the one I am eating at this blessed moment—I killed in what the man with the Landing-net called the Birk Pool. I know him by his peculiar physiognomy—an odd cast in his eye—which has not left him on the grid-iron. That Trout of my killing on your plate, Mr. Seward, made the fatal plunge at the tail of the stream so overhung with Alders that you can take it successfully only by the tail—and I know him by his color, almost as silvery as a whiting. Yours Mr. Buller, was the third I killed—just where the river—for a river he is to-day, whatever he may be to-morrow—goes whirling into the Loch—and I can swear to him from his leopard spots. Illustrious sir, of him whom you have now disposed of—the finest of the Four—I remember saying inwardly, as with difficulty I encreased him—for his shoulders were like a hog's—this for the King.

NORTH. Your perfect Pounder, Talboys, is the beau-ideal of a Scottish Trout. How he cuts up! If much heavier—you are frustrated in your attempts to eat him thoroughly—have to search—probably in vain—for what in a perfect Pounder lies patent to the day—he is to back-bone comeatable

—from gill to fork. Seward, you are an artist. Good creel?

SEWARD. I gave Mr. Talboys the first of the water, and followed him—a mere caprice—with the Archimedean Minnow. I had a run—but just as the monster opened his jaws to absorb—he suddenly eschewed the scentless phenomenon, and with a sullen plunge, sunk into the deep.

BULLER. I tried the natural minnow after Seward—but I wished Archimedes at Syracuse—for the Screw had spread a panic—and in a panic the scaly people lose all power of discrimination, and fear to touch a minnow, lest it turn up a bit of tin or some other precious metal.

NORTH. I have often been lost in conjecturing how you always manage to fill your creel, Talboys; for the truth is—and it must be spoken—you are no angler.

TALBOYS. I can afford to smile! I was no angler, sir, ten years ago—now I am. But how did I become one? By attending you, sir—for seven seasons—along the Tweed and the Yarrow, the Clyde and the Daer, the Tay and the Tummel, the Don and the Dee—and treasuring up lessons from the Great Master of the Art.

NORTH. You surprise me! Why, you never put a single question to me about the art—always declined taking rod in hand—seemed reading some book or other, held close to your eyes—or lying on banks a-dose or poetizing—or facetious with the Old Man—or with the Old Man serious—and sometimes more than serious, as, sauntering along our winding way, we conversed of man, of nature, and of human life.

TALBOYS. I never lost a single word you said, sir, during those days, breathing in every sense “vernal delight and joy,” yet all the while I was taking lessons in the art. The flexure of your shoulder—the sweep of your arm—the twist of your wrist—your Delivery, and your Recover—that union of grace and power—the utmost delicacy, with the most perfect precision—All these qualities of a Heaven-born Angler, by which you might be known from all other men on the banks of the Whittadder on a Fast-day—

NORTH. I never angled on a Fast-day.

TALBOYS. A *lapsus lingua*—From a hundred anglers on the Daer, on the Queen's Birth-day—

NORTH. My dear Friend, you ex—

TALBOYS. All those qualities of a Heaven-born Angler I learned first to admire—then to understand—and then to imitate. For

three years I practised on the carpet—for three years I essayed on a pond—for three I strove by the running waters—and still the Image of Christopher North was before me—till emboldened by conscious acquisition and constant success, I came forth and took my place among the anglers of my country.

BULLER. To-day I saw you fast in a tree.

TALBOYS. You mean my Fly.

BULLER. First your Fly, and then, I think, yourself.

TALBOYS. I have seen *Il Maestro* himself in Timber, and in brushwood too. From him I learned to disentangle knots, intricate and perplexed far beyond the Gordian—“with frizzled hair implicit”—round twig, branch, or bole. Not more than half-a-dozen times of the forty that I may have been fast aloft—I speak mainly of my novitiate—have I had to effect liberation by sacrifice.

SEWARD. Pardon me, Mr. Talboys, for hinting that you smacked off your tail-fly to-day—I knew it by the sound.

TALBOYS. The sound! No trusting to an uncertain sound, Mr. Seward. Oh! I did so once—but intentionally—the hook had lost the barb—not a fish would it hold—so I whipped it off, and on with a Professor.

BULLER. You lost one good fish in rather an awkward manner, Mr. Talboys.

TALBOYS. I did—that metal minnow of yours came with a splash within an inch of his nose—and no wonder he broke me—nay, I believe it was the minnow that broke me—and yet you can speak of my losing a good fish in rather an awkward manner!

NORTH. It is melancholy to think that I have taught Young Scotland to excel myself in all the Arts that adorn and dignify life. Till I rose, Scotland was a barbarous country—

TALBOYS. Do say, my dear sir, semi-civilized.

NORTH. Now it heads the Nations—and I may set.

TALBOYS. And why should that be a melancholy thought, sir?

NORTH. Oh, Talboys—National Ingratitude! They are fast forgetting the man who made them what they are—in a few fleeting centuries the name of Christopher North will be in oblivion! Would you believe it possible, gentlemen, that even now, there are Scotsmen who never heard of the Fly that bears the name of me, its Inventor—Killing Kit!

BULLER. In Cornwall it is a household word.

SEWARD. And in all the Devons.

BULLER. Men in Scotland who never heard the name of North!

NORTH. Christopher North—who is he? Who do you mean by the Man of the Crutch?—The Knight of the Knout? Better never to have been born than thus to be virtually dead.

SEWARD. Sir, be comforted—you are under a delusion—Britain is ringing with your name.

NORTH. Not that I care for noisy fame—but I do dearly love the still.

TALBOYS. And you have it, sir—enjoy it and be thankful.

NORTH. But it may be too still.

TALBOYS. My dear sir, what would you have?

NORTH. I taught you, Talboys, to play Chess—and now you trumpet Staunton.

TALBOYS. Chess—where's the board? Let us have a game.

NORTH. Drafts—and you quote Anderson and the Shepherd Laddie.

TALBOYS. Mr. North, why so querulous?

NORTH. Where was the Art of Criticism? Where Prose? Young Scotland owes all her Composition to me—buries me in the earth—and then claims inspiration from Heaven. "How sharper than a Serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless Child." Peter—Peterkin—Pym—Stretch—where are your lazinesses—clear decks.

"Away with Melancholy—
Nor doleful changes ring
On Life and human Folly,
But merrily, merrily sing—fal la!"

BULLER. What a sweet pipe! A single snatch of an old song from you, sir—

NORTH. Why are you glowering at me, Talboys?

TALBOYS. It has come into my head, I know not how, to ask you a question.

NORTH. Let it be an easy one—for I am languid.

TALBOYS. Pray, sir, what is the precise signification of the word "Classical?"

NORTH. My dear Talboys, you seem to think that I have the power of answering, off-hand, any and every question a first-rate fellow chooses to ask me. Classical—classical! Why, I should say, in the first place—One and one other Mighty People—Those, the Kings of Thought—These, the Kings of the Earth.

TALBOYS. The Greeks—and Romans.

NORTH. In the second place—

TALBOYS. Attend—do attend, gentlemen. And I hope I am not too much presuming on

our not ancient friendship—for I feel that a few hours on Lochawe-side give the privilege of years—in suggesting that you will have the goodness to use the metal nut-crackers; they are more euphonious than ivory with walnuts.

NORTH. In the second place—let me consider—Mr. Talboys—I should say—in the second place—yes, I have it—a Character of Art expressing itself by words: a mode—a mode of Poetry and Eloquence—FITNESS AND BEAUTY.

TALBOYS. Thank you, sir. Fitness and Beauty. Anything more?

NORTH. Much more. We think of the Greeks and Romans, sir, as those in whom the Human Mind reached Superhuman Power.

TALBOYS. Superhuman?

NORTH. We think so—comparing ourselves with them, we cannot help it. In the Hellenic Wit, we suppose Genius and Taste met at their height—the Inspiration Omnipotent—the Instinct unerring! The creations of Greek Poetry!—Ποιησις—a Making! There the soul seems to be free from its chains—happily self-lawed. "The Earth we pace" is there peopled with divine forms. Sculpture was the human Form glorified—deified. And as in marble, so in Song. Something common—terrestrial—adheres to *our* being, and weighs *us* down. They—the Hellenes—appear to us to have *really* walked—as we walk in our visions of exaltation—as if the Graces and the Muses held sway over daily and hourly existence, and not alone over work of Art and solemn occasion. No moral stain or imperfection can hinder them from appearing to us as the Light of human kind. Singular, that in Greece we reconcile ourselves to Heathenism.

TALBOYS. It may be that we are all Heathens at heart.

NORTH. The enthusiast adores Greece—not knowing that Greece monarchizes over him, only because it is a miraculous mirror that resplendently and more beautifully reflects—himself—

"Divisque videbit
Permixtos Heroas, et Ipse videbitur illis."

SEWARD. Very fine.

NORTH. O life of old, and long, long ago! In the meek, solemn, soul-stilling hush of Academic Bowers!

SEWARD. The Isis!

NORTH. My youth returns. Come, spirits of the world that has been! Throw open

the valves of these your shrines, in which you stand around me, niched side by side, in visible presence, in this cathedral-like library! I read Historian, Poet, Orator, Voyager—a life that slid silently away in shades, or that bounded like a bark over the billows. I lift up the curtain of all ages—I stand under all skies—on the Capitol—on the Acropolis. Like that magician whose spirit, with a magical word, could leave his own bosom to inhabit another, I take upon myself every mode of existence. I read Thucydides, and I would be a Historian—Demosthenes, and I would be an orator—Homer, and I dread to believe myself called to be, in some shape or other, a servant of the Muse. Heroes and Hermits of Thought—Seers of the Invisible—Prophets of the Ineffable—Hierophants of profitable mysteries—Oracles of the Nations—Luminaries of that spiritual Heaven! I bid ye hail!

BULLER. The fit is on him—he has not the slightest idea that he is in Deeside.

NORTH. Ay—from the beginning a part of the race have separated themselves from the dusty, and the dust-devoured, turmoil of Action to Contemplation. Have thought—known—worshipped! And such knowledge Books keep. Books now crumbling like Towers and Pyramids—now outlasting them! Books that from age to age, and all the sections of mankind helping, build up the pile of Knowledge—a trophied Citadel. He who can read books as they should be read, peruses the operation of the Creator in his conscious, and in his unconscious Works, which yet we call upon to join, as if conscious, in our worship. Yet why—oh! why all this pains to attain that, through the labor of ages, which in the dewy, sunny prime of morn, one thrill of transport gives to me and to the Lark alike, summoning, lifting both heavenwards? Ah! perchance because the dewy, sunny prime does not last through the day! Because light poured into the eyes, and sweet breath inhaled, are not the whole of man's life here below—and because there is an Hereafter!

SEWARD. I know where he is, Buller. He called it well a Cathedral-like Library.

NORTH. The breath of departed years floats here for my respiration. The pure air of heaven flows round about, but enters not. The sunbeams glide in, bedimmed as if in some haunt half-separated from Life, yet on our side of Death. Recess, hardly accessible—profound—of which I, the sole inmate, held under an uncomprehended restraint, breathe, move, and follow my own

way and wise, apart from human mortals! Ye! tall, thick Volumes, that are each a treasure-house of austere or blazing thoughts, which of you shall I touch with sensitive fingers, of which violate the calm austere repose? I dread what I desire. You may disturb—you may destroy me! Knowledge *pulsates* in me, as I receive it, communing with myself on my unquiet or tearful pillow—or as it visits me, brought on the streaming moonlight, or from the fields afire with noon-splendor, or looking at me from human eyes, and stirring round and around me in the tumult of men—Your knowledge comes in a holy stillness and chillness, as if spelt off tombstones.

SEWARD. Magdalen College Library, I do believe. Mr. North—Mr. North—awake—awake—here we are all in Deeside.

NORTH. Ay—ay—you say well, Seward. “Look at the studies of the Great Scholar, and see from how many quarters of the mind impulses may mingle to compose the motives that bear him on with indefatigable strength in his laborious career.”

SEWARD. These were not my very words, sir—

NORTH. Ay, Seward, you say well. From how many indeed! First among the prime, that peculiar aptitude and faculty, which may be called—a taste and Genius for—Words.

BULLER. I rather failed there in the Schools.

NORTH. Yet you were in the First Class. There is implied in it, Seward, a readiness of logical discrimination in the Understanding, which apprehends the propriety of Words.

BULLER. I got up my Logic passably and a little more.

NORTH. For, Seward, the Thoughts, the Notions themselves—must be distinctly dis-severed in the mind, which shall exactly apply to each Thought—Notion—its appropriate sign, its own Word.

BULLER. You might as well have said “Buller”—for I beat Seward in my Logic.

NORTH. But even to this task, Seward, of rightly distinguishing the meaning of Words, more than a mere precision of thinking—more than a clearness and strictness of the intellectual action is requisite.

BULLER. And in Classics we were equal.

NORTH. You will be convinced of this, Buller, if you recollect what Words express. The mind itself. For all its affections and sensibilities, Talboys, furnish a whole host of meanings, which must have names in Language. For mankind do not rest from en-

riching and refining their languages, until they have made them capable of giving the representation of their whole Spirit.

TALBOYS. The pupil of language, therefore, sir—pardon my presumption—before he can recognize the appropriation of the Sign, must recognize the thing signified?

NORTH. And if the thing signified, Talboys, by the Word, be some profound, solemn, and moral affection—or if it be some wild, fanciful impression—or if it be some delicate shade or tinge of a tender sensibility—can anything be more evident than that the Scholar must have experienced in himself the solemn, or the wild, or the tenderly delicate feeling, before he is in the condition of affixing the right and true sense to the Word that expresses it?

TALBOYS. I should think so, sir.

SEWARD. The Words of Man paint the spirit of Man. The Words of a People depict the Spirit of a people.

NORTH. Well said, Seward. And, therefore, the Understanding that is to possess the Words of a language, in the Spirit in which they were or are spoken and written, must, by self-experience and sympathy, be able to converse, and have conversed, with the Spirit of the People, now and of old.

BULLER. And yet what coarse fellows hold up their dunderheads as Scholars, forsooth, in these our days!

NORTH. Hence it is an impossibility that a low and hard moral nature should furnish a high and fine Scholar. The intellectual endowments must be supported and made available by the concurrence of the sensitive nature—of the moral and the imaginative sensibilities.

BULLER. What moral and imaginative sensibilities have they—the blear-eyed—the purblind—the pompous and the pedantic! But we have some true scholars—for example—

NORTH. No names, Buller. Yes, Seward, the knowledge of Words is the Gate of Scholarship. Therefore I lay down upon the threshold of the Scholar's Studies this first condition of his high and worthy success, that he will not pluck the loftiest palm by means of acute, quick, clear, penetrating, sagacious, intellectual faculties alone—let him not hope it: that he requires to the highest renown also a capacious, profound, and tender soul.

SEWARD. Ay, sir, and I say so in all humility, this at the gateway, and upon the threshold. How much more when he *reads*.

NORTH. Ay, Seward, you laid the emphasis well there—*reads*.

SEWARD. When the written Volumes of Mind from different and distant ages of the world, from its distant and different climates, are successively unrolled before his insatiable sight and his insatiable soul!

BULLER. Take all things in moderation.

NORTH. No—not the sacred hunger and thirst of the soul.

BULLER. Greed—give—give.

NORTH. From what unknown recesses, from what unlocked fountains in the depth of his own being, shall he bring into the light of day the thoughts by means of which he shall understand Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle—discoursing! Shall understand them, as the younger did the elder—the contemporaries did the contemporaries—as each sublime spirit understood—himself!

BULLER. Did each sublime spirit always understand himself?

TALBOYS. Urge that, Mr. Buller.

NORTH. So—and so only—to read, is to be a Scholar.

BULLER. Then I am none.

NORTH. I did not say you were.

BULLER. Thank you. What do you think of that, Mr. Talboys? Address Seward, sir.

NORTH. I address you all three. Is the student smitten with the sacred love of Song? Is he sensible to the profound allurements of philosophic truth? Does he yearn to acquaint himself with the fates and fortunes of his kind? All these several desires are so many several inducements of learned study.

BULLER. I understand that.

TALBOYS. Ditto.

NORTH. And another inducement to such study is—an ear sensible to the Beauty of the Music of Words—and the metaphysical faculty of unravelling the casual process which the human mind followed in imparting to a Word, originally the sign of one Thought only, the power to signify a cognate second Thought, which shall displace the first possessor and exponent, usurp the throne, and rule forever over an extended empire in the minds, or the hearts, or the souls of men.

BULLER. Let him have his swing, Mr. Talboys.

TALBOYS. He has it in that chair.

NORTH. A Taste and a Genius for Words! An ear for the beautiful music of Words! A happy justness in the perception of their strict proprieties! A fine skill in apprehending the secret relations of Thought with Thought—relations along which the mind moves with creative power, to find out for its own use, and for the use of all minds to

come, some hitherto uncreated expression of an idea—an image—a sentiment—a passion! These dispositions, and these faculties of the Scholar in another Mind falling in with other faculties of genius, produce a student of a different name—THE POET.

BULLER. Oh! my dear, dear sir, of Poetry we surely had enough—I don't say more than enough—a few days ago, sir.

NORTH. Who is the Poet?

BULLER. I beseech you let the Poet alone for this evening.

NORTH. Well—I will. I remember the time, Seward, when there was a great clamor for a standard of Taste. A definite measure of the indefinite!

TALBOYS. Which is impossible.

NORTH. And there is a great clamor for a Standard of Morals. A definite measure of the indefinite!

TALBOYS. Which is impossible.

NORTH. Why, gentlemen, the Faculty of Beauty *lives*; and in finite beings, which we are, Life changes incessantly. The Faculty of Moral Perception *lives*—and thereby it too changes for better and for worse. This is the Divine Law—at once encouraging and fearful—that Obedience brightens the moral eyesight—Sin darkens. Let all men know this, and keep it in mind always—that a single narrowest, simplest Duty, steadily practised day after day, does more to support, and may do more to enlighten the soul of the Doer, than a course of Moral Philosophy taught by a tongue which a soul compounded of Bacon, Spenser, Shakspeare, Homer, Demosthenes, and Burke—to say nothing of Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, should inspire.

BULLER. You put it strongly, sir.

TALBOYS. Undeniable doctrine.

NORTH. Gentlemen, you will often find this question—"Is there a Standard of Taste?" inextricably confused with the question, "Is there a true and a false Taste?" He who denies the one seems to deny the other. In like manner, "Is there a Right and Wrong?" and "Is there accessible to us an infallible measure of Right and Wrong?" are two questions entirely distinct, but often confused—for Logic fled the earth with Astræa.

TALBOYS. She did.

NORTH. Talboys, you understand well enough the sense and culture of the Beautiful?

TALBOYS. Something of it, perhaps I do.

NORTH. To feel—to love—to be swallowed up in the spirit and works of the Beautiful—in verse and in the visible Universe!

That is a life—an enthusiasm—a worship. You find those who would if they could, and who pretend they can, attain the same end at less cost. They have taken lessons, and they will have their formalities go valid against the intuitions of the dedicated soul.

TALBOYS. But the lessons perish—the dedicated soul is a Power in all emergencies and extremities.

NORTH. There are Pharisees of Beauty—and Pharisees of Morality.

SEWARD. At this day spiritual Christians lament that nine-tenths of Christians Judaize.

NORTH. Nor without good reason. The Gospel is the Standard of Christian Morality. That is unquestionable. It is an authority without appeal, and under which undoubtedly all matters, uncertain before, will fall. But pray mark this—it is not a *positive standard*, in the ordinary meaning of that word—it is not one of which our common human understanding has only to require and to obtain the indications—which it has only to apply and observe.

SEWARD. I see your meaning, sir. The Gospel refers all moral intelligence to the Light of Love within our hearts. Therefore, the very reading of the canons, of every prescriptive line in it, must be by this light.

NORTH. That is my meaning—but not my whole meaning, dear Seward. For take it, as it unequivocally declares itself to be, a Revelation—not simply of instruction, committed now and forever to men in written human words, and so left—but accompanied with a perpetual agency to enable Will and Understanding to receive it; and then it will follow, I believe, that it is at every moment intelligible and applicable in its full sense, only by a direct and present inspiration—is it too much to say—anew revealing itself? "They shall be taught of God."

SEWARD. So far, then, from the Christian Morality being one of which the Standard is applicable by every Understanding, with like result in given cases, it is one that is different to every Christian in proportion to his obedience?

NORTH. Even so. I suppose that none have ever reached the full understanding of it. It is an overgrown illumination—a light more and more unto the perfect day—which day I suppose cannot be of the same life, in which we see as through a glass darkly.

TALBOYS. May I offer an illustration? The land shall descend to the eldest son—you shall love your neighbor as yourself. In the two codes these are foundation-stones. But see how they differ? There is the land—

here is the eldest son—the right is clear and fast—and the case done with. But—do to thy neighbor! Do what? and to whom?

NORTH. All human actions, all human affections, all human thoughts are then contained in the one Law—as the *subject* of which it defines the disposal. All mankind, but distributed into communities, and individuals all differently related to me are contained in it, as the *parties* in respect of whom it defines the disposal!

SEWARD. And what is the Form? Do as thou wouldst it be done to thee!

NORTH. Ay—my dear friend—the form resolves itself into a feeling. Love thy neighbor. That is all. Is a measure given? As thyself.

SEWARD. And is there no limitation?

NORTH. By the whole apposition, thy love to thyself and thy neighbor are both to be put together in subordination to, and limitation and regulation by, thy Love to God. Love Him utterly—infinity—with all thy mind, all thy heart, all thy strength. This is the entire book or canon—THE STANDARD. How wholly indefinite and formless to the understanding! How full of light and form to the believing and loving Heart!

SEWARD. The moon is up—how calm the night after all that tempest—and how steady the Stars! Images of enduring peace in the heart of nature—and of man. They, too, are a Revelation.

NORTH. They, too, are the legible Book of God. Try to conceive how different the World must be to its rational inhabitant—with or without a Maker! Think of it as a soulless—will-less World. In one sense, it abounds as much with good to enjoy. But there is no good-giver. The banquet spread, but the Lord of the Mansion away. The feast—and neither grace nor welcome. The heaped enjoyment, without the gratitude.

SEWARD. Yet there have been Philosophers who so misbelieved.

NORTH. Alas! there have been—and alas! there are. And what low souls must be theirs! The tone and temper of our feelings are determined by the objects with which we habitually converse. If we see beautiful scenes, they impart serenity—if sublime scenes, they elevate us. Will no serenity, no elevation come from contemplating Him, of whose Thought the Beautiful and the Sublime are but shadows!

SEWARD. No sincere or elevating influence be lost out of a World out of which He is lost?

NORTH. Now we look upon Planets and

Suns and see Intelligence ruling them—on Seasons that succeed each other, and we apprehend Design—on plant and animal fitted to its place in the world, and furnished with its due means of existence, and repeated for ever in its kind—and we admire Wisdom. Oh! Atheist or Sceptic—what a difference to Us if the marvellous Laws are here without a Lawgiver—If Design be here without a Designer—all the Order that wisdom could mean and effect, and not the Wisdom—if Chance, or Necessity, or Fate reigns here, and not Mind—if this Universe is matter of Astonishment merely, and not of adoration!

SEWARD. We are made better, nobler, sir, by the society of the good and the noble. Perhaps of ourselves unable to think high thoughts, and without the bold warmth that dares generously, we catch by degrees something of the mounting spirit, and of the ardor proper to the stronger souls with whom we live familiarly, and become sharers and imitators of virtues to which we could not have given birth. The devoted courage of a leader turns his followers into heroes the patient death of one martyr inflames in a thousand slumbering bosoms a zeal answering to his own. And shall Perfect Goodness contemplated move no goodness in us? Shall His Holiness and Purity raise in us no desire to be holy and pure?—His infinite Love towards His creatures kindle no spark of love in us towards our fellow-creatures?

NORTH. God bless you, my dear Seward—but you speak well. Our fellow-creatures! The name, the binding title, dissolves in air, if He be not our common Creator. Take away that bond of relationship among men, and according to circumstances they confront one another as friends or foes—but Brothers no longer—if not children of one celestial Father.

TALBOYS. And if they no longer have immortal souls!

NORTH. Oh! my friends—if this winged and swift life be all our life, what a mournful taste have we had of possible happiness! We have, as it were, from some dark and cold edge of a bright world, just looked in and been plucked away again! Have we come to experience pleasure by fits and glimpses; but intertwined with pain, burdensome labor, with weariness, and with indifference? Have we come to try the solace and joy of a warm, fearless, and confiding affection, to be then chilled or blighted by bitterness, by separation, by change of heart, or by the dread sunderer of loves—Death? Have we found the gladness and the strength

of knowledge, when some rays of truth have flashed in upon our souls, in the midst of error and uncertainty, or amidst continuous, necessitated, uninformative avocations of the Understanding—and is that all? Have we felt in fortunate hour the charm of the Beautiful, that invests, as with a mantle, this visible Creation, or have we found ourselves lifted above the earth by sudden apprehension of sublimity? Have we had the consciousness of such feelings, which have seemed to us as if they might themselves make up a life—almost an angel's life—and were they “instant come and instant gone?” Have we known the consolation of *DOING RIGHT*, in the midst of much that we have done wrong? and was that also a coruscation of a transient sunshine? Have we lifted up our thoughts to see Him who is Love, and Light, and Truth, and Bliss, to be in the next instant plunged into the darkness of annihilation? Have all these things been but flowers that we have pulled by the side of a hard and tedious way, and that, after gladdening us for a brief season with hue and odor, wither in our hands, and are like ourselves—nothing!

BULLER. I love you, sir, better and better every day.

NORTH. We step the earth—we look abroad over it, and it seems immense—so does the sea. What ages had men lived—and knew but a small portion! They circumnavigate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk

shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass and he learns to believe in a total mass of matter, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust. And so to each of us walking along the road of life, a year, a day, or an hour shall seem long. As we grow older, the time shortens; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point; for then we are measuring Time against Eternity.

TALBOYS. And if we can find ground for believing that this quickly-measured span of Life is but the beginning—the dim daybreak of a Life immeasurable, never attaining to its night—what *weight* shall we any longer allow to the cares, fears, toils, troubles, afflictions—which here have sometimes bowed down our strength to the ground—a burden more than we could bear?

NORTH. They then all acquire a new character. That they are then felt as transitory must do something towards lightening their load. But more is disclosed in them; for they then appear as having an unsuspected worth and use. If this life be but the beginning of another, then it may be believed that the accidents and passages thereof have some bearing upon the conditions of that other, and we learn to look on this as a state of Probation. Let us out, and look at the sky.

THE PAST.

Oh! what a thrill of sad delight
Strikes through the heart with deepest tone.
Whilst mem'ry casts a backward glance
On days that are for ever gone.

Enthralled by fancy's magic spell,
Those fairy scenes we tread once more,
And weave the wreath of spring's wildflowers.
We oft have weaved in days of yore.

We bend around our parent's knee—
That voice of love we hear e'en now,
And feel the pressure of that hand
Which clasped the then unclouded brow.

Perchance that tongue is silent now—
That hand in death's embrace is cold;
Yet on the mem'ry is engraved
The tender tale those lips have told.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WHAT STRIKES AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

BY MRS. WILLIAM KIRKLAND.

TRAVELLERS are sometimes blamed for writing about a country before they have had time to become acquainted with it. They should wait, it is said, until they have studied its institutions, and possessed themselves in some degree with its spirit; until the feeling of strangeness has worn off, and the reason of things become apparent. But if the traveller would recount his impressions, he must do it while they are fresh, for experience teaches the sojourner in foreign lands that all strangeness soon wears off with habit, and that in a little while he has nothing to tell. After a short residence we strive in vain to recall the feeling of interest with which things new and peculiar at first inspired us. We fall in so naturally with the established order of things, wherever we may be, that on our return home we have to become naturalized anew to the habits of our own country.

The interest felt by the American who visits England for the first time, in the minutest particular of the difference between that country and his own, is such that he finds himself irresistibly prompted to express the thoughts that suggest themselves to his mind; and the difficulty of doing this in ordinary conversation, without the risk of giving offense, through lack of time and opportunity for explanation and modification, suggests the pen as the better mode. The freer the interchange of thoughts and opinions between kindred nations the better; and the unprejudiced traveller, "speaking the truth in love," may always hope to say something which may be useful to the unprejudiced native who desires to see himself as others see him. Things great and small fall under the notice of the stranger; and if he be intelligent, and have enjoyed any opportunity of observation in other countries, he may be supposed to see them as they really are. His praise and his blame, passing for what they are worth, may be equally useful. If he lack judgment, he may yet speak truth; if

his observations be petty, they may, perhaps, suggest small reforms. Give him but leave to speak out, and he can hardly fail to teach, either as an enemy or as a friend.

The American traveller comes to Great Britain under peculiar circumstances. Besides the historical relation between the mother-country and his own, he has been accustomed to regard England as the nurse of arts, the depository of priceless treasures in every department of knowledge, the natural soil of enlightened benevolence, the birth-place of intelligent freedom. Her language is his; her great men are his; her literature is the fountain whence his intellect has drawn its most delicious nourishment—and the ties of blood can hardly be stronger than this inestimable bond. From his infancy he has been accustomed to hear England quoted as unquestionable authority in law; as the example of stability and order in government; as the steady advocate of noble principles through all vicissitudes of national fortune. All that he most prizes distinguishes this wonderful country; and in spite of some little rankling jealousies, some not unreasonable resentment of impertinence, and some fault-finding with particulars, he comes to it with an affection, an admiration, a reverence, which he is hardly disposed to acknowledge to himself.

The very first thing that he perceives on looking calmly about him in England—putting *prestige* aside, and seeing things as they are—is, that the Englishman not only does not reciprocate the feeling of affection, but that he looks upon his American brother with a cold, careless glance, that would be suspicious, if it were not utterly indifferent; a glance devoid of sympathy, or even curiosity; and which would be infinitely quickened in interest if it fell upon a New Zealander or a Hottentot. He finds himself considered as a slovenly imitator of English civilization; a coarse, benighted person, who fancies himself a gentleman, while he is con

tinually betraying the rudeness of his origin by his unquiet manners, and the vulgarity of his social connections by a strange drawl in his speech. His admiration of Shakspeare and Milton—his reverence for Newton—his love of Walter Scott—the tenderness which stirs in his heart when he thinks of Shelley—these are a bond between him and the Englishman, but they are no bond between the Englishman and him. He can wear none of all his associations or his appreciations on the outside. The sole tie recognized by his new acquaintance is that of language, and the national twang with which he speaks makes even this an offense in British ears. So that, whatever may have been the warmth and kindness of feeling with which he set foot on English ground, he cannot but perceive, in the manner of even the kind and the considerate, that the American in England must consent to be looked upon in some sort as a wild animal, not dangerous, but troublesome; liable to whisk his brush in people's faces, or to utter strange, discordant sounds, when he is encouraged by notice.

The exceptions to this general remark may be found, first, among the few Britons who have been in the United States; and who have, therefore, seen the Americans where they appear to the best advantage—in their own homes; and, second, in a not very numerous class anywhere—those of the highest and most philosophical culture, who are able to look through accidents of manner or speech, and to judge a man by the things which make a man of him; the inner springs from which in time manners flow, though the stream may be for a while obstructed or diverted by accidental causes. There is another harmonizing power, too, of which we must speak, though its mention may seem hardly in place here—religion, a sincere and operative reception of the truth on which depends our salvation, temporal and eternal; this has a divine efficacy where national, as well as where sectarian prejudices would intrude to weaken the great bond of brotherhood. Kindness and candor are the handmaids of religion; arrogance and contempt find no place in her train. The American who brings with him evidence of a religious character, always finds noble hearts in England open to him. He need not wear a sanctimonious outside either; for he will be sure to meet as much liberality of sentiment as characterizes the piety of his own land, and a warmth of interest which springs to meet what is good in the products of a new arrangement of the most important elements of society.

It must be confessed that the manners of a portion of the Americans who have travelled in Europe have furnished some reason for the British notion of all. Everybody who has money travels, now-a-days, and there are vulgar moneyed people everywhere. When the American of a certain class has made a fortune, he pays Europe the compliment of coming abroad to learn how to spend it. He fancies that there is an aristocratic influence in the very air of a country so old, so rich, and so proud as England, which he may imbibe as he flies along her railroads, or catch by intuition in Hyde Park, and so go home genteel and accomplished, to astonish the natives by stolen airs and new modes of display.

When the American has recovered from this first shock, and rallied his self-respect to meet an ungenerous depreciation, he begins to look about him for the circumstances which separate him from his English neighbor. He sees all about him men and women whom he is unable to distinguish by any outward mark from the people he has just left at home. A common ancestry is discoverable by unmistakable resemblance. There is not even as much difference as he expected; for he had thought of John Bull as particularly portly, while he finds him as lank and as care-worn as Jonathan himself, though his cheeks may be a thought redder, from the beer veins in them. Jolly people are scarcely more abundant among the island people than among their Western brethren; nor is the fair hair which bespeaks Saxon blood more common. As far as outward appearance is concerned, we might be among our own people. We must then look further for the distinction, and trace the strangeness to some cause not evident at first glance. And first, it would be absurd to deny that the circumstances of our history have their influence in producing a certain dislike on the part of the English. This is so natural and so obvious, that we need but allude to it. With all her nobleness, England cannot quite forgive her rebellious daughter for thriving in her naughtiness, and for venturing to claim kin after renouncing allegiance. She is more proud of her own struggles after perfect freedom than of anything else in her brilliant annals, but she cannot bear to feel that she has ever held the position of the baffled oppressor. She glorifies her Alfred, but she is indignant at "Mr. Washington." Perhaps it is too much to expect that this national feeling should not be allowed to influence individual

intercourse, but we pay British generosity the compliment of being surprised that it does so.

The tone of British statesmen towards America, is all that any American could ask or desire. Those who nurse illiberal prejudices and express ungenerous dislike of the New World, have not the apology of the example of their rulers. In Parliament, in the highest courts of law, by the throne itself, the United States are invariably treated with a respect equally honorable to both sides. If all England were as wise, a war between the two nations would be impossible. As it is, there are people in the United States insane enough to long for a war with England, that her people may be chastised for certain contempts. So absurd is national irritability—so irritating is national injustice.

But the American is obliged to look for some nearer and more immediately operative cause of his strangerhood in Britain, and he finds one in the common language, which is at once a source of brotherhood and of disunion. The Englishman can forgive a Frenchman for his nasal and his peculiar accent, because the Frenchman does not pretend to speak English, and may do what he likes with his own outlandish gibberish. But when the Yankee, supposing himself to be enunciating, with no little elegance, the language of Johnson and Burke, strains his words through a shut nostril, and rounds his periods with a drawl, the vexation turns all the milk of human kindness to vinegar in the Briton's bosom. He makes his own speech more abrupt and harsh than ever; gives every word with a cast-iron distinctness, and in striving to impress his transatlantic friend with the elegance of the *ore rotunda*, *mouths* his sentences like a third-rate actor, and overwhelms poor Jonathan with the new consciousness that his school and college have betrayed him into the use of a spurious tongue, which in fact has no existence or right of existence, any where on earth, and which must be forgotten before he can begin to speak English. Not only is his manner of speaking utterly condemned, but his use of words is discovered to be barbarous. To the words which are to be found in the "Spectator," he gives the same meaning with his English teacher: but there are some words which have come into use since Addison's time, which the Americans use in a sense wounding a British ear. "I shall take the car in the morning," said an American gentleman, in our hearing, to his Eng-

lish friend; "Which I suppose, being translated into English," said Mr. Bull, "means the railway." Now, had not the Yankee a right to be astounded, to find he had made a blunder in not promising to "take the railway?" He may forbear to "guess," "reckon," or "calculate," refrain absolutely from talking about his "location;" study the "Times" in the morning, and listen to parliamentary speeches at night, he will be sure, after all, to betray himself by some difference of speech, and in England to differ is to err. To his ear the speech of the model land is exceedingly deficient in variety of tone; it seems to have lost all the grace of natural modulation by subjection to the conventional standard; it gives a perfectly arbitrary sound to some of the vowels—a sound unprovided for in any table of pronunciation.

The American acknowledges—none more cordially—the authority of English standard writers; he quotes the English Reviews—in support of new words, he hears with appreciative ears the speeches of highly-educated men, but with regard to the use of certain expressions which have sprung into use simultaneously in England and America, under the mere emergency of the times, and with regard to certain others which have been the fruit of a peculiar state of things in his own country, he is unable to perceive that one authority is better than another. This is the natural mode of formation in all languages—the addition or modification of words and expressions as occasion for their use arises. To invent or compile new words, is a liberty constantly taken by the English themselves; they could hardly have described their wonderful inventions and improvements else; and there seems to be no reason why, in the United States, where inventions and improvements are equally frequent, and where the people are far more generally educated than in England, the same liberty shall not be enjoyed, without subjecting the new-found words or expressions to the charge of barbarism or vulgarity, because they lack the sanction of usage in the mother country. These changes are, to be sure, of consequence only as they affect the friendliness which ought to reign between people so nearly allied. Little things are of consequence where the affections are in question, and abstract considerations do not interfere as against their influence. Both countries are losers by the bitterness that springs up from trifling causes. It is impossible to disguise them; the pride of the

mother might indeed induce her to shake off the child; but the child—proud too, and almost angry with herself for it—will forever cling to the mother with an instinctive affection, in spite of sneers and sarcasms; and circumstances would compel a cold and angry union, even were there no affection on either side. This union will take its tone almost of course from the elder nation.

There is one thing to be noticed with regard to this difference of speech; it is this; that while the faults noticeable in American enunciation and expression are shared in some degree by all classes, and all parts of the United States, there are no persons in any class, or any part of the country, who speak a jargon, or anything in the least difficult to be understood by anybody who speaks English. In England, on the contrary, small as is the space occupied by the community, there are many dialects which, not only to the hapless American traveller, but to the native Englishman, present difficulties almost equal to those of a foreign tongue. And this occurs not only in the remotest districts, but in London itself; and there, not only in St. Giles's, or Billingsgate, but in Westminster Abbey. The guide who torments strangers through the chapels of that national monument, talks a *patois* so intolerable, that its import can only be guessed at by one accustomed to the English language. This vexation, added to that of not being allowed to linger a moment among those interesting relics of the past, makes a visit to Westminster Abbey anything but satisfactory to the stranger, and affords a painful contrast to the intelligence and liberality of the continental arrangement of these matters.

Perhaps the unsubdued vivacity of the manners of the American should be reckoned among the causes of his half-reluctant, half-critical reception in England. One of the first things that strikes him is the habitual gravity and reserve of English manners, but it is some time before he begins to perceive that to be gay when he feels happy is not *bon ton*.

The Briton, however, who is the sworn servant—not to say slave—of conventionalism, has as great a horror of natural manners as of a natural small-pox, or any other thing which it is his custom to take by inoculation. He is shocked at any indulgence of impulse which may betray the subject of it into some word or deed unsanctioned by authority. To him, a man who laughs and talks freely, is a dangerous man, or a buffoon, or a

Frenchman, or—oh dread climax! a man unaccustomed to good society—that is to say, to society where the presence of a few persons of rank or eminence imposes a certain restraint on the rest, who are content, for the sake of the honor of such association, to play an inferior part. Now of all this, Jonathan, in his primitiveness, knows or cares little or nothing. He has been accustomed to receive as much respect as he renders, save when venerable age or transcendent merit prompts him to offer a natural homage, which he does with characteristic enthusiasm. He perceives the difference between the *accueil* of his English friend, and his own, and perhaps even admires the graver manner, for we have ever an instinctive respect for anything bespeaking self-conquests, however trifling; but it strikes him that, after all, natural manners are the best, and that the chill of subdued manners, from the effect of which he yet shivers, is a counterbalance to their superior elegance. He recurs, as is his custom, to the fundamental reasons and uses of things; and concludes that the sum of human happiness would not be increased by a general repression of sympathy; and that although a man may appear more dignified when he is cool, and surrounded with outworks and defenses of reserve, he is more loveable, more human, when his affections are warm enough to melt these barriers, and potent enough to depend on themselves for protection and safety. We do not say that Jonathan is correct in these notions. He has not had time to perfect his system of social philosophy, and is as yet, no doubt, dangerously natural. We are but apologizing for the want of that conventional calmness which the Englishman, whose character and manners have been maturing these thousand years, has fixed upon as the test of good sense and good breeding. We are quite willing that Jonathan should become the pupil of his elder brother in this matter.

A general lack of deference for mere rank is another of the American's peculiarities, incurable in him, and offensive to his English friends. It requires an express education to make this deference second nature, and it is only such education that enables the Englishman himself of the present day, under all the new and powerful influences of the time, to be sincere in his respect for rank. When kings and nobles were sacred, or were considered so, or were so even by an accepted fiction, there was little difficulty, probably, in yielding them a reverence quite independ-

ent of their character or conduct. Their goodness was a pure gratuity; their evil behavior a visitation to be borne in silence—to be eluded—perhaps to be put down by violence when it went too far—but not to be openly discussed and commented upon. Now, the English organ of reverence has some strange depressions upon its surface. Respect for hereditary rank is an article of the national code of morals; yet the representatives of the idea are handled without mittens whenever they become, from any cause, obnoxious to any portion of the people. No nation in the world enjoys a more complete and manly practical independence, a more entire freedom from the domination of rank in all matters of importance; yet no people have so submissive and self-prostrating an air in actual presence of their hereditary rulers. This is all very well, and perhaps honorable, as showing the ability to receive and be influenced by an idea, which bespeaks the predominance of intellect and the power of self-government. But it is impossible for the American to partake this feeling; he can hardly understand it, and without taking the trouble to understand it, he is in danger of despising it, and of showing that he does so, which is very little to his credit. But he should be pardoned for the sincere astonishment with which he regards the outward manifestations of rank, the outward signs of deference, and the habitual forms of ceremonial observance, which meet his observation in England. He is accused of being fond of titles; but as the only titles in his own country are military ones, and the use of these is not attended by the slightest personal deference, he is as little prepared for the pompous designations of English rank, as if he had never seen a militia major or colonel. He has been accustomed to hear his chief ruler—a potentate who wields a power possessed by few sovereigns—addressed in conversation as plain Mr. —, and to see him addressed by letter without even this unmeaning prefix; and it seems odd to him to see a long string of surnames and titles of honor appended to the name of a man whom he has met in the dress of a plain farmer riding about his fields, or seen betting on a race at Newmarket. He observes in general a peculiar disposition to seclusion and exclusion on the part of the privileged classes—a drawing down of blinds and a drawing up of glasses—walls, and veils, and plain clothes, and an evident desire to move in an inner circle, into whose secret glories no

vulgar eye shall penetrate. Yet on certain occasions what glare—what tinsel—what travesty of God's image found in servile station—what tricks to astonish these same groundlings, without whose gaping wonder the show would have no soul. Can he help being set musing by these apparent incongruities?

The terms master and servant being unknown in the United States, except where slavery prevails, are, of course, very offensive to the North American newly arrived in England. It is only after he has had time and opportunity to observe that the relation is none the less a benignant one, equally well understood by both parties, that he becomes reconciled to the names which have necessarily an unhappy association in his mind. To be a *master* is considered by the citizen of the North as only one degree less unfortunate than to be a slave, and the terms will probably never be naturalized in the United States as applicable to any relations between freemen. Domestic service is a sort of unrecognized thing there—a thing carried into daily practice before its philosophy is sufficiently understood to show its harmony with the leading idea of a republic—equality. While political equality is held to include social equality, domestic service must continue to be an anomaly in a republic of the nineteenth century; and there are some excellent people in America who attempt, in the midst of most discordant elements, to carry out the patriarchal plan, considering their servants only as the sharers of the household labors, and making them their constant associates. This can, of course, never become general, unless universal culture should produce a real equality among men—a result only to be dreamed of. Meanwhile, the wiser way would certainly be to settle the terms of a relation confessedly indispensable; and as far as some little opportunity for observation has enabled us to judge, we should think the American who desires to do the best possible thing for the class of persons accustomed to find a resource in domestic service, could not do better than study the relation of master and servant as it exists in England, where the servant's rights are ascertained quite as decidedly as the master's, and where the master, feeling that they are so, and sensible, besides, that his own comfort must depend very much upon the relation between himself and his domestics, accords to them all the respect and consideration which their good conduct and faithfulness may deserve. There is even

ery little servility of manner among English servants. They feel quite as much at liberty to be *brusque* as American servants; but they perform their duties better, knowing that a good character is essential to their success in the path of life they have chosen. People in America never choose domestic service as regular business. They adopt it *en attendant* something better, or they are driven to it by ill success or the effects of former misconduct, or by want of judgment and common sense to enable them to undertake something more ambitious. The few exceptions to this general remark which may be found in the older communities are but sufficient to prove its truth. Respectable people will never become servants until the position is shown to be a respectable one, which it certainly is in England.

One of the things which strike most forcibly the American visitor in Great Britain, is the immense amount of spirits and beer offered for sale. From the time he sets foot in Liverpool, until he returns thither for embarkation after travelling all over the Continent, the pre-eminence of Britain in the consumption of strong drink is astounding, and leads him almost to wonder whether there are any sober people in a country where alcohol occupies such a place among articles of merchandise. During a somewhat extended tour on the Continent, we could not but notice that the only people we saw drinking spirits were Britons—even in Germany and Holland, supposed to be drinking countries. The difference in this respect between Britain and other countries is more striking than any one could believe without actual observation, and the fact is certainly one which demands serious consideration. The number of persons one meets in England bearing evident marks of intemperate habits shows that it is quite time the subject attracted the attention not only of the philanthropist but the statesman.

The stranger naturally enumerates the things that strike him unpleasantly in Great Britain, because it is impossible to take the opposite course, and recount and remark upon the points that claim his admiration. He sees so much to approve—so little, comparatively, to condemn. If a certain coarseness and want of taste strike him painfully, he is none the less impressed with the substantial greatness and excellence which everywhere abound. Perhaps it is because he sees such excellence that he longs to see the outward grace added. He would not exchange the worth of England for the

elegance of Italy; he would but add the elegance of Italy to the solid grandeur of England.

It is singular that with such an assured sense of superiority over all other nations as is apparent in the English, they should at the same time be so sensitive with regard to the smallest derogation. They call the Americans sensitive, and so they are; but their sensitiveness has at least the apology of youth—of conscious deficiency—and of the most unsparing and contemptuous criticism on the part of their British neighbors. If, on the other hand, they see anything, however unimportant, which may call for animadversion in England, what wrath—what indignation—what severe recrimination falls on their defenseless heads! Speak of the Spitalfields weavers—of the starving thousands that everywhere set off the wealth of England, and how quickly will your remark be rebutted with slavery! Mention the abuses of the Church Establishment, slavery! Game-laws, slavery! and so on through the whole catalogue of ills under which Englishmen growl and grumble enough when Americans are not by. They pay us at least the compliment of implying that we have but one great evil to contend with, and we are quite willing to acknowledge that one to be a host; but we do not fancy that it ought to blind our eyes or shut our mouths. No nation in the world understands better than the English the application for its own benefit of the parable of the wheat and the tares; and the Americans, though of hastier nature, are learning the lesson too. They will have got rid of slavery at least as soon as England has reformed “the family of plagues that waste her vitals” as one even of her own poets hath said. Meanwhile let each endeavor to bear, now and then, a grain of truth from the other, without bristling, or snapping, or darting out forked venomous lightnings in return. English remarks upon America too often lack the basis of kind intention which takes the offense from severity; American remarks upon England have been too generally recriminative rather than judicious. To find fault without a good motive is mere contemptible venting of spleen and envy; to make careful and discriminating strictures is the proper office of sincere and unselfish friendship. When the English respect us, or are willing to own that they respect us, they will be able to do us good; and when we cease to be made angry by their sneers, we may perhaps do them good in return.

From the Quarterly Review.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Results of Astronomical Observations made during the Years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope; being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825. By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., K. H., &c. 4to. 1847.

THIS volume is very unlike the majority of those records of astronomical observations which form an annually increasing load upon the quarto shelves of our scientific libraries. These may be, and for the most part are, of the greatest value, as containing the data upon which the future progress of one large department of astronomy is to be founded, but Sir John Herschel's work is a record of that progress itself.

Practical astronomy is naturally divided into two branches: 1st, that which depends mainly or solely upon the perfection of the Telescope as an instrument of research—in which the highest resources of optical art are expended in the examination of the heavenly bodies considered singly, or in such small groups as may be discerned at one time in the field of a telescope; 2d, that which depends more directly upon our power of measuring and subdividing time and space, whereby the relative places of the heavenly bodies are determined, the laws of their motions and the forms of their orbits: the divided circle and the clock are the characteristic implements of this branch of astronomy; telescopes of enormous power are, generally speaking, inapplicable to it. Now the bulk of the publications issuing from our national observatories belong to the latter class of inquiries; whilst the former has, with some exceptions, been left chiefly in the hands of amateurs, or at least of private individuals. The labors of Sir William Herschel, to which his son has in the present and in former works so largely added, belong in a peculiar manner to the first class. The telescope is almost the sole apparatus: fine telescopes, and the much rarer qualification of using them to the best advantage, are the requisites for success.

It will readily be apprehended that telescopic astronomy, and the records of telescopic observations, are of far more general interest than the reading of altitude and azimuth circles, the counting of pendulum beats, and the determination of a few seconds of error in the tabular places of a planet. And though, as we shall see, there is a vast amount of numerical work in Sir John Herschel's pages, yet the results are so numerous and varied, so striking by reason of their novelty, and so picturesque in their details, that they are fitted to interest every one who is even moderately acquainted with the general facts of astronomy, and render the work eminently *readable*, which is precisely what (it may be stated without any disparagement to our regular observatory publications) the others are *not*. The difference may be illustrated by two descriptions of a distant country which we can never hope to visit. The one is a statistical report of its extent and resources, the number of acres of arable, pasture, or wood, the latitude and longitude of its cities, the altitude of mountains, the number of inhabitants, and the sum of revenue. The other is a graphic description of its natural features and political condition; the road-book of a traveller who has explored its recesses with the eye of a naturalist and a painter, whose sketches live in our remembrance, and by an appeal to universal associations, enable us to realize scenes and manners which we shall never see for ourselves, but which we learn to compare with what has been all our life long familiar. Thus does the astronomy of the telescope lead us to understand in some degree the economy of other systems; it brings to its aid every branch of physical science in order to obtain results regarding the nature and

changes of distant worlds, and to enable us to interpret these results aright by the analogies of our own.

The title-page of Sir John Herschel's book explains its nature and importance; it records "the completion of a telescopic survey of the *whole surface of the visible heavens*, commenced in 1825." The grave had not closed for three years over his illustrious father, when the son proceeded to carry out and complete, by rare sacrifices, the course of observation in which for half a century Sir William had no rival; and by extending the survey to the southern hemisphere, he rendered compact and comparable one of the most elaborate inquiries of nature which two men ever attempted.

Sir John Herschel's position and attainments fitted him admirably for so great a work, and justly entitle him to the unenvied position which he now holds amongst the cultivators of exact science. Bearing a name honored and revered by all, his career at Cambridge reflected upon it fresh lustre; the variety and extent of his acquirements gave him a reputation amongst his college contemporaries, afterwards fully confirmed by the not more impartial voice of mankind at large. Since that time he has been indefatigable as an author. First, in the systematizing of the higher mathematics, and in forwarding their study in his own university; afterwards by treatises contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, on Sound, Light, and Physical Astronomy, which still rank amongst the clearest, completest, and most philosophical in our own or in any other language. About the same time he wrote experimental essays on different branches of chemistry and optics in several Journals, and commenced his purely astronomical investigations, chiefly on nebulae and double stars, partly in conjunction with Sir James South, of which the details are given in different volumes of the *Astronomical* and of the *Royal Society's Transactions*. These memoirs collectively include a complete revision of the objects of the same description catalogued and classified by Sir William Herschel. But amidst these serious and systematic employments he found time for writing two admirable elementary works in Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, one on Astronomy, the other on the Study of Natural Philosophy. They unite elegant and perspicuous language with logical order, great simplicity, and most apt illustrations, and have contributed in no small degree to the extended and popular reputation of their author.

But when the re-examination of the stellar heavens, on the plan adopted by his father, was complete, it yet remained that that part of the sky invisible in Britain should be subjected to a similar critical examination, and the result handed down to posterity, so that changes may be recorded, and their causes investigated. The full value of the works of the Herschels will only become known when centuries shall have rolled on, and when all our present writings about *terrestrial* physics shall be consulted merely as historical curiosities long superseded by the advance of knowledge. To finish so great a monument to his own, but more especially to his father's fame, Sir John did not hesitate to quit in 1833 his home, endeared by many recollections, and undertake a voyage to another hemisphere, accompanied by his lady and a numerous family of young children, and embarrassed with unwieldy and fragile apparatus. But before a determination like his difficulties melted away. Having disembarked his instruments at Cape Town without accident, and placed them temporarily in one of the government storehouses, his next care was to look out for a residence in a locality suitable for their erection. This he was fortunate enough to find at the seat of a Dutch proprietor, Mr. Schönnberg, bearing the name of Feldhuyzen, or Feldhausen, which he describes as

—"about six miles from Cape Town, charmingly situated on the last gentle slope at the base of Table Mountain, on its eastern side, well sheltered from dust, and as far as possible from wind, by an exuberant growth of oak and fir timber; far enough removed from the mountain to be for the most part out of reach of the clouds which form so copiously over and around its summit, yet not so far as to lose the advantage of the reaction of its mural precipices against the southeast winds, which prevail with great violence during the finer and clearer months, but which seldom *blow home* to the rock on this side, being, as it were, gradually heaved up by a mass of comparatively quiescent air imprisoned at the root of the precipice, and so gliding up an inclined plane to the summit on the windward side, while they rush perpendicularly down on the leeward with tremendous violence like a cataract, sweeping the face of the cliffs towards Cape Town, which they fill with dust and uproar, especially during the night."—*Introd.* p. vii.

During four entire years* (no inconsiderable portion of the *best* of man's life) Sir

* The "sweeps" or nocturnal telescopic surveys of the heavens (381 in number) commenced on the 5th of March, 1834, and terminated 22d of January, 1838.

John Herschel devoted his nights to observation, his days to calculation and manual labor, all directed to the fulfilment of his arduous enterprise. During this time, too, he managed to keep up an extensive correspondence with men of science at home, and to exert himself energetically for the moral and intellectual improvement of the colony with which he had been thus incidentally associated. Not the least remarkable part of this expedition was that it was defrayed out of his private fortune, notwithstanding liberal offers which he received of pecuniary aid from the late Duke of Northumberland, which he thought it inconsistent with the entire independence of his plans to accept; he even declined, as was understood, the use of a government vessel to convey him to his destination. Opinions will differ as to whether he might not, without any compromise of liberty of research, have availed himself of offers most creditable to those who made them; but the reason of his refusal, and afterwards availing himself of the generous proposal of the noblemen above named, to defray the expense of publishing the results, is best stated in his own words at a public dinner given to him after his return. He then said—

“Much assistance was proffered to me from many quarters, both of instruments, and others of a more general nature—offers in the highest degree honorable to all parties, and I should be sorry to have it thought that, in declining them, I was the less grateful for them. I felt that if they were accepted, they would compel me to extend my plan of operations and make a larger campaign, and that in fact it would compel me to go in some degree aside from my original plan. But that campaign being ended, the harvest gathered in, and the mass of facts accumulated, I felt that the same objections did not apply to the publication of its results; and I therefore refer with pride and pleasure to the prospect of being enabled by the princely munificence of the Duke of Northumberland, to place those results before the public in a manner every way more satisfactory, and without becoming a burden, as they otherwise must have been a very severe one, on the funds of our scientific institutions.”—*Attænum*, 1838, p. 425.

The generous offer thus accepted was peculiarly well-timed. The labor of extricating laws from masses of facts, great though it be, is a labor of love to the man of science; but the labor and anxiety of publication is not usually so; and is commonly attended with difficulties which, in the case of the abstruser sciences, would be insuperable to most private individuals, but for the exist-

ence of those *societies* alluded to by Sir J. Herschel, which with all their many faults of omission and commission must ever enjoy the credit of having brought to light, or assisted in doing so, the immortal labors of many a patient student, and even the *Principia* of Newton. But the common mode of publication by detached memoirs, buried in a mass of heterogeneous learning, accessible only by a research through piles of quartos, is after all but an imperfect publication. It is quite impossible to expect that any man's works, even the most celebrated, shall be fully appreciated when they can only be read or seen piecemeal, and by very many persons not at all. He who wishes to do a service to the reputation of an eminent man, living or dead, cannot do better than collect his writings in simple chronological sequence, and hand them down to posterity without note or comment. Such a specimen of fraternal piety has been shown by Dr. Davy in his collection of his brother's immortal writings: such Dr. Faraday has in part done for himself; such a high-spirited Peer has enabled Sir John Herschel to do, in the completest and fittest manner, in the publication before us; and such the scientific world hopes that Sir John himself will soon undertake with respect to the multifarious and important writings of his father, scattered over not less than *thirty-seven* volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions*, and consequently, though often talked of, in reality hardly known except by meagre and superficial abstracts. From the late noble Chancellor of Cambridge, therefore, Sir J. Herschel received a benefit which will contribute in no slight degree to the extension and perpetuation of his fame. The whole execution of the work is worthy of the subject, the author, and the patron.

The eight years following Sir John Herschel's return to England were mainly spent in preparing the materials of this volume, nor will the time appear at all excessive when we consider, *first*, the vast mass of rough observations accumulated during four years of incessant work; *secondly*, that the reductions were all performed by the author's own hand; *thirdly*, that everything is worked out in the most complete and systematic manner, so as to afford in fact a model of this sort of analysis. To this may be added, that during the preparation of the work Sir John Herschel generously gave up much time to matters of general scientific interest, or for the sake of his friends. Amongst many which might be mentioned, the arrangements

the Government Magnetic Observatories occupied much of his attention,* and within comparatively short time he wrote two most excellent and detailed biographies of his astronomical friends, Baily and Bessel. He may, and must, lament, indeed, that one so valuable to science should have been largely spent upon the most mechanical arithmetical computations connected with the reductions of places of double stars and nebulae. The author no doubt laments it as much as we do, and informs us (p. 5) that he found himself at least unequal to the intended task of going through the whole of these reductions twice;† but it appears that he has always found a difficulty, or felt a scruple, in employing an assistant for such operations; which we regret, because we have little doubt that a mere plodding arithmetician would have done the work with a few, if not fewer mistakes; and years might have been added to Sir John Herschel's term of vigorous exertion in the use of science. The same objection does not, however, apply to the mechanical facility which he happily possesses (in common with his father) of fashioning his own tools and polishing the specula of his telescopes with his own hands. Such dexterity, and such mechanical habits, are of the highest value in themselves to the practical philosopher. They afford a seasonable variety of occupation conducive to mental and bodily health; as he is to employ the instruments, he can scrutinize their defects, and endeavor to remedy them in a way that a person not himself a mechanic might never think of. The very manipulation of such a kind as turning reflectors will suggest to the ardent and anxious mind of the philosopher, who must devote many hours to it, improvements which might not theoretically occur to him, and which would never occur to an ordinary artisan. But the grand advantage of all is the absolute independence of external assistance and of skilled workmen which it gives:

"The operation of repolishing was performed whenever needed, the whole of the requisite apparatus being brought for the purpose. It was

* Amongst other efforts to engage public sympathy on behalf of the magnetic cause, Sir J. H. wrote a comprehensive article on the subject in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvi, p. 271.

† In one of his former papers Sir John Herschel, speaking of numerical calculations, says, "for which I find in myself a great inaptitude." (*Astr. Soc. Memoirs*, vol. v. p. 221.) It is sad to think of the wear and tear of so accomplished a mind exerted in mere arithmetic of the volume before us.

very much more frequently required than in England; and it may be regarded as fortunate that I did not, as at first proposed, (relying on the possession of the three perfect metals,) leave the apparatus in question behind. Being apprehensive that in a climate so much warmer, difficulties would arise in hitting the proper temper of the polishing material, slight imperfections of surface, induced by exposure, were for a while tolerated; but confidence in this respect once restored, and practice continually improving, I soon became fastidious, and on the detection of the slightest dimness on any part of the surface, the metal was at once remanded to the polisher."—*Introd.* p. x.

The 20 feet Newtonian, on Sir W. Herschel's construction, with specula of 18½ inches clear aperture (of which three were provided,) was the sheet anchor of the campaign at the Cape. But along with it he carried a 7 feet achromatic by Tulley, with 5 inches aperture—a telescope which had served specially for the measurement of double stars in England, and of the performance of which Sir John gives in his papers in the *Astronomical Memoirs* a most flattering account, stating even that its performance appeared to improve with each fresh addition of power applied to it.

We shall now give a short analysis of the contents of the volume before us, which is a handsome quarto of 452 well-filled pages, illustrated by 17 plates.

The first chapter is on the NEBULÆ of the Southern Hemisphere. To enter into any detail on this subject would be to discuss a general question of astronomy which could receive no justice within our limits, and a great deal of which is as much connected with other writings of Sir John Herschel and with his father's as with the work before us. We have again the highly condensed, almost algebraical language, by which the characters and general effect of nebulae have been so graphically described by the father and the son. Many, which are visible both at the Cape and in Europe, are here re-observed; the remainder are either new or "have been identified with more or less certainty with objects observed by Mr. Dunlop, and described in his Catalogue of Nebulae." These are 206 in number. "The rest of the 629 objects comprised in that catalogue," adds Sir John, "have escaped my observation; and I am not conscious of any such negligence in the act of sweeping as could give rise to such a defalcation; but, on the contrary, by entering them on my working lists (at least until the general inutility of doing so, and loss of valuable time in fruitless search thereby caused, became apparent) took

the usual precautions to ensure their discovery."

Here is a sad tale and warning: for errors like Mr. Dunlop's not only deprive the more conscientious labors of their author of almost all their value, but they inflict a grave and positive injury upon the science which they pretend to promote. If men like Herschel are to spend the best years of their lives in recording for the benefit of a remote posterity the actual state of the heavens, in order that their changes may be examined and pronounced upon, what a galling discovery to find amongst their own contemporaries men who, without any wish to *incent* (we do not mean to charge Mr. Dunlop with that,) but merely from carelessness and culpable apathy hand down to posterity a *mass of errors*, bearing all the external semblance of truth; a quintessence of error so refined, that *four hundred* objects out of *six hundred* could not be identified in any manner, after only eight years, by the first observer of the day, and with a telescope seven times more powerful than that stated to have been used! We can add nothing to an exposure so humiliating.

Sir John's chapter on Nebulæ contains several distinct sections. It would have added to convenience of reference as well as given a more just idea of the variety and quantity of matter in the volume, had the *Table of Contents* of the volume been more full.* There is, in the first place, a catalogue of nebulae and clusters of stars—1708 in number—chiefly in the southern hemisphere, which forms a sequel to the similar catalogue, by the same author, of 2307 objects of the same kind visible in England and published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1383. There is complete symmetry in the mode of description and registration. The descriptions (in abbreviated terms) have reference to Brightness, Size, Form; relation to neighboring Stars; and more particularly to the degree of Condensation of the seeming nebulous matter—a point of much delicacy and difficulty of description, but of capital importance with reference to Sir William Herschel's theory of *progressive* condensation of rare into dense nebulae, and finally into planetary nebulae, nebulous stars, or even clusters of stars. Here is a pretty

* The absence of an Index is also a real defect; and the Figures of Nebulae, &c., in the plates would have had an increased value had their symbols or numbers of reference been engraved alongside of them.

classification of qualities in these respects (p. 140):

Great	Lucid	Circular	Stellate	Discrete
Large	Bright	Round	Nuclear	Resolvable
Middle-sized	Faint	Oval	Concentrate	Granulated
Small	Dim	Elongate	Graduating	Mottled
Minute	Obscure	Linear	Discoid	Milky

The following is a specimen of the contracted description of a nebula:

"(No. 2422). v B; L; v m E; p s p m b M; has a * 10 m; n f."

Which, being translated, means—

"Very bright; large; very much elongated; pretty suddenly pretty much brighter in the middle; has a star of the tenth magnitude, north following."

Now this (which we select by chance) proves to be 139 of Sir John's Northern Catalogue. Turning it up, we find this description of the same object:

"Very faint; round; a little brighter in the middle; 20" in diameter."

The descriptions seem diametrically opposed. Such is the effect of difference of climate at Slough and Feldhausen. But if this be the case—if this be the effect of atmospheric influence (and such Sir John warns us, page 3, that it is) upon observations of the same object by the same telescope, and, within a few years, by the same eye, can we hope to perpetuate descriptions which shall enable posterity to decide upon *real* changes of physical constitution?

Sir John gives more particular descriptions of some more remarkable objects. In general we may observe that his figures show less tendency to striking symmetry of form than some of those in his former catalogue; and it is now not denied that that symmetry was in some cases the involuntary deduction arising from a previous impression in favor of symmetric forms (as in the dumb-bell nebula and the well-known No. 51 of Messier's catalogue.) But the most interesting observations are upon the nebula in the sword-handle of Orion, the star η Argus, and the Magellanic clouds. Of the former, Sir John gives, in Plate VIII., an exquisite representation, which in all probability will be admitted by astronomers generally to be the most *careful* delineation of a celestial object ever transferred to copper. There are, perhaps, not ten persons alive in a position to judge of its minute accuracy; but this it will occur to no

one to doubt who has read the present chapter and the paper on this nebula in the "Astronomical Memoirs" of 1824 by the same author. The total want of symmetry of the whole; the sometimes sudden, sometimes infinitely graduated shading off of the misty light, resembling slightly the exquisite shading of a snowy surface tossed into fantastic forms by eddies of wind, rising here and there into seeming ridges, elsewhere into gently swelling domes, or depressed into troughs and basins with cusped boundaries; sometimes apparently representing flats of extensive uniformity, or again mottled in an indescribable manner, as with the touch of the miniature-painter's brush—these varieties are well brought out in this magnificent engraving. If we compare it with Sir J. Herschel's older one in the "Astronomical Memoirs," we find such a marked difference in the general character of the two that, though it is easy to see that they are representations of the same object, it appears to throw doubt (as we have already noticed) on the possibility of determining with sufficient exactness the features of such complex and ill-defined objects at one time, to give confidence to our belief of real changes at a future and distant one. Sir J. Herschel gives a hesitating expression of opinion that some of the diversities of the two drawings may be due to a nebular variation in thirteen years (p. 31); but such a conclusion would require strong evidence to support it.

Of η Argûs, Sir J. Herschel observes:

"There is, perhaps, no other sidereal object which unites more points of interest than this. Its situation is very remarkable, being in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses, a succession of which, curiously contrasted with dark adjacent spaces, (called by the old navigators *coal-sacks*,) constitute the Milky-way in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Argo. In all this region the stars of the Milky-way are well separated, and except within the limits of the nebula, on a perfectly dark ground, and, on an average, of larger magnitude than in most other regions.

In two hours, during which the area of the heavens swept over consisted of 47.03 degrees, the amazing number of 147,500 stars must have passed under review. In the midst of this vast stratum of stars occurs the bright star of η Argûs, an object in itself of no ordinary interest, on account of the singular changes its lustre has undergone within the period of authentic astronomy."

—p. 33.

Sir John then goes on to state that by Halley (in 1677) η Argûs was marked as of the fourth magnitude; in Lacaille's and

later catalogues it is denoted by the second; and as observed by himself, from 1834 to 1837, was counted as a large star of the second, or small one of the first magnitude. "It was on the 16th of December, 1837," he adds, "that my astonishment was excited by the appearance of a new candidate for distinction among the very brightest stars of the first magnitude." This was his old acquaintance η Argûs. "Its light was, however, *nearly tripled*!" About the 2d of January, 1838, its light was judged to be a maximum, and all but equal to that of the very bright star α Centauri; but it had manifestly fallen below that on the 20th of the same month. At the conclusion of Sir John's personal observations, in April, 1838, it had "so far faded as to bear comparison with Aldebaran, though still somewhat brighter than that star."

"Beyond this date I am unable to speak of its further changes from personal observation. It appears, however, since that period to have made another and still greater step in advance, and to have surpassed Canopus, and even to have approached Sirius in lustre, the former of which stars I estimate at double, the latter at more than quadruple of α Centauri, so that Jupiter and Venus may possibly have a rival amongst the fixed stars in Argo, as they have on recorded occasions had in Cassiopeia, Serpentarius, and Aquila."—p. 34.

The causes of fluctuations so great in the brightness of an object at so vast a distance, are amongst the most difficult even to guess at, and the watching of these changes must be a matter of great interest to future astronomers, whilst it is yet a nearly untouched inquiry, but of which the basis is laid in the work before us.

Of the nebula adjacent to η Argûs we have not space to say much. Sir J. Herschel has given a large engraved representation of it, mapping the including stars—a labor of no small amount:

"To say that I have spent several months in the delineation of the nebula, the micrometrical measurement of the co-ordinates of the skeleton stars, the filling in, mapping down, and reading off of the skeletons when prepared, the subsequent reduction and digestion into a catalogue of the stars so determined, and the execution, final revision and correction of the drawing and engraving, would, I am sure, be no exaggeration."

The tables of places of no less than 1216 stars belonging to the group of η Argûs testify to the truth of this statement; and the similar tables for the two nebulae, or Ma-

gellanic clouds, serve to give us the highest idea of the indomitable patience of Sir J. Herschel as an observer. There are two sections attached to this chapter—one on the *Law of Distribution of Nebulæ and Clusters of Stars over the Surface of the Heavens*, the other on the *Classification of Nebulæ*, which presents some interesting general remarks:

"The distribution of nebulæ is not, like that of the Milky-way, in a zone or band encircling the heavens; or, if such a zone can be traced out, it is with so many interruptions, and so faintly marked out through by far the greater part of its circumference, that its existence as such can be hardly more than suspected. One-third of the whole nebulous contents of the heavens are included in a broad, irregular patch, occupying about one-eighth of the whole surface of the sphere, chiefly (indeed almost entirely) situated in the northern hemisphere, and occupying the constellations Leo, Leo Minor, the body, tail, and hind legs of Ursa Major, the nose of the Camelopard, and the point of the tail of Draco, Canes Venatici, Coma, the preceding leg of Boötes, and the head, wings, and shoulders of Virgo. This, for distinction, I shall call the nebulous region of Virgo."—p. 134.

The chapter concludes with a detailed description of the two Magellanic clouds, or nebulous regions, in which (with his accustomed perseverance) Sir J. Herschel has determined the positions of a vast number of individual stars, which he has made subservient to the construction of a general chart of the greater cloud in Plate X. of his work.

The second chapter is devoted to the subject of DOUBLE STARS. The great interest of these observations is altogether *prospectively*. Sir John has now done for the Southern Hemisphere what his father commenced in the Northern more than half a century before; that is to say, he determined the existence and marked the relative position of many *pairs* of stars, which might afterwards prove to be not merely *optically* double, or seen by the effect of perspective nearly in the same direction, but *physically* double, that is, really in each other's neighborhood (relatively speaking); and in the circumstances of a planet and satellite, one circulating under the law of gravitation round the other, or, to speak more correctly, both circulating round their common centre of gravity. With only one or two exceptions (such as α Crucis and α Centauri), Sir J. Herschel found no previous observations of old date upon double stars not visible in Europe, which, combined with his own, might

give a first approximation to the orbits and periods of this highly interesting class of bodies. The accurate Lacaille visited the Cape before such observations were attended to; and Mr. Dunlop's Paramatta Catalogue of 253 Double Stars (Mem. Astr. Society, vol. iii.) appears to be little more worthy of confidence than this Catalogue of Nebulæ. Even the few years which elapsed between the period of Mr. Dunlop's first observations and those of Sir J. Herschel would have sufficed to give a first approximation to the orbits of the faster moving of these twin-suns. But Dunlop, through negligence, indolence, or something worse, has *failed to be the elder Herschel of Antarctic Astronomy*. The discrepancies are so great and frequent, that we can have scarcely any confidence in those whose agreement with the recent observations is sufficient to allow us to suppose that they *might possibly be correct*. It must have been disheartening to Sir J. Herschel to put down such a judgment as this: "A great many mistakes appear to have been committed in the catalogue alluded to (Dunlop's), either in the places, descriptions, or measures of the objects set down in it." p. 167. Again, "It is useless reasoning on such hypothetical data," (Dunlop's Angles of Position), p. 288.

Sir John has two catalogues of double stars. The first contains 2102 such objects—observed and placed by the 20-foot reflector—with the angles of position, and a *rough guess* of their distances. The second contains *accurate* measures of the distances of the more interesting objects, and also of their *angle* of position by means of the 7-foot achromatic. There are appended some very interesting "*special remarks on the measures of particular double stars in the foregoing catalogues*." With the two exceptions already referred to, no double star *not visible in Europe* can be said to have its orbital motion even roughly ascertained by these observations. But there will be a great harvest to be reaped some 20 or 30 years hence, when the objects in the Herschel Catalogue shall be re-examined by some equally conscientious observer.

There is one discussion introduced here too interesting to be passed over—it is as to the orbit of γ Virginis, a double star on the confines of the two hemispheres, and therefore observable in either. This discussion (p. 291 *et seq.*) is a continuation of one by Sir J. Herschel in 1832, printed in the 5th vol. of the Memoirs of the Astronomical Society, as an example of a new method of dis-

overing the form and position of the orbits of double stars from observation. In that paper he deduced, by peculiar methods, the elements of the orbit from 19 observations, partly of position and partly of distance, since 1780; he included also two older observations by Bradley and Mayer, in 1718 and 1756, and the whole appeared to be quite sufficiently satisfied by supposing the one star to revolve round the other in 513 years, in an orbit having a major semi-axis (as seen from the earth) subtending $11''\cdot83$. He also made (in 1832) this prediction: "The latter end of the year 1833 or beginning of the year 1834 will witness one of the most striking phenomena which sidereal astronomy has yet afforded, viz., the perihelion passage of one star round another, with the immense angular velocity of between 60° and 70° per annum, that is to say, of a degree in five days."* This occurrence actually took place during Sir John's residence at the Cape, though not exactly at the predicted time, but rather towards the middle of 1836, for some time before and after which the appulse of the two stars was so close, that even in the 10-foot reflector, under the sky of the Cape, and by the eye of Herschel, they could not be divided.

The elements of 1832 did not, however, long satisfy the requirements of this quickly moving star. Next year Sir John modified them, increasing the period to 629 years and the major semi-axis to $12''\cdot09$. The comparison of the new elements with the observations from 1718 to 1833 agreed, as he stated, "so well throughout the whole series as to leave nothing to desire."† What a lesson this to physical philosophers in drawing conclusions! So far from leaving nothing to desire, these elements, with the exception of the eccentricity, had little or no resemblance to the true elements of the apparent orbit; and the revolving star, instead of describing only about *one-fifth* of its ellipse in 15 years during which it had been observed, had in reality completed *two-thirds* of its period, perhaps more. To understand how this could possibly happen, we must refer to the interesting diagram, p. 293 of the work before us, which shows the true ellipse nestled so snugly into one end of the former hypothetical orbit intersecting it in four points, that they nearly coincide for a large portion of the smaller orbit, and precisely that portion described between 1718 and 1833; but

a few years after the latter date the variation both of position and distance became totally irreconcilable with the old ellipse, and a new orbit was first computed by the German astronomer Mädler,* which has its major axis almost at right angles with the former one, and an area 11 times smaller.

Sir J. Herschel, with his usual candor, does not attempt to gloss over the error into which he had fallen. The error was quite natural, and the remark he makes is most just, namely, that "this is not the first by many instances in the history of scientific progress, where, of two possible courses, each at the moment equally plausible, the wrong has been chosen."† Sir John's final result is an orbit described in 182 years, with a major semi-axis of only $3''\cdot58$. But other astronomers are of opinion that a period of about 143 years is the true one. Mädler and Henderson were of this opinion, which shows that some uncertainty still exists—an uncertainty inherent in the problem, since both hypotheses satisfy the observations fairly, as may be seen by comparing Sir J. Herschel's Table of Calculated and Observed Places with Professor Henderson's in Captain Smyth's *Cycle of Celestial Objects*, vol. i. p. 486. A good deal depends on the choice of observations to be satisfied; those by different astronomers, and particularly by the elder Struve, appearing to have peculiar and constant sources of error.

But there is a circumstance purely geometrical which creates great ambiguity. The inclination of the plane of the real elliptic orbit (for, throughout, the conformity of the elliptic motion to the law of gravity is assumed) to the radius of vision or to the ideal concave surface of the celestial sphere, is absolutely unknown *a priori*. But though an ellipse seen obliquely always appears as an ellipse, the position of the focus (the principal or central star) may be totally distorted by the effect of perspective; and as the law of the equable description of areas will also hold in the distorted ellipse, we are wholly

* *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 363, for 1838, and No. 452, for 1842.

† Fontenelle, we think, adds that the least probable is commonly the true one. A curious and similar, but less justifiable, mistake occurs in Professor Playfair's estimate of the shortest time required by a heavy body to describe the slide of Alpnach, supposing it a cycloid, which he makes about a fourth part too small. But it is just to recollect contrary instances, when they do occur, showing that fate is not *always* adverse to the bold inquirer. Of this several circumstances in the recent discovery of Neptune offer striking instances.

* *Mem. Astr. Society*, v. 194.

† *Ibid.*, vi. p. 152.

destitute of a perception of incongruity, which would immediately flow from attempting to satisfy observations by an apparent ellipse whose focus should coincide with the position of the greater star.

Sir John Herschel's method of determining sidereal orbits (described in the 5th vol. of the *Astronomical Memoirs*) will undoubtedly be mainly judged of by the fact whether his orbit or that of Mädler and Henderson shall be found to be correct, which future observations must soon determine. Its principle is twofold: *first*, to take mean results deduced by graphical interpolation, instead of single results of observation, for the basis of calculation; *secondly*, to reject all measures of distance between the stars for the determination of the elements, saving only the axis of the ellipse, and to effect this by the use of angles of position merely. The first principle, we can hardly doubt, will be ultimately assented to. Upon the second we are more doubtful, offering however our scruples with the deference due to so great an authority. It may be very true that angles of position are far more accurately obtained relatively to the speed with which they vary; but this is not enough. The relation of the corresponding distances (or *radii vectores*) must be in some way or other ascertained; and Sir J. Herschel deduces them from the well-known principle that by the equality of areas the radii vary inversely as the square roots of the *angular velocity*. But to obtain the *angular velocity*, we incur chances of error far greater than that of determining *angles of position* merely. Sir J. Herschel determines them by drawing tangents to an interpolating curve. We have had some experience of such interpolation, and we can affirm that when the points of observation are at all distant or irregular, the drawing of tangents is a process attended with the utmost hazard of error—in very many cases exceeding, we should think, the probable error arising from micrometric errors of distance.* It is in fact determining a quantity of a lower order of magnitude than that obtained from observation, whereas the errors in the direct distance are at least of the same order as those of observation. When the observations of position are multiplied and close, some allowance may be made for the goodness of the method; but when the observations are 20 years apart (as

* Captain Smyth mentions that Sir J. Herschel has abandoned the method of tangents, and employs first and even *second* differences. (*Cycle*, vol. ii. p. 280, *note*.)

in the present case for 1781, 1803, 1822,) it seems to us to leave far too much in the hands of the interpolator. And, indeed, this may be gathered from the fact that Sir J. Herschel's interpolations of the older observations, in his paper of 1832 and in the present work, lead to considerable differences in estimating the angular velocities, and, consequently, the *radii vectores*; differences which we believe will be found pretty much equivalent to the chances of error in the direct measurement of the latter. It is indeed plain from the present work that Sir John has had trouble with his micrometers, and that they are instruments still in point of accuracy very far below the requirements of astronomy; but the very Table which he gives, comparing the computed and observed distances (p. 299) satisfies us that the observations cannot be so very bad; the extreme difference (of those micrometrically measured) amounting to only a *quarter of a second*, and the average to less than half that quantity. It is fair to add, however, that some of these numbers are the mean of several distinct results.*

The third chapter, which contains two sections, appears to us to be the most novel, curious, and ingenious, perhaps even the most practically important of the whole. It is upon *ASTROMETRY*, or the measurement of the relative brilliancy of different stars. Every one knows that the stars visible to the naked eye are divided into six classes or *magnitudes*, the first being the brightest and least numerous. It is also well known that such a subdivision has hitherto been wholly arbitrary, not even a standard star having been fixed upon as the representative of each class; and that it has also been most inaccurate, since many stars marked of the third and even of the fourth magnitude are found to be brighter than those of the second, and this in far too great a number of instances to allow us to suppose that such inversions of order are always or generally due to actual changes in the apparent lustre of the objects themselves.

* In the *Comptes-Rendus* of the French Academy (29th of November, 1847) we find an interesting research, by M. Otto Struve, of the orbit of the satellite of Neptune, an inquiry of exactly the same kind as that in the case of double stars; with this difference, however, that the orbit is described in the short space of less than *six days*. The greatest error of distance (compared with the hypothetical orbit) is about $1''$ or $\frac{1}{10}$ of the distance measured. The greatest error of position is $5\frac{1}{2}^\circ$. The method pursued for finding the orbit is not mentioned, but was probably Encke's or Mädler's.

That Sir John Herschel should have succeeded (and we are persuaded all competent judges will admit that he has done so) in classifying a great number of the more important stars in both hemispheres in the exact order of their brightness at the time his catalogue was made, and this (in the first instance) without the aid of any other instrument than his unassisted eye; that he should have been able to put a determinate value upon the vague definition of "magnitude," and that conformable to the average value which practical astronomers have chosen to give it; that he should have been able not only to assign the order of the intermediate stars, but to give numerical fractional values to the intensity of their light, and by the coincidence of independent results show that these numbers may be depended on in most cases to within *one-twentieth of the interval separating two "magnitudes,"* is a result not only of the highest importance to astronomy by converting what is vague into what is definite, and by declaring to all generations the gradation of the brightness of stars in our day, but it is a splendid example of an *induction* in science; an admirable lesson to the student of natural philosophy, of that intellectual alchemy (known, alas! to how few) by which precious truth may be extracted from a seemingly hopeless mass of rubbish, like an ounce of silver from a ton of lead. We must attempt to give some account of these ingenious processes.

The first section is on "*Astrometry, or the Numerical Expression of the apparent Magnitude of the Stars, by the method of Sequences.*" We shall introduce it in Sir J. Herschel's own words:

"Without dissuading from the introduction of new, and the improvement of old instrument contrivances (or *astrometers*) for this purpose . . . I am disposed to rely mainly for the formation of a real scale of magnitudes on comparisons made by the unassisted judgment of the naked eye. The method which I have followed for this purpose, and which, to distinguish it from others which have been or may hereafter be proposed, I shall term the method of Sequences, is in some sort an extension and carrying out of Sir William Herschel's method of naked eye comparisons, described in his papers above-mentioned, so modified and generalized as to afford a handle for educing from it a numerical scale of values of the magnitudes of the stars compared, which it was not capable of doing in its original form and as practised by him. In this method, stars visible at one time, and favorably, or rather *not unfavorably*, situated for comparison, are arranged in *sequences* by the mere judgment of the naked eye, and these sequences treated according to a certain peculiar

and regular system (to be explained presently) are employed to obtain in one unbroken series a graduating scale of steps, from the brightest down to the faintest stars visible to the eye. Numerical values are then subsequently assigned, and as the scale in this case is entirely arbitrary, and no photometric relations but those of *more* and *less bright* are used, these numbers may be so assigned as to conform on a *general average* to any usage or nomenclature which may be fixed upon or taken as the general average of astronomers. Waiving all discussion of the greater or less propriety of the magnitudes assigned by this or that observer, I have thought it best on the whole to adopt as my standard of astrometrical nomenclature the catalogue of the Astronomical Society of 2881 stars, published in 1827, being well aware that the magnitudes there assigned are those of different epochs and different observers (but all of eminence,) and that in individual cases many and considerable errors exist. The mode in which I have eliminated these errors and secured a true coincidence between the results of my observations and the magnitudes of the catalogue in question *taken as a whole*, will be explained in due course, and will I believe be found to be quite free from objection."—p. 305.

We have then a tabular view of the results of individual nights' observation, in which a larger or smaller number of stars are arranged *simply in the order in which they appear more or less bright*; these are the *Observed Sequences*. One of these lists is then taken and compared with the other lists in the following way; any two or more stars common to two lists ought to be found in the same gradation of brightness. If the stars be temporarily denoted by the letters A, B, C, D, &c., in the *true* order of their brightness, this order ought never to be inverted in the sequences, but if it is so (through unfavorable circumstances or errors of observation) it will be restored by the *average* of all the comparisons of the given stars. In the case when a star C, for instance, has been noted an equal number of times *brighter*, and *less bright*, than D, then they will be provisionally assumed to be equal.

By compendious methods which we cannot stop to describe, the average result of all the direct comparisons of stars by two and two in a continued chain from the brightest to the least bright, is presented in one table called a *Normal Sequence*. This includes about 140 stars, from the brightest of the first down to the fifth full magnitude (p. 334,) every individual of which is known, with all the certainty which belongs to direct ocular comparison, to be less bright than its predecessor on the scale, but more bright

than its immediate successor. But this list is very far from including all the stars in the original sequences, for many or most stars will not happen to have been *directly* compared with the particular star which ought immediately to precede or to follow them in a perfectly graduated list. For example, let A, B, C, D, &c., now represent the unbroken chain or normal sequence. By this we understand that on one or more occasions C has been compared in the heavens with B, and seen to be less bright, and has also been compared with D, and been found brighter than it. But we may suppose another star *c*, which has been directly compared with B, and found less bright, but not having been compared with D, but only with E or F, and found brighter than them, its place will be uncertain, because we should not know whether to place it before or after D or E; and the compared stars may be even more distant on the scale. Sir J. Herschel extricates himself from the difficulty with admirable address in the following way.

Having written the names of the stars in the unbroken or normal sequence, he adds to each its "magnitude," taken from Mr. Baily's catalogue of 2881 stars before mentioned. These are confessedly but rude, often inaccurate indications. We find, for instance, stars marked as of the *third* and *fifth* magnitudes occurring (in the true scale of brightness) intermediate between two of the *second*. This looks hopeless enough. Sir John, however, first "equalizes" these magnitudes by ascribing to each star the mean of its own and of the two preceding and two following magnitudes in his list; and then projecting these equalized magnitudes on paper, he pares down the remaining ruggedness of the transitions from the one to the other by drawing a smooth curve amongst the points representing the "equalized" tabular magnitudes of each. One awkwardness occurs in the notation: there are stars brighter than the average of the first magnitude, such as Sirius, Canopus, and α Centauri. These are denoted by fractions less than unity, and as such fractions tend to no definite standard, they remain, as Sir J. Herschel observes, at present wholly arbitrary, having no pretension to photometrical accuracy: thus Sirius has its magnitude denoted by 0.1.

The next step, which is to include stars not directly compared with their nearest rivals in splendor, is very easily conceived, for we can generally find in the corrected

sequence* to which they belong a brighter and one less bright, which I had numerical values assigned to them the process last described. *The mean of these values is to be regarded provisionally as that of the interpolated star.*

"Take, for example, β Ceti; this star the corrected sequence No. 21, is found between δ Argus (2.55†) and α Orionis (2. being the only star in that sequence intermediate between them. The arithmetic mean between these values is 2.61. As in the corrected sequence No. 28, I find interposed between α Arietis (2.48) and Hydræ (3.23) three stars, β Ceti, α Pnicis, and α Ceti, from which, supposing these arithmetical means equidistant of each other and the two extremes, we get the value 2.67. And again, in the corrected sequence No. 30, I find β Ceti singly interposed between β [a?] Arietis (2.48) and Orionis, (2.68,) which affords a third value of 2.58 for the numerical expression of magnitude on this scale. The mean of the three determinations, 2.62, may be regarded as the magnitude (*on this scale*) within moderate probable limits of error."—p. 1.

What has now been stated explains fully the scope of the method employed by Sir J. Herschel, that we spare our reader the detail of a final interpolation and additional rounding off of individual errors in a geographical process which completes the discussion; its success may be best judged of by its results. The following are final estimates of "magnitude" of stars selected almost at random from amongst the pretty frequently observed: the numbers in question are derived from independent observed sequences on different nights.

α Lupi.	γ Virginis.
2.80	3.05
2.80	3.08
2.80	2.95
2.81	3.11
2.81	3.45
2.83	3.00
2.83	2.93
2.84	3.17
2.83	2.97
Mean 2.82	Mean 3.08

* Corrected sequences are formed from the observed sequences, when by mutual comparison have been freed from conflicting errors. The *normal* sequence is constructed from the corrected sequences.

† The magnitude of δ Argus in the normal sequence.

No less than four hundred and fifty-one stars have their relative brightness thus determined, and Sir John gives us the welcome information that he is still occupied in applying his admirable system to the stars of the northern hemisphere.* Of course the highest use of such a catalogue is to detect in future ages conspicuous changes in the brightness of the stars; but in the mean while, during the very time of its formation the author has been led to more than suspect evident changes in some of the objects which he examined even within that short period. The important case of η Argus has been already mentioned; α Hydræ and β Ursæ Minoris appear to have changed their magnitudes within short intervals of time. Sir John seems to regard it as probable that *some* change of brightness is the common character of suns; and—pursuing a happy suggestion of his father's, (Phil. Trans. 1796, p. 186, quoted in the work before us, p. 351,) that certain changes in our own globe may have been due to the variable radiant energy of our own sun—he thus applies it:

“The grand phenomena of geology afford, as it appears to me, the highest presumptive evidence of changes in the *general* climate of our globe. I cannot otherwise understand alternations of heat and cold, so extensive as at one period to have clothed high northern latitudes with a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation, at another to have buried vast tracts of middle Europe, now enjoying a genial climate and smiling with fertility, under a glacier crust of enormous thickness. Such changes seem to point to some cause more powerful than the mere local distribution of land and water (according to Mr. Lyell's views) can well be supposed to have been. In the slow secular variations of our supply of light and heat from the sun, which in the immensity of time past may have gone to any extent, and succeeded each other in any order without violating the analogy of sidereal phenomena which we know to have taken place, we have a cause, not indeed established as a fact, but readily admissible as something beyond a bare possibility, fully adequate to the utmost requirements of geology. A change of half a magnitude in the lustre of the sun, regarded as a fixed star, spread over successive geological epochs—now progressive, now receding, now stationary, according to the evidence of warmer or colder *general* temperature which geological research has disclosed or may hereafter reveal—is what no astronomer would now hesitate to admit as in itself a perfectly reasonable and not improbable supposition. Such a supposition has assuredly far less of extra-

gance about it than the idea that the sun by its own proper motion may, in indefinite ages past, have traversed regions so crowded with stars as to affect the climate of our planet by the influence of their radiation.”—p. 351.

The other section of the chapter on the Light of the Stars is devoted to the account of an attempt to compare *photometrically* the stars with one another, that is, to discover the actual proportions of the quantities of light which they send to the eye.

This is altogether a more ambitious and difficult research than the last. If it has not been attended with the same success, we are not certainly disposed to find fault with the ingenious and patient experimenter, but rather to express our unqualified admiration at the address with which, from *rough* results apparently so hopelessly inconsistent as those which he at first obtained by the use of his instrument, he has constructed a coherent tissue of co-ordinated facts, not always even, or devoid of rents and patches, but still forming on the whole a very serviceable fabric. The student will be delighted by the quickness with which he catches at the expression of the laws which his results (after a good deal of manipulation) are compelled to yield—at the happy foresight with which he knows how, by neglecting what is discrepant in different series, to seize firm possession of what they have in common, to express it by a beautiful and simple empirical formula, and to compel even the accidents of the numerical quantities which enter into it, to aid him in the concise perspicuity of expression with which he unfolds his results.

All this, to be rightly understood and enjoyed, must be studied in the original; we will merely glance at the method and the results.

The light of the moon is taken as the standard of comparison. Her rays are deviated by total reflection in a prism until their direction nearly coincides with that of the star to be observed. The reflected light is condensed by a lens of short focus, so as to form a small radiant image of the moon, which is viewed by the eye at different distances until it appears nearly similar in brightness to the star. The distance is then measured. As the square of that distance, so is the light of the star. The state of more or less *fullness* of the moon is allowed for by calculation; but, notwithstanding this precaution, the comparative brightness of the same star on different nights varied so excessively as to seem to show that the method

* We observe, however, that in the Appendix he gives some comparisons for southern and northern stars, and indicates that he has abandoned the inquiry for the present.

was altogether useless. It was observed, however, that the brightness of the stars thus obtained during one evening bore a pretty constant ratio *when compared with one another*, though not as compared with the calculated light of a full moon; and it was found that the error depended upon the *phase*, or fullness of the moon, and was owing to the greater or less brightness of the ground of the sky (illuminated by the moon's rays) against which the stars were seen. Thus—though the brightness of α Centauri relatively to the effect of the whole lunar disc (calculated by proportion from the phase on a given evening) appeared smaller when the moon's phase was great than when it was small because it was seen on a more luminous background in the first case than in the second—the comparative brightness of β Centauri will be similarly affected; and, therefore, the relative brightness of α and β , or of any two stars observed on the same night may be deduced. Sir J. Herschel finds from the totality of his observations a *co-efficient of reduction* applicable to all the stars on the same evening,* from which he obtains this interesting result, that “*the effective impression of a star on the retina is inversely as the square of the illumination of the ground of the sky on which it is seen projected.*”—p. 368.

After making due allowances on the ground just explained, Sir J. Herschel arrives (p. 367) at the corrected relative brightness of sixty-nine stars. Of course some standard star must be taken; and he adopts α Centauri as unity, (1.000.) We must remember that this star is much above the *average* brightness of the stars of the first magnitude. Canopus sends to the eye *twice*, Sirius *four times* as much light as this bright

star. The data are confessedly imperfect, many of the experiments being the very earliest trials of the method; also the discrepancies are considerable; but such is the backwardness and yet the importance of the subject, that we are glad to accept of this table as a commencement.

A most interesting comparison is then made between the photometrical numbers and the arbitrary “magnitudes” assigned by the method of sequences, which we have previously detailed; and the author arrives at this curious result, that if the arbitrary numbers called magnitudes be all increased by the fraction 0.4, (a matter attended with no inconvenience, seeing that now for the first time have the magnitudes been specified with any degree of exactness or comparability,) the effective brightness (to the eye) of any star will be inversely as the square of its magnitude, or *the new scale of magnitudes will represent the distances of the respective stars from our system, on the supposition of an intrinsic equality in the brightness of the stars themselves.*

The fourth chapter, which concludes the strictly *sidereal* part of Sir John's work, is on “the DISTRIBUTION OF STARS and the Constitution of the Galaxy in the Southern Hemisphere.” Here we have a mass of patient and careful work most excellently reduced. The kind of observation is chiefly Sir W. Herschel's method of *gauging*, or counting the stars, visible at once in the field of the twenty-feet reflector, over different parts of the heavens. The main result is the *clearly established increasing paucity of stars in zones receding either way from the great circle which is nearly traced out by the Milky Way*, which is founded on the actual enumeration of 68,948 stars in 2299 fields! (p. 380.)

* He assumes this “equalizing factor” to be “constant through any single series” of observations, (p. 364, last line.) But can this be granted! We rather think not. Indeed the important inversions in the order of brightness by the photometric method in p. 371, compared to the ascertained order of sequence when viewed by the naked eye, seem (after making due allowance for the limited number and difficulty of the observations) to show some fundamental defect in the assumption that the “equalizing factor” is constant for the same evening. As the moon moves amongst the stars, they are placed in a more or less highly luminous ground depending on their angular distance from her; and though the elongation varied only from 60° or 70° to 103° , (p. 355,) this difference is not to be neglected; still less the greater or less proximity of the stars compared, to the horizon, owing to the more intense illumination of the background where vapors abound.

“Were we to calculate,” adds the author, “upon these averages, the number of stars visible enough to be *distinctly counted in the twenty-feet reflector* in our hemisphere, throwing together into one the gauges observed in corresponding zones north and south of the Galactic Circle by way of obtaining a broader average, we should find it to be 2,665,786, and for the two hemispheres, supposing them equally rich, 5,331,572, or somewhat less than five and a half millions. That the actual number is much greater there can be little doubt, when we consider that large tracts of the Milky Way exist so crowded as to defy counting the gauges, not by reason of the smallness of the stars, but their number.”—p. 381.

This estimate appears, we confess, smaller than one might have expected. But it is singular that in an almost simultaneous and

quite independent publication by the elder Struve, entitled "*Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*," we find, deduced from the gauges of Sir William Herschel, a number of visible stars *nearly four times as great*; nor are we prepared at present to account for the variation, which lies, we observe, principally in the estimation of the numbers in the more crowded zone, the Milky Way itself. As we have mentioned Struve's very interesting work, we cannot help adding that the coincidence of its appearance with Sir J. Herschel's must give a great impulse to the study of sidereal astronomy; and that Sir John's important *facts*, most cautiously and sedulously separated from any theory whatever about the distribution of worlds and the "Constitution of the Heavens," come in excellent time to afford a fresh basis upon which reasonings like those of Struve may proceed, wherein the "gauging of the heavens," a task hitherto attempted only by the two Herschels, and now extended to the very Antarctic Pole, is not a more important element than the determination of magnitudes and brilliancy to which we have before referred. But all this must be postponed for the present.

The fifth chapter includes observations of Halley's Comet, with remarks on the physical condition of Comets generally. If we had not nearly exhausted our space we might have dwelt upon the many curious points which this chapter brings into view; but it is less to be regretted, as upon so popular a subject most readers will prefer consulting the original. Herschel dwells much upon the surprising increase of volume in the *envelope* of the luminous head or nucleus of the comet which took place immediately after its reappearance from the *perihelion*, or nearest approach to the sun. It was first seen and measured by Sir John on the 25th of January, 1836, when it was expanding at such a rate that it might almost be said (like tropical vegetation) to *grow under the eye* furnished with a powerful magnifier. Our author actually measured its changes from hour to hour; in one day it doubled its real bulk, and from the 25th of January to the 11th of February, after making allowance for its approach to the earth, its cubical volume was enlarged *seventy-four fold*. During all this time the symmetry and *definition* of the head or envelope was so well maintained that the bulk could be fairly estimated from the apparent increase of the diameter. On the 22d January it was observed in Europe as a

star of the sixth magnitude without *any envelope at all*. From that date it increased uniformly in its linear dimension.

These interesting facts (and others which we cannot stop to particularize) lead Sir J. Herschel to some remarks on the physical constitution of comets, the boldness of which will surprise most readers, but which are very characteristic of the warmth of the author's enthusiasm when something unexplained comes across him, and the geniality of the imaginative faculty which is ever present in the originators of great theories, though they may not always choose to expose their crude conjectures to the criticisms of the unsympathizing and morose.

Sir John is of the opinion that the envelope existed even on the 22d of January, though invisible, and ceased to be so in consequence of its condensation into the state of a fog or mist, due to the cold arising from rapid recession of the comet from the sun. He next infers that as the form of the envelope is not spherical, but paraboloidal, the surfaces of equilibrium of the vapor in its transparent state are so too; and that *the laws of gravitation as at present recognized are altogether insufficient to account for it*.—(p. 407.) What then? "Such a form as one of equilibrium is inconceivable without the admission of repulsive as well as attractive forces."—p. 407.

"Nor let any one," he adds, "be startled at the assumption of such a repulsive force as is here supposed. Let it be borne in mind that we are dealing (in the tails of comets) with phenomena utterly incompatible with our ordinary notions of gravitating matter. If they be material in that ordinary received sense which assigns to them only inertia and attractive gravitation, where, I would ask, is the force which can carry them round in the perihelion passage of the nucleus in a direction continually pointing from the sun—in the manner of a rigid rod swept round by some strong directive power, and in contravention of all the laws of planetary motion, which would require a lower angular movement of the more remote particles, such as no attraction to the nucleus could give them, though ever so intense? The tail of the comet of 1680, in five days after its perihelion passage, extended far beyond the earth's orbit, having in that brief interval shifted its angular direction nearly 150°. Where can we find in its gravitation, either to the sun or its nucleus, any cause for this extravagant sweep."—p. 408.

The solution indicated in the text, and defended at some length in a note (p. 409), amounts to this, that *electrical agencies must henceforth be admitted into astronomical theo-*

ries. And this electrical energy is not only to reside in the gaseous envelope of the comet, (a circumstance in itself analogically not improbable,) but also in THE SUN, and that with a force sufficient (as the above quotation indicates) to act with extreme energy at distances far beyond the radius of the earth's orbit! The phenomenon to be explained is no doubt very strange and unaccountable, and perhaps to many persons Sir John's argument may appear more conclusive than it does to us. Were this argument, and all similar arguments and hypotheses, (for of course it is not intended to rank above a mere first idea of a possible hypothesis,) to be enlisted in the cause of science only by Herschels, the world would certainly be more likely to gain than to lose by their introduction. But we dread the general amnesty which such high authority will appear to afford to the crowd of speculators who at present infest us with empirical nostrums for the solution of unexplained problems, and the interpretation of ambiguous phenomena. And—though perhaps we may smile at the triumph with which M. Demonville and the anti-Newtonians will hail Sir J. Herschel's admission, that a single law of attraction acting through the celestial spaces no longer explains the phenomena—we shall have a much more formidable array of sciolists, who, founding upon their own partial and inaccurate knowledge of many subjects, will undoubtedly strive to bring together heterogeneous laws to explain complicated effects, and build up what they call theories, devoid of probability, incapable of proof, and baffling any head, save that of the inventor to comprehend. We need hardly add that electricity has long been the talisman of this school; the salvo of every hypothesis, the endorser of every questionable bill current in the world of science. Without presuming to affirm that Sir John Herschel has not good grounds for putting forth in a tangible shape an opinion upon which, probably, he has long been speculating, we feel some misgivings about its effect as a lesson in philosophizing—one less impressive certainly, but more likely to be popular, than the severe examples of induction and analysis with which the rest of his work abounds.

The sixth chapter is on the Satellites of Saturn. The youngest reader who has ever surveyed in "The Wonders of the Telescope" an engraving of Saturn with his ring and seven moons, must retain for life a kind of special interest in the details of so equi-

site a microcosm, perhaps the most beautiful revelation of the telescope.

Our acquaintance with the Saturnian system has been exactly progressive with the optical power of our instruments. The discovery of the anomalous figure of the planet by Galileo, who pronounced it to consist of three distinct members—"Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi"—was succeeded by the more perfect view obtained by Huyghens, who ably sketched the form of the ring in its most open state, and correctly explained the mystery of its occasional disappearance as its plane passes through the eye of the spectator or the sun. The division of the ring into two parts and the belts on Saturn's body were noted by Cassini; and the determination of the exact dimensions of the ring, of its position as respects the planet, and the existence of finer divisions which seem to be perceptible on its outer portion, the rotation of the planet, and of the ring, have occupied all the leading astronomers of recent times—whilst the laws of its motion or equilibrium have engaged the attention of the ablest analysts, and speculations respecting its possible origin have been amongst the most favorite of the themes of cosmogonists.

Each side of this great ring (regarding it as one continuous body) has a surface nearly 140 times that of our globe, forming the greatest geometrical plane in existence. Its exterior diameter is 176,000 miles; whilst its thickness is estimated by Sir John Herschel at less than 100 miles, or one 1760th of its diameter; which is about the proportion that the thickness of a sheet of common writing paper bears to a circle cut out of it fully 7 inches in diameter! It is surely the most wonderful object in the universe!

Some time has elapsed since the present volume appeared. At that period seven satellites of Saturn were admitted. No new one had been discovered for almost sixty years, and *very, very* few astronomers had ever seen the two innermost, discovered by Sir William Herschel in 1789. Sir John Herschel records *but one, and that a doubtful* observation of the closest of the two, during his five years' residence at the Cape. The third, fourth, and fifth in order from the body of the planet were discovered by Domenic Cassini, in 1684; the sixth and most conspicuous by Huyghens in 1655; and the outermost (at a disproportionate distance beyond the others) by Cassini in 1671: it was therefore the second of the series revealed by the telescope.

In consequence of some writers having numbered the satellites in the order of their discovery, and others in the order of their nearness to the planet, confusion has been introduced. This Sir J. Herschel proposes to remedy by adopting mythological names for them, and he has selected those of the Titans and Titanesses, brothers and sisters of Saturn, since, he very gravely adds, "as Saturn devoured his children, his family could not be assembled round him!" Since the recent "Special Commission" for dragging planets to light, few persons will be bold enough to enumerate, off hand and in order, the names of even the *primary* bodies of our system; but to include the mythology of the secondaries will be an effort trying to the astronomer who has forgotten his Lemprière.

Sir John Herschel has by his careful measures of the positions of the satellites enlarged considerably our hitherto imperfect knowledge of the forms of their orbits—an inquiry which in its general form is exactly analogous to the determination of the orbit of a double star *from angles of position alone*, which in this case was the more necessary because most of the satellites are utterly invisible in the achromatic equatorial, to which he trusted for direct measures of the distances of objects from one another. The inquiry was simplified in the case of the six satellites nearest to the planet by the assumption that their orbits are in the plane of the ring, which is not even approximately true for the outmost satellite. For four of the seven Sir J. Herschel has deduced the periods or mean motions, (which generally coincide well with Sir William Herschel's determination,) the epochs, eccentricity, and perisaturnium.

Since these observations were published a most interesting discovery has been made, that of an *eighth satellite of Saturn*, between the bright or Huyghenian satellite and the outmost discovered by Cassini, which, it has been already stated, lies at a distance seemingly disproportioned to the others. This most delicate observation (how delicate we can understand when we find Sir J. Herschel unable with his exquisite 18-inch specula, and under the sky of the Cape of Good Hope, to verify the existence of all the old seven) is due—not to the use of the gigantic reflector of Lord Rosse, nor of the unmatched achromatic of Pulkowa, the pride of the Munich workshops—but to the skill and energy of Mr. Lassell, a private individual engaged in the active daily fulfilment of the duties of a mercantile profession in Liverpool. To the same gentleman we owe the discovery

of the satellite, and probably also of a ring belonging to Neptune; and he too has seen one of those four smaller satellites of Uranus whose existence is avouched by the authority of the elder Herschel, but which had never been seen out of the garden of Slough.

Whilst Mr. Lassell has successfully contended with two most serious impediments to the amateur astronomer, the arduous and periodically recurring calls of professional business, and one of the haziest and most overcast skies in the United Kingdom, he has vanquished a difficulty more serious than either—he has constructed with his own hands the implements he was to use—grinding his specula by a machine invented by himself, and executed by his friend and able coadjutor Mr. James Naysmith of Manchester; and mounting them in a tube with an equatorial motion—a problem which has for the first time been successfully resolved in its application to so cumbrous an instrument as a reflecting telescope of two feet aperture. It is needless to add that Mr. Lassell's time and mechanical skill would have been thrown away had he not possessed the highest qualifications of a successful observer. These are many: a keen eye and a steady hand, a patient mind, and a body inured to fatigue, watching, and privation of rest—a zeal unquenchable in the aspiration to unfold the phenomena of the Creator's universe—and a bold imagination to believe that it has discovered what it scarcely dares to hope—a rigid judgment and a habit of numerical accuracy resolved to dispel every illusion, however fascinating; these are a few of the most indispensable gifts of the mere observer, regarded as such; and surely no one can doubt that occupations requiring such talents, when voluntarily made the engagement of hours withdrawn from anxious worldly toil, and usually given to rest, must ennoble the heart and the intellect, and shed a halo of serene dignity round a home which is besides cheered by the light of domestic sympathy. The discoveries now referred to have received very recently a well-merited acknowledgment in the medal of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Lassell, in our opinion, claims the highest rank to which the practical astronomer can aspire; as such he is an honor to Liverpool and to England. We must not, however, close this notice without adding that by one of those startling coincidences which do occur, and which have been lately not uncommon in astronomy, this very satellite of Saturn was *almost simultaneously* discovered in the United States of America by Mr.

Bond. Not only was there no time for the transmission of the news one way or other across the Atlantic, but—allowing for the uncertainty which must affect the first observations of such a body (which can only be distinguished from a star by ascertaining its *motion*)—it does not clearly appear that a positive priority can be claimed for either the Old or the New World. Mr. Lassell discovered it to *us*, Mr. Bond discovered it to *them*.

Sir John Herschel's anticipatory remark, that "should an eighth satellite exist, the confusion of the old nomenclature would become intolerable," has been confirmed; and this incident will probably reconcile all astronomers to submit to the *Titanic* phraseology, notwithstanding the threat of *Lempriere*. The new body has been called "Hyperion" with general assent.

The final chapter on the Solar Spots does not easily admit of analysis. It is with more regret that we abstain from that section of the Appendix which contains an account of most ingenious and interesting experiments on the force of solar radiation at the Cape, deduced from the observed heating effects of the sunbeam; of which we find the *philosophical* expression in the result that it would have sufficed to melt a plate of ice covering the ground 1 inch thick in 2 hours 12 minutes; and the *popular* definition in the fact that Sir John constructed an "American dispatch" of some pieces of wood and two panes of glass, the sun being the only fire, in which eggs were roasted and beefsteaks broiled, "and eaten with no small relish by the entertained by-standers."—p. 443. In common with all interested in this advancing branch of science (not gastronomy, but meteorology) we regret the absence of the copious series of observations on Solar Radiation made by means of the "Actinometer," an instrument originally invented by Sir J. Herschel, observations which he had prepared for the press, when an unforeseen source of error in the very construction of the instrument threw a doubt upon every result yet made with it. We cannot but hope that the same creative genius which has done so much for the deduction of correct results from data affected by certain or uncertain error, will yet find a way to extract from the great mass of existing observations of the actinometer a correction which will restore to them their value.

In taking leave of the author, and of his splendid work, we cannot help recalling the evidence which it presents of great and sustained labor. Here we have the actual re-

cord of sleepless nights, and abundant proof of the toil of busy days; we have before us the clear-sighted, patient observer, stationed on his little gallery at the tube of his telescope, whence he so "oft outwatched the Bear," struggling against fatigue and sleep;* we have the mechanist of his own observatory, the optician and constructor of his own mirrors; the artist of his own illustrations; the computer who co-ordinated and reduced all the multifarious results of the campaign; and lastly, the philosopher who with consummate address has unfolded in clear and unambiguous terms the conclusions deducible from the whole. And if we are sometimes tempted to wish that some meaner hand had been found to work out the mechanical details of calculation, or to form those laborious star-maps of the densely populous regions of the sky which we have adverted to as displaying an effort of patience and care truly admirable, we are checked by reflecting upon the important lesson which it teaches; that in every branch of human acquirement, toil is the only fair and sure condition of fame; that in the sweat of our brow the fruits of knowledge are to be gathered in, as well as those which the earth yields to our material wants; that the unflinching struggle of the mind against the tedium and disgust which operations of detail, or merely mechanical, often inspire, does really fortify the character and give weight to the decisions of the judgment.

The volume closes with the following paragraph:

"The record of the site of the Reflector at Feldhausen is preserved by a *granite* column, erected after our departure by the kindness of friends, to whom, as to the locality itself and to the colony, every member of my family had become, and will remain, attached by a thousand grateful recollections of years spent in agreeable society, cheerful occupation, and unalloyed happiness."—p. 452.

We have put the word *granite* into italics, for we believe that the column, or rather obelisk, is of Craigleith *sandstone*. How difficult is it to establish certainly the simplest facts! Had any contemporary authority of weight declared that Archimedes' tomb was built of *lava*, Tully would hardly have "paused" to look for the epigraph of the sphere and cylinder on a block of *marble*. A spirited wood-cut of the site is given as a tail-piece;

*So in p. 187. "An occasional entry may have been made for the homely but useful purpose of avoiding sleep, a thing not unattended with probability of broken bones."

but Sir John has not added the inscription upon it, an omission which we take the liberty to supply, as it probably has not been published in this country :

HERE STOOD FROM MDCCCXXIV TO
MDCCCXXXVIII THE REFLECTING TELESCOPE OF
SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, BARONET : WHO DURING
A RESIDENCE OF FOUR YEARS IN THIS
COLONY CONTRIBUTED AS LARGELY BY
HIS BENEVOLENT EXERTIONS TO THE
CAUSE OF EDUCATION AND HUMANITY AS BY
HIS EMINENT TALENTS TO THE DISCOVERY
OF SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

Note. Since these sheets were revised for press Sir John Herschel has published an enlarged edition of his *Elementary Treatise on Astronomy*, mentioned at page 8. The principal additions are in the departments of Physical and of Sidereal Astronomy,

both of which appear to be entirely re-written. In the former he has given a *rational*, not a *technical*, elucidation of the lunar and planetary perturbations, including the disturbance of Uranus by Neptune, which led to the discovery of the latter; and in doing this he has illustrated a very difficult subject in a manner essentially new and original, as well as elementary. In the Sidereal department he has embodied several of the results of his own Cape Observations detailed in the preceding pages, and also some of those contained in Struve's *Études d'Astronomie Stellaire*.

All this is a very decided improvement. We must, however, express a hope that this larger work (price 18s.) will not interrupt the issue of the unpretending volume of *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, (price only 6s.) which has been found of such extensive utility in elementary education. The improved and enlarged treatment of the more abstruse department of Physical Astronomy will scarcely be felt by the great majority of readers (and especially of junior students) to be an adequate compensation for the increase of size and cost.

"NOT ALWAYS SHALL THE CLOUD OBSCURE."

THOUGH the heaving billows roll
O'er the sorrow-stricken soul—
Though the spirit, tempest-tost,
Seem inevitably lost—
The billows soon shall cease to roar,
The howling winds shall howl no more.

Though the clouded sky to-day
Drive each cherished hope away,
And each fond affection blight;
Though the sun be veiled from sight,
Not always shall the cloud obscure,
Not always shall the storm endure.

Though the rose be prostrate lain,
And the lily snapt in twain—
Though to-day the lonely bower
Scarce can own one blooming flower—
To-morrow thou shalt garlands twine;
To-morrow's sun shall brightly shine.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WICKED WOMEN—CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

THAT admirable specimen of a worthy matron, Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," declares in the prologue to her Canterbury Tale—

"By Jove, if wimmen hadden written stories,
As clerkes have within hir oratories,
They would have writ of man more wikked-
nesse,
Than all the merke of Adam may redresse."

Pope has thus modernized, but, at the same time, weakened the aphorism—

"Who drew the lion vanquished? 'twas a man;
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand marked with far more wick-
edness,
Than all the sons of Adam could redress."

It was long a principle of historians to seek out individual responsibility for every crime and folly they had to record. If they took any note of the force of circumstances—the peculiar conditions of the age or country—the state of knowledge—the social relations, or any of the external agencies by which human conduct is not only modified, but very frequently predestined—they admitted them as extenuations, not as causes; and sought out some scapegoat to bear all the sins of a whole generation into the dreary wilderness of controversial history, or still more dreary romance. If a man could not be found to be thus pilloried for self and fellows—which was very commonly the case—a hunt was instituted for one of the softer sex, and to her was imparted the origin of everything in which she participated, however slightly, and the responsibility of most of the events which she but accidentally witnessed. This unfairness is especially characteristic of the French historians. Their general theory is that the Salique law, which excluded women from reigning in France, incited them to seek means of governing by intrigue, and that they thus acquired and exercised greater and

more real political power than was ever possessed by the ostensible sovereign. Having once adopted this theory, they gave way to the natural jealousy of sex, and ascribed all the abominations with which French history abounds to the influence of "wicked women," from the days of Brunehaut and Fredegonde down to those of George Sand, the supposed Egeria of Ledru Rollin.

In this long series of alleged female delinquents, far the most prominent place has been assigned to Catherine de Medicis. There is hardly a conceivable crime, from murder to petty larceny, which she is not said to have either instigated or perpetrated. But when we examine the evidence for these charges, we shall find that the proofs for the most part are like vanishing fractions, the farther we pursue them, the more evanescent they become. Assuredly, we shall not set up Catherine as a model of innocence and virtue. "The unsunned snow," to which she was compared by a contemporary poet, presents many a dark and ensanguined stain. But we contend that a fair examination of her career will redeem her from the category of moral monsters, to which she has been hitherto consigned, and will show that much of the guilt for which she has been held personally responsible, belongs to the age, the country, and other external circumstances, over which she could exercise little, if any, control. She had to maintain royalty in France against the Princes of Lorraine on the one hand, and the Huguenots, who aimed at establishing a Presbyterian aristocracy, on the other. She crushed both, evincing, it must be confessed, very little scruple in her choice of means. But Cæsar, who attempted to save the accomplices of Catiline, by appeals to pity for the vanquished, would probably have prevailed over Cicero, had he been supported by a factious press, and the journals of an unscrupulous opposition.

It was no fault of Catherine that she was sprung from a family—the famous house of the Medicis—which was sullied by more

times, during the three centuries of its existence as a sovereign power, than could be found in the annals of any other European family, hardly excepting the Borgias. One of its characteristics was to take no account of legitimacy. In no other house did the natural children act so conspicuous and prominent a part. It seemed to be a principle, that the mere acquisition of power was sufficient to legitimate its possessor.

Mirabeau used to say, "My family never made but one degrading alliance, and that was with the Medicis;" for they were simple but rich merchants until 1314, when Avenard de Medicis became *gonfalonier* of Florence. The first, however, who occupied an important place in the history of the Tuscan republic was Silvestro de Medicis, who became *gonfalonier* in 1378. He was the father of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medicis, each of whom stand at the head of princely lines, which must be carefully distinguished.

From Cosmo descended Lorenzo the Magnificent, the Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Urbino, (father of Catherine,) Pope Leo X., Pope Clement VII., and Alexander, *Duc della Citta di Penna*, sometimes called Duke of Florence, but improperly; for though he usurped supreme authority in that city, he never assumed the title.

From Lorenzo descended Lorenzino, the Florentine Brutus, who slew the usurper, Duke Alexander; Cosmo, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, and his successors in that sovereignty, down to the year 1737, when the family became extinct.

Neither of these two branches reigned in the line of direct succession until Francis de Medicis, (father of Mary de Medicis, and queen of Henry IV.,) having completely subjugated Tuscany, established his family firmly as a dynasty. Alexander de Medicis, *Duc della Citta di Penna*, who acquired supreme power in Florence, was the son of the Duc d'Urbino (father of Catherine) and a Moorish concubine. Some have ascribed his paternity to Pope Clement VII., who certainly showed him unusual favor. But Clement patronized Alexander merely to ratify the Emperor Charles V., to whose favorite natural daughter the *Duc della Citta di Penna* was married. It is doubtful whether Lorenzino was led to assassinate Alexander by patriotic hatred of his usurpation, or by the more natural indignation, excited by seeing an illegitimate son assume the headship of the Medicean house.

Francis de Medicis, the husband of Bianca Capella, recognized as his son the child of a

poor laborer, whom that celebrated Venetian lady had purchased and adopted. What is still more strange, Ferdinand de Medicis, when he succeeded Francis, maintained this adopted boy in all his pretensions and privileges. The lucky youth, known in history as Don Antony de Medicis, was recognized during four reigns as the great ornament of the family, to which he certainly rendered essential services, and he died universally regretted.

Almost all the early Medicis had natural children, who invariably rose to brilliant rank and fortune. Thus Cardinal Julius de Medicis, afterwards pope, under the title of Clement VII., was the illegitimate son of Julian I.; and Cardinal Hippolito de Medicis, who nearly attained the papacy, had a similar bar of bastardy on his escutcheon.

As Catherine cannot be held responsible for scandalous antecedents in her family, so neither is she to blame for the unfortunate circumstances that gathered round her infancy. Her mother, Madeline de la Tour d'Auvergne, died in giving her birth, leaving to Catherine, her only child, the nominal inheritance of the old Counts of Boulogne and Auvergne, with some plausible pretensions to the crown of Portugal. Her father, the Duc d'Urbino, followed his beloved wife to the grave, and the infant Catherine, deprived of both her parents, was left at the mercy of the factions then struggling for supremacy in Florence. Pope Leo X., the grand-uncle of Catherine, claimed the sovereignty of Florence, and delegated the government of the city to Cardinal Julius de Medicis, who, notwithstanding his illegitimacy, assumed the guardianship of Catherine, as her father's brother. In continental parlance, he was uncle of the princess "by the left hand;" some doer of memoirs into English rendered this phrase "the left-handed uncle of Catherine," and such currency did this error receive, that in the various old lives of the popes we find Clement VII. described as left-handed. If the same person had ventured to translate Brantome's jest, *Le Pape etoit son oncle en Notre Dame*, it is hard to guess the perplexity that might have been introduced into genealogies.

Catherine was about nine years of age when the democracy of Florence expelled the Medicis, and established what would now be called Red Republicanism as their government. Clement VII., who had recently succeeded to the papacy, sent an army to besiege Florence, and demanded that his

niece should be sent to Rome in all honor and safety. But the Red Republicans were pretty much in that day what they are in ours, a pack of cruel cowards; they had seized the orphan's property, and shut up Catherine herself in a convent, and when the pope demanded her liberation they held a council to deliberate on her fate. Baptiste Cei proposed that she should be brought to the ramparts and exposed to the fire of the besiegers' artillery; Bernard Castigleone recommended that she should be exposed to the brutality of the mercenary soldiers, and then sent dishonored to her uncle. The horror excited by this detestable proposition produced a reaction in favor of Catherine; the council resolved that she should be still detained as a hostage, but that at the same time she should be treated with all possible respect and kindness.

Italian historians, with some justice, call this the "Golden Age of Bastardy," and name countless instances in which the illegitimate branches of noble houses became the hope and pride of their families, quite eclipsing the legitimate branches. This was remarkably the case with the Medicis. The Duc della Citta di Penna was placed at the head of the family by Clement VII.; and after having established his supremacy in Florence, he undertook the guardianship of Catherine, then about eleven years of age.

Nothing like an impartial history of the sixteenth century exists, nor is it likely to exist until the task is undertaken by some enlightened Hindoo or Mohammedan. The passions which the Reformation awakened have never since been allowed to sleep; persons, events, and circumstances have been so distorted and misrepresented by hostile parties, that their identity can hardly be recognized in the opposing statements; and when we look for evidence of facts, we are presented with the arguments and deductions of theological controversy. Each man supposes that the honor of his religion is concerned in maintaining the purity and honesty of those by whom that religion was professed during the great struggle of the Reformation, which is about as reasonable as to imagine that the cause of Christianity was identified with the character of Constantine. Religion was a pretext and excuse, not a cause of most of the events which historians have ascribed to its influence. It was not because he was Head of the Church that Henry VIII. divorced and got rid of his wives, but it was because he wanted to get

rid of a wife that he proclaimed himself Head of the Church. Whoever writes the history of this period with the set purpose of maintaining the probity of either party will produce a mere improbable romance. Horneghaus on one side, and D'Aubigné on the other, have produced not histories but tolerable imitations of the Waverley Novels.

Charles V., the great champion of Catholicity, who regarded Lutheranism not merely as heresy against the Church but treason against the empire, allowed Rome to be besieged by his armies, and the pope to be kept a close prisoner. He did more. After having fixed an enormous ransom on his captive's redemption, Charles ordered public prayers to be offered throughout the empire for the deliverance of the Holy Father, whom he could have set at liberty by a turn of his finger! Clement succumbed, and obsequiously courted Charles V., until he obtained the hand of the emperor's natural daughter for the Duc della Citta di Penna, an alliance which placed Alexander in possession of Florence. Scarcely had they achieved this end, when Alexander and Clement turned against Charles V., sought an alliance with his great rival Francis I., offering him the hand of Catherine for his eldest son, and promised to aid him in reconquering Italy. Lorenzino de Medicis, the Florentine Brutus as he is called, shared all the debaucheries and excesses of Alexander before he murdered him; and then pleaded that he did so seeking a favorable opportunity for his assassination. Philip Strozzi, in many respects one of the most noble-minded men of the day, not merely accepted this excuse, but vowed that each of his sons should marry a daughter of the murderer; and this vow the two sons religiously fulfilled, though they had attained fortunes and dignities in France which would have entitled them to far more brilliant alliances. Cosmo de Medicis, the successor of Alexander, to whom he was very remotely related, proclaimed himself the avenger of that duke, and at the same time deprived his son of his inheritance! Charles V. acquiesced in this robbery of his grandson, for whom, in the very instrument that confirmed the youth's inheritance, he professed the most unbounded affection. Cardinal Cibo, to whom Cosmo was indebted for his throne, was the very first person whom he sent into exile; whereupon Cibo accused the prince of having attempted to poison the son of Alexander. Don Garcias, the son of Cosmo, assassinated Cardinal John de Medicis, and was put to death by

his own father. Cosmo, who had never hesitated at any crime to maintain his power, abdicated, like Charles V., in favor of his son Francis. Though it was the obvious interest of Cosmo and Francis to support the French alliance, yet rage at the protection granted to the Strozzi induced them to become the humble slaves of Charles V. and Philip II. Finally, the Strozzi, notwithstanding their close connection with the murder of Alexander, were devoted to the cause of Catherine and her branch of the Medici family, while every envoy sent by Cosmo to the court of France had secret orders to procure the assassination of the Strozzi.

Such was the state of the Medicean family, and such was the moral condition of the age, when Catherine was chosen to be the wife of the second son of the King of France. Anne de la Tour d'Auvergne was the sister of Catherine's mother, married to Alexander Stuart, Duke of Albany, and brother of James III. of Scotland, who took a more active part in the politics of France than in those of his own country. It is more strange to find that she was nearly related to one who became her great rival in her husband's affections, Diana de Poitiers; the mother of Diana, Jane de la Tour de Boulogne, was the aunt of the mother of Catherine.

Catherine's portion consisted of 100,000 ducats (£50,000) in gold, to which Clement added about as much more in jewels and precious stones, and the provinces of Auvergne and Lauragnais. She was little more than fourteen when, escorted by Pope Clement and Duke Alexander, she sailed from Leghorn for Marseilles, accompanied by the most splendid train of decorated galleys that had ever been seen on the waters of the Western Mediterranean. She was about to seek a husband who was her senior only by a few days, but the pope hastened the marriage, being fully persuaded that Charles V. would prevent it if delay should offer him an opportunity for interference.

Francis I. rivalled and even surpassed the pope in magnificence; both vied with each other in lavish expenditure on the ceremonial; the festivities that followed were protracted thirty-four days. Catherine was ten years married before there appeared any probability of her having issue.

Clement had been anxious that his niece should marry the dauphin instead of the Duke of Orleans, the second son of the King of France, but he consented to accept the latter. Charles V. had previously formed a plan for giving Catherine to Philibert de

Chalons, Prince of Orange, and investing him with the duchies of Florence and Urbino in right of his wife, to be held under the protection of the emperor. This project was disconcerted by the death of the Prince of Orange in 1530, but Clement and Alexander were both convinced that the immediate marriage of the young lady with a French prince could alone secure the duchy of Florence from being rendered in her name a fief of the empire.

When Philip Strozzi paid down his niece's dowry, the French courtiers exclaimed that it was very disproportionate to the splendor of the match she had made; he replied that they must be very ignorant of their master's secrets, since they did not know that Clement had promised to give him three precious pearls as a supplemental dowry; namely, the cities of Genoa, Naples, and Milan. The death of Clement, some months afterwards, disconcerted this scheme, if any such had ever been formed.

When Catherine entered the French court, she found herself in a painful condition of inferiority. Eleanor of Austria, the haughty sister of Charles V., treated her with great disdain. Her aunt, the Duchess of Albany—Margaret, Queen of Navarre, the king's sister—the Duchesses of Guise, Vendôme, and Etampes, eclipsed her by the superiority of their birth and the political influence which they had acquired in the court of Francis I.; and some did not hesitate to speak of her contemptuously as the descendant of Florentine grocers. Thus circumstanced, Catherine sought the protection of the Duchess d'Etampes, the all-powerful mistress of Francis I., and by this complaisance secured the favor of the king, who detested his queen and adored his mistress. Catherine's husband, Henry, seeing how lightly his duchess treated her father-in-law's breach of the marriage vow, resolved to have a mistress of his own, and he chose Diana de Poitiers who, as we have seen, was nearly related to Catherine.

There is, probably, no person of this singular period about whom more scandalous and even impossible falsehoods have been related than Diana de Poitiers. It is almost universally asserted, that at the age of fourteen she sacrificed her honor to Francis I. in order to obtain her father's pardon. A very few words will suffice to confute this inveterate error, which we find repeated in successive French histories.

The Sieur de St. Vallier was condemned to be decapitated for his share in the treason

of the Constable de Bourbon. He mounted the scaffold, January 16th, 1523, and was informed that his life would be spared at the moment that he was about to yield his head to the executioner. Diana, at this time, was not fourteen but more than twenty-three years of age, (she was born September 3rd, 1499,) and she had been eight years married to Louis de Brézé, Count de Maulévrier, for whom the authors of the calumny themselves declare that she had always cherished the most enthusiastic affection. Furthermore, Francis himself, in a letter which has been preserved, declares that it was by the prayers of the Count de Maulévrier that he was induced to spare St. Vallier's life; and finally, St. Vallier was reserved for a fate worse than death itself. The letter of remission commands that "he shall be shut up in a cell of strong masonry, having no issue, and only one small aperture through which food may be conveyed." This is not the kind of pardon likely to be purchased by dishonor.

When Diana of Poitiers became the mistress of Henry of Orleans, she had attained the mature age of five-and-thirty, while he was barely sixteen. She was rivalled, and many thought surpassed in beauty, by the Duchess d'Etampes, who was then her junior; this contrast between the ages of the mistresses of the father and son gave rise to a multitude of epigrams and lampoons, none of which will bear translation. The rivalry of these ladies in charms was changed into fierce and important political hostility by an event, which, like almost every other event of the period, has been singularly disfigured by rancorous controversy.

When the Duke Alexander brought Catherine to meet Pope Clement at Leghorn, he took with him a Spanish gentleman named Montécuculli, who had recently quitted the Imperial service. Montécuculli had made some proficiency in the study of medicine and alchemy, as understood in that age, and as they were favorite pursuits of the Medicis it is probable that his proficiency recommended him to their patronage. He accompanied the bridal party to France, but not being received into the household of the young Duchess of Orleans, he entered into the service of Queen Eleanor, and subsequently became esquire to the dauphin. Reports were obscurely circulated that he was an adept at poisoning, and strangely enough the only proof alleged was that he had cured some diseases which had baffled the skill of regular practitioners.

In 1536, Charles V. invaded the south of

France; the king hastened to meet him with all the forces he could collect; the Duke and Duchess of Orleans accompanied him, and witnessed the horrors of war in the locality which had been the theatre of their nuptial festivities three years before. When Charles V. retreated from Provence, the dauphin returned to Lyons by the Rhone. He made a halt at Tournon, and though it was the month of August he played several games of ball, an amusement to which he was fondly attached. Heated by this violent exercise he demanded a drink; Montécuculli brought him a glass of iced water; the dauphin imprudently drank it off; he fell in a fit, and died in less than an hour. A cry was raised that he was poisoned by Montécuculli, and Francis summoned all the great nobles of his kingdom, and all the foreign ambassadors, to accompany him to Lyons for the purpose of investigating this charge.

Montécuculli was subjected to the torture; he endured the most horrid agonies before he would make any confession, for the great probability is that he had nothing to confess; at length his protracted agonies induced him to declare that he had poisoned the prince, and that he had been instigated to the crime by Charles V., and by his generals, Antony de Lèvis and Ferdinand de Gonzague. Francis I. condemned Montécuculli to be torn to death by four wild horses, and denounced Charles V. in the face of Europe as a suborner of assassination.

Everybody in that age believed that poison was freely used to destroy kings and princes. The kings and princes of the blood in France had their food brought to table in padlocked boxes, of which they alone kept the duplicate key, and this extraordinary privilege, called "the right of the padlock" continued down to the time of Louis XIV. We must not be surprised then that the partisans of the emperor instead of showing that a deep draught of iced water taken in a state of profuse perspiration was quite sufficient to explain the prince's sudden death; they accepted the fact of the poison, and proclaimed that Montécuculli had been engaged to murder the dauphin by Catherine and the Medicis. Many grave Protestant historians have taken up this calumny; but it will not bear examination. Pope Clement was dead; Duke Alexander, immersed in debauchery, had broken off all intercourse with the Duke and Duchess of Orleans; and Catherine never had any intimacy with Montécuculli from the time he had been deeply offended by her re-

fusal to receive him into her household. We believe that Montécuculli was innocent, and such we think will be the opinion of all who take an unprejudiced view of the circumstances of the case.

But we must at the same time disclaim any share in that scepticism which has of late become rather fashionable, and which rejects all the anecdotes of the effects of the *Aqua Tofana*, and similar mysterious poisons, as idle fables. One of the most eminent of modern toxicologists has established the great probability that the French and Italian poisoners had discovered means of concentrating vegetable and animal poisons, so as to make them as certain and as fatal in their results as the most active of the mineral agencies, while at the same time they were far more difficult to be tested and detected. It was not until the destructive powers of prussic acid became known, that all doubts were removed as to Captain Donnellan's being justly punished for poisoning Sir Theodosius Boughton; and it must be remembered that these doubts were sanctioned by the high authority of the celebrated Hunter.

Elevation to the rank of dauphiness was to Catherine an increase of misery. Henry, brought nearer to the throne, became more completely the slave of Diana of Poitiers. *La Grande Sénéchale*, as Diana was called during the reign of Francis I., greatly strengthened her political influence by the splendid alliances she made for her daughters; the one married Robert de la Mark, Duc de Bouillon, and Prince de Sedan; the other Claude de Lorraine, Duc d'Aumale. She was thus brought into close alliance with the Guises, and obtained the support of the ultra-catholic faction, then the most powerful party in France.

The Duchess d'Etampes was favorably disposed towards Calvin and the Huguenots; Margaret, Queen of Navarre, openly professed the Protestant faith; and the policy which Francis I. adopted towards the Reformation was unintelligible and inconsistent. He sustained the Protestants of Germany against Charles V.; he sanctioned the residence of Calvin and Beza at the court of Navarre; and yet he issued edicts of persecution against his Huguenot subjects as sanguinary as any recorded in history. Catherine had thus to adopt a conciliatory course between two rival mistresses and two rival creeds; in this painful apprenticeship she learned the double-faced policy which was the characteristic of her life.

The war between the Duchess d'Etampes

and *La Grand Sénéchale* was marked by a venomous rancor, to which we know no parallel in the annals of female rivalry. Diana was favored by her great political alliances, the near prospect of the throne, which the declining health of Francis I. opened to her protector Henry, and the swelling zeal of the Catholic party, then not unjustly described as "more Popish than the Pope himself." On the other hand, the frequent indiscretions of the Huguenots rendered their support a source of weakness, rather than of strength, to the Duchess d'Etampes; she had on her side youth, beauty, wit, and the royal favor, but the last depended on a frail tenure, the life of an old and sickly king.

In the war of words, songs, and lampoons, the Duchess d'Etampes had a decided superiority. "I was born on the very day that Diana was married," said the duchess, and though this was untrue, it was sufficiently near the truth to give point to the sarcasm. Marot, the French Sternhold, whose version of the Psalms is even a worse travesty than that of his English rival, produced several epigrams on this subject, believing himself bound, as a Huguenot, to support the Duchess d'Etampes. One of the best may be thus rendered:

"Diana, Diana, pray listen to reason,
Lay aside youthful tricks, for you're quite out of
season;
Your spring long has faded, your summer is
past,
And your autumn is sinking to winter quite
fast."

People talk in our days of the licentiousness of the press: what would they say to the pamphleteers of the sixteenth century? A volume of Latin poems was published by Vouté, in which Diana was assailed with a ribald grossness not exceeded in the worst epigram of Martial. It is hardly possible to allude to these infamous productions, much less to quote them, without offense. But, nevertheless, Vouté's collection appeared under high auspices; it had the stamp of royal privilege, was dedicated to a bishop, and was prefaced with a poetical eulogium on its merits by Salmo Macenius, first gentleman-in-waiting to the king. On the accession of Henry II., the parties connected with the publication of this atrocious libel, presented Diana with the fine castle and estate of Chenonceaux, in order to purchase a pardon! What jury in the present day would give such an amount of damages?

It is not generally known that Catherine

was at one time anxious to occupy a place in the catalogue of royal and noble authors. She and Margaret of France, afterwards Duchess of Savoy, projected a series of tales in imitation of the Decameron of Boccaccio. There were to be ten contributors, each of whom was to furnish ten stories. Several circumstances, but especially Catherine's first pregnancy, led to the abandonment of the project; it was subsequently taken up by Margaret of Navarre, and the result was that amusing collection, the Heptameron, in which Margaret, with rather more of grace than delicacy, relates, under a very thin disguise, the various amorous adventures of her royal brother, Francis I. It is one of the most painful proofs of the profligacy of the age that Margaret, who was really a princess of piety and virtue, records these anecdotes of profligacy without expressing any disapprobation or censure.

Francis I. died at Rambouillet, March 31st, 1547; the dauphin succeeded under the title of Henry II., and it may be said that Diana of Poitiers ascended the throne with him. The Duchess d'Etampes was immediately exiled from court, but she was not deprived of any of the estates which had been bestowed upon her by her royal lover. She retired to a remote *chateau*, abandoned even by her husband, and spent the rest of her life almost unnoticed and unknown. There is some evidence that she conformed to the Protestant faith, but avoided making any open profession of her creed, in order to escape persecution.

Catherine was less happy and less powerful as Queen of France than she had been as dauphiness. In ten years, beginning at 1543, she had ten children and one miscarriage. All the power of the State was shared between Diana, created Duchess of Valentinois, and the Constable Montmorenci, who had been disgraced and exiled in the preceding reign. Worthy old Mezeray waxes quite eloquent in denouncing the crescents, arrows, and bows which were emblazoned on the royal carriages, furniture, and even the public buildings, in honor of the unchaste Diana, and gravely inquires whether such an excess of passion in a monarch of thirty for a mistress of forty, must not be attributed to enchantment? Catherine acted a part of profound dissimulation; she exhibited not merely complaisance, but pretended to affection for Diana; and she won the friendship and confidence of Montmorenci. Thus supported, she was entrusted by her husband with the regency when he visited Germany, and was

appointed sole guardian of his children in case of his death.

Though the Duchess d'Etampes had disappeared from the world, yet the remains of the rivalry between her and Diana led to a duel, which holds rather a conspicuous place in history. When the spiteful rivalry between these two dames was at its highest, the dauphin, in revenge for some sarcasm levelled against his mistress, declared that "the Duchess d'Etampes consoled herself for the king's sickness in the arms of another," and he named Guy Chabot, lord of Jarnac, the husband of Louise de Pessellieu, sister of the Duchess d'Etampes. To give probability to this incestuous tale, the dauphin produced one of his creatures, Châtaigneraye, who said that he had heard Jarnac boast of an intrigue with his step-mother, Madeline de Puygnion, second wife of James, Baron of Jarnac. Le Laboureur has devoted seventeen folio pages to the investigation of these worthless scandals, and more than hints that both charges were well founded. It is, however, just to state that the abbé rests his belief more on the horrible profligacy that distinguished this disgraceful age than on any tangible evidence. Jarnac not only denied the charges but gave Châtaigneraye the lie before the whole court, and added other insults which could only be effaced with blood. Francis I. refused to permit the duel, which both parties earnestly desired; one of the first measures of Henry II., after his accession, was to sanction the combat. Jarnac was enfeebled by a recent fever, and this rendered Châtaigneraye less cautious than he otherwise would have been. Jarnac struck his rival on the back of the knee, and cut through the tendon—in fact, hamstrung his rival; hence "Jarnac's blow" (*le coup de Jarnac*) has passed into a proverb. Châtaigneraye refused to beg his life, and Jarnac passed his sword through his body. Henry was so affected by this result, that he vowed never to allow another duel during his reign.

The accession of Henry II. did not put an end to the war of lampoons waged against his mistress; but her assailants were greatly improved in decency and temper. We shall give one of the quotations in the original, for it is impossible to preserve the pun, which constitutes its entire point, in a translation:

"Sire, si vous laissez comme *Charles* desirer,
Comme *Diane* veut, par trop vous gouverner,
Foudre, pétrir, mollir, refondre, ratourner
SIRE vous n'etes plus, vous n'etes plus que CIRE."

Catherine made one clever effort to withdraw her husband from the influence of the Duchess of Valentinois. Having learned, through her spies, that Diana, who was a little unwell, had asked the king to remove to St. Germain until she would be prepared to receive his visits, Catherine prepared a ballet for the amusement of her husband, in which six young ladies danced, and sung stanzas composed for the occasion. These ladies were Madame Elizabeth of France, afterwards the unfortunate Queen of Spain, then only nine years of age; her sister, Madame Claudine, who was a year younger; Mary Stuart, the unhappy Queen of Scots, then entering on her teens; Miss Lewiston, of the same age, Mary's lady of honor; and two ladies of riper charms, Miss Fleming, a near relative of Catherine's uncle, the Duke of Albany, and Clarissa Strozzi, the cousin of Catherine herself. Miss Fleming was deemed the most beautiful *blonde* of the age; Clarissa Strozzi was an Italian *brunette*, deemed unrivalled in her peculiar style of beauty. It was certain that the king must give his heart to one or the other; he yielded to the charms of the fair Fleming. The new mistress presented Henry with a son, subsequently known in history as Henry de Valois, Count d'Angoulême, grand prior of France; but—the influence of Diana was not in the slightest degree weakened. She pardoned the infidelities of her royal lover, as Madame de Pompadour in a later age did those of Louis XV., and history shows that in both cases the ladies greatly strengthened their political influence by their complaisance.

Catherine was sadly perplexed by this unexpected result. In accordance with the spirit of her age, she attributed it to the influence of spells, conjurations, and magic, secretly wasting much time and not a little money in the attempt to devise a counter-charm. What may more reasonably surprise us is that the same theory was adopted by an historian so eminent as the President de Thou, and by so acute an inquirer as Nicolas Pasquier, who very gravely records the following explanation of the matter:

"The lady," he says, "who inspired with such strange passion Henry II., ruled over him by force of a ring which she gave him, and which he wore on his finger. Once when the king was sick, the Duchess de Nemours, from whose own lips I heard the story, paid him a visit, and as she had been requested by the queen, drew the ring from off his finger. As she went out with the ring, the king gave orders that no person whatever should be admitted to his chamber. The

lady (Diana) presented herself twice, but was refused admission. Suspecting that some alteration had taken place, she came a third time, and though repulsed by the attendants forced her way into the room. She immediately went up to the side of the bed, examined the king's hand, and missing the ring, asked him what he had done with it? He told her that the Duchess de Nemours had taken it away. She then sent one of the officers to demand the ring from the duchess in the king's name, and when it was brought to her she replaced it on his finger."

From Pasquier's high character, we may readily believe that the Duchess de Nemours actually told him this story; there is indeed nothing improbable in the anecdote itself, and if it occurred in our day, no one would dream of adducing it as an evidence of magic. Brantome says, "Diana was not only very handsome but very clever;" and this double charm gives a better explanation of her influence than the spell of a magical ring or waxen image.

Far the deepest stain on the character of the Duchess de Valentinois is the active part she took in urging Henry to persevere in his barbarous persecution of the Huguenots. Bigotry was not her only motive; she had obtained a grant of all the goods and chattels that should be forfeited for heresy, and avarice prompted her to multiply the number of victims. Diabolical invention was taxed to increase the pains of death. The wretched Huguenots were suspended by the waist in chains over slow fires, they were lowered unto these and drawn up again alive, and this process of lingering torment was often continued for two or three hours. The great body of the secular clergy of France, and several of the regulars, protested against this barbarity, and it is as severely reprobated by Roman Catholic as by Protestant historians. At length the parliament of Paris interfered to check these cruelties; a day was appointed for taking into consideration the propriety of mitigating the penalties denounced against heretics, and the king, who had secretly got notice of what was intended, unexpectedly presented himself to witness the debate.

Imperfect as was its constitution, there are few deliberative bodies whose records offer so many examples of public spirit and noble independence as the parliament of Paris. Undismayed by the presence, the frowns, and the visible indignation of the king, the partisans of toleration maintained their opinions with vigor. They declared that the points at issue between the Reformers and the Papacy ought to be submitted to the de-

cision of a general council, and that all edicts of persecution ought to be suspended until this tribunal had pronounced its opinion. Anne du Bourg, son of the chancellor of that name, was the most conspicuous of those bold councillors, but his opinions were approved by the majority of the assembly. The king heard the debate to the end. When it was concluded, he ordered the clerk to bring him the record of the proceedings, and then ordered that the advocates of toleration should be taken into custody as notorious heretics. Du Bourg and M. du Faut were arrested on the spot; the president Rançonnet and five more were seized on the following day, but the president Du Ferrier, and three other councillors, contrived to make their escape. The king publicly declared that he would show no mercy to any of these men, and that he would superintend the burning of Du Bourg in person.

The fate of these men would have been sealed, but for the accident which deprived Henry of life three weeks after their arrest. Carousals and tournaments were prepared to celebrate with unrivalled magnificence what proved to be the most unfortunate of all marriages, that of Madame Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henry and Catherine, with Philip II. of Spain. A tragedy at its commencement heralded the sad tragedy of Don Carlos, in which it ended. Lists were erected along the Rue St. Antoine, extending from the old palace of the Tournelles, to the prison of the Bastille, and the joustings continued for three days together. Towards the close of the third day, Henry entered the lists, wearing the colors of the Duchess de Valentinois—that is to say, black and white; for, notwithstanding her position as a royal favorite, Diana had never laid aside the mourning which she wore for her husband. After having broken several lances with different noblemen, he at last challenged the Count de Montgomery, a captain of his guards, to run him a course with open visor. Montgomery endeavored to excuse himself, but the king persisted, and the champions took their place in the lists. They met in full career. Montgomery's lance broke against the king's breastplate, but the truncheon springing up as it snapped, pierced the king's skull a little above the right eye. Henry fell to the ground, and though he survived about ten days, he never recovered his senses or the powers of speech. He died July 10th, 1559.

Diana of Poitiers was well aware of the great change which this melancholy event

would make in her position, even while Henry was alive. Gaspard de Saulx—afterwards known as Marshal de Tavannes—had offered Catherine to cut off the nose of the Duchess de Valentinois, an offer which would have endangered his head, had not the Guises interfered to procure his pardon. So soon as the king's state was known to be hopeless, an officer was sent to Diana, commanding her to resign all the rich jewels and furniture which she had received from her royal lover. "What, then, is the king dead?" said she. "No, madam," replied the messenger, "but he cannot long survive." "Go back," said she, proudly, "to those who sent you; let my enemies know, that while the king retains one spark of life I fear them not, and will yield them no obedience. My courage is unconquered and unconquerable. When he dies I have no wish to survive him; and every insult they offer me will only serve to divert my incurable grief for so sad a loss. Go then, tell my enemies that whether the king lives or not, I scorn and I defy them."

Brantome—the most amusing gossip of gallantry and chivalry—after recording the speech, deems it necessary to make a formal apology for Diana's surviving the king. He declares that she showed true heroism in living to prove to her enemies that her spirit and courage were unbroken. On the very day of Henry's death the duchess was deprived of her jewels, exiled from court, and, subsequently, compelled to resign her fine castle of Chenonceaux to Catherine, receiving in exchange the far inferior mansion of Chaumont, between Blois and Amboise. At the time of Henry's death Diana was entering on her 60th year, and she survived him nearly six years. Brantome says of her, "I saw this lady six months before she died, still so beautiful, that I know of no heart so stony as not to be moved by her charms. Moreover, some time before that she had broken her leg on the pavement of Orleans, as she rode through, sitting as erect, and managing her steed as dextrously as she had ever done; but her horse slipped and fell under her. It might have been thought that such a fracture, and the consequent pain and suffering, would have changed her handsome countenance, but such was not the case; on the contrary, her beauty, her grace, her majesty, and her lovely appearance, were equal to those of her best days. I especially remarked the extreme fairness of her complexion, though she never used any paint; but it was reported, that every morning she took a draught composed of potable

gold and some other drugs, with which I am not so well acquainted as good physicians and learned apothecaries. I believe that if this lady had lived to be a hundred years of age she would never have grown old, so perfect was her visage, so complete all the parts of her figure, so healthy her temperament, and so excellent her habits of life. Pity it was that earth ever covered so fair a form."

Catherine was, or pretended to be, inconsolable for the loss of her husband, but her demonstrations of grief were so ostentatious that the world more than doubted their sincerity. According to the fashion of the age she assumed a symbolic device, significant of her feelings, when she went into mourning. It was a mountain of quick-lime on which drops of rain were falling, with the motto—

"*Ardorem extientâ testantur vivere flammâ.*"

"They (rain drops, emblematic of tears) show that the heat (of love) lives, though the flame be extinct," for water poured upon lime produces heat without flame.

Hitherto Catherine—excluded from all participation in power—could scarcely be said to have had a political existence. The death of Henry opened to her a new career, which we shall examine at a future opportunity, and shall only add here that Catherine's administration of the government in the name of her sons has been long misrepresented and misunderstood, chiefly because sufficient attention was not paid to the antecedents of her previous history.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE WINDING-SHEET.

A LEGEND.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV. SOLLING.)

A MOTHER was blest in a son,
Beloved and lovely was he;
The affection of all he had won
That e'er chanced the sweet child to see.

But sickness all suddenly came,
The mother she trembled for fear;
He died, and an angel became,
For to God, too, her darling was dear.

Now twilight the garden bedima,
Where oft had the gentle child played;
Or sung to his mother sweet hymns,
As together they lovingly strayed.

The mother's heart well nigh had burst;
She wept till she scarcely could see;
When, to soothe the deep grief that she nursed,
Came at night the sweet child to her knee.

He was clad in a snowy-white shroud,
A wreath round his bright golden hair;
As erewhile, with sad wailings and loud,
By mourners borne forth on his bier.

"Oh, mother! whom death but endears,
Disturb not my slumbers," he said;
"My shroud is all wet with your tears,
The tears you unceasingly shed!"

The mother, awe-struck, from that hour
Dried the fast-falling tears from her eyes;
At night came the child—and he bore
A torch like a star from the skies!

"Oh, mother! my grave-clothes are dried,
Since the hour that thy tears ceased to flow;
In the grave now at rest I abide,
Then bear thou in patience thy woe!"

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

As friends must be torn by Fate from the embrace of individuals, and what was affection be subdued into memory, so is it decreed that celebrated characters must pass from time to time from before the eyes of the community they had shed a lustre upon, leaving in place of the gladdening influence of their presence a void, occupied only by the melancholy satisfaction that at least the honored names belong to its permanent history.

Maria Edgeworth is no more. At this period of the month we have not time to enlarge upon an announcement, which indeed is in itself sure to arrest public attention without any comment of ours. English literature claims the calamity as her own, and will find a voice wherever its influence reaches—and where does it not reach?—throughout the civilized world. Our part is a more peculiar one—a more painful and difficult one, too, than any mere formal panegyric: we have to mourn *on the part of Ireland*, the loss of its brightest literary ornament.

In the brilliancy of her more extended works, the true grounds of this gifted lady's fame are apt to be lost sight of. As in the case of a desultory and inconsistent, though eminent legal philosopher of our time, the less-observed and humbler achievement of cheapening knowledge, and bringing that illustrious guest to doors she would not have previously condescended to visit, will form with posterity the true foundation of his greatness; so, in estimating Miss Edgeworth's services to literature, we ought to do what future generations will do, and make it her title to the place she is destined to hold in public estimation that, with a very few exceptions, she it was who first brought the rational morality and exalted sensibilities of maturer life to a level with the comprehension of childhood, forestalling the teaching of schools and colleges in this respect, by the power of combining ethics with entertainment, suited to attract the young, and teaching the language of truth and virtue, in its alphabet.

That she was a highly successful novelist, when that field was less trodden than it is now, is inferior praise to this; and we have ever held that the lessons of morality, which all her writings aimed at conveying, were then most conspicuous and most conducive to human benefit when they cast off, as it were, the gravity and reserve of society, and introduced themselves, in sportive guise, as the playthings and companions of the nursery.

If we are to measure the importance of literary efforts by the effect they produce, the influence they exercise, and the changes they work, then, in other departments as well as this, Miss Edgeworth stands eminently conspicuous. The tone of thought and feeling of the generation now already passing its maturity, has been moulded unquestionably to an appreciable extent on her educational works; but when we recollect that to her earlier novels Scott confessed himself indebted for the first idea of illustrating the character and scenes of his own country by means of popular tales, we shall see to how large an extent that one intellect has made the world its debtor. Indeed, it is one of the circumstances which enhance the interest creative talent is ever invested with, that it operates beyond itself, as it were, developing powers and originating actions lying without the orbit of its own career.

On the young the effect of Miss Edgeworth's writings was striking. The wisdom derived from them was not, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague has expressed it, the

—"slow product of laborious years;"

the operation was going on every hour; we could see precepts reduced, before our eyes, to practice; and the tender mind becoming visibly impressed with those patterns which, falling within the grander outline of Christianity, serve to fill up the details of the human character, and blend the whole into one chaste and harmonious design. Within many a family circle we can imagine the

event we are now recording to fall as a sensible blow, and can fancy the eye, bent over the favorite page, to be dimmed with a tear, which, dropping on the familiar words, consecrate them from thenceforth a sacred memory in the youthful heart.

But we are straying beyond our limits. This distinguished lady has passed from amongst us. To all except the few who enjoyed the inestimable advantage of her friendship and acquaintance, she lives in her influences alone. In these, indeed, she still survives—she exists for every one as long as they continue to peruse her writings with delight and profit. In the increased power she affords to one class of self-instruction, and to another of disciplining the minds under their charge, she stands beside them an ever-present good. *Being dead, she speaketh.*

To that favored few, alas! her loss is less easily repaired. For many years she had, it is true, secluded herself within the ancestral groves of Edgeworthstown, from which of late she rarely emerged, except when she lent herself to the affectionate importunities of members of her own immediate family; but she continued to the last to keep herself in communion with the great world without, by means of constant and unrestrained correspondence with a circle of friends, including some of the most gifted and eminent individuals in Great Britain and America, statesmen and philosophers as well as authors. These friends can best testify to the justice of this encomium—they can witness to the freshness of heart, retained to the verge of extreme old age, and surviving not only the common assaults of time, but the attacks of more than one severe domestic bereavement. They best can exonerate the writer, when he speaks of the keen and affectionate sensibilities beating as strong within her bosom up to the supreme hour, as when they instigated the happiest effusions of her fancy, and attracted the most ardent admiration of society. They know that not a feeling flagged—not an energy failed. Alive to everything around her, and responding to every exalted and humane emotion, she might be said to partake of that comprehensive philanthropy, the expression of which earned for the dramatist of old the plaudits of assembled Rome. Nothing was foreign from her affections, except what was unworthy of them; and she retained to the termination of her existence that power, generally judged to be the exclusive characteristic of

youth, of admitting *new* interests into the companionship of old ones, and of allowing the heart to warm for a cause, or an individual, the meridian of her life was a stranger to.

It is fortunate that these qualities are known as they are by so many friends and connections competent to give the world the benefit of a personal narrative. We should otherwise have feared lest the unostentatious humility of Miss Edgeworth's private virtues should cause them to be overlooked, or overborne rather, in the current of her literary history.

Nor can we, in our editorial capacity, be suspected of being influenced by any undue bias. In her views respecting the relative publishing claims and capabilities of England and Ireland, many of our readers are aware that she differed from us very widely. Her sentiments—dare we call them prejudices?—were all in favor of the metropolitan centre. She considered London the natural soil of Irish as well as English literary enterprise, and felt little interest in promoting any local rivalry. Whilst, like Moore, she was inspired with a truly patriotic regard for her native land, and, like him, shed a lustre upon it by the brightness of her genius—like him, too, she was an *English writer* born in Ireland, and connected her literary existence exclusively with the sister country.

She is gone from amongst us. She has done much good that the world knows of—much that it may yet know of—and much that it will never know of. Instances will spring to many an affectionate memory. They throng to one breast which might seize the tempting opportunity of discharging the burden of gratitude that weighs upon it. But unfortunately the same feelings towards that revered friend which prompt the tongue to utterance, restrain the expression of acknowledgments that might have done violence to the sensitive delicacy of her nature. It more redounds to the honor of the dead, and profit of the living, to have it known, that one of the last acts of government bounty extended to native literary merit, was influenced in no small degree by the ardent and disinterested eloquence of this true-hearted Irishwoman.

Maria Edgeworth is no more. This is but a hasty offering cast upon her hearse. Around her urn will twine more costly wreaths, but there will none be presented with truer respect or more heartfelt devotion.

ON THE DEATH OF ABEL.

ADDRESSED TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"A tear for Abel, and a curse for Cain."

"WHERE is thy brother! Where is righteous Abel?"
This awful question God asked murderous Cain.
"Where is *our* brother! Where is free-born *Rome*?"
This awful question *we* ask murderous *France*.
Thou darest not lie, *thou* darest not say, "I know not!"

We *know* thou knowest, and heaven and hell do know.

Thou canst not lie, "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Thou saidst thou wast, and hell and heaven heard it.
There is no trick, no lie, no perjury left,
Thou standest at the bar—and *thou* art dumb.

O woe! "What hast thou done! What durst thou do!"

A voice there crieth—'tis a voice of *blood*—
A murdered man's still warm and reeking blood—
It is our *brother's*, 'tis *thy* brother's blood,
That crieth up to heaven from the ground;
That crieth with a voice that rends the skies,
A mighty earthquake voice that shakes the earth,
A dagger voice that pierceth every heart,
That cries: Revenge! revenge! revenge! revenge!
My brother Cain, my — *France* has murdered me!"

O woe unnamed! O woe too deep for tears!
Our brother *Rome*, beloved *Rome* is dead!
So free, so brave, so young, so beautiful,
He flourished but a day, and now is dead!
The youngest of his brethren and our darling,
Our hope, our flower was killed while in the bud.
He was as righteous and as pure as Abel,
And woe is me! he met with Abel's fate.
He loved his brother—just as Abel did,
He trusted in him—just as Abel did,
He gloried in him—just as Abel did,
And lo! his brother proved a wretch like Cain,
And hated him and envied him like Cain,
And murdered him—ay, ay, he *murdered* him,
The Gallic Cain, the righteous Roman Abel.
O woe, O crime, O shame beyond a name!

O woe! O woe! insufferable woe!
"Our brother *Rome* is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young *Rome* is dead, and has not left his peer!
Who would not weep for *Rome*?" He was the hope,
The joy, the pride of Freedom's gallant crew,
His was the brightest lot man can be born to,
The fairest prospect oped before his eye,
A course of glory and a prize of bliss;
And he run well, and he had reached the goal
But for a *brother*—no, no, not a brother,
A devil in a brother's form disguised,
Who stopt him in the midst of his career,
And stretched him here a lifeless, bloodless body.

O that I were a host and not a man!
O that I wielded swords and not a lyre!

Then should he have a worthier sacrifice,
The pious dead; then not mere words and tears,
Blood should revenge him on his murderer!

Be cursed then with every withering curse,
Thou hypocritic, recreant fratricide!
Be cursed from the earth which oped her mouth
To drink the blood—thy murdered brother's blood;
The Tree of Liberty thy hand hath reared,
Shalt never thrive, shall never yield thee fruit,
But having stood awhile, an empty show,
The rootless trunk shall die and rot away,
Shall die and rot to mud from whence it sprung,
A mock, a scorn, a by-word with all nations!

But thou thyself, perjurious renegade,
Thou bloody, murderous, infamous, villanous villain,
Thou traitorous Ephialtes, Judas, Cain—
But yesterday an outlaw, now a despot,
But yesterday a suppliant, now a tyrant,
But yesterday a convict, now a hangman—
Again thou 'lt tumble from thy dizzying height,
Again the land shall rise and spew thee out,
Again thou 'lt be a fugitive on earth,
A branded vagabond to roam like Cain,
And every one that findeth thee shall spit,
And hurry past as if a viper crossed him,
And pelt thee with this blasting taunt and curse:

"Fie! Shame on thee, thou mock-Napoleon!
Thou dwarfish imp masked in a Titan's name!
Thou art no kin of him whose cloak thou stolest,
The victor general of the first republic,
The hero on a hundred battle-fields,
Where Freedom gained her first immortal glories;
Who like a thunder-storm broke from the Alps,
And swept the chaff of royalties away,
And burst the Austrian yoke on Italy,
And rocked the thrones in Berlin and Vienna,
Dread bugbear he of frightened despot brats.
He did not crouch to kiss the pontiff's toe,
No, no, he stood and made the pontiff crouch,
And set his foot on the anointed neck,
A tyrant *he*, too, but a tyrant's tyrant."
"No, surely, no, thou art no Bonaparte,
They truly call thee right who call thee 'Bastard';
A cuckoo laid thee in the eagle's nest."
"Avaunt! avaunt, thou leprous renegade,
Thou living carcass and thou rotten soul!
Corrupt not Freedom's healthy mountain air
With thy cadaverous, poisonous traitor's breath!
Go to the chief priests in whose pay thou art,
Go, Judas, go, and get thy Judas fee,
The price of blood, the thirty silver pieces,
And falling headlong and asunder bursting,
May'st thou, who livest like him, like Judas die!"

EMANUEL VITALIS SCHERR,
A Switzer, and former fellow-citizen
of Louis Napoleon.

From the Athenæum.

AUTHORSHIP OF JUNIUS.

The History of Junius and his Works—Identity of Junius with a distinguished living Character—A Critical Enquiry regarding the Real Author of the Letters of Junius—&c. &c. &c. North British Review.

[We published, in the Eclectic Magazine for February, an elaborate article on this subject from the North British Review, attributed to the pen of Sir David Brewster, which claimed the distinction of Junius' name for a new candidate. The following brief reply of the Athenæum effectually disposes of the argument, and will be read, by those who recall the former article, with deep interest.—Ed.]

AN examination of the evidence brought forward, from time to time, since 1812, in favor of the several claims of Sackville, Boyd, Francis, Barré, and others, to be considered as the writer of Junius's Letters; with facts and arguments in favor of a new claimant, Mr. Lauchlin Maclean. The review is understood to have been written by a gentleman whose opinion on any subject is entitled to respectful consideration—indeed, we need not hesitate to say by Sir David Brewster, for the facts adduced in respect to Lauchlin Maclean are conclusive on that point.

It is not our intention to slay the slain, or generally to criticise the critic. We shall confine ourselves to a consideration of the evidence brought forward by him in favor of Mr. Lauchlin Maclean.

Some years since it was incidentally mentioned in Cooke's "History of Parties," and subsequently confirmed by paragraphs in the newspapers, that Sir David Brewster, in turning over old family papers, had stumbled on evidence all but conclusive that Mr. Lauchlin Maclean was the writer of Junius's Letters. That evidence is now before us; and we will at once submit it for consideration, with such comment as suggests itself:

"Upwards of thirty years ago, when Sir David Brewster was looking over the papers of the late James Macpherson, Esq., M. P., he found several letters addressed to him with the signature of L. Maclean, and bearing the dates of 1776-7, a few years after Junius ceased to write. * * One of these began with the following sentence: 'I

shall follow your advice, my dear sir, implicitly. The feelings of the man are not fine, but he must be chafed into sensation.' This and other similar passages were shown to Mr. Macpherson of Belleville, who recollected that the name of Maclean was mentioned in Galt's life of West, in connection with that of Junius. A copy of the book was immediately sent for, when to the great surprise of the parties the following passage was discovered: 'An incident,' says Mr. Galt, 'of a curious nature has brought him (Mr. West) to be a party, in some degree, in the singular question respecting the mysterious author of the celebrated letters of Junius. On the morning that the first of these famous invectives appeared, his friend, Governor Hamilton, happened to call; and inquiring the news, Mr. West informed him of that bold and daring epistle. Ringing for his servant at the same time, he desired the newspaper to be brought in. Hamilton read it over with great attention; and when he had done, laid it on his knees in a manner that particularly attracted the notice of the painter, who was standing at his easel. 'This letter,' said Hamilton, in a tone of vehement feeling, 'is by that d—d scoundrel, Maclean.' 'What Maclean?' inquired Mr. West. 'The surgeon of Otway's regiment; the fellow who attacked me so violently in the Philadelphia newspapers on account of the part I felt it to be my duty to take against one of the officers. *This letter is by him.* I know these very words; I may well remember them;' and he read over several phrases and sentiments which Maclean employed against him. Mr. West then informed the Governor that Maclean was in the country, and that he was personally acquainted with him. 'He came over,' said Mr. West, 'with Colonel Barré, by whom he was introduced to Lord Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) and is at present private secretary to his lordship.' This remarkable anecdote, taken in connection with the casual discovery of Maclean's letters, induced Sir David Brewster to enter upon an inquiry foreign to his own studies, but not without an interest to those who like himself were admirers of the writings of Junius. In this inquiry he has been engaged for nearly thirty years; and though he does not pretend to have

identified Maclean with Junius, he believes that in favor of no other candidate can such an amount of evidence be produced. Lauchlin Maclean was born in the county of Antrim in 1727 or 1728. His father, John Maclean, was a non-juring clergyman, nearly connected with the Macleanes of Coll, and was driven from Scotland in consequence of his attachment to the exiled family, and of his refusal, along with many others, to pray for King George the First and the royal family. This must have taken place previous to 1726, for he married after he arrived in Ireland, and took up his residence in the north of Ireland, near Belfast. He was a man robust in stature and independent in his principles, and he had occasion to exhibit both these qualities during his residence in Scotland. When he was one day coming out of church, a quarrel arose between him and some officers of the army, who had no doubt been chiding him for his disloyalty. After some altercation, they told him that nothing but his coat prevented them from giving him a good beating. Maclean immediately threw off his coat, exclaiming, '*Lie you there, Divinity, and Maclean will do for himself*,' and gave the officers a sound drubbing. * * * Thus driven from the house of his father, and forced to seek an asylum in a sister land, an ardent mind like that of John Maclean must have cherished strong feelings of dislike and even hatred against the dominant party by whom he was persecuted; and in the legacy of revenge which he doubtless bequeathed to his son, we see the origin, if he were Junius, of that unconquerable hatred of Scotland and the Scotch which rankled in his breast. In no other candidate for the mask of Junius can we find such powerful reasons for his bitter and never-ending anathemas against our country. Mr. Maclean does not seem to have remained in the Church, for we find him characterized as a gentleman of small fortune."

Here there are many statements which we shall question hereafter; but, for the present, we will confine ourselves to the parentage of, and the "legacy" bequeathed to Maclean.

It is always with reluctance that we call in question the statements of a writer who has devoted time and attention to his subject; and in this instance Sir David, we are told, has been engaged in the inquiry "for nearly thirty years!" Well, then, let us admit that it is something like thirty years to thirty hours—or, in sporting phrase, "Lombard street to a China orange"—in favor of the writer against the critic. Still we must believe that there are grave errors in this preliminary statement—improbabilities certainly. Why should this stout old nonjuror select, of all places in the world, the North of Ireland for his retreat? unless, indeed, the fighting propensities were stronger in him than the preaching. A poor Highland parson might have been tempted by hopes of patronage

and profit, but certainly the North of Ireland was not a place to be chosen as a peaceful retreat by a persecuted Jacobite. Why, again, should this emigrant for conscience' sake disrock himself, as Sir David Brewster suggests, so soon as he had reached his selected country? It would have been, "lie you there Divinity!" without pretext or apology. He might have done the same thing and passed in quiet for "a gentleman of small fortune" in his own wild, barren birth-place.

The truth we take to be this—Sir David has "rolled two single gentlemen into one." According to contemporary biography, or autobiography—to papers and paragraphs circulated at the time, and forced from Maclean and his friends by the libels of his personal and political enemies, who accused him of being blood relation to Maclean the highwayman, (which, by the bye, their statements do not disprove)—his grandfather was a second son of the family of Coll. According to the more circumstantial account of the "Seneache," he was a descendant of that family somewhat further removed. Authorities differ as to the early pursuits of the grandfather. He was, we believe, originally in the army; but all agree that he subsequently entered the church, and settled in the North of Ireland soon after the revolution of 1688; was chaplain to Lord Massareene, held a living in Antrim and the prebend of Roferchen. He was twice married; and by his second wife had three sons, John, James, and Clotworthy, named after his patron. John, the eldest son, in due course married Elizabeth Mathews, daughter of the rector of Ballymony, and had three sons, of whom our Laughlin or Lachlin was the eldest. This difference of forty or more years in the removal, and the introduction of another generation, help to explain away some otherwise perplexing difficulties. But what then becomes of "the legacy," of that "unconquerable hatred of Scotland and the Scotch" which rankled in the breast of Junius, and which, for the first time, we are told, is satisfactorily explained in the case of Maclean, by the persecution of his father? His father, so far as we know, never set foot in Scotland; and even his grandfather had left there some quarter or half a century before the persecution alluded to commenced.

Having thus settled the genealogy and "the legacy," we come now to the hero himself:

"Lauchlin, his second son, [his grandson, as

we have shown,] was sent, in 1745 or 1746, from a school near Belfast to Trinity College, Dublin, where he became acquainted with Burke and Goldsmith. He afterwards went to Edinburgh to study medicine; and on the 4th of January, 1756, he was introduced by Goldsmith to the Medical Society, of which he became a member."

Here mistakes are obvious. Maclean could not have been introduced by Goldsmith to the Medical Society of Edinburgh in 1756, because Goldsmith had left Edinburgh two years before. The dates of his letters prove that he was at Leyden in April, 1754. This, we presume, is a typographical error; and indeed the paper is printed so carelessly that we always fear to mistake mere printer's blunders for substantive and grave errors by the writer; and yet the substantive and grave errors of the writer make it a question whether we are quite justified in thus letting him escape at the expense of the printer.

We are now told that—

"After completing his medical course, he obtained the degree of M.D. on the 6th August, 1755; and sometime after this he entered the army as surgeon to Otway's regiment, (the 35th.) We have not been able to learn if Maclean was in any of the expeditions to North America which were fitted out in 1757 or 1758; but we know [We do not know] that he accompanied the celebrated expedition in 1759, when Wolfe fell on the heights of Abraham, and the command of the British troops devolved upon Brigadier-General Townshend. Major Barré and his countryman Maclean shared in the dangers and honors of that eventful day. * * * Brigadier-General Townshend was unpopular in the army, and particularly obnoxious to Barré and Maclean, and the other friends of Wolfe. * * * Irritated by this selfish and ungenerous conduct, the friends of Wolfe, and who could they be but Barré or Maclean, drew up and published, in 1760, the celebrated letter to a Brigadier-General, already mentioned, which so clearly resembles in its temper and style, and sentiments, the letters of Junius. If Junius, therefore, wrote this letter, all the arguments of Mr. Britton in favor of Barré's being the author of it, and therefore Junius, are equally applicable to Maclean; and if we have proved that Barré could not be Junius, it follows that, under these assumptions, Maclean is entitled to that distinction. This conclusion we may fairly corroborate by a reference to one of the miscellaneous letters signed *A Faithful Monitor*, and ascribed to Junius, although there is no sufficient evidence that he wrote it. But as it is possible, and to a certain degree probable, that it may prove genuine, we are entitled to add this indeterminate quantity to our argument."

We shall not stop to ascertain the value of this indeterminate quantity; what we want

to know is the value of the determinate—the proofs of the facts on which the whole argument is to rest. For the present we must remain in suspense, and allow Sir David to proceed.

"Early in 1761 General Monckton was appointed governor of New York, and in December of the same year he left that city with a strong force for the reduction of Martinique. Otway's regiment was part of the eleven battalions which went from New York for this purpose, and Maclean accompanied the general as his private secretary. The English fleet rendezvoused at Barbadoes, came before Martinique on the 7th January, 1762, and obtained possession of it on the 4th February. After the reduction of the French West India Islands, and the peace of 1762 which followed it, the regiments to which Barré and Maclean belonged were disbanded. We have not been able to obtain much information about Maclean after the taking of Martinique. He seems to have settled in Philadelphia as a physician, and to have remained there for some years. A gentleman in Philadelphia mentions 'Dr. Laughlin Maclean and his lady as acquaintances of his grandfather, and visitors at his house sometime between 1761 and 1766.' * * 'The latter (Mrs. Maclean) rarely missed a day, when the weather was favorable, of calling upon her countrywoman, my grandmother.' * * Mr. Prior informs us, that when in Philadelphia Maclean acquired great medical reputation, followed by its common attendant, envy, from the less fortunate of his brethren. * * In 1766, Maclean met Barry, the painter, at Paris."

Now, not to delay or perplex the argument by asking questions however pertinent—not even to comment on such extraordinary opinions as that no friend of Wolfe's, in a whole discontented army, could have written a pamphlet against Townshend save either Maclean or Barré, although Townshend himself accused and challenged another man for having written it or got it written—no, nor to correct obvious and palpable errors—let us assume the above statement to be true; and then consider, where was the interval of "some years," between 1761 and 1766, during which Maclean practised as a physician at Philadelphia, exciting the envy of the profession, and enabling Mrs. Maclean to pay her daily respects to "my grandmother," according to the memoirs of the Pennsylvanian?—or, according to Sir David, within even narrower limits—that is, between the peace of 1762 and 1766 when Barry met him in Paris.

Time, as the reader will observe, is an important element in these calculations, yet Sir David must bate us a year or two even of this limited interval; for it was in 1765, not

in 1766, that Barry met Maclean in Paris; and we know, from the Parliamentary History, that Dr. Musgrave met him there in 1764—and, from Maclean's own statement in the House of Commons, that he went to Paris in April of that year. The interval is thus reduced to an interval of "some months," rather than of "some years"—*during which* he made a fortune in Martinique, invested it in Grenada, returned to England, and visited Paris. "Not able to obtain much information about Maclean after the taking of Martinique!" Why, if Sir David would ensure us but a tythe of the fame which he has so justly won for the least of his discoveries, we would make out for him a diary of Maclean's scrambling, scheming, intriguing, gambling existence, from the hour when he embarked from Martinique to the day on which he perished on board the *Swallow*.

But the whole story, including the services under Wolfe, and all the prolific assumptions which follow, may be disposed of in a paragraph; for we can state, on the authority of official records, that Lauchlin Maclean was never surgeon of Otway's regiment; that Thomas Williams was appointed surgeon to the regiment on the 22d of March, 1747, and held the appointment until the 1st of June, 1762, when he was superseded by George Hugonon; further, that there was no officer of that name in the Thirty-fifth, or any other regiment, either in the year 1767 or 1768.

What now becomes of the assertion of Governor Hamilton, that the letters of Junius were certainly written by that "d—d scoundrel," "the surgeon of Otway's regiment?" What is to become of the letter to a Brigadier-general—of the hatred to Townshend as a stimulating power—and of one-half of the other personal feelings which, like "the legacy," serve, we are told, to identify Maclean as Junius? If the identity of the pamphleteer and Junius be proved—if the pamphlet-writer must have served under Wolfe at Quebec—and if, as Sir David intimates, the pamphlet must have been written either by Barré or Maclean, we think Mr. Britton may reverse the conclusion at which Sir David arrives, and fairly say, "it follows that, under these assumptions, Barré is entitled to that distinction." But as Mr. Britton, like the churchwarden's wife, is but mortal, we think it well to remind him that these are "assumptions."

We shall not revive all the charges which were, at one time or another, preferred against Maclean; but we may receive as

substantially true the admissions of his friends—in some instances of his brother. From these and other sources, we collect that Maclean married while at Edinburgh a woman of good family but of small fortune; that in the autumn of 1755 or spring of 1756 he went to America, and settled at Philadelphia; his friends say as a physician, but as they admit he had a partner, it seems not improbable that he also kept a "drug-store," or, as we should call it, an apothecary's shop—which was the assertion of his adversaries. That he went out with any military or civil appointment does not appear.

In 1761 General Monckton was appointed to the command of the expedition against Martinique; and then, for the first time, Maclean became connected with the army—not as surgeon of Otway's regiment—not as an officer holding his Majesty's commission—but as secretary, or commissary, or contractor, receiving his appointment, whatever it was, from the general. His friends said that Monckton entertained so high an opinion of Maclean that, to secure the best and abundance for the troops, he gave him a contract for the supply of everything to the army; that Maclean, flattered by the good opinion of so distinguished a person, abandoned a profession in which he had succeeded to the utmost of his wishes, to share the general's fortune; and with such disinterestedness that, contrary to the usual issue of such contracts, he lost several thousand pounds of his private fortune by his engagements. It is, however, admitted that the general amply rewarded him, by conferring on him the very best civil offices at his disposal; and that Maclean made an ample fortune, which he beneficially invested in the purchase of large estates in Grenada.

Other reasons were assigned, and perhaps correctly, for Maclean's leaving Philadelphia; but with his motives we are in no way concerned. Maclean, we believe, returned to England in the autumn of 1763. In 1764 and 1765 he resided principally in Paris, and the Burkes gave Barry the painter a letter of introduction to him; and Barry says, "Nothing could equal the warmth and affection I met with in Mr. Maclean." On the 7th of October, 1766, William Burke informs Barry, "Your friend Maclean is this day made an under Secretary of State, so that we are laborers in the same vineyard."

"Maclean," says Sir David, "had now embarked on a political career which must have led

to wealth and honors; but in consequence of the Duke of Grafton's intrigues in the cabinet, all his prospects were blasted. So early as July, 1768, 'The Bedfords' had begun to persecute Lord Shelburne. * * In August 'the removal of Lord Shelburne was proposed in the closet and objected to;' but his enemies seem to have prevailed, for in September Mr. Lynch was appointed envoy extraordinary to the King of Sardinia. Lord Chatham had resolved, under these circumstances, to resign, and in mentioning his resolution to the Duke of Grafton on the 12th of October, he added, 'that he could not enough lament the removing of Sir Jeffrey Amherst (from the government of Virginia) and that of Lord Shelburne.' * * The Duke of Grafton, however, was determined that Lord Shelburne should resign, and accordingly Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne retired from the ministry on the 21st of October, 1768. Maclean of course followed the fate of his chief, and doubtless felt keenly his dismissal from the honors and emoluments of office. * In less than *three* months Junius launched his first formidable philippic against the ministry."

Here it is assumed that Maclean first entered on political life under Shelburne, and that all his hopes were overthrown when his chief was driven from power by the combined influence of Grafton and Bedford—hence Junius, and hence his animosities. Now, if the "hence Junius" be admitted as probable, it does not, therefore, follow, that Maclean was Junius.

Sir David appears to be wholly unaware that when the Rockingham party were in office, Maclean was appointed lieutenant-governor of St. Vincent, and with hopes, wrote William Burke, that, "by the mediation of Lord Cardigan, he will be made a commissioner for the sale of lands, which will gild the plume the other gives." When, however, in the autumn, Maclean was just about to embark, Chatham and Shelburne came into office, and Maclean became under-Secretary of State, and Ulysses Fitzmaurice was appointed lieutenant-governor. In the next parliament (1768) Maclean was returned as member for Arundel, together with Sir George Colebrook, chairman of the East India Company—a conjunction not without its significance to those who know the issues, but on which we cannot now dwell. Of course at the close of that year, when Shelburne, the secretary, retired, Maclean, the under-secretary retired with him; but never so far, we suspect, as to be out of sight of office. In 1769 and 1770, as we shall hereafter show, the involvement of Maclean's private affairs, consequent on his gambling in India stock, could have left him little leisure to attend to politics, or to turn-

ing periods and writing letters, public or private, beyond the requirements of the hour. In May, 1771, he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds; and was, by Lord North, appointed Superintendent of Lazarettoes, with £1,000 a year. In another twelvemonth, January, 1772, he figured as collector at Philadelphia; and in April, 1773, as Commissary-general of Musters, and Auditor-general of Military Accounts, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in India, "an appointment worth about £5,000 a year." So far, indeed, was Maclean from running into fierce opposition, that, according to the report of his brother, he was for the greater part of his public life an avowed supporter of the ministry. It is true that while in France he became intimate with Wilkes, was his personal and kind friend, lent him money, and was very fierce in respect to the Middlesex election. So were many and much more distinguished men—who hoped thereby rather to get into office than to be kept out of it. The cause of Wilkes, so far as it was connected with the Middlesex election, was the cause of constitutional liberty. On his own showing, Maclean separated from Wilkes when he became under-secretary, and quarrelled with him after the Rockingham party had withdrawn their protection and their pension—after Chatham had publicly and somewhat wantonly denounced him—and when Shelburne was working by all direct and indirect means against him in the city; in fact, when it was politic to do so. Wilkes asserted, and perhaps believed, that Maclean was bought off by the court—and Walpole has perpetuated the charge; but there is no proof that it was true. On the contrary, the reply to Wilkes was, that he could not have been bought off, for he had never been in opposition, except on the question relating to the Middlesex election: "Eight years have elapsed since his return to England, during *six* of them he has been zealous in support of the administration; when he differed it was on account of the Middlesex election."

And this "zealous" supporter of administration, Maclean, we are now told, was Junius! "Junius," as Sir David exclaims when considering the pretensions of Sackville, "asking and receiving favors from the crown!" No one, indeed, can raise stronger objections than Sir David. "It would be a difficult task," he says, by way of objection to Francis, "to persuade the public that Junius held lucrative office in the State, while he was systematically assailing the King and the government." Would it be more difficult in the

case of Francis than of Maclean? To say nothing of earlier offices, was not the Lazarettoes with its thousand a year (three times as lucrative an appointment as Francis held) followed according to his own theory by a whole volume of Junius's "Letters," including a modest contribution by the soft spoken Veteran? Seriously, we agree with Sir David that there would be such a moral obliquity in this conduct as ought to be conclusive equally against the claims of Francis and those of Maclean—even if we had no other evidence. We may here, however, observe by way of further "analogy," that it was in this same year, 1771, that Maclean and Wilkes were libelling each other in the public newspapers—that Maclean challenged Wilkes—and that Junius carried on his long, labored, and friendly correspondence with him.

Maclean, we are told, gained the patronage of Lord North—that "most treacherous of all the King's ministers," as Junius called him—early in 1771, by writing a pamphlet in "Defense of the Ministry on the subject of the Falkland Islands!" We must confess that when we came to this passage, it took away our breath. Junius to stop in the mid career of his labors to write a defense of the ministry! Of all the "analogies" this is certainly the most curious! Maclean, we are told, wrote this defense early in 1771; Junius, we know, wrote and published in January, 1771, his attack on the ministry, and on their conduct in respect to the Falkland Islands—an attack so severe and so damaging that Dr. Johnson is said to have been especially called on to reply to it! A man who can believe this may "most powerfully and potentially" believe—anything. It is indeed "by indirect means to find directions out."

We are not surprised that Sir David Brewster was anxious to get a sight of this pamphlet. If a few private letters had awakened such strong suspicions, what might not have been proved by a whole political pamphlet? But "there is no copy," it appears "in the British Museum, nor any other library, public or private," where he has made inquiry after it; and his inquiries "have been very extensive." Shall we tell him why this result? because, as in the celebrated case of the "impossible," a pamphlet is "very seldom" found which never existed. It is strange that Sir David did not suspect this from the very words of the reference: "In spite of Mr. Laughlin's disinterested *unbroken eloquence*," says Vindex.

Maclean's reference to the titles of the

King of Spain, and the argument which is founded thereon, were made in a set speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 13th of February, when the question relating to the Falkland Islands was under discussion; and, curiously enough, Maclean commenced, after the Vindex fashion, by reference to his broken eloquence. "I promise," he said, "to make up in brevity for my want of utterance, and on this ground I entreat the patience of the House." The speech is not reported in the Parliamentary History, and is only summarily noticed by Cavendish; but it was published at the time in the newspapers—and no doubt, from the marked emphasis of the printer, the copy was furnished by Maclean. The reference, therefore, by Vindex (assumed to be Junius,) whether generous or not, was at least pertinent. Maclean's argument, so far as our question is concerned was this:

The last speaker (he said) has "made use of a word which I cannot pass over in silence; he has said that England has *recognized* the right of Spain to Falkland's Islands, by accepting the Spanish minister's declaration. Others have more modestly termed this a *reservation of right*. But I deny both the one and the other, since the giving possession of the soil gives this country that only right which is worth contesting for. The treaties of Nimeguen," &c. &c., "are full of such sorts of reservations, which really mean nothing. Will the House give me leave to quote one or two examples from the very last treaty of peace—the treaty of Fontainebleau? In this treaty, the King of Portugal, that little king, in his *pleins pouvoirs* to his minister, calls the Duke of Bedford ambassador plenipotentiary from the King of Great Britain, France, &c.; and yet France took no manner of umbrage at this phrase. But in matter of reservation certainly no monarch ever equalled the King of Spain; for in this very treaty he has kept up, in the titles he has assumed, his claim to three parts in four of the whole world; for not content with reserving his right to the territories of his enemies, he has reserved his right also to those of his best friends and allies. His words ran thus: 'Don Carlos, by the grace of God, King of Castile, of Leon, of Arragon, of the *two Sicilies*, of *Jerusalem*, of *Navarre*, of *Grenada*, of *Toledo*, of *Valencia*, of *Galicia*, of *Majorca*, of *Minorca*, of *Seville*, of *Sardinia*, of *Cordova*, of *Corsica*, of *Murcia*, of *Java*, of the *Algarves*, of *Algeira*, of *GIBRALTAR*, of the *Canary Islands*, of the *EAST INDIES*, of the *WEST INDIES*, *ISLANDS* and *CONTINENT*, of the *OCEAN*; Archduke of *AUSTRIA*, of *BRABANT*, of *MILAN*; Count of *Hapsburg*, of *FLANDERS*, of *TIROL*, &c.' Can anybody, after these claims, think that of the Falkland Islands worth attending to, or that such reservations are more than mere empty words of form, meaning nothing? For all these reasons, I shall, from the bottom of my heart, vote for the question as moved by the noble lord."

We have quoted enough to illustrate the reference by Vindex—"Pray tell that ingenious gentleman, Mr. Laughlin Maclean, that when the King of Spain writes to the King of Great Britain, he omits four-fifths of his titles. * * In spite of Mr. Laughlin's disinterested, unbroken, melodious eloquence, it is a melancholy truth that the crown of England was never so insulted, never so shamefully degraded, as by this declaration." And the gentleman who voted "from the bottom of his heart"—and who could talk and write about voting "from the bottom of his heart"—was Junius!

With the subsequent history of Maclean our readers are in no way interested; but there are some incidents in his past career which throw a light on the character of the man—and we may as well clear them up.

Maclean, says Sir David, perished in 1777, on board the Swallow-packet, which foundered at sea.

"He left a will, by which he bequeathed a variety of 'profuse' legacies, without any available funds to pay them. He had purchased four estates in Grenada, for which he paid 200,000*l.*; but strange to say, his heirs declined to administer to his will. His son-in-law, the late Colonel Wilkes, governor of St. Helena, informed the writer of this article, that application had been made to him to give a title to some of these properties, but that he uniformly declined to do this, from a conviction that the estate was insolvent, and hence a considerable West India estate became the property of its steward."

The refusal of his heirs to administer would, under the circumstances here stated, have been strange indeed! Maclean had, it is true, bought estates in Grenada; but the greater part of them were, we suspect, taken up on credit. It was asserted that while at Martinique he "picked up money enough to purchase some, and credit enough to comprehend a great many more;" and this was not denied by his brother, who argued that credit implied honor. Be the fact as it may, it does not affect the issue; for Maclean long before he died had lost all—was utterly ruined. He was a great stock-jobber, especially in India stock; and his speculations were, we believe, carried on at the same time, and on the same scale, in Amsterdam, in Paris, and in London. He was at first successful; but then came the panic

of May, 1769, when stock fell in a few days from 275 to 240, and continued to fall for years after, and at one swoop he was reduced to beggary. When accused of this—stigmatized as a "disgraceful and dishonest bankrupt"—the best defense was, that his conduct, "if it did not justify the extent of his transactions, ought at least to extenuate his fault for he gave up to his creditors "*Grenada estates and all*"—nay, that he did more, for "he legalized every demand that stood *unsatisfied* against him; from which it is evident that "*Grenada estates and all*" were not sufficient to satisfy his enormous stock-jobbing liabilities. Indeed, the records of the Court of Exchequer prove this, and a great deal more. We thence learn that his early friend, General Monckton, had given him a bill for 1,000*l.* to get discounted; and though Monckton did not receive a shilling, he was, in 1770, sued on the bill. It is not said that this arose from any moral misconduct on the part of Maclean, nor are our readers interested in the circumstances; but it came out incidentally that on the 25th of July, 1769,* Maclean was indebted to De la Fontaine & Brymes, stock brokers, and the holders of Monckton's bill, in the enormous sum of 23,555*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* We know further, and from like proceedings in the Exchequer, that in that same year, 1769, Maclean was so desperately in want of money, that the Earl of Shelburne gave him three bonds for 5,000*l.* each; and when sued for the amount, Shelburne applied for an injunction on the ground of want of consideration, but did not succeed. Here, then, is nearly 40,000*l.* due to two parties, which must be considered as amongst the unsatisfied claims which he had legalized *after* "the Grenada estates and all" were gone. The "heirs" of Maclean, if not wiser in their generation, were certainly better informed than Sir David Brewster.

A great deal more might be written on the statements and inferences in this pamphlet; but the evidence in chief has so utterly broken down, that it would be idle to waste further time in an examination of what is merely adduced as incidental and corroborative proof.

* See Junius' Private Letter of 10th Dec., 1769.

From the Edinburgh Review.

MR. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England from the Accession of James the Second. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. I. and II. Fourth Edition. London: 1849.

WE pay Mr. Macaulay no compliment, but only record his good fortune, when we say, that these two volumes are the most popular historical work that ever issued from the English press. Within six months this book has run through five editions—involving an issue of about 18,000 copies; and, on the other side the Atlantic, our enterprising and economical brothers of America have, we hear, reproduced it, in forms which appear infinite in number, and infinitesimal in price. For the best rewards of authorship he, therefore, has not been doomed, like many illustrious predecessors, to await the slow verdict of his own, or the tardy justice of a succeeding generation. Fame has absolutely trodden on his heels. As widely as our language has travelled—"super et Garamantas et Indos"—these volumes have already spread the reputation and opinions of their author.

We feel undisguised pride in Mr. Macaulay's unquestionable and unalloyed success. His great reputation and position in politics, eloquence, and literature—his unflinching steadiness as a statesman, and his noble and ardent maintenance of those free principles of which this journal has been so long the advocate, while they led us to look forward with anxiety to his promised contribution to our national history, lead us now to rejoice unaffectedly at its brilliant reception. He has had a hearty—indeed a triumphant—welcome from all sorts and classes of his countrymen. Men of all shades of political opinion have honored him and themselves by the expression of their admiration. There never, we believe, was a work, replete, as this is, with politics, which met with more generous and creditable treatment from political antagonists—never a work, abounding so much with topics of controversy, more fairly and candidly criticised. If there are exceptions to this remark—and, as far as we know, they are few and insignificant—

they supply, probably, the only test of merit which was wanting—and add the note of disappointed jealousy to the general chorus of approbation.

The public, in the most cosmopolitan sense of that term, having thus so unequivocally anticipated any decision of ours, it would be superfluous and impertinent in us to pretend now to tell our readers what they may expect to find in volumes with which they are already familiar. Coming, as we do, in the rear of the critical squadron, we may be allowed to suppose *that* part of our duty forestalled. Neither can we be expected to dissect these two volumes with a restless, microscopic eye, and to point out a wrong date on this page, or a misspelled name on that, in the case of a book which has already taken its place, without waiting for any sanction of ours, among the classics of our language. For the present we shall discharge our consciences, as critics, by adopting a course more agreeable, we believe, to our readers, and in all respects more appropriate. We mean to try, on a somewhat comprehensive scale, to estimate and ascertain the real value of those great general principles which it is our author's great object to illustrate; and which, with so graceful and masterly a hand, he has now disseminated over the world. For, after all, it depends on the intrinsic character of the work, whether its remarkable success is to be regarded as a triumph or a misfortune. Mr. Macaulay has some qualities which might render sophistry too popular, and error too attractive. He has a singular felicity of style; and, as he moves along his path of narrative, spreads a halo around him, which beguiles the distance and dazzles his companions. It is a style, undoubtedly, which might often provoke criticism, as far as artistic rules are concerned; sometimes elaborated to excess, sometimes too familiar; with sentences too curiously bad—

anced, and unnecessary antitheses to express very simple propositions. But with all this, and much more of the same kind that might be said, the fascination remains. The tale, as we proceed, flows on faster and faster. Page after page vanishes under the entranced eye of the reader; and, whether we will or no, we are forced to follow as he leads—so light, and gay, and agreeable does the pathway appear. Even on the most beaten ground, his power of picturesque description brings out lights and shadows—views alike of distances and of roadside flowers—never seen, or remarked, or recollected before.

But the important question undoubtedly is, whither is our guide leading us? what is the end and object of this pleasant journey? We shall try to answer this question immediately. But we must begin by noticing one cardinal merit—almost an original one—of Mr. Macaulay's book, which meets us on the very threshold. He is the first we think who has succeeded in giving to the realities of history (which is generally supposed to demand and require a certain grave austerity of style,) the lightness, variety, and attraction of a work designed only to amuse. All historians we have ever read—not excepting Gibbon and Hume, and including all others in our language—are open to this remark. To read them is a study, an effort of the intellect—well repaid indeed by the result, but still necessarily intent and laborious. Mr. Macaulay has, with an instinctive sense, both of truth and of the power to realize it, perceived that a true story may be, and should be, as agreeably told as a fictitious one; that the incidents of real life, whether political or domestic, admit of being so arranged as, without detriment to accuracy, to command all the interest of an artificial series of facts; that the chain of circumstances which constitutes history may be as finely and gracefully woven as in any tale of fancy, and be as much more interesting as the human countenance, with all its glowing reality of life, and structure, and breathing beauty, excels the most enchanting portrait that ever passed from the pencil of Kneller or of Lawrence.

This we consider a very signal achievement. If not an invention, it is at least a novel combination almost deserving of the name. It is by far the most successful illustration we have ever seen of Cicero's remark, of History being "*opus oratorium maximè*." Perhaps there may be, especially in the narrative warms, a little more of the

orator mingling with the historian, than what is called the dignity of History, in her court dress, would permit. But who that has read these two volumes will ever forget them, or the eventful and stirring scenes they record? And this result on the mind of the reader, it is undoubtedly the highest triumph of descriptive or narrative writing to produce. The scene is actually before us. It does not exist in mere words. We do not recollect it as we used to do Cæsar at school—by the place of the page where this or that fact was recorded. We have pictured to ourselves the living and actual reality of the men, and the times, and the actions he describes—and close the volume as if a vast and glowing pageant had just passed before our eyes. And are they not all visibly present? The turbid, haughty, unimpressible, and vindictive monarch—the very tread of his imperious step, and the sound of his impatient voice—have become familiar to us long before we read the story to an end. His rejection of Monmouth's prayers for life; his stern and stolid harshness to the Bishops; his disquietude on their ominous acquittal; and his perturbation and bewilderment at the final catastrophe: how he fled from London; how he returned; and how he fled again—are all imprinted on the fancy as if they had formed part of a dramatic spectacle. Then how lifelike is the sketch of that pale face, with its eagle eye, hawk-like nose, and dejected but firm mouth! trained from infancy to repress, under its cold lineaments, the fires burning strongly within; wandering in deep, unspoken, but weighty meditation through his ancestral halls at the Hague. The ferocious glare in Jeffries' eye; the restless versatility of Halifax; the worn, thin, handsome, and resolute features of Danby; the brilliant, daring, and unprincipled Churchill,—are each so distinctively described, that their very countenances seem familiar; and we begin to think we should recognize the men as we would old acquaintances. As the story goes on, the reader becomes more and more absorbed in its details. The trial of the Bishops is told with all the author's well-known brilliancy; and the mustering in Holland, the delay, the sailing, the adverse storm, the successful landing, the indecisive progress, and the ultimate consummation, carry us on with an intensity of interest quite equal to the real magnitude of the occurrences, and the strange, agitating, and eventful stake which was suspended on the issue.

Surely the historian who possesses a power like this, if he does not sacrifice truth to effect, wields a spell over his readers most conducive to the best purposes of history. For history, to be rightly written or usefully read, should not be the old almanac to which it has been compared, or anything like it. It should, as far as possible, be a living picture of the times; and reflect not isolated facts, but the general manners, habits, principles, as well as actions of the men that lived and flourished in them. The historian should aim, not at chronicling a mere catalogue of events, but at delineating the causes from which they sprang, the social or political, or moral condition which led to them, and their effect and influence on the present and future fortunes of the people among whom they took place. And we may remark that in all history, more especially in such a one as the present, it may occasionally happen that some one circumstance is taken out of what might seem its proper place, and allowed more than its just proportions; and this to a narrow or captious mind may appear to convict the author of inaccuracy or exaggeration, while in reality he has merely chosen rather to paint than to describe; and has selected some incident, not perhaps in itself of very great significance, or to convey his impression of a great class of facts to his reader, with more truth and force than any more general description could effect. The exaggeration is simply of that sort with which every painter is familiar—the use of a brighter light or a deeper shadow than nature, in details, in order to give the effect of nature to the whole. If an ignorant critic takes the picture to pieces, he may easily cavil at the component parts, which, placed together by the hand of a master, make up so harmonious and truthful a portrait.

These remarks apply very strongly to that delightful chapter in the first volume, descriptive of the manners and customs, and general condition, both social and political, of the English at the middle of the seventeenth century—a chapter not more to be praised for the boldness and truthfulness of its design, than valued for the vigor of its execution. Its design shows, what indeed is characteristic of the whole work, an enlarged appreciation of the objects of history, and a manly determination to pass at once beyond the line of the established topics to which it has been the fashion for historians to confine themselves. A few great battles, a few much debated political events, and one or

two notorious crimes, have generally formed the staple of most of our historical works; while events far more operative and influential on the people, and far more important in their social and political progress, are wholly overlooked. Thus, if any one were to write the history of this country since 1815, and describe merely those political struggles which have led alternately to the ascendancy of one or other of our great parties, he would, after all, give a most imperfect representation of the social changes which have, within that period, taken place among us. The spread of education, the penny postage, railroad travelling, and the electric telegraph, are four mighty instruments, which have done and will do far more, in permanently affecting the habits, wants, and wishes of the people, than even the Reform Bill, Catholic Emancipation, or the Abolition of the Corn Laws. In the chapter we speak of, Mr. Macaulay has made a courageous and very successful endeavor to lead history into a deeper and wider channel; and has brought all his great descriptive powers to bear on the attempt to convey to his reader an impression of the domestic and every-day life of those times, in comparison with that of our own. We do not mean to say, nor is it at all necessary to justify our praise that we should, that in all instances the comparison is scrupulously exact. It was impossible it should be so. It was almost unavoidable, to a certain extent, that extremes should sometimes be adopted as typical of a class; and it is quite possible that sometimes our author may have followed the exaggerations of satirical or comic writers of the day, as affording the materials of the contrast. We never thought of taking the thing so literally. To describe the manners and domestic habits of the people who lived two hundred years ago, so that in every minute detail the description shall defy cavil, is, we believe, impossible; nor, if it were possible, would it be worth the labor. What is requisite is a vivid and graphic idea of the well-established and most salient peculiarities—of the prominent and distinctive characteristics that actually belonged to the time; nor do we know how this can be done, but by seizing the more palpable, even though they be in some measure extreme examples. The Roman matrons were not all like Messalina; nor all French priests like Tartuffe, nor all English squires like Squire Western; yet the fact that the satirists of each nation chose such characters to describe, points infallibly to the

prevalent vices, or failings, or habits of their time and class. It is interesting for us to know, and our author professes to represent, rather the relative than the positive condition of England; and we have no misgivings whatever, that the representation is not as substantially true as it is conspicuously graphic and lively.

Our author would be much misunderstood, we think, were it supposed that his object in this chapter was merely a blind exaltation of the times we live in, compared with those he writes of. But the mistake would be still greater, if he should be thought to represent our present state as a state of perfection—or as any thing but a more advanced stage of the developments which were then in progress. Mr. Macaulay probably does not indeed think, with the philosopher in the “Vicar of Wakefield,” that the world is in its dotage—he has not come to be convinced that the vast strides of our generation in mechanics or in science—the wonderful discoveries which have chained the elements to man’s triumphal car—are all only symptoms of decrepitude; and it is very likely that he may be of opinion that whatever the merits of the English gentlemen of the olden time, his modern successors are in most respects much more civilized, agreeable, and intelligent companions. These are matters, however, in which many sensible men have their own peculiar prejudices. We are all but children of a larger growth; and as the school-boy thinks it must have been delightful to have lived in the days of genii or of dragons, and the romantic girl thinks “Claude du Val” the perfection of a hero; so we have recently come to understand that there are wise, able, and intelligent men who would willingly transport themselves and us from the refinements and intellectual polish of the nineteenth, to the rude hospitality and half-educated rusticity of the seventeenth century! But it certainly was not our author’s object to war with these harmless monomanias. He plainly wished merely to reflect light on the *events* of the times he had to describe, by showing the kind of people who lived in them; and he could only do this effectually by pointing out in what particulars they chiefly differed from ourselves. He had no desire to degrade our present clergy by exhibiting their predecessors, as once being persons of lower habits and lower station, than it can have been his immediate object to prove the Lord Russell of those days a less pure patriot than the Lord John Russell of our own. He only uses the contrast

to give point and precision to the description.

We must now, however, turn to the specific merits of this book as a history, in the more received sense of that term. Mr. Macaulay purposes, as he tells us in his first majestic sentences, to write the history of England during a period which has been absolutely overlaid with histories already. He enters on ground obscured by books; and has to pick his way over plains of foolscap and oceans of ink. The design certainly shows great confidence in his own powers—and the result has proved that his confidence was not misplaced. The peculiar characteristic of this new history accordingly is, not, we think, the disclosure of any new facts of great moment, although there are many curious and important revelations brought to light by our author’s research, which were never so clearly known or understood before. But many may possess all the separate parts of a machine who cannot put them together; and we think Mr. Macaulay’s great excellence as an historian, is his masterly adaptation of known facts to a connected and systematic view of the history they compose—and the bearings of that history on the future fortunes of the country. There is nothing isolated or disjointed in his narrative. Each stone seems to fit into its place, and to give and receive support. He uses his materials with the freedom and air of one who looks on them merely as means to a great end, to which he feels conscious of his capacity for applying them.

Thus, in his introductory chapters—which, starting from the infancy of our island’s history, bring his reader up to the point at which he intends to commence his detailed narrative—there may not be much in the way of novelty in the mere facts stated. But few can be insensible to the ability with which these facts are wielded; or to the beauty and effect of his many profound and original views of their far-reaching relations and unsuspected mutual dependencies. He writes like one seated on an eminence, and looking down on a vast landscape; who, without noting each turn of the road or winding of the river, which bound the eye of the traveller below, acquires, by a large and rapid survey, a knowledge of the general character, capabilities, and features of the country—sees whither the roads lead and rivers flow, and can give us information far more comprehensive and useful, than if we had spent days in wandering through the lanes and by-paths of the valley.

The rapidity, strength, and conciseness of his review of our early history, and the powerful grasp by which it is condensed into comparatively few, but most vivid and instructive pages, has met with deserved applause from all quarters, and forms a model of historical recapitulation. But, passing by his survey of these earlier periods—his account of the succession of the Stuarts and the reigns of the two first of their princes, and his sketch of the Protector, which is more slight than perhaps it would have been had not Carlyle so recently pre-occupied the ground—let us draw a little nearer to the times and principles of which he proposes to write.

We certainly regard this work as the first successful attempt to tell with truth, accuracy, and effect, the story of these important times: so to tell it, we mean, as to place it permanently in its true light, and to remove it from that false glare which has so long rested on it. Much, it is true, had been done in this direction previously, by others to whom Mr. Macaulay would be the last to deny his obligations. The researches of Mr. Fox, and the later works of Mr. Hallam and Sir James Mackintosh, had furnished the student with the means of learning, with great correctness, the actual events out of which the Revolution sprang. But from causes we need not now stop to trace, after all their labors, the work which was required, remained still unperformed. Hume and his followers still retained their long-established hold on the public mind. Schoolmasters and governesses still continued to teach, and many in each generation in their turn to believe, that the Stuarts, if an unfortunate, were an ill-used race, more sinned against than sinning—that the trivial faults which they may have had, were deeply overshadowed by the dignity of their royal descent, and the graces of their personal demeanor—that our ancestors, in the noble struggle which it is the object of these volumes to record, offended not more against the divinity of royal prerogative, than against right, truth, and justice; and that Cromwell and the leaders of the Commonwealth were types of the most revolting compound which the union of cruelty, hypocrisy, and vulgarity could produce. It had so long been fashionable to profess a moderate Jacobitism, and so unfashionable to find any virtue in the heroes of that sacred contest, that contempt for the Puritans, reverence for the royal martyr, and dislike of William of Orange, had become topics of faith almost as essential in orthodox educa-

tion as the Creed or the Church Catechism. By many a fireside hearth, which the expulsion of that cherished royal race had alone rendered secure and smiling, the comfortable dowager, or the rustic squire, or the bright young daughters of the land, still lamented over the sins of the Roundheads, and the misfortunes of Prince Charlie, and sighed that the day had never come when "the king should have his own again!" forgetting that in the peace and purity and freedom of their happy homes, they were tasting unconsciously, day by day, the fruits of that great deliverance.

It is remarkable, however, that this weak and childish, if romantic creed, never rose to fashion or favor, until the return of the Stuarts had become actually impossible. The Tories of Walpole's time did not venture to be Jacobites. They affected, on the contrary, the character of constitutional defenders of the principles of the Revolution. Lord Bolingbroke, in his "Dissertation on Parties," gives a very fair specimen of the prevalent opinion upon the merits of the Stuarts, among the Tories of his day. Speaking of James the First, he says, "That epidemical taint with which he infected the minds of men continued upon us; and it is scarce hyperbolic to say that this Prince hath been the original cause of a series of misfortunes to this nation as deplorable as a *lasting infection of our air, of our water, or our earth would have been.*" "Charles sipped a little of the poisonous draught, but enough to infect his whole conduct. As for James (the Second,)

'Ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram.'

He drank the chalice off to the lowest and foulest dregs."

Such was the Toryism of the first half of the eighteenth century. It was not until the last spark of fortune which gleamed on their ill-starred house had been trodden out on Culloden Heath, that the Stuarts became a myth and a romance—devotion to which was not unpleasing to royal or courtly ears—a vehicle complacently recognized, for exalting prerogative and discouraging popular demands, and for imbuing the country in general with an orthodox love of kings in the abstract. Scotland has much to answer for in this reaction. Her Highlanders had failed: her men of letters—Hume and Scott—succeeded.

Hume was the greatest, and by far the most successful propagator of these un-Eng-

lish views; and it is no mean tribute to his genius and power, that he should so long have kept his countrymen in bondage to a belief which is contradicted not more by the general truths of history, than by the events which he has himself recorded. Hume's Jacobite tendencies, we think, are to be ascribed much more to personal spleen, than to any impression produced on him by those events. He hated the English, and loved the French. The first had partly neglected and partly derided him; and the last had loaded him with the flowers of flattery, and placed him on the pedestal of a literary demigod. His Scotch descent and Scotch accent exposed him, in that day, to constant mortifications in English circles; and his correspondence shows how keenly, and for a man of his powers how absurdly, he felt these petty indignities. And so came his hatred of Whiggery; which, we verily believe, he detested even more because it was English, than because it was Puritanical. He loved to exalt the Stuarts, because every line he wrote in their praise magnified the old race of *Scottish* princes, and sent a stab to the heart of that constitution of which Englishmen boasted so loudly. The slights he had endured from persons "he never would call his countrymen," disgusted him with the very name of that liberty which they had so constantly on their lips: while the brilliancy and gayety, and polite incense which he met with at Paris, charmed him with arbitrary power. Any one who compares the earlier with the later editions of his history, and with the course of his intervening life, will see how these feelings, as they deepened in intensity, were more and more reflected in his work.

Indeed, so thoroughly did Hume's Jacobite views arise from what he wished that history should have been, rather than from what he knew it to be, that in his later editions the facts which he narrates often stand in singular, and occasionally even absurd contrast to the reflections he draws from them. The real defect of his history, in truth, is seldom in the narrative. The events which occurred in the reigns of Charles and James II. are, for the most part, told fairly enough; but they are accompanied by deductions the very reverse of what an unbiased reader would draw from them. He paints a tyrant—but writes a very different name under the picture. Thus, after describing vividly the profligate vileness of the court and times of Charles II., he chooses to sum up his character with a panegyric on the

courtliness of his demeanor, in which view "he was the most amiable and engaging of men." His reign, he acknowledges, was "dangerous to his people, and dishonorable to himself;" but then—this was to be imputed to the indolence of his temper—a fault which, however *unfortunate* in a monarch, *it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.*" He starts in his history of James the Second, by stating plainly that he never was sincere in his intentions of governing constitutionally; and yet he never speaks of the opposition he met with from Parliament, but as the stolid disobedience of an ill-conditioned and stiff-necked generation, on which moderation and clemency were thrown away. In short, the impression he conveys, with infinite dexterity and skill, is, that the fancied liberty, and vaunted constitutional rights for which our fathers struggled, were, after all, weak and pernicious delusions. To please the vulgar, he occasionally speaks in the vulgar tongue, of royal encroachment and oppression; but discloses very plainly his own persuasion, that to the enlightened and philosophic mind the objects pursued were but empty bubbles, and their champions bigots or impostors. But all this is done with such consummate ability—he puts out his strength so adroitly on the conclusions he would draw, and passes over the narrative of inconvenient facts with so light a hand, that his deluded reader strays with him, unconscious of his wandering, till he finds with surprise the destination he has reached.

Hume at first found these views of English history in the shade—nursed only in the country retreats, or the Highland fastnesses of the too loyal Jacobites. But they soon became anything but unpalatable to the ruling spirit and principles of the court of George the Third. It was very speedily perceived, when all danger from the exiled family was over, that a subdued praise of their virtues, and some gentle censure of their unruly subjects, might not prove without its effects on the administration of the House of Hanover. It was during the period when Hume's influence was culminating to its zenith, that the influence of the Crown, in the words of Parliament, "had increased and was increasing." With the growth of *that new prerogative* of influence and corruption, which sprang like a sapling from the levelled oak, there grew throughout the nation also, in deference to courtly views, a certain admiration of those principles of kingly power which Hume had rendered fashionable. Even the doctrine of passive

obedience began again to show its bruised and distorted head; and during the loyal mania which the French Revolution and the glorious diatribes of Burke produced—that most costly fit of intoxication in which a nation ever indulged—the homage to prerogative became intense, and amid the crash of empires Hume retained an undisputed throne.

We had hardly recovered from this expensive delirium, when another and almost more seductive guide again led the whole nation captive. With personal predilections stronger probably than those of Hume himself, our great Magician of Romance gave a local and abiding reality to the received perversions of history; and threw over them that dangerous charm which his unrivalled genius alone could bestow. Our recent history, in fact, has been obscured by the pen of Walter Scott, just as the Wars of the Roses lie entombed under the dramatic fables of Shakspeare. In truth, with all his wonderful and enchanting endowments, Scott was a fervent worshipper of rank and power; nobility and ancient blood were to him the types of a superior order of humanity; royalty was a sacro-sanct, mysterious idol. Considering his warm and kindly heart, and intimate acquaintance with the habits, wants, and virtues of the lower orders, it is wonderful how little is to be found in his pages of generous sympathy with the struggles of an oppressed people, or of pride in the liberty of that country, the manners and history of which he has illustrated in his immortal fictions. His predilections always lean to the monarch, however arbitrary—his antipathies rest with the people, however greatly wronged. “*Nos numerus sumus*” is the feeling ever predominant in his mind when he speaks of the commonality, and we believe he would have revered the chair which held the graceless Charles at the Tillietudlem breakfast, with devotion quite as genuine as that which he ascribes to Lady Margaret Bellenden. Thus, whether it be the misguided Mary, or the profligate Charles, or the bloody persecuting Claverhouse, there is always a glitter of romance thrown round them by his brilliant pen, quite sufficient to cast all their faults into the shade; while he cannot describe the persecutions of the Covenanters without smothering sympathy by ridicule. His Cavaliers, in short, however worthless, are always attractive; his Roundheads, however meritorious, are absurd or repulsive. Yet the delineation, in its details, is so true to nature, if not to fact, that it is

impossible to resist the impressions made by it.

In this way grew up, among the free people of this land, something too like contempt for the ancestors who gained our liberties; and romantic sympathy for those who would have destroyed them. From the absurd impression that such opinions are fashionable and genteel, courtly and servile writers still pervert the truth of history; and the youth of our country are daily imbued with false narratives, and principles as false. And yet, how childish, mean, and degrading should such sentiments now appear! When we look round on the great panorama of Europe, and trace in the history of almost all its nations the analogous chain of experience through which we have passed—the same transition from the feudal to the industrial state—the same struggle by the crown for supremacy, and by the people for protection and security—and mark that, merely for want of such a timely contest as our forefathers raised and won, the efforts of Europe for constitutional liberty have ever been one stormy sea of gulf and billow, undulating between rampant prerogative and unrestrained license—how contemptible is it for men who should have outgrown the silly fancies of boyhood, to assume the poor affectation of despising all that has made this island of ours so secure and tranquil, and to worship that brazen-footed monster, for its homage to which the nations of the Continent are even at present suffering such bitter retribution! It would have been quite as rational, dignified, and manly, for the Roman republicans to have reviled the elder Brutus, and to have deified Tarquin the Proud—or for our transatlantic brethren to hold an annual feast to commemorate, and lament the loss of the threepenny tax on tea.

Now one great triumph Mr. Macaulay has gained for this and for future generations is, that he has dispersed forever this brood of distempered fancies. From the broad and searching light of truth which he has poured in, they have shrunk and crept away, never more to profane that sacred temple of constitutional liberty:

“*Celerique fugâ sub sidera lapsæ
Semesam prædam et vestigia fœda relinquunt.*”

He has brought back the public mind, with a bold and irresistible grasp, to sound, wholesome English views of the great crisis of our constitutional rights—cleansing our history from the mass of rubbish and falsehood by

which it has been obscured, and sweeping into eternal forgetfulness the sickly sentiment which still hung round the memory of a race of incorrigible kings. He has restored the much-abused term of loyalty to its true signification—allegiance to the laws and Constitution and high magistracy of the realm; and extinguished, as we hope and believe forever, the childish adoration of the mere abstraction or impersonation of royalty. There may be many opinions of our author's views of English history, and of his mode of illustrating or enforcing them. Some of his facts may be questioned, some authorities doubted, some deductions controverted or challenged; but these unworthy and degrading phantoms, which amused or misled the last generation, have fled, like ghosts at day-break, to haunt us no more.

"Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim!
With that twice battered God of Palestine," &c.

The potent exorcism has at length driven the unclean spirits finally away; and from the last haunts of Jacobite servility and superstition,

"The parting genius is with sighing sent."

No English historian will, we believe, attempt again to offer up incense on the subverted altar of the Stuarts.

This task, long called for, it has been reserved for Mr. Macaulay to accomplish; and had the work no other merit, this would be sufficient of itself to ensure his reputation, and to challenge the gratitude of his country. He has brought, indeed, many qualifications to the task which are seldom found united. He had, of course, great resources at his command, not only in the published works of his predecessors, and in the collected materials of two of the most distinguished of them, who had left their tasks unfinished, but other channels also were laid open to him both here and on the Continent. In short, we believe him to have had the materials of a true history as thoroughly in his power as it was possible for any one to have. But there are other presumptions in favor of his accuracy. To the use of these advantages he brings a memory singularly clear, retentive, and precise, and deep and varied stores of general learning; and having staked his fame—not one to be lightly risked on such a venture—on the character of this history, we doubt not that in a point so attainable as

accuracy in what he relates, he is as immaculate as an author can be on such a scale. Indeed we are confident that, however searching, or even malicious, the examination, he will be found by far the most correct, even in minute details, of all the writers who have published on this period of our history. And, last of all, he adds to these recommendations the remarkable advantage of being able to meet his antagonists on equal ground—by a power of composition in all respects as effective as Hume, or Burke, or Scott. It is this which has made his present volumes so timely a contribution to our national literature. Though the work of a scholar, they are not a mere work for scholars; there were such previously, in which the true story of the Revolution was more faithfully than effectively told. But this is a book to read—one that everybody will read, and understand, and remember; and which will consequently permeate and leaven all society. It has at last brought the controversy on this subject to the right issue; and we are much mistaken if the victory has not been gained, and that conclusively, already.

The story, thus vividly and agreeably told, brings out, in clear and unquestionable light, one or two great leading truths, which we do not think have been anywhere so strikingly exhibited. The first of these is, the utter incapacity, obstinacy, and personal worthlessness of the exiled family; and the fact that this, if it did not lie at the root of all the political troubles of the time, rendered them far more alarming and inevitable. There seems to have been a natural talent in the blood, which no danger could repress, or discipline remove. From the first they were thoroughly ignorant of the people they had to govern; and being ignorant, were too proud, too foolish, or too stupid to learn. One idea had strong possession of all of them—the absurd and insane desire to copy the arbitrary governments of the Continent; and to this object they adhered in all circumstances, in the face of all obstacles, and in blind defiance of the most palpable perils. Through their individual varieties of character we may trace clearly enough, the symptoms of the family distemper in each. The principles of kingly power which James carried over the Border with him, which his education had planted, and which conceit and flattery had well watered, ridiculous as they appeared when enshrined in that ungainly, gossiping, pedantic impersonation of divine right, were yet the dangerous beginnings of

that debasing element which first degraded, and then, for a time, destroyed the monarchy. It was blended certainly into a more graceful and manly model in Charles the First. He possessed some qualities which might have made him a dangerous and successful despot. But the nation was saved by the hereditary perversity of his mind. He was so absurdly obstinate when he should have yielded—so undecided when promptness alone could have led to success—and whether in obstinacy or wavering, so openly and needlessly false—that the deep and resolute, though enduring spirit of the nation, was roused before the yoke was bound upon their necks. They were not preserved, however, so much by their own vigilance as by the want of moral strength in their antagonist. It was this fatal defect which alone defeated Strafford's schemes for "thorough;" and after his base desertion of his minister, led Charles himself to rush on his own fate. His memory has only been rescued from the contempt it truly deserved, by the immediate antecedents, and the imposing circumstances of his death, which have withdrawn the gaze of posterity from his intolerable offenses against the State, to fix it on the audacious and unparalleled expiation exacted for them.

The two last of the race probably combined all the qualities which could bring the kings of a country like this into contempt. But of the two, Charles the Second was much to be preferred. One cannot help having a latent liking for the merry monarch, when we contrast him with his cloudy and dismal brother. He was good-natured, and not fond of cruelty for its own sake, although not scrupulous in its use to secure his objects. He was not habitually treacherous; and he was agreeable. But although he might, in another sphere, have sauntered languidly through life as a not unpopular *roué*, whose wit was respected at Will's, and whose manners were the fashion on the Mall—what a spectacle does monarchy present with such a man as its type! Democritus could not have wished for a more congenial spectacle than that of a great nation with its million hearths and homes—its resources, just beginning to exhibit the dawn of their future magnificence—its proud, free, and enterprising people—indolently trampled under foot by an ungrateful Sybarite, to whom twelve years of exile had taught no lesson, but the desire to recompense, by voluptuous ease, the hardships and crosses of his former fortune—to whom life or death—things light or solemn—were

all alike a jest—without one manly or kingly thought for his people or his honor—careless, though his empire should crumble into fragments, if only the crash might not disturb his luxurious repose! Had his nature possessed any solid worth—had it supplied any moral soil whatever in which great deeds or generous sentiments could grow—it might surely have been expected that the strange vicissitudes of his life—if he ever reflected on them at all—should have given his childish and volatile disposition something of masculine stability. But for him, as for the rest of his race, experience was written in a character which he could not decipher. When he first rode through the metropolis to Whitehall, along ranks of applauding citizens, while Cavalier and Roundhead shouted in unison, he does not seem to have recognized in that affecting reception the welcome, in his person, of constitutional order, chastised and mellowed by adversity. No reflections on the past struggle—no resolutions of prudence, or justice, or moderation for the future, seem to have suggested themselves for an instant. He lounged back to the palace of his ancestors, as if he had merely returned from a continental tour! and those historic halls told him no tale of his father's fate—nor called up before him the stern and ominous frown of the Protector. He resumed the throne of the Stuarts merely to continue, in unbroken succession, the dynasty, and the perverse policy of his family—neglecting even the very men who had poured out their blood, and lavished their fortunes for his crown. His years were spent as if life were a play in which every one was representing a part for the occasion, and went through their scenes of love or contention, weeping or laughing, merely for the spectators' amusement. Even his death was characteristic of the shallow levity of his mind; when he launched a witty dart at the King of Terrors, and requested his attendants to excuse him for taking so unconscionable a time to die!

The gallery of family portraits is completed by that of James the Second, on which Mr. Macaulay has bestowed infinite labor, and which he has drawn with a hand so powerful and unrelenting, that those deeply engraven lineaments will go down to posterity as the standard likeness, as long as English history shall endure. It is certainly a picture in which the artist has not admitted one single tint of flattery. The lines are rigid, hard, and ill-favored as life; and

afford a singular contrast to the apologetic and softened features in which most former historians have presented him. Some may think the coloring too uniformly harsh; but we cannot agree with them. Mr. Macaulay had deep errors to eradicate, and pernicious heresies to dispel; and he judged rightly that this could not be done effectually unless the unvarnished truth were plainly told. The grand object, indeed, of these two volumes, as we imagine, was to show James the Second in his true colors; and thereby lay a firm foundation for the author's account of the origin, nature, and inevitable necessity of the Revolution. He has certainly torn away the veil from fallen greatness with no gentle hand; but the scene he has disclosed has dispelled the illusion for ever. We admit that for ourselves, ill as we always thought of James the Second, the description has some new and unexpected features. We knew him to have been proud, obstinate, and bigoted; but we always had a vague idea that if he was stupid he was honest, and if bigoted, at least conscientious and sincere. Never, till we read these volumes, had we an adequate conception of the baseness, cruelty, and perfidy which marked his reign. Destitute entirely of the scholarly acquirements of his grandfather, his father's dignity, or his brother's wit, he added to the family failings a love of cruelty, a stolid stony-heartedness, and a rancorous spirit of revenge, of which the worst of his predecessors could not be accused. Haughty, unforgiving, and oppressive in prosperity, without a spark of the more generous and genial elements of kingly power, he was weak, pusillanimous, and cringing when the tide turned. That he was sincere in his desire to establish Popery in this country we believe; but it was that sort of sincerity which leads unscrupulous men to break through the most sacred ties of humanity and honor for a favorite object. It was a sincerity which rendered him insincere in all but that; a sincerity which, while it was false and bloody on one hand, was short-sighted, blundering, and unintelligent on the other. Had he been possessed of any self-control, or the slightest powers of diplomatic management or address, the points he aimed at might perhaps have been attained. If he had not so openly upheld and promoted Popery, the nation was too sick of the recollection of the Commonwealth, even after twenty years of misgovernment, to have made a strong struggle, in his day, for constitutional freedom. On the other

hand, if he had governed with moderation and equity, the nation might gradually have learned to look on Papists and Popery with less abhorrence. But this was not in his nature. With blind animosity he let loose both his packs at once; and the people saw themselves threatened, at the same time, with the bloodhounds of religious and of civil tyranny. Popery sat triumphant at the council board; while the blackest and foulest cruelty raged in the land. Yet the actual catastrophe was almost entirely attributable to the mingled feelings of distrust, fear, and contempt with which the king was personally regarded; and the infatuation with which his daily conduct added fuel to the smouldering flame. For among the other characteristics of the time, the long forbearance of the nation certainly is not the least remarkable. The people who remained inactive while the hideous drama of the Bloody Assizes was acted before their eyes, among whom Jeffries was suffered to judge and to legislate, and Kirk to live, must have been averse indeed to commotion, and slow to change. Even when the crisis came at last—when James had filled up the measure of his folly—the nation still remained calm, and poised, as it were, by its own weight. Not even William of Orange, with deliverance in his hand, could warm it into any show of enthusiasm or exertion; and James went forth a voluntary fugitive! His fate, and ours, might have been very different had he exhibited, even then, any of the moral strength which sometimes makes tyranny respectable when prosperous, and sometimes sustains and retrieves it in misfortune.

Such is the first moral which Mr. Macaulay has elicited from the history of these reigns—with so much truth and vigor. It is true that to enable him to do this with effect, he has found it necessary to dwell on details at considerable length, and to gather instructive fragments of character from various scattered quarters. For ourselves, and, we believe, for most readers, Mr. Macaulay's tediousness, if it can be called so, is less fatiguing than the liveliness of most other writers; and we could let him gossip on about little court stories by the hour, without once wishing him to resume the grave discourse. But all these detached traits are here but the component parts of his tessellated pavement. They go to make up that great historical demonstration which it was his object to construct; and on which, probably, depends the view of our constitutional

history which the work, when complete, will be found to illustrate. He could not show with accuracy the impelling motives of the people, without the clearest and most convincing evidence of the character of their kings. For those were days when royalty was the real centre round which the political system revolved, and the power and condition of which regulated all the motions of its machinery. They are therefore but superficial critics who complain, as we have heard some do, of the minute circumstances which he thinks worthy of being recorded by his pen. The general result to which they tend, *the great induction* which they constitute and compose, comes out so overwhelming and striking at the last, that in the irresistible conviction then impressed on our minds, we unconsciously forget how great a part of the impression depends on the combination of these slender but numberless characteristics.

But not less admirable and clearly elucidated is the general constitutional lesson, as deducted from the history of the times. Here again we think there is both novelty and unexampled force and impressiveness in our author's views. He has taken a large, sagacious, and practical survey of the political state of the nation during the seventeenth century; and has, as we think, brought his readers to a far more precise and complete appreciation of its actual condition, than any former historian. On one hand he is not perpetually hunting out the traces of occult constitutional theories, in events which were far more determined by accidental circumstances than by any fancied adherence to general laws. Neither, on the other hand, does he give the slightest countenance to the contemptible accusations which servile writers have of late so plentifully launched at their forefathers. But he enables us to gather, through the troubles which marked those remarkable years, a very clear, general apprehension of the causes which affected, and the motives which impelled the political convulsions of the period.

We have heard it said that the only source of difficulty which the Stuarts experienced in governing was the want—one felt by kings and commoners alike, of ready money. The feudal exactions were over. There were no more monasteries to spoil; and the wealth which popery had amassed was exhausted. Without taxes, no sinews of war could be had; and rather than submit to taxation, the people, it is said, preferred rebellion. They would rather fight than

pay. It was in short, not the folly or perfidy or oppression of kings, but an ignorant impatience of taxation, that plunged the nation in civil war, and drove a dynasty from the throne!

Like many similar views, this is true as far as it goes; but it is only half the truth, or rather a great deal less. It was the want of money, no doubt, which led to the first collision; and perhaps abundance of that rare commodity might have prevented it. It may also be said, with some degree of accuracy, that the disinclination to furnish the monarch with supplies originated the resistance of the people. But all this is but skimming the surface of these great depths. It is unquestionable that the impossibility of carrying on government without funds, and the coincident impossibility of obtaining funds without the aid of parliament, were the two elements that brought the question at issue between prerogative and private right, to its determination. But the real question is, for what purpose did the king want the money? and why did the people refuse it? *That* is the true matter for inquiry; and it will be found to be the very root of the matter.

The people of England have always been of an eminently practical turn, especially in politics—very little given to mere theory, and looking mainly to the immediate comforts and decencies of life, as the objects which they desire to secure. Probably their insular position, which renders removal from uncongenial quarters more difficult, may have considerably tended to this national peculiarity. Be that as it may, their enthusiasms and excesses afford a very striking contrast to those of their continental neighbors. They have always been deep, prolonged, and with a definite and strongly-marked object; never excited by mere imaginative and transcendental novelties, nor allayed without strong sedatives. So—after the reign of Elizabeth, which was distinguished by singular wisdom, and which fostered the love of liberty while it still exalted the Crown—when the feudal system was extinguished, men began to see that they had but one of two courses to submit to—to surrender their purses and their liberties, or to contend on one and the same battle-field for both. They would gladly have paid their money, if they had believed that, by the use to be made of it, they were to be better protected in their religion, their avocations, and their homes. These, indeed, were the objects for which they imagined that government

was instituted. But they had sagacity enough to see that, with the monarchs with whom they had to deal, the want of money was, if not the only, by far the best and surest safeguard of their liberties. To obtain supplies, and yet govern absolutely, has been the aim of all despots in all ages; and to say that, if the Stuarts could have got money whenever they asked for it, there would have been no Rebellion and no Revolution, is simply to say that, if the nation had submitted to tyranny, they would not have resisted it! If Charles the First had had the command of a well-filled treasury, independently of parliament, he would not have required any additional materials for the construction of his fabric of arbitrary power; and civil liberty would not have been founded in this country, for a hundred years at least after our actual Revolution. It was very well known, and indeed was not disguised, that the very first use to which his treasure would have been put, would have been the support of a mercenary army; and Mr. Macaulay well shows how fatal such an army must necessarily have been to constitutional freedom, in times when the yeomanry of England were no longer trained to war, and the love of quiet and profitable industry was so rapidly succeeding to the feudal spirit of the preceding century. Even under Cromwell, who ruled with a just though an iron rod, the nation grew so sick of the very name of a standing army, that it was many long years before it ceased to be regarded as the very emblem of tyranny. How much more fatal to Britain such an engine would have been in the hands of one so intent on arbitrary government, and so little capable of governing justly, as Charles the First, may be easily imagined.

It is therefore a great mistake to suppose that the mere dislike to paying money—the merely mercantile view of the matter—was the moving principle in the political convulsions of the time. No doubt, paying money is never agreeable—least of all, paying it to a government—and our ancestors, probably, liked it as little as their descendants. But had they felt assured that their money would have been used for their own protection, and would have tended to their personal security and prosperity, the impatience of taxation would never have led them to resistance. And accordingly, whenever the monarch showed symptoms of any disposition—even the slightest or the most hollow—to consult the rights or privileges

of the people, the purse-strings of parliament were uniformly relaxed. The real cause of collision then, was the determination of the crown to rule absolutely—and the resolution of parliament not to supply the sources of arbitrary power. A king short of money, and a nation curtailed of freedom, brought things to the crisis at last.

Nothing indeed strikes us so forcibly, in the review of the events which Mr. Macaulay records, as the singular patience of the people, up to a certain point, and their resolute determination not to yield beyond it. The point of endurance was certainly fixed much further off than we should think of placing it now. But constitutional principle was but little understood or consolidated, in theory at that time. Every man knew what came home to himself; and there were certain broad, ancient, and well-known axioms of personal liberty, which had subsisted for centuries, and which Englishmen seemed instinctively to recognize. And thus great and gross violations of public law affected the community but little, compared to invasions of private right—to interference with private property, and above all (in that day) with the freedom of conscience. For the mere abstractions of theoretical government, much as they had been canvassed by the learned, the nation at large cared but little; but when they found the strong hand of power intercepting them in their religion, their business, and their homes, they turned sturdily on the intruder, and met each increasing encroachment with more positive and unbending resistance.

While there remained any fair hope that patience or time might retrieve their grievances, they were loth to resort to violence. Even in the days of James the Second, the prospect of a change of dynasty at his death, encouraged the nation to bear with apparent submission the outrages he inflicted, on all sides, on the most tender and cherished rights and principles. But when they were once satisfied that the point had been reached when obedience would be mere weakness, their resolution never wavered again! From the accession of Charles the First to the flight of James the Second, the people had been trying a great experiment—namely, whether allegiance to the race of princes to whose government they were subjected was compatible with their constitutional rights. From anxiety to resolve this in the affirmative, they endured, till endurance was impossible, the daily encroachments of Charles

the First. For this, too, after the restoration, they cast all his father's despotism into oblivion, and hailed with applause the return of Charles the Second—though the inheritor of a dynasty which had injured them so much. For this they remained quiescent and patient during the long misgovernment of that reign, and the first insane oppressions of the next. But at last the experiment was solved. Their patience was exhausted, because they had become satisfied it was useless. And the blow once struck, there was no weak misgiving or sentimental repentance and relapse. When they removed their allegiance from the House of Stuart, they did so for ever; because it was done on grounds which they felt to be insuperable; and during sixty years of change and disturbance, and great and just dissatisfaction, the people never once varied in their choice and purpose. It is not wonderful that William's strong hand and powerful will should have contrasted favorably with the weak absolutism of his predecessor. But even under the feeble Anne and the dull profligacy of the two first Georges, contempt for the sovereigns into whose hands they had fallen, never raised one sigh of regret for those they had rejected. From the day that James fled from Rochester, the Stuarts never had a chance of restoration! and the nation preferred, without hesitation or demur, submitting to much that was harsh and much that was disgusting on the part of their new rulers, to the slightest return to the persons or principles of their discarded predecessors.

After reading what Mr. Macaulay has here written, there is no difficulty in understanding how this deep feeling was implanted; and it is probably to be attributed to the induration of it on the minds of the people of England, as much as to any theoretical virtue in our constitution, that our liberty has been so long preserved, and enlarged by degrees so sure and safe. They never forgot—they have not even now forgotten—their long experiment on the princes of an arbitrary House. The lesson of the impossibility of trusting to a king's clemency, for protection to life, person, or property, was so severely taught, that we may trace to its operation the growth if not the origin of that spirit of constitutional jealousy of the prerogative, which has called out into active energy the latent safeguards of our political system. Although this spirit of jealousy has, since the Revolu-

tion, been dormant at intervals, it has always been ready to be aroused from its lethargy, and has never been aroused in vain; till, at last, the practical as well as the abstract limits of the prerogative have been so securely and precisely fixed, that under the reign of one who wears her constitutional crown with so much true knowledge of the laws, and love of the people of her country, whose virtues have given the throne a stability, and whose accomplishments have shed over it a grace it never, in the best of former days, could boast, we may safely hope that this long contest, the hottest fire of which it has been our author's task to record, is at last sinking in its embers.

It is not of course our intention or plan, in this article, to enter in detail into the particular events of the period, or to canvass minutely Mr. Macaulay's method of dealing with them. We shall confine our remarks to one or two topics, on which, important as they are in themselves, we think Mr. Macaulay has shed much additional illustration.

A Whig of 1688 has been a favorite denomination with all political parties, at least all who deserve that name. We do not of course include in that catalogue the harmless dreamers who have resuscitated Laud, and swear by Strafford in these ingenious days. But English politicians, properly so called, whatever their politics at the time, were always proud to profess the whiggery of 1688. All the opposition to Walpole from Sir W. Wyndham, Pulteney, and the Tories of his days, was based on the Whig principles of the Revolution; and the papers of their organ, the "Craftsman," will be found full of dissertations to show how far the Whig minister had degenerated from the doctrines of those whom he professed to follow. In later days, in like manner, Fox and his party were perpetually reminded how differently the Revolution Whigs thought and acted, on some of the greatest questions agitated in his time. But, as often happens, each party took only as much of the creed as served their purpose. With the Whig, Revolution principles usually meant restraint on the prerogative—with the Tory, only Protestant ascendancy.

Now we think Mr. Macaulay has made it very clear that the Protestant ascendancy principle of 1688 bore a very distant relationship indeed to the more modern spirit of that name, which claims so close an affinity with it. It is quite true, that the principles of toleration had made but little progress at that time. But the exclusion of Catholics

from power and place, and the Exclusion Bill itself, were strictly political, not religious measures; and for our own part, we think it impossible to read the account of these times without being satisfied, that, in the main, the measures actually adopted were necessary and inevitable. The Catholic was not then excluded from power on account of his religious opinions; or from any idea that those opinions would prevent the discharge of his ordinary duties. He was excluded because he substantially formed a member of a conspiracy or confederation, which had for its avowed object to overset both the established religion and the civil liberties of the nation; and no one can doubt that had the Test Act not passed, both would unquestionably have been sacrificed. It is equally certain that the same precautions were necessary for the protection of the new order of things established at the Revolution. It was the men who were dangerous, not the opinions; and at them the measures in question were levelled.

While, therefore, we would by no means say, that apart from imminent political dangers, the religious intolerance of the Revolution Protestants might not have led to unjustifiable results, it is quite clear, from Mr. Macaulay's narrative, that the Test Bill originally, and the safeguards adopted at the Revolution, afford not the slightest evidence that it would have done so. These were barriers thrown up to exclude an avowed, open, and acknowledged enemy. This, and this alone, had been the policy of Elizabeth. Bacon scornfully denies the contrary imputation. And in the case of James himself, he was not so much driven out because he favored popery, as popery was excluded because it alone, and its adherents, then prompted, maintained, and defended the arbitrary and dark counsels of James. In the penal statutes the nation were not doing homage to an abstract principle. They were not vindicating the purity of the Protestant religion—or placing civil government on a religious basis. They were only defending themselves by an act of ordinary prudence. They had seen their most sacred privileges and their dearest interests menaced by popery. Irish mercenaries guarded the king; and avowedly only waited the hour of strength to destroy the constitution. The rights of old foundations and corporations were set at naught, and popish priests intruded into the dignities of the Church and the universities. If the nation had lost the game, popery would unquestionably have

won it. The nation was triumphant; and popery only shared, for the time, the usual fate, and, in this instance, deserved fate, of the vanquished.

We do not recollect to have met, any where, with so calm and convincing an elucidation of this very important topic, as Mr. Macaulay has furnished us with in the passage quoted below—which we make our solitary extract, not as an instance of brilliant composition, but as a clear and unanswerable view of a series of facts which have been perverted, until very recently, to very intolerant and ignoble party purposes.

"It is not easy for any person who, in our time, undertakes to treat of the revolution which overthrew the Stuarts, to preserve with steadiness the happy mean between these two extremes. The question whether members of the Roman Catholic Church could be safely admitted to Parliament and to office, convulsed our country during the reign of James the Second, was set at rest by his downfall, and, having slept during more than a century, was revived by that great stirring of the human mind which followed the meeting of the National Assembly of France. During thirty years the contest went on in both houses of Parliament, in every constituent body, in every social circle. It destroyed administrations, broke up parties, made all government in one part of the empire impossible, and at length brought us to the verge of civil war. Even when the struggle had terminated, the passions to which it had given birth still continued to rage. It was scarcely possible for any man whose mind was under the influence of those passions to see the events of the years 1687 and 1688 in a perfectly correct light.

"One class of politicians, starting from the true proposition that the Revolution had been a great blessing to our country, arrived at the false conclusion that no test which the statesmen of the Revolution had thought necessary for the protection of our religion and our freedom, could be safely abolished. Another class, starting from the true proposition that the disabilities imposed on the Roman Catholics had long been productive of nothing but mischief, arrived at the false conclusion that there never could have been a time when those disabilities could have been useful and necessary. The former fallacy pervaded the speeches of the acute and learned Eldon. The latter was not altogether without influence even on an intellect so calm and philosophical as that of Mackintosh.

"Perhaps, however, it will be found on examination that we may vindicate the course which was unanimously approved by all the great English statesmen of the seventeenth century, without questioning the wisdom of the course which was as unanimously approved by all the English statesmen of our own time.

"Undoubtedly it is an evil that any citizen should be excluded from civil employment on account of his religious opinions; but a choice be-

tween evils is sometimes all that is left to human wisdom. A nation may be placed in such a situation that the majority must either impose disabilities or submit to them; and that what would, under ordinary circumstances, be justly condemned as persecution may fall within the bounds of legitimate self-defense: and such was, in the year 1687, the situation of England.

"According to the constitution of the realm, James possessed the right of naming almost all public functionaries, political, judicial, ecclesiastical, military, and naval. In the exercise of this right he was not, as our sovereigns now are, under the necessity of acting in conformity with the advice of ministers approved by the House of Commons. It was evident therefore that, unless he were strictly bound by law to bestow office on none but Protestants, it would be in his power to bestow office on none but Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics were few in number; and among them was not a single man whose services could be seriously misused by the commonwealth. The proportion which they bore to the population of England was very much smaller than at present. For at present a constant stream of emigration runs from Ireland to our great towns; but in the seventeenth century there was not even in London an Irish colony. Forty-nine fiftieths of the inhabitants of the kingdom, forty-nine fiftieths of the property of the kingdom, almost all the political, legal, and military ability and knowledge to be found in the kingdom, were Protestant. Nevertheless the King, under a strong infatuation, had determined to use his vast patronage as a means of making proselytes. To be of his church was, in his view, the first of all qualifications for office. To be of the national church was a positive disqualification. He reprobated, it is true, in language which has been applauded by some credulous friends of religious liberty, the monstrous injustice of that test which excluded a small minority of the nation from public trust; but he was at the same time instituting a test which excluded the majority. He thought it hard that a man who was a good financier and a loyal subject should be excluded from the post of Lord Treasurer, merely for being a Papist. But he had himself turned out a Lord Treasurer whom he admitted to be a good financier and a loyal subject, merely for being a Protestant. He had repeatedly and distinctly declared his resolution never to put the white staff in the hands of any heretic. With many other great offices of state he had dealt in the same way. Already the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stole, the First Lord of the Treasury, a Secretary of State, the Lord High Commissioner of Scotland, the Chancellor of Scotland, the Secretary of Scotland, were, or pretended to be, Roman Catholics. Most of these functionaries had been bred churchmen, and had been guilty of apostasy, open or secret, in order to obtain or to keep their high places. Every Protestant who still held an important post in the government held it in constant uncertainty and fear. It would be endless to recount the situations of a lower rank which were filled by the fa-

vored class. Roman Catholics already swarmed in every department of the public service. They were Lords Lieutenants, Deputy Lieutenants, Judges, Justices of the Peace, Commissioners of the Customs, Envoys to foreign courts, Colonels of regiments, Governors of fortresses. The share which in a few months they had obtained of the temporal patronage of the crown, was much more than ten times as great as they would have had under an impartial system. Yet this was not the worst. They were made rulers of the Church of England. Men who had assured the King that they held his faith, sat in the High Commission; and exercised supreme jurisdiction in spiritual things over all the prelates and priests of the established religion. Ecclesiastical benefices of great dignity had been bestowed, some on avowed Papists, and some on half-concealed Papists. And all this had been done while the laws against Popery were still unrepealed, and while James had still a strong interest in affecting respect for the rights of conscience. What then was his conduct likely to be, if his subjects consented to free him, by a legislative act, from even the shadow of restraint? Is it possible to doubt that Protestants would have been as effectually excluded from employment, by a strictly legal use of the royal prerogative, as ever Roman Catholics had been by act of Parliament?

"How obstinately James was determined to bestow on the members of his own Church a share of patronage altogether out of proportion to their numbers and importance, is proved by the instructions which, in exile and old age, he drew up for the guidance of his son. It is impossible to read without mingled pity and derision, those effusions of a mind on which all the discipline of experience and adversity had been exhausted in vain. The Pretender is advised, if ever he should reign in England, to make a partition of offices; and carefully to reserve for the members of the Church of Rome a portion which might have sufficed for them if they had been one-half instead of one-fiftieth part of the nation. One Secretary of State, one Commissioner of the Treasury, the Secretary at War, the majority of the great dignitaries of the household, the majority of the officers of the army, are always to be Catholics. Such were the designs of James after his perverse bigotry had drawn on him a punishment which had appalled the whole world. Is it then possible to doubt what his conduct would have been, if his people, deluded by the empty name of religious liberty, had suffered him to proceed without any check?

"Even Penn, intemperate and undiscerning as was his zeal for the Declaration, seems to have felt that the partiality with which honors and emoluments were heaped on Roman Catholics might not unnaturally excite the jealousy of the nation. He owned that, if the Test Act were repealed, the Protestants were entitled to an equivalent, and went so far as to suggest several equivalents. During some weeks the word equivalent, then lately imported from France, was in the mouths of all the coffee-house orators; but at length a few pages of keen logic and

polished sarcasm, written by Halifax, put an end to these idle projects. One of Penn's schemes was that a law should be passed dividing the patronage of the crown into three equal parts; and that to one only of those parts members of the Church of Rome should be admitted. Even under such an arrangement, the members of the Church of Rome would have obtained near twenty times their fair portion of official appointments; and yet there is no reason to believe that even to such an arrangement the King would have consented. But, had he consented, what guaranty could he give that he would adhere to his bargain? The dilemma propounded by Halifax was unanswerable. 'If laws are binding on you, observe the law which now exists. If laws are not binding on you, it is idle to offer us a law as a security.'

"It is clear, therefore, that the point at issue was *not* whether secular offices should be thrown open to all sects indifferently. While James was king, it was inevitable that there should be exclusion, and the only question was, who should be excluded?—Papists or Protestants, the few or the many, a hundred thousand Englishmen or five millions."

We look on this passage as one of very grave and lasting importance, as far as the example of those times is of moment in our own. Indeed, the principle of religious toleration actually made progress under James, as far as the merely religious element was concerned. Puritanism did by no means flame so high in England at that time, as it did this side of the border; and there really seems little reason to believe that, if the nation could have felt satisfied that neither the Church establishment, nor freedom of person and conscience would have been endangered by the repeal of the Test, there would have been any deep resistance, on religious grounds, against the admission of Roman Catholics to secular power. That very singular negotiation with the Dissenters, on the part both of James and the Church of England, which Mr. Macaulay describes with so much spirit, and the subsequent cordiality with which the Church and the Dissenters co-operated at the trial of the bishops, certainly evince far more liberality on the part of both the Episcopalian and the Dissenting clergy of that day, than many of their descendants could boast of.

Perhaps the most original and brilliant part of the whole work, is the author's description of the character, views, and opinions of King William; and his estimate of the effects of that character and those views on the immediate condition and future fortunes of England. Nothing more power-

ful in writing, more discriminating in judgment, or more masterly in comprehensive analysis, is to be found in English history. Even here, Mr. Macaulay's eye for the picturesque has not failed him; and there is a singular felicity in the contrast between his character of William and that which he had drawn of James. The picture is, as far as we can judge, in no respect overdrawn or flattered; but nothing could be more strongly or happily marked than the far-sighted, intellectual, energetic character of the one, when set off as a foil to the imbecility, injustice, and indecision of the other.

The account of the origin and progress of the intrigue, for such it was, which brought William to our shores, is one of the most elaborate and most valuable parts of the volumes before us. Mr. Macaulay had access to many sources of information on this subject, which collectively no other writer has ever probably enjoyed, and he has probably thrown all the light on it which it is now capable of receiving. The result of the narrative is to show how completely the destinies, not of this country only, but of Europe, hung on the will of one man—and that man not a mighty monarch, but the prince of a third-rate territory. We found in this account two things of which we had not been so distinctly aware before. The first was the object which William had in his English enterprise. The European policy of William is familiar to everybody. But we certainly never saw it so clearly explained elsewhere, how entirely subordinate the English throne was, in the mind of the Prince of Orange, to his great European schemes; or how completely he regarded it as a mere rampart constructed against the power and the encroachments of France. Our author develops this view in the most convincing manner, and it serves to explain much in William's subsequent conduct, which must otherwise appear inconsistent or unintelligible—however little gratifying the explanation may be to our national pride. It is not we confess, without some regret that we acknowledge the truth of this view of the "great and good King William." We had supposed him more of a fellow-countryman than he ever was, or wished to be. Well and nobly as he discharged the duties of sovereignty in the land which adopted him, his heart evidently never naturalized itself to his English home; and in his inmost soul he cursed our politics, our sports, and our climate to the last. He was, in fact, transplanted too late in life to take kindly to our

soil; but he came among us with high views and lofty ends; and how these were carried out, we may safely predict has never yet been told as Mr. Macaulay will tell us in his next volume.

Indeed, the accidental combination of circumstances which placed William on the throne, was in the highest degree felicitous. They saved this nation, by their happy coincidence, from the necessity of resolving many difficult questions, in extricating which too many states and commonwealths have "found no end." He was not a conqueror, for he came by invitation. He was not a creature of the hour, for he dictated his own terms. He was not a usurper or an upstart, for his position was but a step higher, and his time a few years earlier than the strict course of succession would have made them; yet he did not continue the dynasty, and he broke once and for ever that ill-twisted cord on which depended—

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

He was not an alien to our nation or our blood, for he was doubly connected with the royal line of England; and yet he was so thoroughly removed from the provincialisms of English party—so thoroughly European in his statesmanship and his views, that all grades of rank, and men of all shades of political opinion, felt that in welcoming him they gave no triumph to an adversary. Thus he occupied at once that position of independent and constitutional isolation of which the juncture of the times stood so much in need, and was enabled to hold the balance even between contending factions, as the arbiter of their differences, while he was the servant only of the Constitution.

All this was greatly aided by the nature of his personal ambition. He was the more gladly submitted to, and, indeed, welcomed by the nation at large, that the crown of England was not a prize at which he was too eager to grasp; and that he made it evident that, except with the good will of his future subjects, and on terms honorable to himself, he had no desire to rule over them. Nor was there any affectation in this. It would not have aided the schemes he had really at heart, to have succeeded to the tedious task of controlling a murmuring and unwilling nation, and maintaining an alien sceptre by the swords of mercenaries. That would have infused no additional strength into the great Protestant Alliance of Europe. It would, on the contrary, have proved a new source

of anxiety and weakness. Therefore it was that he would not strike the blow, until he was sure the design was ripe; and that he waited with singular sagacity till the appointed time—resisting the solicitations of too eager friends, and the lures of enticing opportunity. He had no wish for the kingdom, unless he acquired it under circumstances which should leave him leisure, while they gave him power, to use all the energies of the ancient monarchy he represented, in defense and furtherance of his great scheme of European policy.

While thus the Prince of Orange, in ascending the throne of England, had no local interests to serve, or wrongs to avenge, he saved us also from that worst result of revolutions, the dislodgment of those rude but strong corner-stones on which the foundations of the constitution were built. For, let men theorize as they may, nothing is clearer by experience than that a free constitution cannot be safely or certainly constructed on a month's or a year's warning; nor will men ever regard with the same respect, or defend with the same jealousy, the new-fledged code of yesterday, as that which is made up of customs which are entwined round our earliest recollections, and are strong in the strongest of human impulses—the force of habit. Persons who see how ancient laws, too narrow for the growth of society, cling, nevertheless, round the old pillars of the state with resisting tenacity, and who find the path of reform far more upward and difficult than a philosopher might think it ought to be, are frequently too much inclined to despise and overlook that great engine of civil government, antiquity. On the contrary, we have learned by the fate of other countries, to look on it as our greatest good fortune, that, in our history, from its earliest dawn, we have never been compelled to rebuild a shattered or uprooted constitution. Its growth has been spontaneous. It has from time to time cast off its superfluous or contracted limbs, as crustaceous animals do their shells, by its own internal energy; not only without its identity being impaired, but with the nation's old ancestral pride in the fabric, deepened and enlarged under each renovating effort. And though no doubt the gravitating principle which keeps ancient customs firmly fixed on our English soil, does also retard the chariot-wheels of improvement, and compels many measures of reformation, simple and plain in themselves, to convulse and agitate the whole civil system before they

can be finally engrafted on it, yet it also ensures that, when fairly incorporated with the constitution, they will acquire at once stability from its age, while they contribute strength and vitality to its functions. From this cause it is that, while we have so often seen, on the Continent, a constitution which was the idol and deity of one day trampled upon the next, the storm of revolution has beaten with so innocuous a surge on our rock-bound island.

Now the peculiar position of William left him at liberty, as it induced him, to allow the native vigor of the English constitution to take the required precautions for its own future integrity. Nothing could be more imposing to the new king, the exiled monarch, and all Europe, than the decent gravity with which parliament proceeded, in that singular crisis, to search the records for precedents!—Such was the silent homage which, even in that strange conjuncture, they paid to the constitution; implying that, so far from the established order of things being subverted or shaken, the case was probably one which the law had foreseen and provided for. Then arose—built on the solid though unformed masonry of their ancestors—the noblest organ of government which the world ever saw—the theatre of profoundest statesmanship, of learning, law, eloquence and wit, which, from that auspicious time till now, has absorbed the flower of the rank, genius, power, and wealth of Britain—where the fascinating St. John charmed his hearers into forgetfulness of his life by the magic of his tongue,—for which “*truant Wyndham every muse gave o'er*,”—for which Burke renounced philosophy, and Canning letters—and where Pitt and Fox poured forth, with more than Grecian inspiration, the exhaustless treasury of their thoughts. It was then that the House of Commons began, in fact, to reign; and from these beginnings, by slow and gradual steps, has it become the model on which (at present at how great a distance!) almost every free representative assembly in the world has since been formed.

The gradual ascendancy of the House of Commons will, we doubt not, be more graphically portrayed in Mr. Macaulay's future volumes than it has ever been before. But none can doubt that it was materially indebted to the personal position, character, and temperament of William the Third, for the first consolidation of its power.

Mr. Macaulay has done much to redeem the character of William from the impres-

sion of coldness and want of feeling, which has generally been prevalent regarding him. Not that after all, unless we had been Dutchmen, he was, even by our historian's account of him, exactly the companion we should have chosen. It does, however, appear that warm fires burnt beneath the frigid and phlegmatic exterior; and his letters to Bentinck, some of which are referred to in the text, betoken a nature not unfrequently combined with strength and resolution—a mind so jealous of its softer moods, as never to allow them to be suspected by the world, devouring its sorrows, and stifling its joys, as weaknesses not to be disclosed but to ears and hearts the most familiar. To strangers he certainly was unattractive, and distant even to his associates; but we must remember, he lived surrounded by men he could not trust. In his inmost heart, when the barriers were once broken, he seems to have been simple, cordial, and joyous, fond of field sports and gardening, and easily amused. The best and generally the least known trait of his more domestic life is the unquestionable attachment with which he inspired his wife. He had no external or superficial advantages which were likely to strike the eye, or charm the fancy of a woman; and the devotion Mary felt for him must have had its anchor in the unfathomed depths of a character, of which she had learned more, and which she had read more truly than the public.

We have endeavored, in the preceding pages, as far as our limited space for so large a field would permit, to illustrate some of the most striking and characteristic features of our author. Of course we are far from saying that in details there must not be points here and there on which his work may be open to just remark, or difference of opinion; but we are satisfied that, in the completeness and correctness of the basis of his facts, and in the completeness and correctness of the inferences which he has drawn, he has given a new impulse and direction to the public mind. And the hearty, healthful spirit he has breathed into the annals of the past—the honest glow of pride which he alike feels and inspires for patriotism and liberty—the strong arm of scorn with which he has dashed aside the false philosophy and hollow subserviency of former writers, and the truthful beauty and spirit which his unrivalled rhetoric has cast over a narrative of sober fact, have well entitled him to the popularity he has commanded, and would have atoned for faults far

more grave than the most censorious reader has yet imputed to him.

Such is this great national work—as our countrymen have already pronounced it to be. The loud, clear voice of impartial fame has sounded her award; and it will stand, without appeal, as long as Englishmen regard their past history and love the constitution of which he tells. From one quarter only—and that a quarter of which we expected, and which perhaps wished for itself, better things—has the melancholy wailing of disappointed jealousy been heard. The public naturally looked with interest for the notice of Mr. Macaulay's History in the "Quarterly Review." The notice had not long appeared, when it was observed, with equal wit and truth, that the writer of it, in attempting murder, had committed suicide. We have doubted whether we should add a word in illustration of a judgment, in which the public has shown, through almost all its representatives, that it cordially agrees. It has never been our practice to fall foul of brother critics in our common walk; and if one of our fraternity gives way to occasional eccentricity, and executes strange or disagreeable gambols on the path, we generally find that his own sense of propriety, or the silence of his companions, is check enough speedily to restore his balance. Nor do we mean in this instance to follow the critic to whom we refer through his forlorn and labored journey, the more especially as no one doubts the point from which it started, or the goal it had in view. That a journal of deserved name and reputation should announce of these volumes, propositions so openly contradictory, as that on the one hand their author has produced no new facts and discovered no new materials—and that on the other he has made the facts of English history "as fabulous as his 'Lays' do those of Roman tradition!"—betrays, it is true, some rankling wound behind. This, however, would not have provoked our notice: nor should we have written a sentence to refute the theory that Sir Walter Scott's historical novels were the wild-fire that led Mr. Macaulay astray. All this the public were quite able to appreciate, and have appreciated at exactly its true value. But his merits have been questioned in a department which may, perhaps, call for, or at least excuse, some remark. A show has been made of bringing the combat to closer quarters, of grappling with small facts, and detecting great misstatements in very little matters. It is with very tiny pebbles indeed that this

stripling comes forth to do battle with the giant. Whether this man's father was a knight or a baronet—whether that man was a Whig or a Tory—whether Lord Peterborough did or did not write a sermon at sea—these, and such as these, are the weapons before which Mr. Macaulay is expected to go down! We might sweep them all away with one contemptuous paragraph from a hand equally opposed to Mr. Macaulay in politics, but far too candid and generous to resort to such warfare.

"We shall not," (says *Blackwood* in a late article, in which we may without offense hint that we trace the hand of another deservedly eminent historian of the day, and which breathes a spirit of generous candor,) "we shall not, in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions. We shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than the author. We shall not set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine with the utmost minuteness every particular of his narrative, and make in consequence a large display of knowledge wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the 7th October, 1674, instead of the 8th February, 1675, as the historian, with shameful negligence, has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, when he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when in point of fact he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. *We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess*

more than his own gigantic stores of information."

Nothing could have been more happily expressed by anticipation, to characterize the critique which made its appearance on the same day with these just and honorable sentences.

Paying, however, more regard to the quarter from which the missiles are ostensibly launched, than to their own weight or calibre, we mean to spend a few sentences—and they shall be very few—in showing that the enemy has not even loaded with the small shot he professed to employ, and that all this sound and thunder is but a volley of blank cartridge after all.

Let us take him *ad aperturam*.

It is said, that in the anecdote of Francis, who was executed for the murder of Dangerfield, Mr. Macaulay was not justified in calling Francis a *Tory* gentleman. But Mr. Macaulay was very well justified in doing so—inasmuch as Francis was a *Tory*, as the critic himself might have known. Among the authorities at the bottom of the page, from which, probably, the critic learned all he knows of the matter, Mr. Macaulay refers to Francis's dying speech in the State Trials, and to the *Observer*, July 29, 1685. Now both of these authorities sufficiently prove that Francis was a *Tory*. In his dying speech he prays that James may vanquish and overcome all his enemies, "*which I am glad to have seen so much prospect of*," and also, "I cannot but regret my being made a sacrifice to the *Faction*, who I am satisfied are the only people who will rejoice at my ruin." No one acquainted with the language and feelings of the time these words were spoken, will doubt that Mr. Macaulay's character was perfectly just. But to make the matter certain, L'Estrange, in the "*Observer*" above-mentioned speaks of Francis as "*a true friend and servant of the government*," terms which he never could or would have applied to any but a "*Tory gentleman*,"—which Mr. Macaulay was quite correct in calling him; and which, after all, is not the most opprobrious epithet which Mr. Macaulay could apply to one of that school of politicians.

Again, Mr. Macaulay is accused of misrepresenting what Francis said about his wife, when he attributes to him the sentiment, that "*had she been inclined to break her marriage vow, she would at least have selected a *Tory* and a Churchman for her paramour.*" The critic says that Francis simply stated that his wife "*was so well-born, that had she*

been inclined she would not have debased herself to so profligate a person (as Dangerfield.)" Mr. Macaulay may be a little paraphrastic, but the critic is absolutely false. He will not quote correctly. The original says, "*she was of too loyal a family so to debase herself.*" What does this mean, but that Dangerfield's politics would have protected her, if her own virtue was insufficient; and why, if it did not plainly mean this, did the critic stoop to pervert the passage?

The critic spends a page on a lecture to Mr. Macaulay for quoting in a foot-note, one passage, and no more, of Lord Peterborough's character of Dangerfield—a task he might have spared himself had he attended to, or been fair enough to state, the object of the author in that quotation. Mr. Macaulay had been speaking of the probability of Francis having been jealous of Dangerfield's intimacy with his wife, and chose Lord Peterborough, who notoriously hated him, as an unexceptionable authority, for his being a likely enough object of such a jealousy. Lord Peterborough was not, as the critic absurdly says, cited as a witness to his *character*—but simply to his appearance and address, having described him as "*a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behavior, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding.*" Lord Peterborough was a good, because naturally an unwilling, witness to his personal advantages—he would have been the worst to prove him a villain, which, notwithstanding, he unquestionably was, and which Mr. Macaulay, in the text, had most abundantly shown him to have been.

Again, the critic triumphantly asks, "*what it can signify, in the history of the reign of Charles II., that a writer, sixty years after the Revolution,*" describes how the houses in Bath were furnished? He would have his reader imagine, what he could hardly help knowing very well was not the case, "*that the writer, sixty years after the Revolution,*" was writing on the state of Bath at *that* time. The book is "*Wood's History of Bath,*" published indeed in 1749, but in which the author describes what Bath was *many years before*, and speaks of the recollections of his youth. No better authority one would think could be found of what happened "*sixty years since*" than the evidence of a man who remembered it.

The reviewer makes an absurd mistake and convicts himself of gross ignorance, about the two Echards, or Eachards. "*Our readers,*" he announces rather pompously,

"know that there was a Dr. John Eachard, who wrote a celebrated work on the Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy. They also know that there was a Dr. Lawrence Echard, who wrote both a History of England and a History of the Revolution. Both of these were remarkable men; but we almost doubt whether Mr. Macaulay, who quotes the works of each, does not confound their persons, for he refers to them both by the common (as it may once have been) name of Eachard, and at least twenty times by the wrong name." Every one who knows Mr. Macaulay is aware that this is the last kind of blunder he is at all likely to commit. But the blunder is all the critic's. We do not say that *he* knew nothing of these "remarkable men" till he saw them mentioned in Mr. Macaulay's references; but had he known a little more of them, he would have been aware that they were of the same name, and nearly related; that though the name was sometimes spelt with an *a*, and sometimes without it, every body who has occasion to mention them has always spelt both names alike—that when Lawrence himself mentions John he spells his name as he does his own—Echard; and that the *Biographia Britannica* spells them both Eachard. Can the depths of drivelling sink lower than this?

Mr. Macaulay is complained of for his scanty catalogue of the luminaries of the English Church who flourished in 1685. The critic complains of the omission of "Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, Ken, Sparrow, Oughtred, Cudworth, Hall, Herbert, Godwin, Hammond, Fuller, Hooper, Pearson, and a hundred others." The complaint is absurd—and worse than absurd. Cudworth and Pearson *are* mentioned in the paragraph complained of. Ken is mentioned so often in the book as not to require to be named again. As to the rest, *not one of them*, except Hooper and Sparrow, were alive in 1685, and these are not very great names. Taylor had been dead eighteen years; Sanderson twenty-two years; Fuller and Hammond twenty-four years; Oughtred twenty-five years; Hall nearly thirty years; and Godwin and Herbert nearly fifty years! And yet, these are the names which it seems Mr. Macaulay ought to have introduced as being the living lights of the Church of England in 1685!

Mr. Macaulay is vehemently assailed for his account of the social position of the clergy, and for his construction of the Royal Order given by Bishop Sparrow in his col-

lection. We shall enter no further into this controversy than to make two quotations, which show that, as usual, if Mr. Macaulay is wrong, he errs in good company.

Selden, in his *Table Talk*, says, "Ministers with the Protestants have very little respect: the reason whereof is, in the beginning of the Reformation they were glad to get such to take livings as they could procure by any invitations—things of pitiful conditions. *The nobility and gentry would not suffer their sons or kinsmen to meddle with the Church*, and therefore, at this day, when they see a parson they think him such a thing still, and there they will keep him, and use him accordingly. If he be a gentleman, he is singled out and used the more respectfully."

The second quotation we make is from Jeremy Collier, who in his *Dialogues on Pride*, evinces how clearly he understood the Royal Order, exactly as our author does. Philathes, who represents Collier himself, is represented as saying—"Upon my word, this order, take it which way you will, has a very singular aspect, and looks as if it intended to put the clergy in mind that they ought not to aspire above an Abigail."

It seems to us, however, that the Order itself may be well explained, and the fact of the general lowness of the clergy's matrimonial alliances still further accounted for, by only recollecting the Great Queen's avowed predilection for the celibacy of churchmen; the contempt in which she held their wives, and the unprotected state in which she left their marriages. The act of Edward the Sixth, legalizing their marriages, which had been repealed by Mary, was not received till the accession of James I. Laud publicly declared in the reign of Charles I. that in the disposal of patronage he should always prefer single to married men. So that, at all events, it must be easy to understand, that, while such impressions prevailed in high quarters, persons of good condition would never consent to let their daughters form connections which would, in the first place, draw on them the discountenance and reprobation of all the high social authorities—and, in the event of a return to papacy—or even to a more rigorous discipline—often contended for in the Anglican church itself, might make them and their children causes of shame and humiliation to their families. Under such circumstances it seems to us inevitable that the habit of forming low marriages must have been very general among the great body of the country clergy; and

if once established, would, as usual, continue after the first cause might have ceased.

The critic doubts if Mr. Macaulay ever read the Grand Duke Cosmo's Travels, because he, the critic, could find nothing in the book derogatory to the birth of the English clergy. That he had read through this huge quarto volume to verify, or rather discredit, our author's assertion, is good proof alike of his industry and his inclinations. Next time, however, he consults the book, let him turn to Appendix A., where, after giving a list of the bishops, the writer says, "*They are of low birth, in consequence of certain customs which have been introduced into the kingdom.*"*

But perhaps the most unblushing piece of ignorant and presumptuous fault-finding in this critique meets us a few pages on. Mr. Macaulay says that the English country gentleman "knew the genealogies and coats of arms of all his neighbors, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which had the misfortune to be alderman." On which the better-informed critic exclaims: "There was not one of these unlettered country gentlemen who could not have informed our historian that no such question about supporters had or could ever have arisen among private *English* gentlemen." It is scarcely necessary to say that, as usual, Mr. Macaulay is right; and the critic speaking about a matter of which he knows nothing. No point in heraldry has been more disputed than the right of English private gentlemen to bear supporters. If our contemporary will look at Edmonson, (Mowbray Herald's) "Body of Heraldry,"† he will find the following passage: "There have been many who, although they were neither ennobled nor ever enjoyed any public office under the crown, assumed and bore supporters, which were continued to be used by their descendants until the extinction of the family; as, amongst others, the Hevenings of Sussex, the Stawells of Somersetshire, Wallops and Titchbournes of Hants, Lutterells of Somersetshire, Popham of Hants, Covert of Sussex, Savage of Cheshire, &c. Hence it may justly be concluded that those families

who anciently used such supporters either on their seals, banners, or monuments, and carved them in wood or stone, or depicted them on the glass windows of their mansions, and in the churches, chapels, and religious houses of their foundation, endowment, and patronage, as perspicuous evidences and memorials of their having a possessory right to such supporters, are fully and absolutely well entitled to bear them." After this, what is to be said or thought of the flippant assumption of the critic, who declares the right to supporters to be a question which "never had and could never have arisen among English country gentlemen!"

There is one piece of philology on which Mr. Macaulay's censor ventures, which is hit off with so classical an air, and is yet so plainly the result of mere ignorance, that we cannot refrain from exposing it. We do it with less regret, that the topic is a curious one.

Mr. Macaulay refers, in his earlier chapters, to a legend related by Procopius, concerning the then mysterious island of Britain. For this he is sharply corrected. It seems Procopius did not, and could not refer to Britain, but to another island, called *Brittia*, which, wherever it was, was *not* Britain. And then the critic says, in stern and solemn conclusion, "We again wonder that a grave historian should think that such a story could *possibly* relate to an island in possession of the greater part of which the Romans had been for upwards of four centuries, and introduce it to prove nothing as far as we can see but what we own it does prove—that "able historians may tell very foolish stories, and that an over-anxiety to show one's learning may betray the smallness and occasionality of the stock."

Now this all sounds very learned, though we perfectly agree with the sentiment with which it concludes; but there are one or two things about the subject which the writer has still to learn. *First*, the man who penned the last sentence probably did not know that Mr. Macaulay is not the first "grave historian" who has given this proof of a scanty stock of learning. He will find in the thirty-eighth chapter of Gibbon the very legend given at length from Procopius, and attributed to Britain; and also a note in which Gibbon remarks, "The Greek historian himself is so confounded by the wonders which he relates, that he weakly attempts to distinguish the islands of *Brittia* and Britain, *which he has identified by so many inseparable circumstances.*" He will find also that the historian of

* We have seen a book by a Mr. Churchill Babington, which is apparently intended to confute, but in reality very much confirms our author's views as to the clergy in the seventeenth century. We may simply mention, to show this gentleman's idea of refutation, that in order to neutralise the effect of a citation from the Whig poet, Shadwell, representing a Tory parson courting an Abigail, he judiciously rummages out a Tory pamphlet, which represents a Whig parson in the same situation!

† Vol. i. 191.

Rome, so far from thinking it impossible that the legend could relate to an island which the Romans had possessed for four centuries, quotes this among other authorities to prove the singular fact that what had been "a Roman province was again lost among the fabulous islands of the Ocean." Yet Gibbon never took his learning at second-hand. But farther, Procopius having written in the sixth century, John Tzetzes, who wrote in the twelfth century, mentions the identical legend, with express reference to Britain. By that time England had taken its place as one of the great Norman kingdoms, and must have been emphatically known, from the communication which the Crusades had opened with our Western world. The passage occurs in his Scholium on Hesiod's Works and Days, l. 169. (*Gaisford's Poeta Græci Minores*, Oxon. 1820, vol. iii. p. 120.) It begins as follows:

Περὶ δὲ τῶν ἐν Ὠκεανῷ νήσων Ὁμηρος, καὶ οὐτοσίν ὁ Ἡσίοδος, καὶ Λυκόφρων, καὶ Πλάουταρχος, καὶ Φιλόστρατος, καὶ Δίων, καὶ ἑτεροὶ τινες συγγεγραφήκεσαν, ὡς ἀγαθὴ τε ἡ χώρα ἐστὶ, καὶ αἰεὶ καταπνεομένη ζεφύρῳ, τρις ἔτους ἐκάστου ἀναδίδωσι τοὺς καρπούς. Ἐκείσε δὲ φασὶ καὶ τὰς τῶν ἀποβεβιωκότων ψυχὰς διαπορθεύεσθαι, γράφοντες τοιάδε. "Περὶ τὴν ἀκτὴν τοῦ περὶ τὴν Βρεταννίαν νήσον Ὠκεανοῦ, ἀνθρώποι τινες οἰκοῦσιν ἰχθυοδῆραι, κατήκοοι μὲν Φράγγοις, φόρον δὲ μὴ τελοῦντες αὐτοῖς," &c.*

* We subjoin a translation of the whole passage for the benefit of the less learned reader, and especially the erudite critic, to whom such assistance, we suspect, will be a great accommodation:—"Now concerning the islands in Ocean, Homer and our Hesiod himself, and Lycophron and Plutarch and Philostratus and Dion, and some others, have given an account—how good the country is, and how, being fanned continually by Zephyrus, it produces three crops each year. And they say that thither the spirits of the deceased are transported—writing in this manner—'On the shore of the ocean which surrounds the island of Britannia, dwell a race of fishermen, subjects of the Franks but not paying them tribute. These people while sleeping in their own houses, hear a voice calling them and are sensible of a bustle about their doors, and on getting up, they find certain vessels not their own, full of passengers. Embarking in these ships, in a single stretch, they reach the island of Britannia rowing; although they could hardly reach it in their own ships, even under sail, in a whole day and night. There they disembark and land their unknown passengers, and though they see no one, they hear the voice of persons admitting them and calling them by name and tribe, and family and trade; and them in like manner making answer. And so they sail home again in one stretch, and perceive the ships lighter than when they had those passengers aboard.' Hence all the sons of the Greeks say the spirits of the departed dwell there."

We need not, after this, say that, as usual, Mr. Macaulay had ample authority for what he said, and that the critic censured because he did not understand. It is not over likely, indeed, that the classical accuracy of Gibbon and Macaulay could be seriously impeached by an author who writes—

‘ἐν μυρτου κλαδί τον ξίφον φορήσω,’—

a line for the mutilation of which, a twig, not of myrtle, but of birch, would be the only suitable recompense. The new reading would not have been a greater shock to Frere and Canning in its present place, than to Dr. Hawtrey in the exercise of an Eton boy.

We stop here, because our space and our patience are alike exhausted. We might fill pages with errors as gross and exposures as palpable. We have only given our readers some means of estimating, as the well-informed among them could easily have done without our help, how far the critic has succeeded in the very humble object of his ambition. But we are weary of beating the air. We feel as we have sometimes done on a summer evening, when with arms fatigued by a constant combat with the mosquitoes, we retreat at last, and leave the field of battle to the victorious insects. Singly, none of them are worth the crushing, and life is too short to make away with them all. Suffice it to say, that of all the imaginary mistakes in fact, of which our contemporary has labored to convict Mr. Macaulay, *there is not one* which does not, like the examples given above, proceed either on bold misquotation or palpable ignorance. We are wrong, however, there is one. Mr. Macaulay calls Sir Winston Churchill a baronet—when he was only a knight. But the error was corrected in 4000 copies in full circulation three months before this critique saw the light—and this, we believe, is the full extent of the victory which has been gained over the historian in this contest *de minimis*. We therefore quit the subject, satisfied that the specimens we have given leave nothing farther to be said or thought of this solitary grumbler. We would rather, for the credit of our craft, that his splenetic arrows had never been launched from such a quiver. Were all the paltry cavils as true as they are absurdly false, they would not dim one single gem in Mr. Macaulay's glittering circlet. Being untrue, they have only brought down deserved derision on their author. Dryden, in "Mac Flecknoe," has a forced, but striking conceit, that St. Patrick's destruction of poisonous reptiles

prevented the malice of his countrymen from ever being dangerous. Had this suicidal onslaught come from an Hibernian instead of an English pen, we might very justly have said with the poet, that

"In his heart though venom lies,
It doth but touch his Irish pen—and dies."

It was a great mistake to assail this work on the score of accuracy. Its author was the last man likely to be caught tripping on that head. But with all the praise, and not exaggerated praise, we have bestowed on it, there are faults which an ill-natured critic might enlarge on, and a friendly one point out. And with a word or two on these we shall conclude.

The first lies on the surface; and is one of style. With great familiarity of expression on some few occasions, the author, nevertheless, is too constantly on his high-stepping steed, and trots over the common pathway with too uniform an air of grandeur. However brilliant the composition—and however much the interest excited may conceal the blemish, it is one which calls for correction; because, in the more humble though necessary parts of the narrative, it throws an air of constraint over them. In his great efforts Mr. Macaulay never fails; and he makes great occasions out of materials which would be but ordinary to ordinary men. The defect which is most apparent—and, indeed, almost the only one in manner—is his difficulty in saying a simple thing simply.

We do not stop to quote examples. The reader, we admit, never wearies for an instant; and the imposing glow and richness of the context prevents their jarring on the ear or offending the judgment. Still it would be well to have the preludes and accompaniments of so striking a piece in strict harmony and accordance with their immediate theme. It is not so great an art to say a common thing in common words, as to say a brilliant thing in splendid words: but it is also an art in its way.

"*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,*"

is advice as old as Horace; and Mr. Macaulay would lose nothing in impressiveness, and would gain in taste and accuracy, by reducing the more level parts of the narrative to a more purely historical standard.

As to the substance of the work, there is but one fault which strikes us as important—and that would be a serious one, were it

not tempered and chastised in our author by a logical head, an accurate memory, and an instinctive love for fair play. His talent for description sometimes gets the better of him; and although he neither invents nor imagines incidents, it now and then happens that he loads a fact with more inferences and accessories than it can easily sustain. We have alluded to this before; and though we do not think that the ultimate impression conveyed can in any instance be justly said to be exaggerated, he at times colors his picture more from his inward reflection than the outward fact. His chapter on the customs and society of England in the seventeenth century may afford an example of what we mean—where he has dashed off a picturesque conclusion, which, we are not satisfied, was always in nature quite so striking in all its features. This, perhaps, arises in some respects from the materials with which he was there obliged to work; his description being the concentrated reflection of rays borrowed from satirists, and caricaturists, and writers of fiction, with whom truth is always subservient to point and vivacity of effect. It is right, however, to say, that the defect we refer to occurs much more rarely in his narrative, and never when the occasion is important; and the discussion on the manners and habits of the time, though a graceful and almost necessary accompaniment to the narrative, may be supposed to admit of bolder speculation than the more austere parts of the volume. It is necessary, too, to bear in mind, in criticisms of this nature, that unless allowance is made for our different points of view and for our different estimates of the relative importance of different particulars, nobody would be safe in describing an event or drawing a character.

In his general view of the history of these times, we have nothing to condemn or to suggest. It seems to us, from first to last, fresh, coherent, and true. Perhaps a Northern Whig might think that he has too little favor for the Puritans, and passes too lightly over the Scottish persecutions of Charles and James the Second. But even in this case we do not say that he has not exercised a wholesome moderation.

We now take our leave of Mr. Macaulay, not without good hope of a speedy and happy meeting again. We trust that this noble foundation may be crowned with a structure still more magnificent; and that he may live to complete the great monument which he purposes to rear to the constitution of his country. But should his fame as an historian rest solely on the volumes before us, we ac-

knowledge them as a noble offering on the altar of our liberties ; and, we doubt not, their author will be venerated in after times as having been foremost in that first duty of patriotism—in training up for future years citizens of that country, the intense and ardent love of which glows in every page, gives life to the fervid eloquence of his

NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV. SOLLING.

GOLDEN troops of glittering stars
Up to heaven's blue arch ascend ;
And their beams reflected play
Where the tranquil waves extend.

Through her opening veil of clouds,
Luna darts a tearful gleam ;
The dewy hillocks of the dead
Return her faint and feeble beam.

Foam-becrested, silvery waves,
Sighing, break upon the strand,
And whisper, in their spirit-tones,
Greetings from my native land.

Plaintive strains of music sweet,
Through the shadowy grove do ring ;
'Tis Philomel that charms the ear
With her song of love and spring.

Charged with sweets, the evening air
Sports amid the leafy trees ;
And the shining beetle hums
His low song to the evening breeze.

Sweet to me, thou welcome Night,
Sweet thy calm to soul forlorn ;
At thy approach my heart is soothed,
Though I hail it but to mourn.

ETA.

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THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE
OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE SCIENCE, AND ART.

OCTOBER, 1849.

From the North British Review.

SWIFT AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life ; with an Appendix, containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some Remarks on Stella. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A., &c. 1849.

THIS book contains a good deal that is new to the public. It corrects some mistakes as to Swift; it adds something to our means of judging of him, and is, on the whole, creditable to the diligence and the intelligence of its distinguished author. Mr. Wilde is the editor of the Dublin Medical Journal, and this volume is an enlargement of a professional essay, published in that useful periodical, in reply to some inquiries addressed to him by Dr. M'Kenzie of Glasgow, as to the character of the disease which clouded so many years of Dean Swift's life, and which exhibited its true character in the extinction of all mental power, long before the period of his actual death.

It was impossible for Mr. Wilde to examine the case of Swift as a mere medical question, without his being led to look into forgotten pamphlets and old repositories of the thousand trifles which the interest about a great man led fanciful people to preserve.

From these sources he has revived some old recollections of Stella, and others connected with Swift, and has been fortunate enough to recover what we are inclined to think a genuine portrait of that lady, which is engraved for his volume. He has been also fortunate enough to find an old almanack with verses in Swift's hand-writing bound up within the same cover, and has, in this way, added a few poems of no great merit, and of doubtful authenticity, to the mass of Swift's works, already too large—for each successive editor has increased the bulk of what he was bringing before the public, by every trifle, which, whether written by Swift or by any of his acquaintances, could by any pretense be connected with his name. The book, however, is of great value. An obscure disease which clouded with mystery much of Swift's life, which, while men forbore to call it insanity, perplexed every one of his friends with strange misgivings, and

suggested to himself, with painful distinctness, its inevitable termination, is here traced with great distinctness, chiefly from such records as Swift's own letters afford. The inferences from the statements made by him, from time to time, through a period of full fifty years, are compared with those which an examination of his mortal remains, strangely exposed to observation a century after his death, suggested to competent observers. The chief value of Mr. Wilde's book is as a medical tract, but it incidentally illustrates some of the topics of Swift's domestic life which have been the subject of dispute; and this is of the more moment, as Scott's *Life of Swift*, an exceedingly entertaining volume, is framed on the principle of combining into one narrative all that had been told of Swift by witnesses, many of whom were far from being quite faithful. It is really a curious thing to observe how accidentally mistakes arise. How the ambiguous language of one biographer being misunderstood by the next, the whole color of the narrative becomes insensibly changed. In Swift's case there is really little that can be depended on in the statements of any of his biographers, which is not directly affirmed in his own letters.

Of his early life, nothing whatever is known, except what he has himself told. Every addition to his record is demonstrably false; and every statement of his own, susceptible of confirmation from external evidence, has been abundantly confirmed. Swift's stern and uncompromising veracity has been tested in every conceivable way. The vanity of his own relatives, anxious to be supposed capable of adding something to what the public already knew of a great man, has been rebuked by accidental circumstances, disproving all that they stated about the Dean. Mr. Deane Swift's* book is for the most part worthless. Lord Orrery's Biography of Swift, a book not without some interesting matter, is chiefly valuable as showing the sort of calumnies that prevailed during the latter years of Swift's life, and which were all reproduced in this weak and mischievous work. The book has all the appearance of having been dictated by malevolent feeling; and as its author had for a while a doubtful intimacy with Swift, it is probable that resentment for real or imagin-

ary slights was not unconnected with the tone of depreciation manifested throughout. Lord Orrery was anxious to come before the public in the character of an author. Without any original powers, his only course was translation or criticism. He translated Pliny's *Epistles*, but Melmoth distanced him there. He then remembered that there was no life of Swift, and he set about supplying the want. His acquaintance with Swift, which was the chief excuse for selecting this subject, had, however, been formed at a time when Swift was scarce himself—when his temper was soured with disappointment and utter hopelessness, and when his bodily and mental health was already greatly impaired. In fact, Lord Orrery had nothing to tell of Swift from his own knowledge; and to make a book there was no way open to him except to heap together whatever he could collect of hearsay among the few who then remembered "the Dean." The peculiar relation of Swift to the late ministry of Queen Anne, and the part he had afterwards taken in Irish politics, had made him the object of hatred and suspicion to the party who, when Lord Orrery wrote, possessed the whole power and patronage of the State. The libels published against him had thus a life more enduring than such things ordinarily have. All those were embodied in Lord Orrery's work. The work became very generally circulated, and was the text-book from which everything calculated to lower the Dean's character has been derived. Lord Orrery's book was answered, and, for the most part, shown to be utterly unworthy of credit, by Delany, a surviving friend of Swift; but Delany's "Observations," we are told by Sheridan, had but little circulation. Delany's Answer was followed by another from Deane Swift. Then came a formal life by Hawkesworth; and then Johnson's. We are obliged to mention these successive publications, as each materially influenced the more modern lives of Swift, and as every one of them originated errors which we hope to remove.

Johnson's, published in his *Lives of the Poets*, opens with an assertion which we must notice, as it is calculated to affect our whole estimate of Swift:

"Jonathan Swift was, according to an account said to be written by himself, the son of Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. Andrew's day, 1667. According to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leicestert, the son of a clergyman, who was min-

* Deane Swift was a cousin of Jonathan's. He was a son of his uncle Godwin's, one of whose four wives was co-heiress of Admiral Deane the regicide.

ister of a parish in Herefordshire. During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally call himself an Englishman."

Swift was wholly incapable of the deception and falsehood which this narrative implies. Of himself, as of others similarly circumstanced, he was in the habit of speaking as of an Englishman accidentally born in Ireland; and as both his parents were English, and as no one of his progenitors was Irish, there does not seem anything unreasonable in his stating the fact as it was. The account, which states his birth to have been in Dublin, is in his own handwriting, and is preserved in the library of Trinity Collège, Dublin. Of the authenticity of that document, and of the truth of that statement, there can be no doubt. The passage Johnson quotes from Spence, no doubt exists in Spence's *Anecdotes*; but Spence made the mistake of confusing what Swift said of his grandfather, as if it had been said of his father. His grandfather, who was born in Leicester, was vicar of Goodrich in Herefordshire, and this Pope perfectly knew, as is proved by his amusing verses on Swift's putting up a monument to him, and presenting a cup to the church at Goodrich. On a pencilled elevation of the proposed monument, which Swift sent to Mrs. Howard, Pope wrote the following lines, which are preserved with an endorsement in Swift's hand, "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery:"

JONATHAN SWIFT
Had the gift
By fatheridge, motheridge,
And by brotheridge,
To come from Gutheridge;
But now is spoiled clean,
And an Irish Dean;
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot,
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grandsire, &c.

In a letter from Pope to Swift, the former telling a story of an Irishman to Swift, calls the hero of the tale Swift's countryman. In a letter from Swift to Pope, (July 1737,) we have the following passage, which exhibits the sense which Swift gave to the word, if at any time he called himself an Englishman, and which negatives Johnson's ungenerous and unwarranted inference—"Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find

you make no distinction between the English gentlemen of this kingdom" (he is writing from Dublin) "and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom;) but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred; and they think it very hard that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners." In a letter from Pope, speaking of Rundle, then sent over as a bishop to Ireland, we find him saying to Swift. "He will be an honor to the bishops, * * * but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor to your unfriended and unbefitted nation." In the dedication of the Dunciad, where Pope brought together whatever was likely to please Swift, he does not shrink from calling Ireland his country:

"Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind," &c.

In the fourth Drapier's letter, Swift speaks of Molyneux as "an English gentleman born here," *i. e.*, in Ireland. Swift's feeling was that no right of an Englishman ought to have been lost by location or by birth in Ireland. This thought, and this alone, was what he expressed in very natural and very forcible language. The mistake of his meaning, for it does not appear to have been misrepresentation, has given a false coloring to every part of Johnson's narrative.

The first three years of Swift's life were past in England. His nurse, an Englishwoman, had some temptation to return to her own country, and she took the child with her. "At five years old he could read any chapter of the Bible; at six he was sent to school at Kilkenny in Ireland, and at fourteen he was admitted into the University of Dublin, where, by the ill-treatment of his nearest relations, he was so much discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academic studies, for which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history

and poetry, so that, when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency, and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratia*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told," we are transcribing his own statement, "stands upon record in their college registry." *

The mark still exists. Swift entered college in April, 1682, and became one of a class which had for the most part entered in the October or November previous. As far as we can ascertain there was at this period but little attention paid to classics in the course of education at Dublin University. It was ascertained by an examination at entrance, that the pupil had read some prescribed books in Latin and Greek. The temptation of a scholarship in the third year of his course, which was the reward of proficiency in classics, was the sole inducement to make him continue this study, while all the permanent honors and emoluments which the college could bestow were given to what was then called Arts. For a period of four years education was conducted by prelections on Aristotelic logic, and in physics and ethics Aristotle was also the text-book. The college statutes did not allow any deviation from the course, and even the books to be used by the lecturer in instructing his pupils were rigorously fixed by statute. It was only in the reign of George the Third that an inconvenience felt almost since the foundation of the college was remedied, and power given to the governing part of the body, in conjunction with the visitors, to make such changes in the course of study as circumstances might require. Swift was a boy of fourteen. At his school not one word of science had been taught. The Irish schools never invaded the proper province of the university. He found himself in a class that for six months before had been exercised in the subtleties of a formal system altogether new to him. There is reason, too, to think that Swift's talents were of slow development. It is scarce possible to imagine circumstances in which less was likely to be learned. His tutor's attention would, in the circumstances, be given to the more advanced pupils, and it cannot surprise us if the neg-

lected boy was satisfied with formal attendance, and lived in a world of his own thoughts and dreams. At that time the test of proficiency afforded by quarterly examinations of the students did not exist, and the logical disputations for an academic degree, which have become a mere form, were then a serious thing. Swift's failure seems to have been regarded by him with deep humiliation; and though it did not lead him to leave college for three years afterwards, it probably was among his motives for taking his higher degrees at Oxford. Some confusion has arisen in examining Swift's early career, from the fact of a cousin of his of the same surname having entered college on the same day with him, and the college entries respecting the two being so made as to render it impossible in all cases to determine to whom they refer. His biographer, Deane Swift, has built a strange story out of the way in which Swift's degree was given. He says that Swift himself told him that the words were misunderstood at Oxford; and that the introduction of them into the testimonial given by Dublin College, was regarded by the Oxford men as a proof of the high regard with which Swift was honored in his parent university. The *testimonium* has been since produced. It contains no such words, nor are such ever inserted in a document of the kind. This disposes of Mr. Deane Swift as a witness, and, in disposing of him, a good deal of biographical rubbish is cleared away.

Swift's support at school and in college was derived from an uncle, Godwin Swift. Godwin Swift, the first of the family that came to Ireland, was connected through one of his four wives with the Ormond family, and the Duke made him his attorney-general of the Palatinate of Tipperary. "Godwin," says Swift, "was an ill pleader, but perhaps dextrous in the subtle parts of the law." In the manuscript from which these words are taken, is an interlineation before the word "dextrous" of the emphatic words "*a little too*." Swift did not think of his uncle Godwin with love. There is no trace, we believe, of any kindly intimacy between the family of the successful barrister and the retired student. Swift's was a nature not unlikely to fancy neglect, and to resent it. There can be no doubt that at all times self-will and caprice were among the original elements of his character, and that from the first he was ambitious. The appearance of wealth, and the reality of some of the comforts of such an establishment as his uncle's, must have now and then met the eye of the

* *Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by Dr. Swift. The original manuscript is lodged in the University of Dublin.

meditative boy, who little thought with what real sacrifice this expenditure was maintained, and how even the pittance apportioned for his own maintenance and instruction in college pressed on the resources of a generous and improvident man, whose very occupation in the management of the business of others was not unlikely to be accompanied with inattention to his own; at all events the close of Godwin's career exhibited that he had not money either for himself or others. His mental faculties gave way. The cause, or perhaps the consequence of mental disease, was his giving ear to some speculative projectors, who proposed to realize a fortune by making the worst iron in the kingdom. His latter years were spent in a state of mental imbecility not unlike that which oppressed the close of Swift's own life. Between the Swifts and the family of Sir William Temple there had been some kindness—we believe also some obscure family connexion. Godwin Swift was the intimate friend of Temple, who held a high office in the Court of Chancery in Ireland. The mother of Jonathan Swift was related, or claimed to be related, to Temple's wife. The cousin of Jonathan, who entered Dublin College on the same day with him, had made his way to Temples, and was already chaplain there, when Jonathan, now twenty-one years of age—too young to be ordained, and looking round for means of support—after a short visit to his mother in Leicestershire, came with some recommendations to Temple, by whom he seems to have been at once employed, probably as secretary, if that word does not express a relation more confidential than was at first established between them. It is probable that the statement given by Mr. Temple, nephew to Sir William Temple, is substantially true, that Swift was paid a salary of twenty pounds a year as his amanuensis. This is stated by Temple in language studiously offensive, and manifestly colored by that dislike of Swift which actuated all the members of the Temple family. In fact, the regard exhibited by Sir William Temple to Swift, to whom he left his manuscripts, seems to have been resented by the family. The language of solemn courtesy, in which a distinction of rank seems to have been implied even in the ordinary intercourse between equals, gives more color to Mr. Temple's statement than the facts themselves would perhaps strictly warrant. Swift's first residence with Temple was at Sheen, and there he became acquainted with Esther Johnson, a child six years old, the daughter of a person who was

employed as housekeeper, or in some such capacity, by Lady Gifford, the sister of Temple. This child was destined to be known in after days, by all who knew anything of Swift, as the *Stella* of his writings. She was a general favorite, and seems to have been domesticated with Lady Gifford and Mr. Temple, as a companion to a young relative of theirs of her own age, and was educated by the same masters. Intimacy, friendship, affection, any feeling but the *passion* which is called love, is likely to have grown up between Swift, who conducted parts of her education, and his young pupil.

While with Temple, Swift first felt what Mr. Wilde regards as the commencement of the cerebral disease, which only terminated with life. Swift thought it but a disease arising from indigestion. Writing to Mrs. Howard, he says, "About two hours before you were born, I got my giddiness by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, having made a fine seat about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read, there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since; and being old acquaintances, have now thought fit to come together." Hawkesworth, and other biographers of Swift, have said that this surfeit of fruit occurred in Ireland; Scott, that it was stone-fruit. The companion of Temple was not unlikely to have enjoyed the luxury of fruits; for nowhere do we find such descriptions of all that could be brought to perfection in England, as in Sir William's essay on gardening; and we almost think that a recollection of his account of his apricots and peaches, and yet more of his cherries, and the delight with which he dwells on them, might have led Scott into a mistake, for which we do not think he has any authority. The time of Swift's first illness was in 1690. In the *Life of Temple*, prefixed to his works,* we find that about this period Sir William used to wait on King William at Richmond and Windsor; and it was no doubt in Swift's attendance on him on one of these occasions that the illness occurred. Had Sir William's secretary read the essay to which we allude, written some five years before, or had he heard Sir William conversing on the subject, he would have been not disinclined to the use of ripe fruit, even as a part of medicinal treatment of such ailments as he complained of. "I can say for myself, at least," says

* Edition of 1814.

the old gentleman, "that the season of summer fruits is ever the season of health with us, which I reckon from the beginning of June to the end of September; and for all sickness of the stomach (from which others are judged to proceed) I do not think any that are like me, the most subject to them, shall complain whenever they eat thirty or forty cherries before meals, or the like proportion of strawberries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes perfectly ripe. After Michaelmas, apples; which, with cherries, are of all others the most innocent food, and perhaps the best physic." In the same essay, we find the following passage: "I need say nothing of apples, being so well known among us; but the best of our climate, and I believe of all others, is the *golden pippin*." It is said that the cause to which Swift referred his illness is not adequate to account for its effects. Mr. Mason's language is—"I apprehend such causes are quite insufficient to produce such permanent effects. Swift, perhaps, experienced then, for the first time, the symptoms of an hereditary disease, and probably mistook that for the cause which was truly the consequence." Mr. Wilde who, however, differs from Mason as to the cause and the nature of the disease says: "From this period, a disease which, in all its symptoms, and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least,) cerebral congestion, set in and exhibited itself in well-marked periodic attacks, which, year after year, increased in intensity and duration."

It is plain that, in spite of Temple's gout, and what his sister calls "spleen,"—a favorite medical fiend of the day—in spite too of Swift's impatient spirit, little likely to endure from Temple's relatives the slights which his position left him without the power of effectually repelling, and which from the tone and temper of resentment in which they at all times speak of Swift, they plainly had not generosity or sufficient sense of justice to forbear—a strong feeling of kindness was growing up between Temple and Swift. A short visit to Ireland was made by Swift for the sake of health; but he soon returned. In some two years afterwards, on being offered a place in the Rolls in Ireland, by Temple, he told him of his wish to enter the Church, and that this offer of £120 a year, in a different way of life, satisfied him that his going into the Church arose from other motives than the mere desire of obtaining a livelihood. He went to Ireland—was ordained—obtained a small

living. He had, however, become necessary to Temple's existence; and in 1695 returned to Moorpark, where he resided till Sir William's death in January, 1698, or—as we write 1699.

The business of the future biographer of Swift will be very much that of blotting out some of the pleasant stories told without anything of sufficient authority. Sheridan, and after him Scott, have given an account of Swift's resigning his first preferment when he was meditating a return to Temple's. "His resolution," says Sir Walter, "appears to have been determined by a circumstance highly characteristic of his exalted benevolence. In an excursion from his habitation, he met a clergyman, with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own, rode to Dublin, resigned the prebend of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for this new friend." The great novelist proceeds to tell of the surprise and delight of the old clergyman—nay, begins to deal in the picturesque. "The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted, for the first time, on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moorpark as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary." Ah, Sir Walter! these stories of romantic clergymen, and benevolent chief governors, thus disposing of livings, were as little true in Swift's day as our own. The clergyman, in favor of whom Swift resigned, could scarcely have been so old and so venerable a curate as the story would give us to imagine; for we find him corresponding with Swift full thirty-five years afterwards. He was not indigent, for he had an estate in lands in the county of Antrim, and was connected with some of the leading people there. It so happens, too, that there is a record of the births of his children, the oldest of whom was not born for a year after the date of this pathetic story. Swift's successor in the prebend of Kilroot was the Rev. John Winder; and the facts we have stated, we find in Mr. Mason's Cathedral Antiquities of St. Patrick's.

During Swift's earlier residence with Temple, he had formed a personal acquaintance with King William. William offered to

make him Captain of Horse, showed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch fashion, and how to eat it too, of which Scott tells us a good story. Alderman George Faulkner, the Dublin bookseller, dining one day in company with Dr. Leland, the historian, the conversation turned on Swift. Faulkner told of having once dined with Swift. Asparagus was one of the dishes. The Dean helped his guest, who called shortly to be helped a second time. "Sir, first finish what is on your plate." "What, sir, eat my stalks?" "Ay, sir; King William always ate the stalks!" "And, Mr. Faulkner," rejoined the historian, (who was himself remarkably proud and very pompous,) "what, were you blockhead enough to obey him?" "Yes, Doctor; and if you had dined with Dean Swift *à la table*, faith you would have been obliged to eat your stalks too!" William, it would seem, gave Swift hopes of church preferment; as in a letter to his uncle, William Swift, he writes, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

On Temple's death Swift employed himself in editing Sir William's works. They were dutifully dedicated to the king; but with Temple's life, Swift's chances of any promotion through that interest were at an end, and Swift returned to Ireland as chaplain to Lord Berkeley, one of the Lords-justices of Ireland. In some short time we find him holding church preferments to the amount of nearly £300 a year, and residing at Laracor, where it is probable that the happiest years of his life were passed. Swift had scarcely been settled at Laracor when he prevailed "on Esther Johnson (Stella) and another lady, to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then ten *per cent.* in Ireland, and all the necessaries of life at half the price." "The adventure," says Swift, "looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal, which however soon blew off by her excellent conduct." In a letter from one of Swift's relatives, he asks an acquaintance, "whether Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen that marched quite from Moorpark to Dublin, (as they would have marched to the north or anywhere else,) with full resolution to engage him?" There can be no doubt that there was some want of wisdom in Swift's invitation to these ladies. It gave rise to much idle gossip, in spite of Swift's precautions to guard against

injury to the character of either of the ladies. During his frequent absences in London they resided at the glebe; on the eve of his return, they retired to their own lodgings in the neighboring town. Swift never saw either of them except in the presence of a third person. The world will not allow people to be happy in their own way; and Swift and his female friends had to pass through the same ordeal, that in an after generation, tortured Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. The people of the place did not understand it—Swift was to marry her—then he had married her—then he would marry her but for some mystery connected with their birth, which precluded the possibility of marriage—then the fact of marriage had taken place, but on the very day of the marriage came a mysterious revelation, whispered in the ear by Archbishop King, believed by Dr. Delany and some other old woman, and now preached on the housetop by Dr. Wilde. The strange communication that Stella and Swift were actually brother and sister, both being children of Sir William Temple, was, it would seem, made to them by Mrs. Dingley, (the lady who had accompanied Stella from England,) immediately after their marriage. Such is the strange story ingeniously enough put together from some half dozen absurd reports, every one of them capable, even at this distance of time, of absolute disproof; but there being a predetermination to make a romance out of this Swift and Stella story—the mock marriage and all its mysterious incidents were got up in the style adapted to the readers of a century ago. In Swift's relation with the ladies, we think there was throughout great absurdity, and with all his knowledge of the world, much ignorance of the true character and dispositions of the female mind. There are on record against him four love stories; and a letter of his with respect to the first, gives, we think, the key to all. So early as the year 1692, his mother feared or fancied that some marriage engagements existed between him and a young Leicestershire woman, and the report was the subject of a letter from Swift to one of his friends. He says: "The very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, and even then, itself, I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world There is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone, turns all, for want of

practice, into speculation and thought, inso-much that these seven weeks I have been here, (*i. e.*, at Temple's *Moorpark*,) I have writ and burnt, and writ again, on all manner of subjects, more perhaps than any man in England. I have been told in Ireland, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do some mischief if I did not give it employment. It is this humor that makes me busy, when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved just the same way; and, I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs." The gayety, then, and liveliness of his manners—the cheerful excitement which distinguished the lonely student, when accident threw him out of the reserved and stately circle of the Temples, or removed him from his books into the company of any lively young woman, was construed by village gossips into love, and Swift, like any one who is fool enough to listen to such chatter, was given away in marriage to at least one Leicestershire belle. Little did the villagers know the spirit with which they had to deal; little did they know how their very talk was breaking the charm, which perhaps, it was endeavoring to fasten and bind more close on this most affectionate and generous of human hearts, but one that of all things was most sure to resent any effort to constrain its freedom. The report was poison to Swift's mind. "Though the people," he adds, "is a lying sort of a beast, (and I think in Leicester above all parts that I ever was in,) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman further than a bare acquaintance." We can easily see from this how little likely any of those ladies who took a fancy to marrying Swift, were to effect their purpose by bringing the opinion of others to bear upon his mind in a matter of this kind. The Leicestershire lady marries an innkeeper, and her children appear on the stage claiming and receiving kindnesses from Swift. The next of these ladies whom the preservation of Swift's letters introduces to our notice, was Miss Waryng. In the year 1796 there is a letter from Swift of the most ardent love—an earnest, almost irresistible proposal of marriage—at least it seems strange how it could

be resisted. Resisted, however, it was till 1700, when Swift, whose proposal was made while he still was with Sir William Temple, but who had now become Vicar of Laracor, and had some other church preferment, found the lady very anxious to learn what he was about. There is certainly a marked difference in the tone of the letter answering what may be called the lady's proposal, from that in which his own was conveyed some four years before. Without suggesting that, in an interval of four years, other objects might have interrupted any thought of Jane Waryng—for thus the second letter is addressed—the first was to *Varina*, a more romantic sound; without saying that about two years before Jane's inquisitorial letter, we find Swift mentioning letters to a certain *Eliza*—perhaps his Leicestershire love—perhaps an intermediate flame—certainly not *Jane Waryng* herself, as Mr. Mason, with less than his usual shrewdness, conjectures—we do think that a proposal such as Swift's, refused or treated slightly by a young lady, might have tried the temper of a man less likely to be offended than Swift; and in the second letter, we cannot read any other purpose than that of exhibiting truly the cold and stern realities of life to a young woman who was trifling with her own peace of mind and his. "Are you," he says to her, "in a condition to manage domestic affairs with an income of less (perhaps) than £300 a year? Have you such an inclination to my person and humor, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavor to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in these methods I shall direct you, to the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable, when we are neither visiting nor visited? . . . I singled you out at first from the rest of women, and I expect not to be used like a common lover." Is this language consistent with anything but sincerity of purpose? It would be tedious to transcribe more of the letter; but, making some allowance for the character of the man who wrote, we cannot but think the woman an absolute fool who could be offended by such a letter; but such all her conduct with regard to Swift proves her to have been.

It must be remembered, when we think of the relation of friendship which Swift sought to establish between himself and the English ladies whom he had imported to the neighborhood of his vicarage, that his only sister had, by a very strange and im-

prudent marriage, disturbed all his plans of life. When Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley came to his neighborhood, we think that a rash experiment was made of trying how far a permanent friendship could go on between persons of different sexes—excluding the thought of love. The relation contemplated by the parties was of fraternal affection; and, considering the entire circumstances of all, especially the great difference of years between Swift and Stella, and his having known and loved her as an elder brother from her early childhood, we believe that passion was not at first awakened at all—that the thought of their probable marriage was first suggested by third persons; and how such suggestion of third persons was likely to affect Swift's mind, after the event of the Leicestershire amour, our readers will be able to judge. At any rate, the nature of Swift's affection was soon tested. A friend of his, Mr. Tisdal, proposed for Stella. Swift, regarded as the guardian of Stella, was consulted; and his letter approving of the match is preserved. Stella—from whatever cause, and causes are suggested quite adequate, and altogether unconnected with Swift—refused Tisdal; and Tisdal everywhere circulated the report that he was rejected because Swift wanted to marry her.

While the ladies were thinking too much of Swift, he was thinking too little of the ladies. He was busy in Cabinets and Courts. He was thinking of changes of ministry, and his whole heart was in his task. Tories called him a Whig, and Whigs a Tory. He himself, in all probability, was right when he said he was a Whig in State politics—a Tory in Church matters. In joining Harley's administration, there can be but little doubt that his first strong motive was resentment against the former ministry, by whom he regarded himself as neglected. The love of mischief, we think, too, mingled with the feeling; and the exultation which accompanies every exertion of power, made him seize every opportunity which public affairs presented, of bringing his peculiar talents into play. They were glorious days, when, in the full exuberance of fun, "The Tale of a Tub"—Swift's first work—forced unwilling smiles from the gravest churchmen. With Johnson, we agree in thinking it incomparably his best work. Nothing that he afterwards wrote flowed forth with such absolute freedom and fulness of power—the satire, coarse and vehement throughout, was throughout effective. The Church was

actually offended at being so saved from dangers that were far from imaginary; and we fancy that to this indecorous defense, and the scandal it occasioned, we owe the passage in *Gulliver's Travels*, where Gulliver is banished from court for his bold and unpremeditated mode of extinguishing a conflagration which threatened to destroy the capital of Lilliput. Whatever service was done by this romance, which almost equals Rabelais in humor as well as in other points of character, it in all probability lost Swift a bishopric. Johnson thought the book too good for him. Warton, following Johnson's track, says that Swift nowhere acknowledged or claimed it. Johnson never seriously expressed an opinion that it was not Swift's, though something of the kind no doubt was said by him in comparing it with those works of Swift that were more purely political. Here imagination was vigorously at work, and it would almost seem for the mere indulgence of its own capricious pleasure. Warton is wrong in saying that Swift did not claim this work. His letters to his bookseller remain, directing corrections for a new edition, and expressing extreme annoyance at the impertinence of a cousin of his, who affected to have had some share in the work. A remarkable coincidence has been pointed out by Professor Parson between a passage in *Gulliver's Travels* and one in *The Tale of a Tub*, which would be enough to fix the authorship of both, as he observes, on the same person. *Gulliver's Travels*—"On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that, on the left side, the king's smiths conveyed *fourscore and eleven* chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with *six-and-thirty* padlocks." Compare with this, *Tale of a Tub*—*Introduction*—*Fourscore and eleven* pamphlets have I writ under three reigns, and for the service of *thirty-six* factions." Whatever these numbers may mean, however arbitrarily or accidentally they may have first occurred, the repetition could not have been accidental, and may have been designed, like a private mark, to enable Swift to prove his property in either work, should he ever be disposed to throw off the mask, and claim them as his own. Swift had never shaped to his own imagination a home in any proper sense of the word. From his wretched college-rooms he had passed to Temple's, where all the appear-

ance of wealth existed—where every incident calculated to awaken ambition was presented to his mind. His residence at Laracor was interrupted by frequent visits to London, by his feeling his importance to political parties. Through his letters, and especially in his letters to the ladies at Laracor, there are frequent sighs for repose—there are frequent expressions of indifference to the pursuits in which he is engaged; but every page exhibits feverish and restless ambition. There are one or two passages in which he speaks of at last perhaps obtaining a competency—one at least, in which he contemplates such provision for himself as chiefly valuable for the sake of the ladies to whom he is writing; for the letters, though now called the *Journal to Stella*, were addressed to her and to Mrs. Dingley jointly; yet the feeling throughout is that of an affectionate brother rather than a lover, and now and then it is that of a condescending master, enacting good-natured equality of manner with the show and reality of courtesy to persons admittedly inferior in rank and station. There was in his letters much fondness, rather as indulging a mood of his own mind, however, than from any great consideration of the objects; and there was in these communications to his womankind at Laracor a total absence of reserve, as there was a total absence of respect. The ladies to whom he each day wrote of the manner in which he actually bullied Harley and Bolingbroke, he had remembered as servants at Sheen and Moorpark. They, too, had seen Swift, and the "pain" he was compelled to endure "when," to use his own words, "Sir William Temple used to look cold and out of humor for three or four days, and I used to suspect a thousand reasons." There was at this time, and indeed throughout life, in Swift's mind, a galling sense of social inferiority of condition; and he thought to vindicate his proper place in society by overbearing and intolerable manners. Of this there are a hundred instances; and it was something to Swift to have auditors, such as Stella and Mrs. Dingley, who would be not unlikely to sympathize with him in the tone of feeling which dictated such strange conduct—conduct in which we cannot but see—be it disguised and dignified with what names men please—the commencement of insanity. We think Swift's was essentially the mind and spirit of an independent man; but we think the necessity which he felt of forever *acting* independence, lest it should be de-

nied, or a contrary feeling imputed, forever placed him in a false position. "I called," he says, "at Mr. Secretary's, to see what the d—ailed him on Sunday. I made him a very proper speech—told him I observed he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already, (meaning Sir William Temple;) that I expected every great minister, who honored me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and no subject's favor was worth it; and that I designed to let my Lord Keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, and that they might use me accordingly." This was *acting* dignity. We speak not of the feeling, in which Swift was probably right, but of the way in which it was exhibited—in which Swift was so assuredly wrong, that a true account of such an interview could scarcely have been communicated to any persons but people in precisely the position of Swift's female correspondents. We do not think there is any very distinct evidence that Stella anticipated marriage with Swift; though, of course, if such an intention be ascribed to the parties to this correspondence, it will color the whole of it, and thus one mistake give rise to a hundred.

Whatever the relation was, that subsisted between Swift and Stella, it was not such as prevented him from forming other acquaintances of the fair sex. There are in his correspondence several exceedingly graceful letters from him to many ladies of high rank, which show him playing like a moth round the flame which yet he took care not to approach too near; and from them, too, there are letters enough to show "how high he stood in the estimation of those by whom it is almost every man's ambition to be distinguished." Among his acquaintances was the widow of a Dutch merchant, who had made money in Ireland in William's days, and laid it out in the purchase of forfeited estates there. This business of dealing in estates, which other men continued to think their own, notwithstanding any title that a successful revolution gave, has never been attended with as comfort-

able an enjoyment of rents and revenues as ought to be wished for the sake of the peace of society; and the Van Homrighs, with the name of considerable property, appear to have been, during their first intimacy with Swift, in considerable pecuniary embarrassment. We think it not easy to read the letters between Swift and the eldest of the daughters of Mrs. Van Homrigh without believing that, in this case, the Dean's heart was seriously affected; there can be no doubt the lady's was. From the time of his intimacy with the Van Homrighs the journal to Stella assumes a different tone, and becomes a mere diary, in which the class of playful topics which he at first dwelt on, are no longer subjects of his thought; the "little language," as he called the playful style in which he at first wrote, no longer engages or amuses us. Many of the letters read like so many paragraphs from his history of the four last years of Queen Anne. Meanwhile the love affair with Vanessa—so he chose to call Hesther Van Homrigh—thrived apace. The adventure lasted him full twenty years or more. Mother, and brother, and sister died; and the young lady was alone in the world, and came over to Ireland to war with doctors and proctors, and all the devilry of the Ecclesiastical Courts; and when this was done, to undergo all the torments of continued litigation in the courts of common law. Poor Miss Van Homrigh! the single acknowledged comfort to which she could look was the hope of a visit from the Dean; but the Dean feared the scandal of Dublin, and provoked the scandal which he feared by the character of mystery which he gave to his visits. "If you write to me," he says, "let some other direct it; and I beg you will write nothing that is particular, but what may be seen; letters may be opened, and inconveniences may happen. If you are in Ireland while I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for my freedom; but where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees." When Swift went to Laracor, after his installation as Dean, he writes to Vanessa: "At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me; but it begins to wear off, and change to dullness." A year after, when the quarrels between Bolingbroke and Harley drove Swift from court, his first letter from Letcombe is to her. Her delight at the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, though it would seem it con-

tained much calculated to repress her hopes of bringing the amorous Dean to the actual point of matrimony, was unbounded. He promised her, in one of his letters, a second poem; and it is a thousand pities that it was not worked out. In a letter of a later date, when Vanessa was actually fixed on her estate at Celbridge, he writes to her: "God send you through your law and your reference; and remember that riches are nine parts of ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right." * * * *
 "The best maxim I know in life is, to drink your coffee when you can, and when you cannot, to be easy without it." In a letter, July 5th, 1721, he says: "Soyez assurée, que jamais personne du monde a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée, par votre ami que vous. I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend till I see you again; there is none worth drinking but yours, if I may myself be the judge." We suspect that in this business of the coffee more is meant than at first appears. There is throughout this correspondence with Vanessa an effort to give a character of coldness to parts of each letter, as if there was a fear of the letters falling into other hands. We suspect, too, that to this fear we owe it that the strongest expression of passion on Swift's part is expressed in French. Swift had suggested to Vanessa, in one of the letters, to use something of a cipher; and, we suspect, the whole meaning of the letters is not to be seen on the surface. In the letter which we have last quoted is another passage about coffee, in which it is just possible that Vanessa's conscience suggested a meaning that did not enter into the Dean's thoughts: "Without health, you will lose all desire of drinking your coffee, and become so low as to have no spirits."

It is impossible to read these letters and not think that Vanessa was quite justified in thinking she had won this ardent admirer. Still the word marriage was not mentioned. Is it not probable that, as has been suggested by some of his biographers, Swift was conscious of hereditary disease which he feared to transmit? To us it is quite beyond the range of our powers of belief to imagine, that at the time Swift wrote these letters, he had actually been married to Stella; and it must be remembered that these letters were not in the hands of the biographers, who

one after another, have spoken of the marriage. A scene of great violence is stated to have occurred, when Swift rode to Celbridge, and threw upon Vanessa's table a letter containing one from herself to Stella. Of this story, there is no proof whatever; and if such a letter had existed, there is no reason why it should not have been preserved with the rest which have been published from a transcript made from a copy preserved by one of her executors. It is intimated by Mr. Mason in his "History and Antiquities of St. Patrick's," that more of these letters exist between Swift and Vanessa than came to Sir Walter Scott's hands. If so, they would furnish an interesting addition to any future impression of Mr. Wilde's book.

Our business through this article has been, to our great regret, destroying romance after romance; we shrink from a communication which yet must be made, which may account for the occasional warmth of some of Vanessa's letters—nay, perhaps, justify, in the opinion of some of our readers, the coldness which came over the heart of the Dean. There is a passage in Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*, in which the Old Bachelor tells the stories of his own Varinas, Stellas, Vanessas, and Celias—and the casualties which saved him from marriage. All danger appeared to be over; he had come to a grave time of life; had done with novel-reading, and given himself to the study of serious romance; he meets—

A thin, tall, upright, serious, slender maid,
Who in her own romantic regions strayed,

* * * * *

Kind were the lady's looks, her eyes were bright,
And swam methought in exquisite delight.
A lovely red suffused the virgin cheek,
And spoke more plainly than the tongue can
speak;

Plainly all seemed to promise love and joy,
Nor feared we aught that might our bliss destroy.

* * * * *

What demon in his spite
To love and man could my frail mind excite,
And lead me curious on against all sense of
right?

There met my eye, unclosed, a closet door.

* * * * *

I went, I saw—shall I describe the hoard
Of precious worth in sealed deposits stored
Of sparkling hues? Enough, enough, is told,
'Tis not for man such mysteries to unfold.
Thus far I dare, whene'er those orbits swam
In that blue liquid that restrained their flame,
As showers the sunbeams, when the crimson
glow

Of the red rose o'erspread those cheeks of snow;

I saw, but not the cause—'twas not the red
Of transient blush that o'er her cheek was
spread;

'Twas not the lighter red that partly streaks
The Katherine pear, that brightened o'er her
cheeks,

Nor scarlet blush of shame—but such disclose
The velvet petals of the Austrian rose
When first unfolded, warm the glowing hue,
Nor cold as rouge, but deepening on the view.
Such were those cheeks—the causes unexplored,
Were now detected in that secret hoard.

In Hawkesworth's *Life of Swift*, we find him quoting the authority of Delany, and in his words telling us, that Vanessa "like Ariadne devoted herself to Bacchus." Whether from this cause, or from excessive love, she got fever and died. Her will was made in a sober interval—she left her property to Mr. Marshal, an Irish judge, a relative of hers, and to Bishop Berkeley. Swift's name did not occur in it. It is said, that she directed her executors, on her death-bed, to publish the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, and the correspondence between her and Swift. The poem was printed to Swift's great annoyance. Berkeley saw no good in printing the letters, and destroyed the originals. Marshal, the other executor, preserved a copy.

We do not believe that Swift was married to Stella, or contemplated marriage with her at any time. The period assigned for his marriage, is the year 1716. They are said to have been married in the garden of the deanery, by St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. Mr. Monck Berkeley states, that St. George Ashe communicated the fact to Bishop Berkeley—from whose widow he, Monck Berkeley, heard it. "The Bishop of Clogher," says Mr. Mason, "never could have had any communication with Berkeley upon the subject, for the former died in the year 1717, and the latter was at that time in Italy, where he had resided for several previous years." But Dr. Madden it seems, told the same story to Dr. Johnson. That such a story was in circulation, there can be no doubt. How far Madden's having told it to Johnson adds to the probability of its being true, must depend on Madden's own opportunities of information, of which we are told nothing; judging of Madden by some well-meant pamphlets of his on Irish affairs, we should regard him as an insufficient witness even of things coming within his own observation, which this could not; Johnson twice mentions the marriage in his *Life of Swift*. "Poor Stella," he says, "as Dr.

Madden told me, related her melancholy story to Dr. Sheridan, when he attended her as a Clergyman to prepare her for death." Scott, in narrating the circumstance has translated this into—"Dr. Madden told the story (of the marriage) to Dr. Johnson, upon the authority of Dr. Sheridan, to whom Stella unfolded the secret shortly before her death." Scott, as Mr. Mason observed, unconsciously adds to Johnson's statement, that Sheridan had told Madden, what Madden repeated to him. The only link that could make Madden's statement approach the character of evidence, is wanting.

On this part of Swift's history, we think Mr. Mason's examination of the evidence as to the supposed marriage between Swift and Stella, absolutely decisive, and it is really very curious that at such a distance of time, there should be the means of disproving such a story. Monck Berkeley's proof is dissipated at once, by showing the impossibility of a communication between Ashe and Bishop Berkeley. Sir Walter tells us, "immediately subsequent to the ceremony, Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany, (as I have learned from a friend of his *relict*), being pressed to give an account of this strange union, said that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated, so much so that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason, he said, 'you have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question.'" Mason's diligence disposes of this story altogether. The ceremony is stated to have been in the year 1716. Swift was absent from Dublin, as the Chapter books of St. Patrick's Cathedral prove, till the July of that year—before that month therefore the ceremony could not have occurred, and the Archbishop (as appears from Swift's correspondence,) was in England from June 1716 to May of the following year. As to the story of the relationship of brother and sister, between Swift and Stella, it is only necessary to say, that "Swift's parents resided in Ireland, from before 1665, until his birth in 1667, and that Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April 1666 till January 1668." We think, when a report of Swift's marriage was once circulated, that the mystery attached to it was likely to prevent an idle story from dying

away. The reader, too, should consider that the story which we now examine is not that which was first circulated, but a revised and corrected edition, gradually stripped of circumstances, too improbable to be now stated, but which were not unlikely to have given the story its first credit and circulation. Miss Van Homrigh was, according to the first reports, the mistress of the Dean, and Stella, if not his wife, yet the mother of "a boy, that dined at the deanery on Sundays, and was permitted to amuse himself in the deanery yard, and that he died soon after Stella." This was Mr. Monck Berkeley's story, "on the authority of Richard Brennan, the servant in whose arms Swift breathed his last." The readers of Scott's *Life of Swift*, or of Sheridan's, who theorizes in the same way with Scott on the causes why Swift did not marry, will see that gradually the story which all these old women—the Delanys, the Monck Berkeleys, and their *relicts*—are evoked for the purpose of vouching, has, like the chameleon when dragged into light, actually changed color.

Our own conviction is, that Swift was never married. Our impression is, that disappointment at his sister's marriage led him to favor the kind of establishment which Stella and Mrs. Dingley formed in his neighborhood. We almost think Stella's verses to Swift, at a late period of her life, are inconsistent with her having any thoughts of the kind; and that such jealousy as she might entertain of the Dean's at any time marrying, if such existed, would not be very unlike the misgiving with which a sister or a niece would be likely to think of a step which, under any circumstances, must be accompanied with very doubtful results as to happiness, and which must, to a certain extent, disturb all previous relations. If Swift ever contemplated marriage, as far as either Stella or Vanessa was concerned, we think Vanessa was plainly his object.

There is a letter of Swift's to Martha Blount, in which he invites her to accompany Pope to Ireland, which, though written after Stella's death, suggests the kind of relation in which Swift had contemplated living with her. "Since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr. Pope condemned, during my life, to live in Ireland; he at the Deanery, and you, for reputation's sake, just at next door; and I will give you eight dinners a-week, and a whole half-dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings—a thing you could never expect to arrive at—and every

year a suit of fourteen-penny stuff that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs but sixpence a job; and you shall have Catholicity as much as you please, and the Catholic Dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor."

It is a grievous thing that Swift did not marry. But till a very late period of his life, Swift was too poor to venture on the expenses, which, to a man of his conventional rank, as Dean of St. Patrick's, must have been the unavoidable consequence. He received the deanery burthened with a debt of not less than a thousand pounds. A conviction that his miserable state of health arose from hereditary disease may have been the real cause, why a man, who was very fond of female society, shrank from this union, when pecuniary difficulties no longer formed an obstacle. Nothing can be more miserable than the account of his cheerless days. Open his letters anywhere, and you find the same melancholy aspect of things. He becomes *inhuman*, because he has in truth no *home*. He writes to Pope in 1715,—"I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house. My family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is very rare,) I eat a mutton pie, and drink half a pint of wine. My amusements are defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavoring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur haec inter misero lux*." Pope had said in one of his letters—"My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished." Listen to Swift's reply: "They to whom I would give the first places in my friendship are not in the way. I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennnyworths to those about me, and who displease me least, and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them. * * * I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence, and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have

several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence." In another letter, he says—"The chief end I propose to myself in all my labors is to vex the world rather than divert it." And again—"Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it if I could with safety."

On one occasion when he left Pope's house without explanation, we have a letter from Dublin: "Two sick friends never did well together. Such an office is fitted for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite different if you were with me. You could refuse to see anybody; and here is a large house, where we need not bear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly, elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy, and would sleep." In another letter to Pope, he says—"I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges. I mean a middle kind, with the understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in everything, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once I go with them, and whom I can tell without offense I am otherwise engaged at present." Again—"I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom. * * What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management." Again, "My frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humor I am in, and some other reasons which time has shown, and will show more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling to play with

me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within, or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well; but on Sunday evenings it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out."* There is a letter to Bolingbroke, (March 21, 1729,) written in a splenetic fit, from which we can scarcely make extracts which will not mislead, so much depends on the entire context. He contrasts his old hopes and occupations in the days of Bolingbroke's power with his present employments. "The company here growing tasteless; I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or railery, whereof some escape to give offense or mirth, and the rest are burnt." His temper, his genius, his unrivalled talents, were in his Irish politics, but scarcely his heart. "I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for want of a better game. * * * * *

I will come in person to England if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. * * * I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knave, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment. But you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get a better before I was called into the best, and *not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole.*" The last letter from which we shall make any extract, was written long after the death of Vanessa and Stella, and when with increasing infirmities he was falling into the hands of the mean and fraudulent people, who never for a moment succeeded in deceiving him; whose frauds and meannesses he struggled against with absolute rage, but to which he at last was compelled to yield himself a helpless, though not unresisting victim. The letter is to Pope: "I have nobody now left but you. Pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain. * * * My state of health is not to boast of. My giddiness is more or less constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own. I am as

fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was, which I can prove by arithmetic—for then I was double their age, which now I am not."

We have avoided any discussion on the subject of Swift's political life. It is not suggested in any way by the volume which we have undertaken to notice, and it would lead us farther than the most patient reader would be inclined to follow. It will be enough for us to say, that inasmuch as we think Swift viewed with narrow bigotry everything connected with the Church of England, this very fact establishes his political honesty in his support of Harley and Bolingbroke's Administration. In his Irish politics, we cannot but think the rabid fierceness, with which he pursued his antagonists in the battle against Wood, and his halfpence in every form of persecution, was symptomatic of mental disease.

Some of his biographers describe Swift as suffering from epileptic fits. Of this there is no evidence. One or two passages in his letters are consistent with this; but as he forever speaks of fits of giddiness, he probably means nothing more in any case. From the extracts which Mr. Wilde gives from his letters, we incline to think—and this we believe is Mr. Wilde's inference—that early in life he had a slight paralytic attack. Wilde tells us, that "several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms similar to his own;—Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germain, Arbuthnot, and others, suffered from what is popularly termed, a "fulness of blood to the head." This singular circumstance it is to which we owe Swift's giving such minute accounts of his infirmities to so many of his friends. He says in a letter, to which we have mislaid our reference, that Lady Kerry and he had become quite friends by conning over their common ailments; and in another, (Journal to Stella, 7th Sept. 1711,) "Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper him in that only. I dare not tell him I am so too, for fear that he should think I counterfeited to make my court." A strange form

* Letter to Pope, March, 1729.

of flattery!—yet Swift knew the human mind and its weaknesses, and was probably right.

Immediately after Swift's death the head was opened, and much water was found in the brain. Subsequently to the *post mortem* examination, a plaster mask was taken from his face; and from this a bust was made, which is now in the Museum of Dublin University. This bust is engraved for Mr. Wilde's book. He thinks it the best likeness of Swift during the last years of his life.

In 1835, some repairs of St. Patrick's Cathedral rendered it necessary to expose several coffins, and amongst others, those of Swift and Stella. The identity of Swift's skull was established beyond all doubt, and an examination of it with the bust in the College Museum, proved the bust to be that of Swift, of which some doubt had been entertained. The skull exhibited where the saw had passed after death; and in the bust, "a deep indentation, running nearly parallel with the brow, shows where the calvarium had been sawn, and the pericranium drawn over it subsequently, and this indentation accurately corresponds with the division of the skull found in Swift's coffin in 1835, proving incontestably the identity of both." The phrenologists and pathologists had the opportunity of discussing the subject, each in his own way. There was so much appearance of diseased action during life in the membranes of the frontal region of the brain, as almost to prove the existence of insanity, which yet some of Swift's biographers would affirm to have never, in any proper sense of the word, existed; and such change of the original structure of the outer parts of the skull as to prevent any fair inference being drawn for or against the craniologists, though the organ of *wit* was found deficient, and amativeness, to their discomfiture, was in excess. The value of this investigation, we think, is confined to its decisive effect in authenticating the bust, which is now for the first time engraved. Scott mentions this bust, and says—but that is a mistake—that it was engraved for Dr. Barrett's Essay on Swift's Early Life.

Of Stella, Mr. Wilde has given us a portrait, engraved from one preserved in the house, which, in Swift's time, had belonged to the Fords—his and Stella's fast friends—and which portrait, there seems distinct evidence, has been ever since regarded as that of Stella. "The hair," says Mr. Wilde, "is jet black, the eyes dark to match, the forehead high and expansive, the nose rather

prominent, and the features generally regular and well-marked. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf, and around her bust a blue ribbon, to which a locket appears to be attached, and she wears a white and red rose." Mr. Wilde is a believer in the marriage of Swift and Stella. It is said by Swift's biographers, that Stella, in making her will, left her property to a public charity, instead of giving it to Swift, and that this was the dictate of impatient feeling, at finding year pass after year without his acknowledging their marriage. Mr. Wilde quotes a letter of Swift's written two years before Stella's death, which shows that this disposition of Stella's property was by Swift's wish; and in Stella's will, as well as his own, is a clause altering the disposition of the property in the event of Church of England Episcopacy ceasing to be the established religion of the kingdom. Stella's will is in her own name—Esther Johnson; we believe she had no other. Her property was given to found a chaplaincy in Steven's Hospital; and contains a provision that the chaplain shall be unmarried, and vacate on marriage. This, Mr. Mason thinks inconsistent with her having at the time any feeling of such a grievous injury, as Swift's conduct would have been inflicting on her, if the romance which has almost passed ineffaceably into the lives of Swift had any foundation in truth. Mr. Wilde gives us the inscription over Stella's last resting-place in the Cathedral. By her will, she had directed that a decent monument of plain, white marble might be fixed in the wall, not exceeding the value of twenty pounds. He tells us, following some former critic, that the praise is not "from the pen of any skillful eulogist;" perhaps not; but Scott thought it must have been written by the Dean himself. After her name is given, she is said to have been "better known by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral." "This," said Sir Walter, when reading it in the Cathedral, "the Dean might say; any one else would have said more."* "The precise date of the erection has not been ascertained," says Mr. Wilde, "but it does not appear to have been during the Dean's lifetime." In a volume of travels through Ireland, published in 1778, the author mentions the inscriptional tablet to Stella "as lately erected." Indeed, we think Scott was scarcely right in thinking the Dean would

* Lockhart's Life of Scott.

have written the word "celebrated." "From the contiguity of the tombs," says Wilde, "it looks as if the Dean had long arranged the place of their burial." There is little doubt that in directing the precise place where his body was to be deposited, he was influenced by this thought; but it was one that did not exist in any great strength in his mind, for he had not only, long after Stella's death, wished his remains to be taken to England, but when he gave up that thought, requested that his body should be deposited "in any dry part of the Cathedral." The spot where he was ultimately to rest does not therefore seem to have been so distinct an object with him as is represented. In the same nave with the tablets to himself and Stella, is one erected by him to a faithful servant.

The early habits of Swift's life, and his actual poverty when living in the highest society in England, had forced on him an attention to money matters that approached to actual penury. Such care, however, was in his case a virtue, for on that condition alone could he have secured independence for himself, or the means of assisting others; and in the periods of his own narrowest circumstances, his charities were actually munificent. When he was in power with the dispensers of patronage, and those dispensers were Queen Anne's last ministry, the Tory complaint against Swift was, that he never came to them without a Whig in his sleeve. Every author whom he knew was sure of his zealous exertions in his favor, without any reference to politics. Of this his journal gives numberless proofs. Here are two days of his life, for instance :

"Feb. 12, 1712-13.—I dined with our Society: the greatest dinner I have ever seen. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and the Lord Treasurer has promised me a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night to tell me that poor little Harrison, the Queen's secretary, that lately came from Utrecht with the barrier treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the Treasury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air. He has a fever and inflammation in his lungs; but I hope will do well.

"13.—I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and dis-

posed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I went to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honorable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother attends him, and he wants nothing.

"14.—I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me, I knocked, and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before."

Of exertions such as this, there are unnumbered instances in Swift's letters. We believe he never lost an opportunity of serving one whom he regarded as a friend.

We have been, in the course of this article, compelled to exhibit the mistakes which arise from mere accident—a phrase misunderstood in one writer, misleading the next writer, and a story thus created, which examined, has nothing whatever to rest on. There is a very brilliant passage from an early work of Mr. Croker's "*The State of Ireland, Past and Present*,"* which is quoted in Scott's *Life of Swift*, and which not only for its own great beauty, but to correct an accidental misprint, which has been copied into Mr. Mason's work inadvertently, we shall quote. The author is speaking of Ireland at the period of Swift's Irish political struggle:—"On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot, her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw, he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future; he first taught Ireland that she might *become a nation, and England that she might cease to be a despot*." The words in italics are omitted accidentally in Scott, and the mistake is continued in Mason; and thus Swift's panegyrist is made to say that Swift "first taught Ireland that she might cease to be a despot."

The circumstances under which Swift obtained his Dublin degree, are said to have soured his temper with respect to the Irish University. This does not appear to be the case. His most intimate friends—while his infirmities permitted him to enjoy society—were Fellows of Dublin College. It is impossible to read his letters without feeling

* Published in 1810.

that he regarded the college itself with kindness. He wished, indeed, that the new professorships of royal foundation should be open to others than the Fellows of Dublin College, and, especially considering the restrictions which then prevented the fellows from marrying, we have little doubt that he was right. In writing to Lord Carteret, he says, that the rule that he wishes adopted is that followed in Oxford and Cambridge—that which the college wished, was one “that only tended”—such is Swift’s argument—“to mend fellowships and spoil professorships.” He, however, expresses a wish, that “any person whose education has been in this university should be preferred before another of equal deservings.”

At no time after the break-up of the Bolingbroke and Oxford ministry had Swift any voice in questions of Church patronage. Still there are proofs of his doing all he could to promote the interests of the best men in the Irish Church, as, for instance, Berkley and Stopford. His appointments in his Cathedral are mentioned with high praise; and he appears to have resisted all solicitation which would interfere with the proper exercise of his duties in this respect. Lady Carteret, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant, on one occasion sought the appointment as Vicar-Choral for some person in whom she felt an interest. His reply was an honest one, though marked with his own caustic humor. “Upon my conscience, Madam, if you applied to me for a Deanery or a Bishopric, and it were in my power to give it, you should have it in an instant; because these are preferments where merit is no way concerned. But in this, Madam, my conscience and my credit interpose; for this man’s merit is to be brought to the test every day; and how must I appear, either to my own conscience or to the eye of the world, if I prefer undeserving persons to such stations! I know nothing of music, Madam. I would not give a farthing for all the music in the universe. For my own part, I would rather say my prayers without it; but, as long as it is thought by the skillful to contribute to the dignity of the public worship, by the blessing of God, it shall never be disgraced by me, nor I hope by any of my successors, as long as this poor oppressed Church of Ireland lasts, which I think (as things go) cannot be long.”

Swift’s economical habits were of use both to the Deanery and to his successors. Better habits of business were introduced; and the funds of the cathedral were both increas-

ed, by Swift’s exacting larger rents, and were distributed in strict accordance with their original destination. The evidence before us satisfies us, that in the application of these funds, which had been before lavishly wasted, or diverted from their proper objects, Swift did good, which has lasted even to our own days. On the subject of his dealings with tenants, we are far from sure that he deserves the praises given him. In all these cases of rents paid to great corporations, the persons acting for a public body think, that in the management of landed property, all that they have to do is to extort the largest amount of money, whether by rent or by fine, from the farmer. The truth is, that there duties connected with property of the kind which bodies of the kind are unable to perform, and accordingly, with scarcely an exception, the tenants on such lands are in a most miserable condition, and the lands themselves almost everywhere neglected.

There is no very good edition of Swift. Scott’s is no doubt the best, but it is carelessly printed; and the precise dates of the first publication, and many of the political tracts, are in many instances not given, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, are in many instances incorrectly given. The original edition of Gulliver’s Travels differed materially in many passages from those that followed in rapid succession. No one has carefully collated them, or, at all events, no one has published the result of such a collation; and the readers of Walpole and Lord Hervey will be able to judge how very probable it is, that such parts of the work as were intended to give a satirical description of the court of George the Second, are likely to be rendered more intelligible by examining the changes which Swift made in the successive editions. Of Gulliver’s Travels, the best edition is Dr. Taylor’s;* and his notes are of great value in explaining much that would otherwise be obscure. Still, without a collation of the earlier editions with the present, any edition must be imperfect.

Stories resting absolutely on no authority whatever, and Swift’s hatred of all affectation, have given to him something of the character of irreverence and buffoonery in his ministrations as a clergyman. Nothing could be in more entire contrast with all his habits than the slightest irreverence. It was not alone a regard for the decencies of his position, but a sincere feeling of piety that would

* London: Hayward and Moore.

re repressed the slightest tendency to levity on such occasions. We dwell on this, because this feature of Swift's mind has been understood by good men. For instance, Wilberforce's "Diary," we find the following entry: "Looked into Swift's letters what a thoroughly irreligious mind—no trace of Sunday to be found in his journals his letters to his most intimate friends." But there is some ground for Wilberforce's praise at a correspondence extending over many years, making so few allusions to Sunday, is natural enough—indeed we rarely remember it, except mentioned as a dinner day with Harley; but had Wilberforce remembered Hawkesworth's account of Swift in this particular, he probably would not have spoken with such severity.

An abhorrence of hypocrisy was a striking peculiarity of Swift's character; but it is difficult to determine whether it was more a virtue than a vice, for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocrisy, he dreaded the imputation of it; and therefore concealed his piety with as much diligence as others conceal those vices which custom has not made repulsive. His constant attendance at church, when he was at the Deanery, he knew would be considered as the duty of his station; but whatever had the appearance of voluntary devotion he always took care to hide. When he went to church in London, it was early in the morning; that, although he was constantly at prayers

and at the sacrament, yet he appeared to neglect both, as he was at home when others were at church; and when he went to prayers in his family, the servants assembled at the appointed hour, as it were by stealth, without any notice from a bell, or any other call except the striking of the clock; so that Dr. Delany was for six months in his family before he suspected him of this unfashionable practice."

When it is remembered, that through Swift's whole course a mysterious disease interrupted all the enjoyments and all the business of life, and more or less affected his mental health—when it is remembered that the good which he did rests on no doubtful or erring testimony, but even yet exists in the benevolent institutions which he founded—when it is remembered that the capricious cruelty imputed to him in domestic life, so far from being proved, is really irreconcilable with all the known facts of the case—we think our readers will concur with us in the feeling long ago expressed by Pope: "My sincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory were I to live an hundred lives, as many of his works will live, which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candor, are equal to his wit—all require as good and true a taste to be equally valued."

THE FATHERLESS.

SPEAK softly to the fatherless!
And check the harsh reply
That sends the crimson to the cheek,
The tear-drop to the eye.
They have the weight of loneliness
In this rude world to bear;
Then gently raise the fallen bud,
The drooping floweret spare.

Speak kindly to the fatherless!
The lowliest of their band
God keepeth, as the waters,
In the hollow of his hand.

'Tis sad to see life's evening sun
Go down in sorrow's shroud,
But sadder still when morning's dawn
Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless!
Ye may have power to wile
Their hearts from sadden'd memory
By the magic of a smile.
Deal gently with these little ones,
Be pitiful, and He
The friend and father of us all
Shall gently deal with thee!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE LADY BLESSINGTON.

BY P. G. PATMORE.

My first sight of Lady Blessington was connected with circumstances sufficiently characteristic of her extraordinary personal beauty at the period in question—about five or six and twenty years ago—to excuse my referring to it in detail, though it does not fall within the immediate scope of these Recollections; for it was not till several years afterwards that I became personally acquainted with the subject of them. It was on the opening day of that Royal Academy exhibition which contained Lawrence's celebrated portrait of Lady Blessington—one of the very finest he ever painted, and universally known by the numerous engravings that have since been made from it. In glancing hastily round the room on first entering, I had duly admired this exquisite portrait, as approaching very near to the perfection of the art, though (as I conceived) by no means reaching it; for there were points in the picture which struck me as inconsistent with others that were also present. Yet, I could not, except as a vague theory, lay the apparent discrepancies at the door of the artist. They might belong to the original; though I more than doubted this explanation of them; for there are certain qualities and attributes which necessarily imply the absence of certain others, and consequently of their corresponding expressions.

Presently, on returning to this portrait, I beheld standing before it, as if on purpose to confirm my theory, the lovely original. She was leaning on the arm of her husband, Lord Blessington, while he was gazing in fond admiration on the portrait. And then I saw how impossible it is for an artist to "flatter" a really beautiful woman, and that, in attempting to do so, he is certain, however skillful, to fall into the error of blending incompatible expressions in the same face; as in fact, even Lawrence's portraits of celebrated "beauties" invariably do. He

was either not content to represent them as they really were, or incapable of doing so. They one and all include a meretricious look, which is wholly incompatible with the presence of perfect female beauty, either of form or expression.

I have seen no other so striking instance of the inferiority of art to nature, when the latter reaches the ideal standard, as in this celebrated portrait of Lady Blessington. As the original stood before it on the occasion I have alluded to, she fairly "killed" the copy, and this no less in the individual details than in the general effect. Moreover, what I had believed to be errors and shortcomings in the picture were wholly absent in the original. There is about the former a consciousness, a "pretension," a leaning forward, and a looking forth, as if to claim or court notice and admiration, of which there was no touch in the latter.

So strong was the impression made upon my mind by this first sight of, perhaps, the loveliest woman of her day, that, although it is five or six-and-twenty years ago, I could at this moment place my foot on the spot where she stood, and before which her portrait hung—a little to the left of the door, as you enter the great room of the old Royal Academy.

At this time Lady Blessington was about six-and-twenty years of age; but there was about her face, together with that beaming intelligence which rarely shows itself upon the countenance till that period of life, a bloom and freshness which as rarely survive early youth, and a total absence of those undefinable marks which thought and feeling still more rarely leave behind them. Unlike all other beautiful faces that I have seen, hers was, at the time of which I speak, neither a history nor a prophecy—not a book to read and study, a problem to solve, or a mystery to speculate upon; but a star to kneel before and worship—a picture to gaze

upon and admire—a flower the fragrance of which seemed to reach and penetrate you from a distance, by the mere looking upon it—in short, an end and a consummation in itself, not a means to, or a promise of, anything else.

Lady Blessington had not, at the period I have just spoken of, done anything to distinguish herself in the literary world; though the fine taste in art, and the splendid hospitalities of her husband, and her own personal attractions and intellectual fascinations, had already made their residence at St. James's Square the resort of all that was most conspicuous in art, literature, and social and political distinction. It would be difficult to name any one among the many remarkable men of that day (namely, from 1818, when her marriage with Lord Blessington took place, to 1822, when they went abroad to reside for several years—indeed, until Lord Blessington's death in 1829,) who then enjoyed, or have since acquired a European reputation, with whom Lady Blessington was not on terms of social intimacy, which amounted in almost every case to a certain mild and subdued phase of personal friendship—the only friendship which the progress of modern civilization has left among us—that, namely, which may subsist between man and woman.

A title only of the names of those who ranked among Lady Blessington's friends at this period, and who remained such during their respective lives, would serve to show that her attractions were not those of mere beauty, or of mere wealth and station. Quite as little were they those of intellectual supremacy or literary distinction; for at this period she had acquired none of the latter, and at no time did she possess the former. In fact, it was the *mediocrity* of her talents which secured and maintained for Lady Blessington that unique position which she held in the literary and social world of London, during the twenty years following her husband's death. Not that she could ever have compassed, much less have maintained, that position, unassisted by the rank and wealth which her marriage with Lord Blessington gave her, or even in the absence of that personal beauty which gave the crowning prestige and the completing charm to her other attractions. But none of these, nor all of them united, would have enabled her to gain and keep the unparalleled position she has held for the last twenty years, as the centre of all that was brilliant in the intellect, and distinguished in the literary,

political, and social life of London, had she not possessed that indefinable charm of manner and personal bearing which was but the outward expression of a spirit good and beautiful in itself, and therefore intensely sympathizing with all that is good and beautiful in all things. The talisman possessed by Lady Blessington, and which fixed around her all that was bright and rich in intellect and in heart, was that "blest condition" of temperament and of spirit which, for the time being, engendered its like in all who came within the scope of its influence. Her rank and wealth, her beauty and celebrity, did but attract votaries to the outer precincts of the temple, many of whom only came to admire and wonder, or to smile and depreciate, as the case might be. But once within the influence of the spell, all were changed into worshippers, because all felt the presence of the deity—all were penetrated by that atmosphere of mingled goodness and sweetness which beamed forth in her bright smiles, became musical in the modulations of her happy voice, or melted into the heart at her cordial words.

If there never was a woman more truly "fascinating" than Lady Blessington, it was because there never was one who made less effort to be so. Not that she did not *desire* to please: no woman desired it more. But she never *tried* to do so—never felt that she was doing so—never (so to speak) cared whether she did so or not. There was an *abandon* about her, partly attributable to temperament, partly to her birth and country, and partly, no doubt, to her consciousness of great personal beauty, which, in any woman less happily constituted, would have degenerated into something bordering on vulgarity. But in her it was so tempered by sweetness of disposition, and so kept in check by an exquisite social tact, as well as by *natural* good breeding as contradistinguished from artificial—in other words, a *real* sympathy, not an *affected* one, with the feelings of others—that it formed the chief charm and attraction of her character and bearing.

My personal acquaintance with Lady Blessington did not commence till her return from abroad, after her husband's death. But as her social career from the period of her marriage with Lord Blessington in 1818, up to his death in 1829, was marked by features of great public interest, (particularly that almost daily intercourse with Lord Byron during the last few months of his strange life, which gave rise to her "Conver-

sations" with him, and her residence in Paris during the Revolution of July, 1830,) the reader may like to have before him a brief summary of the events of that period, as noted in her own "Diary," which I have reason to believe she continued up to her death.

From her marriage in 1818, till the autumn of 1822, Lord and Lady Blessington resided in St. James's Square, where, as I have said, she formed an acquaintance, and in most cases an intimacy, with a very large portion of the literary and political celebrities of that day. Here are a few of the names of those of her early friends who have already passed from the scene, or still linger on the verge of it: Luttrell, William Spencer, Dr. Parr, Mathias, Rogers, Moore, John Kemble, Sir William Drummond, Sir William Gell, Cosway, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir George Beaumont, Lord Alvanley, Lord Dudley and Ward, Lord Guilford, Sir William Herschell, &c., &c.; and among political celebrities, Lords Grey and Castlereagh, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, &c.

In the autumn of 1822 the Blessingtons left England, with a view to a lengthened residence abroad. They stayed at Paris for a week, and then proceeded rapidly to Switzerland, as rapidly, at least, as the princely style of their travelling arrangements permitted; for nothing could exceed the lavish luxury with which Lord Blessington insisted on surrounding his young and beautiful wife, whose simple tastes, and still more her genial sympathies with all classes of her fellow-beings, by no means coveted such splendor, though her excitable temperament enabled her richly to enjoy its results.

They reached the Jura in five days; travelled in Switzerland for about a month, and then returned, through Geneva and Lyons, to Vienne, in Dauphiny, where, by one of those unaccountable fancies in which only they who are satiated with luxury and splendor ever indulge, they took up their abode at a vile inn (the only one the town afforded,) and submitted for three weeks to all sorts of privations and inconveniences, in order, ostensibly, to explore the picturesque and antiquarian beauties of the most ancient city of the Gauls, and its vicinity, but in reality, to find in a little bracing and wholesome contrast, a relief from that ennui and lassitude which, at that time of day, used to induce sybarite lords to drive Brighton stages, and sensitive ladies to brave alone the dangers of Arabian deserts.

From Vienne they proceeded to Avignon, at which city they made a stay of several weeks, and were fêted by the notabilities of the place in an incessant round of dinners, balls, *soirées*, &c., which, marked as they were by all the deficiencies and *désagréments* of French provincial hospitality, were nevertheless enjoyed by Lady Blessington with a relish strongly characteristic of that cordial and happy temperament which rendered her the most popular person of whatever circle she formed a part.

Loitering for about six weeks more between Avignon and Genoa, they arrived at the latter city at the end of March, 1823, and the next day Lady Blessington was introduced (at his own particular request) to Lord Byron, who was residing in the Casa Saluzzo, at the village of Albaro, a short distance from the city.

Lady Blessington's intercourse with Lord Byron, so pleasantly and characteristically described by herself in the well-known published "Conversations," and as she was accustomed to describe it *viva voce*, and still more pleasantly and characteristically, in her own conversations at Seamore Place and Gore House, formed an era in her life, and probably contributed as much to the unique position which she afterwards held in London society for so many years, as even the charm of her manner, the elegance of her hospitality, and the social tact in which she was unrivalled. For Byron's death occurred so soon after his quitting Genoa for Greece, and the last few months of his residence in Italy had been so almost exclusively devoted to that friendly intercourse with the Blessingtons in which he evidently took unusual pleasure, that Lady Blessington may be considered as having been the depository of his last thoughts and feelings; and she may indeed be regarded as having had no small influence on the tone and color of the last and best days of that most strange and wayward of men.

Lady Blessington's first interview with Byron took place at the gate of the courtyard of his own villa at Albaro. Lord Blessington, who had long been acquainted with Byron, had called on him immediately on their arrival at Genoa, leaving Lady Blessington in the carriage. In the course of conversation Lord Byron requested to be presented to Lady Blessington—a request so unusual on his part in regard to English travellers, of whatever rank or celebrity, that Lord Blessington at once admitted that Lady B. was in the carriage, with her sister,

Miss Power. On learning this, Lord Byron immediately hurried out to the gate, without his hat, and acted the amiable to the two ladies, in a way that was very unusual with him—so much so that, as Lady Blessington used to describe the interview, he evidently felt called upon to *apologize* for being, in her case at least, not quite the savage that the world reported him. At Byron's earnest request they entered the villa, and passed two hours there, during which it is clear that the peculiar charm of Lady Blessington's manner exercised its usual spell—that the cold, scorning and world-wearied spirit of Byron was, for the time being, "subdued to the quality" of the genial and happy one with which it held intercourse, and that both the poet and the man became once more what Nature intended them to be.

On the Blessington's departure, Byron asked leave to visit them the next day at their hotel, and from that moment, there commenced an intercourse of genial and friendly intimacy between Byron and Lady Blessington which, untouched as it was by the least taint of flirtation on either side, might, had it endured a little longer, have redeemed the personal character of Byron, and saved him for those high and holy things for which his noble and beautiful genius seems to have been created, but which the fatal Nemesis of his early life interdicted him from accomplishing.

Lady Blessington seems, in fact, to have been the only woman of his own rank and station with whom Byron was ever at his ease, and with whom, therefore, he was himself. With all others he seemed to feel a constraint which irritated and vexed him into the assumption of vices, both of manner and moral feeling, which did not belong to him. It is evident, from Lady Blessington's details of conversations which must be (in substance at least) correctly reported, that Byron had a heart as soft as a woman's or a child's. He used to confess to her that any affecting incident or description in a book moved him to tears; and in recalling some of the events of his early life, he has been frequently so moved in her presence. His treatment, also, of Lord Blessington, when he received the news of the death of his only son, Lord Mountjoy, just after their arrival at Genoa, was marked by an almost feminine softness and gentleness. His personal regard for Lord Blessington had its origin in the same gentleness and goodness of heart. "I must say," exclaimed Byron to Lady Blessington, at an early period of their

acquaintance, "that I never saw 'the milk of human kindness' overflow in any nature to such a degree as in Lord Blessington's. I used, before I knew him well, to think that Shelley was the most amiable person I ever knew; but now I think that Lord B. bears off the palm; for he has been assailed by all the temptations that so few can resist—those of unvarying prosperity—and has passed the ordeal victoriously; while poor Shelley had been tried in the school of adversity only, which is not such a corrupter as that of prosperity. I do assure you that I have thought better of mankind since I have known Blessington intimately."

It is equally certain that he thought better of womankind after his ten weeks of almost daily intimacy with Lady Blessington at this period; and if his previous engagement with the Greek Committee had not in some sort compelled him to go to Greece, where his life was sacrificed to the excitements and annoyances of the new situation in which he thus placed himself, it is more than probable that his whole character and course of life would have been changed. For what Byron all his life needed in women, and never once found except in his favorite sister, Mrs. Leigh, was a woman not to love or be beloved by (he always found, or fancied he had found, more than enough of both these,) but one whom he could thoroughly esteem and regard, for the frankness, sweetness, and goodness of her disposition and temper, while he could entirely admire in her those perfect graces and elegances of manner, and those exquisite charms of person, in the absence of which his fastidious taste and exacting imagination could not realize that ideal of woman, which was necessary to render his intellectual intercourse with the sex agreeable, or even tolerable. Merely clever or even brilliant women—such as Madame de Stael—he hated; and even those who, like his early acquaintance, Lady J—, were both clever and beautiful, he was more than indifferent to, because, being from their station and personal pretensions, the leaders of fashion, they were compelled to adopt a system of life wholly incompatible with that *natural* one in which alone his own habits of social intercourse enabled him to sympathize. Those women again who, with a daring reckless as his own, openly professed a passion for *him* (like the unhappy Lady —, or the scarcely less unfortunate Countess Guiccioli,) he either despised and shrank from (as in the first of these instances,) or merely pitied and tolerated (as in

the second.) But in Lady Blessington, Byron found realized all his notions of what a woman in his own station of life might and ought to be, in the present state and stage of society; beautiful as a Muse, without the smallest touch of personal vanity; intellectual enough not merely to admire and appreciate *his* pretensions, but to hold intellectual intercourse with him on a footing of perfect relative equality; full of enthusiasm for everything good and beautiful, yet with a strong good sense which preserved her from any taint of that "sentimentality" which Byron above all things else detested in women; surrounded by the homage of all that was high in intellect and station, yet natural and simple as a child; lapped in an almost fabulous luxury, with every wish anticipated and every caprice a law, yet sympathizing with the wants of the poorest; an almost unlimited knowledge of the world and of society, yet fresh in spirit and earnest in impulse as a newly emancipated school-girl; such was Lady Blessington when first Lord Byron became acquainted with her, and the intercourse which ensued seemed to soften, humanize, and make a new creature of him.

That I do not say this at random is proved by the fact that, within a very few days of the commencement of their acquaintance, Byron wrote a most touching letter to his wife (though any reconciliation had at this time become impossible,) having for its object to put her mind at ease relative to any intention on his part to remove their daughter from her mother's care—such a fear on Lady Byron's part having been communicated to him. This letter (which appears in Moore's "Life of Byron") he prevailed on Lady Blessington to cause to be delivered personally to Lady Byron by a mutual friend, who was returning to England from Genoa.

The humanizing influence of which I have spoken lasted less than three months, and shortly after its close Byron went to Greece, where he died.

Before closing my reference to Lady Blessington's intercourse with Byron at Genoa, I may introduce some characteristic remarks that she gave me in manuscript, relative to the portrait of Byron by Count d'Orsay, which appears as the frontispiece to her "Conversations," and had previously appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, where the "Conversations" were first published. It will not, I hope, be deemed any breach of confidence if I state that these remarks are written by the accomplished au-

thor of the portrait they refer to, who will probably one day become as distinguished by the productions of his pen as he already is by those of his pencil and chisel. So far as I am aware, the following is the only effusion of Count d'Orsay's pen which has yet appeared in print:

"Le portrait de Lord Byron, dans le dernier numéro du *New Monthly Magazine*, a attiré sur lui des attaques sans nombre—et pourquoi? Parcequ'il ne coïncide pas exactement avec les idées exagérées de MM. les Romantiques, qui finiront, je pense, par faire de Thomas Moore un géant, pourvu qu'ils restent quelque temps sans le voir. Il est difficile, je pense, de satisfaire le public, surtout lorsqu'il est décidé à ne croire un portrait ressemblant qu'autant qu'il rivalise d'exagération avec l'idée qu'il se forme d'un sujet; et si jusqu'à ce jour les portraits publiés de Lord Byron sont passés sains et saufs d'attaque, c'est que l'artiste ne s'étoit attaché qu'à faire un beau tableau, auquel son sujet ne ressembloit qu'un peu. Redresser l'esprit du public sur la réelle apparence de Lord Byron est sans contredit plus difficile à faire, qu'à prouver que le meilleur compliment que sa mémoire ait reçue, est la conviction intime, que l'on a, qu'il devoit être d'un beau idéal, pour marcher de front avec ses ouvrages; ainsi rien moins qu'une perfection n'est capable de satisfaire le public littéraire. Il n'en est pas moins vrai que les deux seuls portraits véridiques de Lord Byron présentés jusqu'à ce jour au public, sont celui en tête de l'ouvrage de Leigh Hunt, et celui du *New Monthly*; qu'ils satisfassent ou non, la présente génération d'enthousiastes, peu importe, car, trop généralement, elle est influencée par des motifs secondaires. On trouve dans ce moment des parents de Lord Byron qui se gendarment à l'idée, qu'on le decrive montant à cheval avec une veste de nankin brodé et des guêtres; et qui ne peuvent digérer qu'il soit représenté très maigre, lorsqu'il est plus que prouvé, que personne n'étoit aussi maigre que lui en 1823 à Gênes. Le fait est qu'il paroît qu'au lieu de regarder les poètes avec les yeux, il faut pour le moins des verres grossissants, ou des prismes si particuliers qu'on auroit de la peine à se les procurer. C'est pour cette raison qu'il est probable que l'auteur de l'esquisse regrette de s'en être rapporté à ses propres yeux, et d'avoir satisfait toutes les connoissances présentes de Lord Byron, qui ont alors si maladroitement intercédés pour la publication de cette triste et infortunée esquisse, qui rend le *Court Journal* et tant d'autres inconsolables."

On quitting Genoa in the early part of June, 1823, the Blessingtons proceeded to Florence, where they remained sight-seeing for three weeks, and then proceeded to Rome; here they stayed for another week, and then took up their residence for a lengthened period at Naples. Having hired the beautiful (furnished) *palazzo* of the

Prince and Princess di Belvedere, at Vomerò, overlooking the beautiful bay, they not a little astonished its princely owners, at the requirements of English luxury, and the extent of English wealth, by almost entirely refurnishing it, and engaging a large suite of Italian servants in addition to their English ones.

In this, one of the most splendid residences of Italy, Lady Blessington again became, for nearly three years, the centre of all that was brilliant among her own travelling compatriots, and of much that was distinguished among the Italian nobility and literati.

In February, 1826, they left Naples, and the next year was passed between Rome, Florence, Genoa, and Pisa. The remainder of their residence in Italy was completed by another few months at Rome, and about a year more between the other principal cities of Italy that the travellers had not previously visited.

In the June of next year (1828) we again find Lady Blessington at Paris, after an absence of more than six years; and here it was her destiny to witness the events of the last days of the old Bourbon dynasty, and this in the almost daily presence of and intercourse with those personal friends and near family connections who were the most devoted and chivalrous of its supporters, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, the Duc de Grammont (father of the Duc de Guiche,) the venerable Madame Crauford, the Duc de Cases, Prince Polignac, &c. The splendor and luxury with which Lady Blessington was at this, as at all other periods of her marriage, surrounded by the somewhat too gorgeous taste of her doting husband, may be judged of by a brief description of her *chambre à coucher* and dressing-room, in the superb hotel (formerly that of Marshal Ney) which they occupied in the Rue de Bourbon, its principal rooms looking on the Quay d'Orsay and the Tuilleries gardens. The bed, which stood as usual in a recess, rested upon the backs of two exquisitely carved silver swans, every feather being carved in high relief. The recess was lined throughout with white-fluted silk, bordered with blue embossed lace, the frieze of the recess being hung with curtains of pale-blue silk lined with white satin. The remainder of the furniture, namely, a richly carved sofa, occupying one entire side of the room, an *écritoire*, a *bergère*, a book-stand, a Psyche-glass, and two *coffres* for jewels, lace, &c., were all of similar fancy and workmanship, and all silvered, to match the bed. The carpet was

rich uncut pile, of a pale blue. The hangings of the dressing-room were of blue silk, covered with lace, and richly trimmed with frills of the same; so also were the toilet-table, the *chaise-longue*, the dressing-stools, &c. There was a *salle de bain* attached, draped throughout with white muslin trimmed with lace, and containing a sofa and *bergère* covered with the same. The bath of white marble was inserted in the floor, and on the ceiling was painted a Flora scattering flowers with one hand, and suspending in the other an alabaster lamp, in the shape of a lotus.

The whole of the vast hotel occupied by the Blessingtons during the first year of this their second lengthened residence in Paris, was fitted up with a luxury and at a cost no less lavish than those bestowed on the rooms I have just described. But it is proper to state here that Lady Blessington herself, though possessing exquisite taste in such matters, by no means coveted or encouraged the lavish expense which her husband bestowed upon her; and in the case of the particular rooms just described, he so managed as not to let her see them till they were completed, and ready for her reception. Indeed, Lady Blessington had, in all pecuniary matters, much more of worldly prudence than her lord. The enormous cost of entirely furnishing a hotel like that in which they now resided, may be judged of by what was said to be the original cost of the ornamental decorations of the walls alone, including mirrors, namely, a million of francs.

With this year the more than queen-like splendors and luxuries of Lady Blessington's life ceased. In 1829 her husband died, leaving her a jointure of £2,500 a year, and a large amount of personal property, in the shape of furniture, plate, pictures, objects of *vertu*, &c. After witnessing all the excitements of the "Three Days" of July, 1830, and partaking personally in some of the dangers connected with them, Lady Blessington, at the close of the autumn of that year returned to England, there to reside uninterruptedly till within a few weeks of her death.

The following sketches were made in The Ring in Hyde Park, about the period of Lady Blessington's London life now referred to:

"Observe that green chariot just making the turn of the unbroken line of the equipages. Though it is now advancing towards us with at least a dozen carriages between, it is to be distinguished from the throng by the elevation of its driver and footman above the ordinary level of the line. As it comes

nearer we can observe the particular points which give it that perfectly *distingué* appearance which it bears above all others in the throng. They consist of the *white wheels* lightly picked out with green and crimson; the high-stepping action, blood-like-shape, and brilliant *manège* of its dark-bay horses; the perfect *style* of its driver; the height (six feet two) of its slim, spider-limbed, powdered footman, perked up at least three feet above the roof of the carriage, and occupying his eminence with that peculiar air of accidental superiority, half *petit-maitre*, half-ploughboy, which we take to be the ideal of footman-perfection; and, finally, the exceedingly light, airy, and (if we may so speak) intellectual character of the whole set-out. The arms and supporters blazoned on the centre panels, and the small coronet beneath the window, indicate the nobility of station; and if ever the nobility of nature was blazoned on the 'complement extern' of humanity, it is on the lovely face within—lovely as ever, though it has been loveliest among the lovely for a longer time than we dare call to our own recollection, much less to that of the fair being before us. If the Countess of Blessington (for it is she whom we are asking the reader to admire—howbeit at second-hand, and through the doubly refracting medium of plate-glass and a blonde veil) is not now so radiant with the bloom of mere youth, as when she first put to shame Sir Thomas Lawrence's *chef-d'œuvre* in the form of her own portrait, what she has lost in the graces of mere complexion she has more than gained in those of intellectual expression. Nor can the observer have a better opportunity than the present of admiring that expression; unless, indeed, he is fortunate enough to be admitted to that intellectual converse in which its owner shines beyond any other females of the day, and with an earnestness, a simplicity, and an *abandon*, as rare in such cases as they are delightful. The lady her companion is the Countess de St. Marsault, her sister, whose finely-cut features and perfectly oval face bear a striking general resemblance to those of Lady B. without being at all *like* them.*

"But see! what is this vision of the age of chivalry, that comes careering towards us on horseback, in the form of a stately cavalier, than whom nothing has been witnessed in modern times more noble in air and bear-

ing, more splendid in person, more *distingué* in dress, more consummate in equestrian skill, more radiant in intellectual expression, and altogether more worthy and fitting to represent one of those knights of the olden time who wared for truth and beauty beneath the banner of Cœur de Lion. It is Count d'O—y, son-in-law of the late Lord Blessington, and brother to the beautiful Duchess de Guiche. Those who have the pleasure of being personally intimate with this accomplished foreigner will confirm our testimony, that no man has ever been more popular in the upper circles, or has better deserved to be so. His inexhaustible good spirits and good nature, his lively wit, his generous disposition, and his varied acquirements, make him the favorite companion of his own sex; whilst his unrivalled personal pretensions render him, to say the least, 'the observed of all observers' of the other sex. Indeed since the loss of poor William Locke there has been nobody to even dispute the palm of female admiration with Count d'O—y."

It is perhaps worth while to remark here, in passing, that Lady Blessington's taste in dress and equipage was not only essentially correct, but in advance of her time; in proof of which it may be stated that, though the most conspicuous result of that taste stood alone for years after they were first introduced, they at last became the universal fashions of the day. Lady Blessington was the first to introduce the beautifully simple fashion of wearing the hair in bands, but was not imitated in it until she had persevered for at least seven years; and it was the same with the *white wheels*, and peculiar style of *picking out* of her equipages—both features being universally adopted some ten or a dozen years after Lady Blessington had introduced and persevered in them.

It was shortly after her return to England that I was personally introduced to Lady Blessington by a mutual friend; and my acquaintance with her continued from that time till her departure from England a few weeks before her death.

At the period of my first introduction to Lady Blessington she had just contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine*, (then under the direction of her friend Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.,) the "Conversations with Lord Byron," and they had obtained her a reputation for literary talent, of which her previous efforts—two slight works entitled "The Magic Lanthorn," and "A Tour in the Netherlands," had given little or

* Lady Blessington's third sister is the Viscountess of Canterbury.

no promise. But these *Conversations with Byron*, characteristic as they were both of him and herself, were flat and spiritless—or rather, narrowless—compared with Lady Blessington's own *viva voce* conversations of him, one half-hour of which contained more pith and substance—more that was worth remembering and recording—than the whole octavo volume in which the printed conversations were afterwards collected. In fact, talking, not writing, was Lady Blessington's forte; and the "*Conversations*" in question, though the slightest and least studied of all her numerous productions, was incomparably the best, because the most consonant in subject and material, with her intellectual temperament—which was fluent and impulsive, rather than meditative or sentimental. After reading any one of her books, excepting the "*Conversations*," you could not help wondering at the reputation Lady Blessington enjoyed, as the companion, on terms of perfect intellectual equality, of the most accomplished and brilliant writers, statesmen, and other celebrities of the day. But the first half-hour of her talk solved the mystery at once. Her genius lay (so to speak) in her tongue. The pen paralyzed it—changing what otherwise would have been originality into a mere echo of recollection—what would have awakened and excited the hearer by its freshness and brilliance, into what wearied and put to sleep the reader by its platitude and commonplace. As a novel writer Lady Blessington was but a better sort of Lady Stepney or Lady ———. But as a talker she was a better sort of De Stael—as acute, as copious, as off-hand, as original, and almost as sparkling; but without a touch of her arrogance, exigence, or pedantry; and with a faculty for listening, that is the happiest and most indispensable of all the talents which go to constitute a good talker; for any talk that is not the actual and immediate result of listening, is at once a bore and an impertinence.

Another of the attractions which contributed to give Lady Blessington that unique position in London society which she held for so many years, and even more exclusively and conspicuously after her husband's death than before it, was that strong personal interest which she felt, and did not scruple to evince, on every topic on which she was called upon to busy herself—whether it was the fashion of a cap, or the fate of nations. In this her habit of mind was French rather than English—or rather it was Irish—which

is no less demonstrative than the French, and infinitely more impressible. Of French demonstrations of sudden interest and goodwill, you doubt the sincerity, even while you accept and acknowledge them. They are the shining small change of society, which you accept for their pleasing aspect, but do not take the trouble of carrying them away with you, because you know that before you can get them home they will have melted into thin air. But there was no doubting the cordiality and sincerity of Lady Blessington, while their outward demonstrations lasted; the coin was genuine, however small its current value.

In giving a few extracts from my occasional correspondence with Lady Blessington, I cannot do better than commence them by one of the notes that I received from her at a very early stage of our acquaintance; because it will serve (in my own estimation, at least) to exonerate me from the charge of any unwarrantable intrusion on private life, in these public notices of one whose *social* celebrity at least had acquired a European reputation.

"Seamore Place, Wednesday.

"DEAR SIR,

"A great mistake has crept into the notice of the death of Captain Lock.* He is stated to have been the grandson of the Duke of Leinster. This was not the case. The mother of Captain Lock was Miss Jennings, daughter of the celebrated *Dog* Jennings—so called from having brought to this country the famous marble known as the *Dog* of Alcibiades. The brother of Captain Lock's father, the late Charles Lock, Esq., married Miss Ogilvie, daughter of the Duchess Dowager of Leinster. You have no idea how much importance people attach to such trifles as these, which after all are of no consequence. I happen to have so very numerous an acquaintance that I am *au fait* of genealogies—a stupid, but sometimes useful knowledge.

"I shall be glad to see you when you have leisure, and remain,

"Dear Sir, very sincerely yours,
"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Seamore Place, Monday evening.

"DEAR SIR,

"By mistake I directed my note of Monday morning to Camden Hill instead of Craven Hill. Have you got it? * * * The forthcoming dissection of my '*Conversations*,' announced, is said to be from the pen of Mr—; and I think it not unlikely, for he is a very reckless person, who has nothing to lose, and who, if common fame speaks true, is a man

* The singularly beautiful William Lock, of Norbury Park, who was drowned in the Lake of Como, in sight of his newly-wedded bride.

"Who dares do more than may become a man."

or a gentleman at least. Having been at Genoa while we were there, he is probably hurt at not being named in the 'Conversations.' But the truth is, Byron fought so shy of admitting the acquaintance to us, though we knew it existed, that I could say naught but what must have been offensive to his feelings had I named him.

"It was one of the worst traits in Byron, to receive persons in private, and then deny the acquaintance to those whom he considered might disapprove of it. This was in consequence of that want of self-respect which was his bane, but which was the natural consequence of the attacks he had experienced, acting on a very irritable and nervous constitution.

"I have letters from Naples up to the 2d. Lord Bentinck died there on that day, and is succeeded in his title and fortune by his brother, Mr. Hill, who has been our Minister at Naples since 1825, up to the appointment of Lord Ponsonby.

"Very sincerely yours,
"M. BLESSINGTON."

Few readers will expect to find a work like *Jerrold's Magazine* lying on the gilded tables of Gore House. But the following note will show that Lady Blessington's literary sympathies were not of the "exclusive" order.

"MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

"I have been reading with great interest and pleasure your 'Recollections' of Hazlitt. They are full of fine tact and perception, as well as a healthy philosophy. I wish all men of genius had such biographers—men who, alive to their powers of mind, could look with charity and toleration on their failings. Your 'Recollections' of him made me very sad; they explained much that I had not previously comprehended in his troubled life. How he must have suffered!

"What a clever production *Jerrold's Magazine* is, and how admirable are his own contributions! Such writings must effect good.

Very sincerely yours,
"M. BLESSINGTON."

The following little bit of domestic history is not without interest. It refers to a matter, (the relinquishment of her house in St. James's Square by the Wyndham Club,) which reduced Lady Blessington's income by five hundred a year. It may be here proper to remark that nothing could be more erroneous than the impressions which generally prevailed, as to the supposed extravagance of Lady Blessington, in her equipages, domestic arrangements, &c. There were few more careful or methodical housekeepers, and probably no one ever made a given income go further than she did—not to men-

tion the constant literary industry she employed in increasing it.

Gore House, Saturday, April 15, 1837.

"MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

"The house in St. James's Square has been resigned by me to the executors of Lord Blessington, Messrs. Norman and Worthington, North Frederick Street, Dublin. They may be written to. Another party is in treaty for the house—a Sir W. Boyd; so that if your friend wishes to secure it, no time should be lost. There are about four years of the lease to expire. The rent paid for the house is 840*l.* a year unfurnished and exclusive of taxes. The Wyndham Club paid 1350*l.* for it furnished. The furniture is now in a bad state, and the executors would let it, either with or without the furniture, for the whole term, for little more than the rent they pay.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Patmore,
"Very sincerely yours.
"M. BLESSINGTON."

In recalling to mind the remarkable persons I have met at the house of Lady Blessington, the most celebrated is the Countess Guiccioli, with whom Lady Blessington became intimate after the death of Byron, and maintained a continued correspondence with her. Madame Guiccioli was still very handsome at the time I met her at Seamore Place—I think in 1832-3; but she by no means gave me the impression of a person with whom Byron would be likely to fall in love; and her conversation (for I was specially introduced to her) was quite as little of a character to strike or interest a man so intolerant of the commonplaces of society as Byron. Not that the Countess Guiccioli was a commonplace person; but there was in her manners a total want of that vivacity and demonstrativeness which, though they did not touch Byron's heart, pleased his fancy, and pampered his vanity. Neither was there about her any of that bewitching sweetness and grace, and that winning softness, which usually form the characteristic attractions of women of her complexion and temperament. To see and converse with the Countess Guiccioli was, in fact, to be satisfied that all Byron's share in the passion, which has become so famous as to render no excuse necessary for this allusion to it, was merely a passive permitting himself to be loved: a condition of mind which, after all, is perhaps the happiest and most salutary effect of woman's love, upon men like Byron. And it seems to have been specially so in Byron's case: for the period in which the Gamba family lived under his roof was the only one in the whole of his recorded career

o which his friends and admirers can look back with feelings even approaching to satisfaction and respect.

I remember calling on Lady Blessington one day when she had just received a long letter from Madame Guiccioli, a considerable portion of which she read to me, as being singularly characteristic of Italian notions of the *proprieties* of social life. The letter was written apropos to some strictures which had appeared in an English journal, on the impropriety or immorality of the *liaison* between Madame Guiccioli and Byron, and on the fact of the father and brother of the lady having resided in the same house with her lovers. The peculiarity of Madame Guiccioli's letter was the earnest, and at the same time perfectly naïve and artless way, in which she contended that the main point of the charge against her in the English journal was precisely that on which she rested her entire exculpation from either sin or blame. And she went on to declare, in the most solemn manner, that she had never passed a night under Byron's roof *that was not sanctioned by the presence of her father and mother*. She concluded by earnestly begging Lady Blessington to defend her character from the attacks in question, *on the special ground of the fact just cited!*

Among the other remarkable persons whom I met at Lady Blessington's about

this period were the Duc and Duchesse de Grammont, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, and the Baron D'Haussez,—the two former, the chief persons of the household of Charles X. and his family, and the latter one of his ministers. This was almost immediately after the Revolution of July 1830, during the whole period of which the Duc de Guiche had remained in personal attendance on the King. The Duchesse de Guiche was extremely beautiful, and in manner the model of a high-born and high-bred Frenchwoman.

Baron D'Haussez, the minister of marine of Charles X., gave one the idea of anything but a minister of state. He was a plain, good-natured, easy-going person, with little vivacity, much appearance of *bonhomie*, and altogether more English in his manner and temperament than French.

Another of the more recent *habitués* of Gore House was Prince Louis Napoleon, who, after his elevation to power treated Lady Blessington with marked distinction, and whose favor together with her family connection and long intimacy with several of the heads of the oldest and noblest families of France, would, had she lived, have given to her a position in the social circles of Paris even more brilliant than that which she had so long held in London.

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

On! joy to the spring-tide sun,
For it opens the buds to leaves,
And it makes sweet climbers run
With their fragrance over the eaves;
And it calls glad birds about
To sing new songs of praise;
Oh, joy to the Spring! but it cannot bring
The joy of by-gone days!

I think on the Past with a thought
That paineth the bosom sore:
A face, a form, to my mind is brought,
Which my eyes can never see more!

I hear a kind word said
By a tongue that is mute and cold;
I feel the clasp of a hand, now dead
And withering in the mould!

But the thought of friendship changed
Is worse than a dream of the dead;
And I think of the dear estranged
Till reason, with peace, seems fled.
There are hearts that loved me once,
There are hands that once caress'd,
That are colder now than the frost on the bough
That killeth the bird in its nest!

From the British Quarterly Review.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.

Coningsby ; or, the New Generation. By B. D'ISRAELI, Esq., M.P. Fifth Edition. London : 1849.

CONINGSBY has reached a fifth edition, and its author has *almost* achieved the ambition of his life, and secured his position as the leader of a party and a place in the Cabinet.

Is it the disgrace of our literature, or the disgrace of our parliament, that the only man who has risen into political eminence through literary ability is that clever, sarcastic, extravagant, reckless, disrespectable and disrespected person who formerly styled himself D'Israeli the Younger? In France, men point with some degree of pride to a Guizot, a Thiers, a Lamartine, a Villemain—not to mention numerous lesser names—as men in whom the aristocracy of intelligence has achieved its due political recognition. In England we must be content to point to the author of “Coningsby”—a fact which the present writer contents himself with stating, leaving to others the task of moralizing on it.

There is, we believe, a point of view from which D'Israeli's career may be examined with considerable interest. As a man of letters or as a statesman, he has small if any intrinsic value; but the combination is curious, and his success is a lesson. His position in the political world is analogous to his position in the literary world, with this enormous difference—that in the House of Commons he is in competition with a set of men for the most part greatly his inferiors in ability, and hampered by all sorts of routinized prejudices; whereas in the world of literature he has rivals in the past and in the present, and is deficient in every quality which could sustain that rivalry with effect. The genesis of a statesman from an author is, however, here rendered doubly piquant as a subject of study, no less from his deficiencies than from the serious defects in our political world which his success implies.

As an author, in spite of a certain notoriety and undeniable talents, his value is null. He has written books, and these books have been immensely successful; but they have no place in our literature—they are indubitable failures or fleeting ephemerides. He has taken many leaps, but has gained no footing. He has written a quarto epic; he has written a tragedy; he has written novels, pamphlets, and a political treatise on the constitution; but all these works are as dead as the last week's newspaper. The most insignificant niche in the temple is denied them. If anybody looks at them, it is not on their account, but on his account. The noise they made has passed away like the vacuous enthusiasm of after-dinner friendships. They have achieved notoriety for their author, oblivion for themselves. Let him write a novel, and “all the world” will read it, quote it, laugh over it, talk about it; and among its hundreds of readers not one will have felt his heart stirred, his soul expanded, his experience deepened, his hopes exalted, his moral nature strengthened, or his taste refined; for not one single passage will have gone direct to any serious purpose. Personalities, sarcasms, and the piquancy of political scandal, will create a “sensation;” but other qualities are needed to create a work. “Coningsby” may reach a fifth edition, but “Coningsby” has no place in our literature, for it has no enduring qualities. Place Mrs. Gore's or Mrs. Trollope's name upon the title page, and the factitious value of the book vanishes at once. Looked at calmly, what is all this display of wit and cleverness which glitters through the many novels of the author of “Vivian Grey?” what is all their oriental gorgeousness of diction, their ambitious rhythm, sonorous with weighty words, which elsewhere have meanings in them? Verbiage—nothing else. There is

no heart pulsing beneath that eloquence; there is no earnest soul looking through those grand words. It is all a show "got up" for the occasion; and the showman, having no belief in his marionnettes, you have no belief in them. The bitter satirist of Grecian infidelity—Lucian—makes Timon the Misanthropist tell Jupiter that all the godlike epithets with which the poets dignify him, are not the utterances of reverent belief but the necessities of rhythm, not what their souls pour forth, but what the halting verse requires—*τίς γὰρ αὐτοῖς πολύνυμος γινόμενος ὑπερίδεις τὸ πλεον τοῦ μέτρου, καὶ ἀναπληροῖς τὸ κενὸν τοῦ βυθμοῦ*. Just the same lip-worship of great principles covering practical disregard of all principles, do we meet with in D'Israeli's writings. This renders them null. He writes solely for effect, and no man who writes for effect can be permanently effective.

Earnestness always commands respect. No qualities will compensate for its absence. Without it, nothing can be done well, nothing can gain the tribute of mankind. Believe in a lie, and if you believe it you will be respected; but repeat a Gospel truth, if you only repeat it, and pretend to believe in it, no honest man will open his heart to you. For we all feel that in this life it is not the *rightness* but the *uprightness* of our views which distinguishes the honest man. *Humanum est errare*.

Now, in D'Israeli's works, we note as a decided characteristic the absence of all earnestness—a want of truthfulness. There is no gratitude in our admiration. An invincible feeling of distrust poisons our enjoyment. Knowing nothing of the author, you nevertheless pronounce him to be a charlatan, and one who has not even the grace to believe in his own charlatanerie. This it is which has damaged Benjamin D'Israeli; this feeling accompanies us in our estimate of him as a public man, and makes us all regard him as an adventurer in politics, no less than as an acrobat in literature. This and only this. Many persons suppose that it was his sudden conversion from radicalism to toryism which made his public career equivocal. But other men have changed, and yet survived the suspicion excited by the change. There is nothing really equivocal in a change of party; it may be very sudden and perfectly honest, and the world, which loves fair play, and tolerably well discriminates honesty of purpose, is willing enough to credit such things. Moreover, in D'Israeli's case, we believe there never was a change,

for he never was a radical. All that can fairly be brought against him is, that he allowed himself to be mistaken for a radical; allowed the false appearance of his enmity to the Whigs to be interpreted as radicalism. The dandy adventurer, Vivian Grey, never was or could have been a radical. He would if he could have entered Parliament through the radical interest, for he wanted a seat, and was unscrupulous *how* he attained it. Burning with the desire of political distinction, and firmly convinced that he had only to take his seat, to astonish Europe with his eloquence, all means were good which secured so great an end. There was a want of straightforwardness in this; but political morality is not *collet monté*, and he might easily have lived that down, if his whole career, the whole tone of his mind, had not confirmed the impression. That impression indelibly is, that D'Israeli is an adventurer. It is not very easy to define the varied minutiae which go to form the impression which men make upon us; but we may, perhaps, convey our meaning by an illustration.

We all know what is meant by the "look of a gentleman;" yet who shall define it? The man before us is far from handsome, nothing less than graceful, and is dressed so as to drive tailors to despair, yet he impresses every one, high and low, with the indisputable fact that he is a "gentleman." Compare such a man with one of those "striking" specimens of modern society, who, with radiant waistcoat, resplendent jewellery, and well-oiled whiskers, lounges through the public promenades "the observed of all observers;" *him* you do not mistake for a gentleman. The waistcoat may be of the newest fashion, the jewellery genuine, and the whiskers perfectly oiled; nevertheless the impression created is not, perhaps, one of great sympathy and respect.

There are minds of analagous contrast. Some there are which, even in their negligence and awkwardness, have still this "look of a gentleman." They produce works, sinning, it may be, against the rules of the craft—heavy, digressive, pedantic, perhaps, or feebly vivacious—works which act but slightly as levers towards helping the world forwards, and yet they impress you as being the products of manly, truthful minds; preferring to be dull rather than to be false; if they cannot be brilliant, not choosing to be flashy. There are others of the opposite kind; minds without grace or dignity in their

splendor, without heartiness in their mirth, without charm in their familiarity. These produce works of beggarly magnificence, in which the jewelled ring sparkles on a dirty finger; here glitter is mistaken for light, paradox and mysticism for philosophy, rant for passion, sarcasm for humor. As a critic you cannot but admit the brilliancy of the glitter, the cleverness of the paradox, or the pungency of the sarcasm; but what is the sum total of the impression made upon you? do you sympathize with or greatly respect those works? No: they may amuse you, they may arrest you for a moment, but they want the substantial excellence of truth.

D'Israeli's mind has not this indefinable something which we have been trying to describe. He has not the "look of a gentleman. His talents fail to win respect. His coxcombry is without grace; his seriousness without conviction. He has an active fancy, surprising command of language, no inconsiderable knowledge, especially of history, powers of massing facts into a symmetrical appearance of generalization, and a keen sense of the ludicrous and humbug in others; he is a shrewd observer of men and things, but he has neither the eye to see nor the soul to comprehend anything much below the surface. There is little depth in him of any kind—thought or feeling. Hence the want of vitality in all he does. He cannot paint, for he cannot grasp a character; his sole power in that line consists in hitting off the obtrusive peculiarities, the juttings out of an individuality. In his books you meet with nothing noble, nothing generous, nothing tender, nothing impassioned. His passion is mere sensuality, as his eloquence is mere diction; the splendor of words, not the lustre of thoughts. Imagination, in the large and noble sense, he has none, for his sensibility is sustained by no warmth. Humor he has none, for humor is deep.

It is something to say for him that he has realized the ideal of his youth. By dint of indomitable perseverance and confidence in himself, unshaken by failure, he has trodden with considerable success the path which his imagination sketched. He early conceived the idea of a political adventurer, rising into eminence through literary ability, and leading a party by means of dashing rhetoric and polished sarcasms. Vivian Grey was the hero of his youthful soul; the ideal to attain which his life has been given. What a hero, and what an ideal! If there is anything in his career which touches us with a feeling of pitiful sadness, it is to think that here was a

young man, richly gifted, who at a time when, if ever, the soul is stung with resistless longings for high and noble things; at a time when, if ever, the soul is caressed by dreams which, even in their extravagance, have the redeeming grace of purity, and that exaltation which the love of the True and Noble inspires; at a time when conceptions err in their unworldliness, and our ideals are only extravagant because above the exigences of practical life; at such a time this man forms no other ideal of human nature, than that of a clever, sarcastic, unscrupulous adventurer, using men as tools wherewith to construct the miserable edifice of his notoriety! *That*, we say, is a sadder spectacle than any subsequent part of his career. If this be the youthful ideal, what will be the worked-out manhood? There is a problem for the moralist to solve; with Vivian Grey as an ideal, how may a man work out this life of ours?

We return to our old position, and say that it is the absence of earnestness which lies at the root of all D'Israeli's failures, positive and comparative, and which has destroyed the impression his talents would otherwise have made. People talk much of his coxcombry and conceit; but his conceit, though colossal, is injurious to him, not through its greatness, but through its want of basis. It is not because he has an *over* estimate of himself, but because he has an entirely *false* estimate. We believe, that without intense self-confidence no man would achieve greatness. It seems clear that all great men, from Shakspeare to Napoleon, were perfectly aware of their superiority, and could speak of it at times with unhesitating laudation. It is also true that very small men have fancied and proclaimed themselves to be Shakspeares and Napoleons. In the one case, we accept even a boast as the indication of conscious power; in the other, we laugh at the strange hallucination of fatuity. The origin of our laughter is in the recognition of the discrepancy between the pretensions and the performance; the origin of the hallucination is in the confusion of a *desire* for distinction with the *power* of distinguishing oneself. When a man judges himself with some degree of accuracy, we allow him to use a liberal measure; we admit his *over* estimate of himself as natural, inevitable. But we are pitiless towards every *false* estimate he makes of himself. Now D'Israeli is in this case. His notion of his own powers is not simply inordinate, it is preposterous. He lives in an eternal Fool's Paradise. One great weakness of his—the inability of so

adjusting the focus of mental vision as to distinguish the real proportions of things—arises, we believe, from his fundamental deficiency, the want of truthfulness. He cannot appreciate the truth. He neither rightly sees what is within him, nor what is around him. He fancies that the world can be made plastic to his wishes; that he has only to wish to do something great, and to do it. To write epics, to revive a fallen drama, to rule states—these may be accomplished *at once*, and by a mere exertion of the will to do it! This is laughably shown in his early attempts. An inhabitant of Bedlam never had less misgivings respecting his right to the throne of England, than D'Israeli had to his power of assuming the position of *the* great English poet. No one remembers, because no one ever read, his "Revolutionary Epick;" but many remember with a smile, the magniloquence of its Preface. He who has laughed so much at others, has there afforded a more than equivalent return; he has never made others half so ridiculous by his satire, as he has made himself by his seriousness.

Open this epic: it is worth the trouble. The very title page of this quarto volume has such an exquisite disregard of the "eternal fitness of things"—such a compound of puppyism and pomposity, that it deserves a place among the facetiæ of literature:

THE REVOLUTIONARY EPICK.

THE WORK OF

D'ISRAELI THE YOUNGER.

No wonder it was received with a shout of derision; especially when the preface heralded the poem in this magnificent style:

"It was on the plains of Troy that I first conceived the idea of this work. Wandering over that illustrious scene, surrounded by the tombs of heroes and by the confluence of poetic streams, my musing thoughts clustered round the memory of that immortal song to which all creeds and countries alike respond, which has vanquished Chance and defies Time.

"Deeming myself, perchance too rashly, in that excited hour, a Poet, I cursed the destiny that had placed me in an age that boasted of being antipetical. And while my Fancy thus struggled with my Reason, *it flashed across my mind like the lightning which was then playing over Ida*, that in those great poems which rise the pyramids of poetic art, amid the falling and the fading splendor of less creations, the Poet hath ever imbodyed the spirit of his Time. Thus the most heroic incident of an heroic age produced in the 'Iliad' an Heroic Epick; thus the consolidation of the

most superb of Empires produced in the *Æneid* a Political Epic; the revival of Learning and the birth of vernacular genius presented us in the Divine Comedy with a National Epick; and the Reformation and its consequences called from the rapt Lyre of Milton a Religious Epick;

"And the spirit of my Time, shall it alone be uncelebrated?"

This home-thrust of a question has all the force of an epigram. What! shall Greece boast of a Homer, Rome of a Virgil, Italy of a Dante, and shall England, in her nineteenth century, big with events more glorious than any by-gone era, be uncelebrated while D'Israeli the Younger lives, who can imbody the spirit of his Time? The age, indeed, is unpoetical—as all ages are to unpoetical minds; but the spirit of the Time demands imbodyment, and when the lightning plays round Mount Ida, and a D'Israeli the Younger is watching it, something considerable *must* result.

"*Standing upon Asia*," continues the inspired rhapsodist, "*and gazing upon Europe*," with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the Shadow of Night descending on the mountains, these mighty continents appeared to me as it were the Rival Principles of Government that at present contend for the mastery of the world. 'What!' I exclaimed 'is the Revolution of France a less important event than the siege of Troy? Is Napoleon a less interesting character than Achilles?'

"*For me remains the Revolutionary Epick!*"

It was quite supererogatory to read a dozen lines of a poem thus prefaced; the man whose taste and judgment could have written, printed, and corrected proofs of such prose as that without any misgivings as to its exquisite absurdity, was assuredly the last man to write a poem of any worth whatever, much less a poem which was to rank beside Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton. Accordingly, this "Dardanian reverie," as he styles it, which proposed to "teach wisdom both to monarchs and multitudes," was received by the ungrateful age which it was to render illustrious, with such contempt and derision, that the poet broke his lyre, and forbore to sing again. It is, indeed, a pitiable performance; it is worthy of its preface! Convinced that there was but little chance of his taking his place as the epic poet of his age, he made one gallant dash at the dramatic laurel wreath, feeling himself called upon to "revive English tragedy." "Count Alarcos" is many degrees better than the "Revolutionary Epick," because less fatuous and presumptuous; but it is in nowise better than the hundreds of unread.

ble, unactable tragedies which fatigue the press every season, as if to demonstrate the dearth of our dramatic genius. The preface to "Alarcos" is also in better taste, though there are reminiscences of the old puppyism, as when he tells us:

"Years have flown away since, rambling in the sierras of Andalusia, beneath the clear light of a Spanish moon, and freshened by the sea-breeze that had wandered up a river from the coast, I first listened to the chaunt of that terrible tale, (the ballad of Alarcos.) It seemed to me rife with all the materials of the tragic drama; and I planned, as I rode along, the scenes and characters of which it appeared to me susceptible.

"That was the season of life, when the heart is quick with emotion and the brain with creative fire; when the eye is haunted with beautiful sights and the ear with sweet sounds; when we live in reveries of magnificent performance, and the future seems only a perennial flow of poetic invention—[the season in which we write 'Vivian Greys!']

"Dreams of fantastic youth! Amid the stern realities of existence, I have unexpectedly achieved a long lost purpose."

All this was very unpromising in a dramatic poet; and again an ungrateful age refused to be delighted. D'Israeli does the age the justice, however, of saying that it is "full of poetry, for it is full of passion." Indeed, the common cry about the time being unpoetical, is only the cry of incapacity, and forces one to remember Gibbon's strange assertion, that the age of history was past—an assertion uttered on the eve of the French Revolution!

These two attempts are, we believe, the only attempts D'Israeli has made to win for himself a name among our poets; they are evidences of that want of self-knowledge, and of due estimate of his powers, which meet us at every turn in his career. The man who could so easily delude himself into the idea that he was a Homer might very easily persuade himself he was a Pericles, or, at the least, a Canning. And as he thought to reach the heights of Parnassus at one bound, and make himself immortal without toil, so did he fancy that he had only to get a seat in Parliament to sway with his impassioned oratory the destinies of the nation. He had always hankered after political distinction. During the political excitement of the reform agitation, he was wandering over the plains of Troy, watching the lightning playing over Ida, standing upon Asia, and gazing upon Europe, and being looked down upon by forty centuries from the heights of the Pyramids. But he came back in 1832,

prepared to astonish Europe as a poet and a statesman. The want of the age was a Great Man, and lo! from the Pyramids came D'Israeli the Younger. Historians will note with surprise that his return did not perceptibly affect the funds.

Readers would not read the "Revolutionary Epick," constituents would not elect the great statesman. He was forced to bide his time. Novels, pamphlets, and newspaper squabbles, kept him before the public. At last, he did secure a seat. Now, assuredly, Europe will be astonished; now, if ever, the house will shake. The great orator has taken his seat. The Tories have their Orlando; a tottering cause has its Mirabeau. He rose, he spoke, and the house *did* shake—but it was with laughter. The failure was as signal as that of his "Epick;" and from a similar cause. The utter want of discrimination, which prevented his seeing the mistake he committed in his poetic grandiloquence, prevented him from estimating aright the means by which an audience could be moved. He meant to be eloquent, and was ludicrous; his ornate periods only made men titter; instead of being warned, he proceeded in the same strain, until the laughter was so uproarious, that, breaking through all the courtesies which usually surround a maiden speech, it forced him to set down uttering an energetic prophecy, that the time would come when they should listen to him! We remember one passage which created great mirth at the time: he was alluding to Mr. Hudson's having gone to Rome to bring back Sir Robert Peel, and that simple matter was spoken of as "when the *hurried Hudson swept into the chambers of the Vatican.*" This was the "Revolutionary Epick" over again.

He has fulfilled his prophecy, however: they *have* listened to him, and now they listen to few men with more attention. He has learned to adapt himself to the tastes and temper of the house. He indulges in little of that Oriental magnificence of style which amused them before. He knows his power lies in sarcasm, and he is sarcastic. Homer has broken his lyre, and changed places with Thersites. People yawn or sneer when he begins to unroll the panorama of his political philosophy; but they brighten up when they see by the twinkle of his eye that he is preparing one of his "hits."

D'Israeli conceives himself to be a man of genius; in truth he is only the *prospectus of a genius*. He has magnificent plans, but he writes prefaces instead of books. All the

promise which allures in a prospectus arrests attention in him; but he does not perform what he promises. He has aspiration but no inspiration; ambition, but no creative power. In his poems, in his novels, and in his speeches, you see that he means something great, but has not the force to originate it. If epics could spring up out of the mere desire to embody the spirit of the time, then would he be the great national poet; if grandiloquence were eloquence, then would he stir the hearts of thousands and "teach wisdom to monarchs and to multitudes." So if statesmanship were only the perception of the incapacity of others, and the recognition of the necessity for a statesman to have large and distinct views, then would he be the "Coming Man" whose advent he proclaims. But it is not so. Prospectuses will not do the work of books. They may serve to gull a list of subscribers and gain a fleeting notoriety; that is the utmost they can do. They have done that for D'Israeli.

We before remarked that his position in literature was analogous to his position in politics, modified by the enormous difference of the arena, and his combatants in that arena. Now in literature this prospectus brilliancy counts for really very little; accordingly those works in which he has trusted to his intrinsic value have been lamentable failures. No one would accept his "Revolutionary Epick;" no one would act his "Alarcos." The prose run mad of "Alroy" was too extravagant even for the Minerva press. The philosophico-poetico-"psychological Romance" of "Contarini Fleming" was unendurable to men and boys. "Henrietta Temple" and "Venetia" could not stand even beside Mrs. Gore and Mr. James. We all saw what was *meant* in these works; but we also saw what was *done*. "Vivian Grey" and the "Young Duke" amused by their portraits of public men, and by a certain dashing coxcombry and vivacity. "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred" were political manifestoes spiced with personalities, and had the facile success such things achieve. But if you look into any of these works you will be struck with their utter worthlessness, which no cleverness of the author can disguise. They are adroitly "got up" for effect; but they remain prospectuses. Examine them, and you will see a complete absence of all sterling excellence. They are written with astonishing command of language, and yet the style is ungrammatical, inelegant, inaccurate. In descriptions splendid words are made to

stand for distinct pictures. In characterization the mere outside is presented: insight into character, analysis of motives, the dynamic operation of passions, are not to be met with. The development of a plot is unattempted. Sketchy chapters changing from discussion to satire, from idle dialogues to grandiloquent rhapsodies, fill up the three volumes through which they have hurried the reader.

Whoever is at all conversant with our lighter literature will understand how, with the majority of readers, this prospectus prodigality succeeds for a time. People see a sketch of social life, and accept it as true. They see the author means to be eloquent and witty, and they take the will for the deed. They see he means to be profound and sagacious, and they believe in him. Who stops to think during a hand gallop through three volumes? It all *looks* very brilliant, and very solid. Whether it be gilt or gold, troubles them not. It is only readers of another class who see through the pretension.

In politics is it otherwise? Is he not the prospectus of a statesman? He sees clearly enough the necessity for ideas, and pretends to have them, though he has only the idea that there *ought* to be ideas. This is something; nay, in opposition, it is considerable. Owing to the state of political knowledge, any man who only *seems* to have ideas has power. There are two classes of politicians. One accepts the traditionary policy handed down by predecessors, "the wisdom of our ancestors," or the policy painfully shaped out by the irresistible progress of events. These are men without political ideas, working upon established formulas. They cannot, even in theory, construct a policy which shall in any way embrace the life of a nation; but shroud their incapacity under delusive metaphors, such as—"The institutions of a country must *grow*;" as if, because a man must grow, his career must also be one, not of *intelligent action*, but of derived *vegetation*. The aphorism may be set aside by a continuation of the metaphor; if they must grow, they must also decay, and thus the "wisdom of our ancestors" becomes the decrepitude of our times! These men, the best of them, seem incapable of looking beyond the step they are to take next. Instead of viewing political life as a whole, they read only pages of history, and propose *measures* in place of comprehensive schemes. They are not leaders, but subalterns; the captains, not the generals of

the army. Take, as a striking example, our present ruler, and our present terrible problem—Lord John Russell and Ireland. The Whig minister over and over again declares that Ireland *cannot* be treated by any scheme, but only by measures from time to time applicable to the occasion. This is a confession of incapacity. Specific application is the philosophy of quacks; general treatment, the practice of physicians. Lord John is a man who has read history, written history, and lived history; but he has not understood history. He can pick out authorities and precedents, and apply them with admirable ingenuity, but with what effect? He will quote a passage from Burke to settle a question of our day, not discriminating between eternal principles and the transient plans and incidents of an age. Burke is a great writer, and his page is luminous; but there has been a *context* added to it since the French Revolution, which strangely alters its significance. Quote Burke by all means; but to overlook the context! * * *

There is another class, which looks upon history as the life of a nation, which regards polity as the dynamics of national progression, which takes into view the action of one nation upon another, and which, *inducting* the future, attempts to construct large schemes that are national in their scope, and historic in their basis. This class is small in numbers—at least, in the House—and D'Israeli is of them. But here also he is only a prospectus. He is aware of the necessity for such views, but has himself only figments. Realities are reflected in a mirage to him. If ever he attempted to execute his prospectus, he would doubtless make a failure as egregious as the "Revolutionary Epick." Meanwhile, he has this much of strength—he does see beyond *Bills*. His prospectus is not humdrum. As an antagonist to the humdrum spirit, he is decidedly powerful; but we have no desire to see him placed in a position where he may experiment. His great notion of reviving a paternal aristocracy, with a cherished peasantry dancing round Maypoles—this Young-Englandism, about which so much discussion and peasantry arose, to be forgotten so quickly—was pretty enough as a white-waistcoat philosophy to adorn novels and historic fancies, but as a political idea it partook of D'Israeli's besetting sin, the fantastic. It was worse than an anachronism. It overlooked, as D'Israeli is apt to overlook, the influence of surrounding conditions.

He reasons with his imagination. Thus also in his interpretation of Venetian polity, which is ingenious, and quite in the spirit of Venetian history and its most characteristic statesmen, even back to Dandolo, we see the same oversight of determining influences. Content with grouping and classifying the facts of history, assigning to each group or class its *function*, he neglects to inquire into its origin. He does not see how the strict aristocracy of Venice was aided by the lackland condition of its nobles, the absence of primogeniture, and other things which repaid the proud nobles for merging the individual in the class; a condition that could scarcely exist beyond the Langoons.

Fanciful or sound, he has larger views of statesmanship than the vast majority of the Commons, and this gives him a position of superiority. It is the bitterest sarcasm on the House and its efficiency, that D'Israeli should have succeeded more by its viciousness than by his own powers. For no one will deny that he owes his success partly to this semblance of statesmanship, but principally to his satirical recklessness and pungency. He has always been attacking somebody, but Peel was the antagonist who elevated him. He began by a tilt against the Whigs in general, but he showed more animus than power. He attacked O'Connell, but was scornfully told by the arch-agitator that he was descended from the *impenitent* thief who died upon the cross—an elegance of invective in which O'Connell alone could indulge. But his attack on Peel was so timed as to raise him into instant importance.

Let us glance at his political history. After his splendid failure as an orator, he saw that the House was not to be swayed by picturesque sentences, and set himself to work at a specific object. He paid great attention to foreign affairs, to which his disposition to view things in broad masses naturally inclined him, and at this period he bestowed great pains on displaying a minute knowledge of social and personal matters abroad. It was manifest that he was aiming at a diplomatic appointment of some sort. It is generally understood that he applied to Peel for official employment, which was refused. Peel was not the man to tolerate what he probably considered as the aping emptiness of D'Israeli; but in his refusal he turned a very useful ally into a formidable, because bitter enemy. It is but right to state that D'Israeli in one of his attacks, asserted that he had never made any application to Peel for official employment; and

this assertion Peel left uncontradicted. This would seem to be conclusive, were it not known that Peel can, if he choose, preserve unbroken silence against any amount of temptation or exasperation; so that the general impression still is that the cause of the sudden rupture was this refusal. But whatever the motive, the attacks upon Peel were exquisitely relished by the House, and those who despised the assailant cheered him on, for some of them disliked the minister, and all enjoyed seeing him baited. There is an ignoble tendency in the mass of men, which causes them to rejoice at every degradation of one who has proved himself their superior; and whoever panders to this tendency is sure of a disgraceful success. Hence the success of "slashing" articles. The "Quarterly Review" owed its prodigious influence to its reckless disregard of all the decencies of honor coupled with the high religious and moral tone which it assumed. In the great "Rigby" days, it was a moot point whether a political adversary were better crushed by the accusation of atheistical principles, or of having pimples on his face; and no logic seemed so conclusive as that which, insinuating that a man lived unhappily with his wife, or that a woman wore a wig, proved triumphantly that a poem must be worthless, and that an argument was false. This evil has happily cured itself. We have revolted against such literature as worthy only of the kennel. Those critics are shamed into silence. But the coarse, ungenerous feeling which permitted such an evil, is not extinct. We still love to see a man baited, as our forefathers loved to bait a bear. The astonishing effect of D'Israeli's attacks on Peel sprang from this feeling. Not that he ever outraged the sense of decency. We will do him the justice to say that his sarcasm was exquisitely polished; there was no virulence, no coarseness, no Billingsgate. The point of his sarcasm, like the sting of the wasp, was never seen, never suspected, till the writhings of the victim betrayed its presence.

It is still a question whether this quarrel has not been unfortunate for both. It certainly damaged Peel; it assuredly damaged D'Israeli. Had Peel been less supercilious, had he managed himself so as to have overcome his personal distaste for the author of "Coningsby," he might have attached a valuable partisan. Had D'Israeli been to him what he was to Lord George Bentinck, he would have facilitated and adorned with gayety Peel's course. His own brilliant qualities would have shone with increased

splendor attached to the solidity of Peel; and might have been as the gilding on the long enduring walls of some fine cathedral, instead of being thrown away upon some transitory pageant. This is one view; but there is another. Perhaps the quarrel gave D'Israeli an eminence which he never could otherwise have attained. It is the adventurer's old trick, that of attacking an eminent man, who is feared and hated by a powerful body; and the fact that D'Israeli's position was enormously increased by his assault on Peel, is beyond a question.

For one thing it threw him into the Protectionist party, which he had never heartily espoused before. Free trade became an entity when Peel adopted it; and because Peel adopted it, D'Israeli attacked it. Left to himself, he doubtless would have taken the enlightened conservative view of free trade. But he had to reconcile his own tendencies that way with his antagonism to Peel; and his mode of doing it was adroit. Free trade, he said, was the policy of the Tories as paternal rulers of the people—those great families who had always cared more for the humble, the poor, &c. than Whigs or middle-class liberals ever did. Peel was a deserter from the Tories to the hard-hearted Liberals of Manchester—those cotton-lords who are supercilious without being magnanimous. Therefore Peel was not the man who had the *right* to decree free trade. He was doing it badly, inopportunistically, and ineffectively; and therefore his proposition was altogether bad, dishonest, unwarranted, and untimely.

The Protectionists are a compact band brought out by Peel's free trade policy, which they refused to follow. But, though compact, the band is feeble. For what do the Rutlands, Richmonds, Buckinghams, and their followers count? Really for very little. The party wants *men*. They have Lord Ashley, but he has more honesty than ability—and George Smyth, who has more ability than honesty; Augustus Stafford, well informed, adroit, witty, but deficient in weight, and power of sustained thought—a drawing-room statesman of the smartest and most agreeable gentlemanly kind—but more brilliant over a dessert table than in the house; Lord George Bentinck is gone; Lord Yarborough, who has grown feebler since his elevation to the peerage; Herries, and a few superannuated officials, Protectionists by habit; Stanley alone remains to be named—an overrated man, but a man of power. In such a party D'Israeli really is

a man of mark and likelihood. His effective powers of sarcasm, his statesmanlike sense of the necessity for large views; his historical knowledge, and his power of massing details, give him a strength which, though derivable rather from the weakness of his colleagues than from any positive greatness of his own, does nevertheless mark him out for a minister, if Stanley should come in.

Vivian Grey a minister! That would be a sight to make the most frivolous ponder; but it is a sight which we may not improbably see. Why not? Do the Jews rule the world? Is not the unmixed Caucasian race entitled to rule it? Sidonia will demonstrate to you that the Jews are the greatest and grandest specimens of the human race, and, by prescriptive right divine, must and will rule it.

"Do you think that the quiet, humdrum persecution of a decorous representative of an English university can crush those who have successively baffled the Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzar, Rome, and the feudal ages? The fact is, you cannot destroy a pure race of the Caucasian organization. It is a physiological fact—a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, and Christian inquisitors. No penal laws, no physical tortures, can effect that a superior race should be absorbed in an inferior, or be destroyed by it. The mixed persecuting races disappear; the pure persecuted race remains. And at this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries, of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws, which you still obey; of their literature, with which your minds are saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect.

"You never observed a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe, is organized and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolize the professional choirs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is *Regius Professor of Divinity* in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic Professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German Student who was accumulating materials for the history of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place—a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But for the German professors of this

race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten in Berlin alone.

"I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise, I never interfere. I hear of peace, of war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure, then I know that monarchs are serious. A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now, there has been no friendship between the Court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favor of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, have not been very agreeable to the Czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish Minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuevo Christiano, a Jew of Arragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris to consult the President of the French Council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts?

"And is Soult a Hebrew?"

"Yes, and others of the French marshals, and the most famous; Massena, for example; his real name was Manasseh, but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some Northern power should be applied to in a friendly and meditative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the President of the council made an application to the Prussian Minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes."

"You startle, and deeply interest me."

"You must study physiology, my dear child. Pure races of Caucasus may be persecuted, but they cannot be despised, except by the brutal ignorance of some mongrel breed, that brandishes fagots and howls extermination, but is itself exterminated without persecution by that irresistible law of nature which is fatal to curs."

"But I come also from Caucasus," said Coningsby.

"Verily; and thank your Creator for such a destiny: and your race is sufficiently pure. You come from the shores of the Northern Sea, land of the blue eye, and the golden hair, and the frank brow; 'tis a famous breed, with whom we Arabs have contended long; from whom we have much suffered; but these Goths, and Saxons, and Normans, were doubtless great men."

"But so favored by nature, why has not your race produced great poets, great orators, great writers?"

"Favored by nature and by nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel; they are our Olynthians, our Philipps. Favored by nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favored by nature, we have been persecuted by Man. After a thousand struggles; after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled; deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage, have never excelled; we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which, every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon, and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza."

"But the passionate and creative genius, that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it; that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence, has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of music; that science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognized as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past, though, were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield; Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your 'muscadins' of Paris, and your dandies

of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel."

This *plaidoyer* in favor of his race, and, by implication, in favor of his own pretensions to be minister, has excited so much laughter, not on account of its shallowness as a theory of races, as of its amusing personal pretension. Of this we are assured, that if the Jewish race is the finest in the world, Vivian Grey is a poor specimen of his race; and if Europe is to be governed by Jews, we would rather see another specimen governing England. For although we will say in his favor that he would not govern us on those *parish principles* which assume that "Bills" are the things needful, we confess that such is our invincible distrust in his capacity for anything like serious, sustained thought, that we would rather submit to the "experiment" of the Socialists than to his.

Besides his Caucasian qualification, he has another, and, according to him, indispensable qualification—youth. Plato, somewhere in the "Republic," says that great works are only accomplished in youth: νέων δὲ πάντες οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ οἱ πολλοὶ πόνοι; but he did not write his "Republic" or his "Laws" in youth, and Sophocles was ninety when he produced the master-piece of Athenian tragedy. There is, however, a good deal of truth in what D'Israeli says:

"Nay," said the stranger; 'for life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose,' he added, smiling, 'that I hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Weimar; only thirty-six when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war—I do not: I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil pru-

dence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven, John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Arragon himself. He was pope, as Leo X., at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the 'Spiritual Exercises.' Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, the greatest of Frenchmen, and died at thirty-seven!

"Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died, too at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one. Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America, before he was thirty-seven. What a career! exclaimed the stranger, rising from his chair, and walking up and down the room; 'the secret away of Europe! That was indeed a position? But it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth.'"

Youth is then a great qualification for a political leader. True, "Vivian Grey" is no longer at that divine period; but if not youthful himself he has youthful followers—he leads the New Generation! Besides, Genius is always young. Let the "old fogies" sneer at me, and call me an adventurer if they will; I am of an unmixed race, I am a genius, I am the leader of youthful ardent spirits who believe me to be a profound and imaginative (oh! above all imaginative!) statesman; I will show the humdrums that it is not Reason but Imagination which rules the world!

We have been speaking hitherto in general terms because it is rather embarrassing to descend to particulars in a case where the particulars do not in any way seem to bear out the general result. Notoriety has been gained—a position has been gained. The general causes of this are not recondite; but if you look closely to examine the basis of success you are astonished at its apparent discrepancy. If there is one quality which every one would at once award D'Israeli, it is, perhaps, wit; yet we defy the most ardent admirers to bring good specimens. In his writings and in his speeches there is great vivacity, occasional felicity of expression, and some happy illustrations; but wit there is scarcely any. In the house it is notorious

that his "hits" produce an effect which no one who reads the speeches can form an idea of; and this because there is more *manner* than wit. The wittiest thing, to our apprehension, he ever uttered, was his speaking of the "*American language*." His famous joke about Peel having caught the Whigs bathing, and stolen their clothes, is really a very feeble effort; though it amused the house more perhaps than a better joke would have amused it. From his forgotten pamphlet, "The Crisis Examined," we extract an illustration which created great mirth at the time, and is really humorous:

"The truth is, that this famous reform ministry, this great 'united' cabinet had generated into a grotesque and Hudibrastic faction, the very lees of ministerial existence, the offal of official life. They were a ragged regiment compared with which Falstaff's crew was a band of regulars. The king would not march with them through Coventry—that was flat. The reform ministry, indeed! Why scarcely an original member of that celebrated cabinet remained. I dare say now some of you have heard of Mr. Ducrow, that celebrated gentleman who rides upon six horses. What a prodigious achievement! It seems impossible, but you have confidence in Ducrow! You fly to witness it. Unfortunately one of the horses is ill, and a donkey is substituted in its place. But Ducrow is still admirable; there he is, bounding along in spangled jacket and cork slippers. The whole town is mad to see Ducrow riding at the same time on six horses. But now two more of the steeds are seized with the staggers, and lo! three jackasses in their stead! Still Ducrow persists, and still announces to the public that he will ride round his circus every night on six horses. At last all the horses are knocked up, and now there are half a dozen donkeys, while Mr. Merryman, who like the Chancellor (Brougham,) was once the very life of the ring, now lies in despairing length in the middle of the stage with his jokes exhausted and his bottle empty."

As to his literary pretensions we have before intimated that we think them frivolous. He has a certain artistic tendency, which makes him give to everything he handles whether literary or political, a symmetry and artistic effect; but he has none of the deeper qualities of an artist. We express his deficiency in one phrase when we say that his eloquence is grandiloquence. He does not work from *inwards*, but contents himself with externals; and as splendid words are the externals of eloquence, they suffice him. This gives a disagreeable hollowness to all his serious and more particularly to his impassioned passages; and it not unfrequently leads him into bathos. Of this bathos the reader may see samples in the passages previously

d from his two prefaces. We have opened "Coningsby," and this strikes ye:

school, friendship is a passion. *It entrances being; it tears the soul.* All loves of life can never bring its rapture, or its wretchedness; *no bliss so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy so crushing so keen!* What tenderness and what devotion; what illimitable contents; *infinite revelations of inmost thoughts;* ecstatic present and romantic future; what estrangements and what melting reconciliations—*what scenes of wild recrimination, agitation, explanations, passionate correspondence; name sensitiveness and what frantic sensibility—that earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul* are confined in that simple phrase—a boy's friendship!"

as the Minerva press groan under the weight of trash more intolerable than these earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul?" Is this the sort of language we are to hear from a minister, the reflections which are to adorn a sermon? The man who could write such sen-

tences, not staggering under two bottles of champagne, must be pronounced either dead to all sense of the true meaning of words, or reckless and shameless in his use of them; either he has no just sense of expression, or he thinks that any fine words will serve his turn if they gull the indolent reader. Nor is this by any means an exceptional passage. His writings abound with similar instances of tawdry falsehood. They are thrown in probably out of that love of ornament, which is characteristic of his race; they are the mosaic chains and rings with which the young "gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion" adorn their persons, to give a *faux air de gentilhomme* to that which no adornment can disguise. We may seem to insist upon a trifle in thus insisting on such false eloquence; but trifles like these reveal a trivial mind, and when characteristic of a serious defect should not escape criticism. It shows that his eloquence like his imagination, like his poetry, like his philosophy, like his statesmanship, is the Prospectus not the Work!

PRAYER.

Is thine heart by the world, or its sorrows, oppress'd
And despair in dark characters stamp'd on thy brow?
Has the future no hope for thy suffering breast,
On thy dreary and dark way no light to bestow?

Then prayer is the balm that will sooth every sorrow,
And hurl from his hold the dark demon despair;
It will cheer to-day's grief with the hope of to-morrow,
And a lovelier form bid this wilderness wear.

Faithless is he, the dear friend once so cherish'd,
The bosom wherein all thine own had confided,
What though the young hope of life's morning has perish'd
And its promising beam into darkness subside!

Yet, mourner, forsaken and friendless, in prayer
Bodied forth, let thy sorrows to heaven ascend;
Thou shalt find an unspeakable recompense there,
And a good and unchangeable God for thy friend!

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

BOTANY.

1. *The Plant: a Biography. In a Series of Popular Lectures.* By M. J. SCHLEIDEN, M. D., Professor of Botany to the University of Jena. Translated by ARTHUR HENFREY, F. L. S., &c. London: Ballière, Regent street. 1848.
2. *The Poetry of Science, or Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature.* By ROBERT HUNT. London: Reeve, Benham and Reeve, King William street, Strand. 1848.
3. *A Century of Orchidaceous Plants; with Descriptions* by SIR W. J. HOOKER; and *An Introduction on their Culture and Management*, by J. C. LYONS, Esq. London: Reeve, Benham and Reeve. 1849.

IN the "Westminster Review" for October, 1848, we adduced a few of the more striking examples of insect economy, by way of illustrating the claims to attention possessed by the members of an exceedingly interesting portion of the kingdom of nature; in the present paper we hope to show that the vegetable world is in no respect inferior to the animal, in the amount of pleasure it is capable of yielding to the enlightened investigator of the curious phenomena connected with the increase, distribution, and general habits of the organisms of which it is composed.

In one respect, indeed, plants possess a decided advantage over insects. Most persons have certain insect antipathies which it is all but impossible to eradicate. We, ourselves, must confess to a slight—a very slight—dislike of spiders; and among "the green myriads of the peopled grass" there are few, whether creeping or flying, which are not to many individuals the objects of an unconquerable aversion. With plants, however, the case is widely different; they are almost universal favorites. The lady who would shriek in unfeigned terror at the unexpected appearance of a spider or an earwig, is sure to have certain floral pets, which she will cherish and tend with the fondest solicitude; the keen man of business, perpetually oscillating between his country-house and counting-house, with scarcely a thought for anything beyond stocks and percentages, may be seen entering town in the morning, with a flower, culled perchance from his own well-stored conservatory, jauntily worn in his button-hole; while the more humble

member of the trading community, whose possession of the luxury of a garden is forbidden by his position in life, is fain to be content with the purchase of a blossom from the basket of some itinerant flower-vendor. Moreover, the various devices resorted to by numerous dwellers in "the stifling bosom of the town," those who

"Never pass their brick-wall bounds,
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with
air,"

in order that they may gratify what Cowper styles "the burning instinct," are only so many proofs that the love of flowers is an inherent feeling, equally gratified by the "creeping herbs," dragging on a bare existence in the crazy box, the fragmentary pitcher, or the spoutless teapot, which forms the window-garden of the humble votary of Flora, and by the "buds and blossoms of a thousand hues," collected from all climes, and growing in all their native luxuriance, within the protecting walls of the well-regulated conservatory appended to the aristocratic mansion.

In his pleasant book "The Town," Leigh Hunt has an apposite passage, quite confirmatory of the above remarks, upon a Londoner's love of flowers. He says,

"A tree, or even a flower, put in a window in the streets of a great city (and the London citizens, to their credit, are fond of flowers), affects the eye something in the same way as the hand-organs, which bring unexpected music to the ear. They refresh the common-places of life, shed a harmony through the busy discord, and appeal to those first sources of emotion, which are associ-

ated with the remembrance of all that is young and innocent. They seem also to present to us a portion of the tranquillity we think we are laboring for, and the desire of which is felt as an earnest that we shall realize it somewhere, either in this world or in the next. Above all, they render us more cheerful for the performance of present duties; and the smallest seed of this kind, dropped into the heart of man, is worth more, and may terminate in better fruit, than anybody but a great poet could tell us."—*The Town*, i. 28.

Although, in regard to species and individuals, plants are outnumbered by insects, yet do they by no means yield the palm in regard to the number and variety of interesting particulars connected with their mode of life, their choice of locality, their power of adaptation to external circumstances. All these are overlooked by the man of whom Wordsworth says,

"The primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more;"

but how much more than a yellow primrose is that fair herald of spring to the scientific botanist—to him who delights to trace the progress of each herb and flower, from the earliest indication of the action of the vital principle up to the full development of the vegetable form and structure, in all their beauty and perfection! Such a one will recognize in the "yellow primrose" a wonderful apparatus of cells, and fibres, and vessels, each occupying its appropriate position, each performing its appointed duty, and all harmoniously contributing to the well-being of the individual plant, and the perpetuation of the species. And from the primrose, his mental vision will range through the wide circle of vegetable life—from the "green mantle on the standing pool," to the lofty denizens of the tropical forest—and will connect the lowly flower "upon the river's brim" with the almost infinitely varied forms and conditions of vegetation so eloquently described in the following extract from Lindley's great work, the "*Vegetable Kingdom*:"

"Wherever the eye is directed, it encounters an infinite multitude of the most dissimilar forms of vegetation. Some are cast ashore by the ocean in the form of leathery straps or thongs, or are collected into pelagic meadows of vast extent; others crawl over mines, and illuminate them with phosphorescent gleams. Rivers and tranquil waters teem with green filaments; mud throws up its gelatinous scum; the human lungs, ulcers, and sores of all sorts, bring forth a living brood; timber crumbles to dust beneath insidious spawn;

corn-crops change to fetid soot; all matter in decay is seen to teem with mouldy life; and those filaments, that scum-bred spawn and mould, alike acknowledge a vegetable origin. The bark of ancient trees is carpeted with velvet, their branches are hung with a grey-beard tapestry, and microscopical scales overspread their leaves; the face of rocks is stained with ancient colors, coeval with their own exposure to air; and those, too, are citizens of the great world of plants. Heaths and moors wave with a tough and wiry herbage; meadows are clothed with an emerald mantle, amidst which spring flowers of all hues and forms; bushes throw abroad their many-fashioned foliage; twiners scramble over and choke them; above all wave the arms of the ancient forest, and these, too, acknowledge the sovereignty of Flora. Their individual forms, too, change at every step. With every altered condition and circumstance new plants start up. The mountain side has its own races of vegetable inhabitants, and the valleys have theirs; the tribes of the sand, the granite, and the limestone, are all different; and the sun does not shine upon two degrees on the surface of this globe, the vegetation of which is identical: for every latitude has a Flora of its own. In short, the forms of seas, lakes, and rivers, islands and peninsulas, hills, valleys, plains and mountains, are not so diversified as that of the vegetation which adorns them."—*Vegetable Kingdom*, Introduction, p. xxi.

It will readily be conceived that the constitutional peculiarities of plants must be infinitely varied in order that they may both exist and flourish under circumstances so opposed, and in localities so numerous as those described in the foregoing extract; and such, in fact, is the case. But the vegetable kingdom, in an equal degree with the other "works of an Almighty hand," affords unnumbered proofs that throughout creation the grandest and most complicated ends are attained by the employment of the simplest means. In a recently published and very able translation of Schleiden's latest work on botany,* this is especially shown in an eloquent passage which we cannot forbear quoting. The boasted works of man, even when he is aided by all the means and appliances placed at his disposal by science, are comparatively trifling in proportion to the exertions required for their completion; not so the works of Nature. And Schleiden, after adverting to this inconsistency, thus continues:

"Nature offers a direct contrast to this. Accustomed, from our youth upward, to see her works outspread before us in eternally renewing riches, we commonly pass them coldly by. The

* "*The Plant*;" a Biography. Baill re.

contemplative mind is attracted by her, and begins to divine, with a kind of softened terror, the mysterious powers in action round us. With what wondrous means, we think, must not this great artist be provided! What wondrous chains of powers, yet unknown, must there not lie hidden in her bosom! Science seeks the solution of this enigma, and in trembling assumes its task, fearful lest, perhaps, human intelligence be unequal to comprehend and grasp a complexity so marvelously interwoven; and the farther we penetrate, the greater waxes our amazement. Every step brings us to a simple solution of an entangled question; every compound phenomenon directs us back to simple causes and forces; and our astonishment becomes at last converted into devout adoration, when we behold with what small means Nature attains the most stupendous results. By the simple relation, that bodies in motion have a mutual attraction, Nature arches over us the whole starry heavens, and prescribes to the sun and its planets their undeviating courses. But we need not ascend to the stars to recognize how little Nature requires to the unfolding of wonders.

"Let us tarry a moment with the vegetable world. From the slender palm, waving its elegant crown in the refreshing breezes, high aloft over the hot vapors of the Brazilian forests, to the delicate moss, barely an inch in length, which clothes our damp grottoes with its phosphorescent verdure; from the splendid flower of *Victoria-regina*, with its rosy leaves cradled in the silent floods of the lakes of Guiana, to the inconspicuous yellow blossom of the duck-weed on our own ponds—what a wonderful play of fashioning, what wealth of forms!

"From the six thousand years' old Baobab, on the shores of Senegal, the seeds of which, perhaps, vegetated before the foot of man trod the earth,* to the fungus, to which the fertilizing

warmth of a summer night gave an existence which the morning closed—what differences of duration! From the firm wood of the New Holland oak, from which the wild aboriginal carves his war-club, to the green slime upon our tombs—what multiformity, what gradations of texture, composition, and consistence! Can one really believe it possible to find order in this embarrassing wealth, regularity in this seemingly disorderly dance of forms, a single type in these thousandfold varieties of habit? Till within a few years of the present time, indeed, the possibility was not yet conceived; for as I have before remarked, we may never expect to spy into the mysteries of nature, until we are guided by our researches to very simple relations. Thus could we never attain to scientific results respecting the plant, till we had found the simple element, the regular basis of all the various forms, and investigated and defined its vital peculiarities."—*The Plant*, p. 42.

This simple element is a little closed sac or vesicle of transparent colorless membrane; round or oblong in shape when existing separately, but capable of assuming various forms, depending upon the degree of pressure mutually exercised by such cells when in apposition, as well as upon the position they occupy in the structure of the plant, and the function they are destined to perform in vegetable economy. An acquaintance with the cell in its normal condition, must necessarily precede all investigations into the different forms it is capable of taking. Schleiden introduces to his readers the cell in its simplest state, as it exists in the beautiful fruit of a shrub cultivated in most gardens, under the name of the "snowberry tree," and, from its frequency, the more readily attainable for examination. The beauty of the cells in this fruit will amply reward the student for any trouble he may take to obtain a view of them under the microscope. Schleiden also mentions another source in which cells may be detected in great numbers; and says:

"If we remove the outer compact membrane of the snowberry (*Symphoricarpos racemosa*), a plant common enough in our gardens, we come to a mass of substance composed of small, slippery, shining, white granules. Each of these is a separate perfect cell. If we strip off the outer membrane of the leaf of the common pink, we find a velvety green tissue, a portion of which may easily be scraped off. In water this separates into little green points; these, too, are perfect cells, which only differ from the foregoing in containing a quantity of green granules in addition

assign their birth to a period when it is probable plants with so high a degree of organization had not made their appearance upon our globe.

* This absurd notion of the extraordinary age of some of the Baobabs (*Adansonia digitata*) of Senegal, arose from a misunderstood passage in Adanson's "Voyage." Botanists know that in temperate climates, where the seasons are distinctly marked, a new zone of wood is every year added to the stem of exogenous trees, such as oaks, elms, and other forest trees. Now, in order to ascertain the age of such trees, nothing more is required than to count the number of zones or annual layers of wood, exhibited in a transverse section of the stem near the ground. In temperate climes leaves are shed every year, and a zone of wood is deposited no oftener; but in tropical regions, many trees, including the Baobab, have two, three, or more successions of leaves in a year, from each of which would a zone of wood be deposited: such trees, are in fact, almost, if not entirely, evergreens. So that if in a transverse section of the stem of such a tree we find, say three hundred annular layers of wood, we are not to infer that the tree is three hundred years old, as it would really be in temperate climes; but, taking for the basis of our calculation the deposition of three such layers annually, we get one hundred years as the age of the tree. That the Baobab trees of Senegal are truly of great antiquity there can be no question; but we need not, on false data,

to the viscid yellowish substance and transparent fluid sap."—*The Plant*, p. 44.

Other leaves and other pulpy fruits will be found to contain cells in equal abundance with those mentioned by Schleiden. In the pulp of a fully ripe orange they are of large size and filled with the colored juice; and the pith of all plants is entirely composed of them, without any intermixture of the other elementary organs. In this cellular form, and in that of a transparent extended membrane, formed by the cohesion of a number of cells, and called cellular tissue, this is the only elementary organ universally found in plants; the other forms, hereafter to be spoken of, being often either partially or altogether wanting: as is the case with the whole of the plants comprised in the class, termed by Professor Lindley, *Thallogens*, which are mere masses of cells, offering no distinction of root, stem, or leaves; and, having no flowers, are not reproduced by seeds, properly so called, but by minute anomalous bodies termed spores. To this class belong the confervas, sea-weeds, lichens, and fungi; and there are so many curious circumstances connected with these simply organized plants, that we may well be excused if we linger awhile among them, especially as the lowest members of the class are now generally considered to occupy a point at which it seems impossible physiologically to distinguish between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, so as to be able to say with certainty where the one ends and the other begins.

"Regarding the vegetable kingdom as a whole, as an individual," says Schleiden, "the various stages of life and development of which lie as close beside each other, as they follow after one another in a single plant, we are enabled to regard the simplest form as also the commencement of the Vegetable World; and then we find that this, like the individual plant, is produced and developed from a simple cell. When, on old damp walls and palings, or in glasses in which we have let soft water stand for several days in summer, we find a delicate bright green and almost velvety coat, we meet with the first beginning of vegetation. Under the microscope, we detect in these green masses a number of small spherical cells filled with sap, colorless granules, and chlorophyll. In other places occur similar cells, but yellowish, brown, or red; and almost all, at least at present, may be regarded as perfect plants, which have received various names from botanists. The most suitable name for them is *Protococcus*, or *primary vesicle*. From this simple cell, vegetating as an independent plant, the development of the vegetable world takes its departure, and ascends by continually greater combinations and compli-

cations, to the most complex plants, which we are compelled to look upon as the highest states.

"The forms immediately following the above-mentioned simplest plants, also consist of a simple cell; but this is elongated into a filament, and often branched—thus exhibiting a higher development of form. Next, the cells arrange themselves into lines in manifold ways; a variety of forms of vegetation soon grows up, which, in water, appear as the *silk-weeds* or *confervas*—generally of a green color; or on decaying organic bodies, as *moulds*, in very various and often most elegant forms, with the most brilliant play of color. Then the cells unite to compose flat structures, known to botanists by the name of *ulvas*; and, frequently growing in the sea, almost like young lettuce leaves, sometimes green, sometimes red, often afford a meagre meal to the poor inhabitants of the coast. Next they crowd together into solid masses, forming clumps and balls of the greatest possible variety of shapes."—*The Plant*, p. 93.

It is among the simple plants above spoken of as silk-weeds, or confervas, that we meet with those curious and most anomalous organisms, of whose animal or vegetable nature it is impossible to predicate with certainty, without calling in the aid of chemistry; for here external appearances afford us no assistance in our investigations.

"The Zoologist," says Professor Lindley, "declares that the power of spontaneous motion, and the feeding by a stomach, are qualities confined to the animal kingdom. But numerous plants move with all the appearance of spontaneity; the spores of those *Confervæ* which are sometimes called zoosporous, swim in water with great activity; the filaments of *Zygnemata* combine with the energy of animal life; and as for a stomach, it is impossible to say that the whole interior of a living independent cell is not a stomach."

Without, however, attempting in this place to settle so vexed a question, we will simply select a few curious examples of circumstances attending the reproduction of these lowly beings, well calculated at once to puzzle the naturalist, and to demonstrate the truth of the axiom—*De minimis et de maximis æquè curat Natura*."

Those beautiful living ornaments of the drawing-room—gold-fish—frequently become diseased in a very peculiar manner. They are infested by a white, mouldy-like substance, which eventually spreads over and destroys them. This substance, which is now ascertained to be a confervoid plant, and has received the name of *Achyla prolifer*, has been carefully examined by Unger; and Dr. Lindley thus describes some curious particulars connected with it. He says of the *Achyla*, that—

"When arrived at its full growth, it consists of transparent threads of extreme fineness, packed together as closely as the pile of velvet; they greatly resemble, in general appearance, certain kinds of mouldiness. These threads are terminated by an extremity about the 1,200th of an inch in diameter, consisting of a long single cell, within which is collected some green mucilage intermixed with granules. Dr. Unger assures us that, at this time, no starch is present; but the whole of the green matter is of the nature of gum, as is proved by the action of iodine upon it. The contents of the cell are seen to be in constant motion. While this is going on, the end of the cell continues to grow, and, at the same time, the contents collect at the extremity, and distend it into a small head, in form resembling a club; immediately after which a chamber is formed, and then the first stage of fructification is accomplished. The next change is observed to take place in the granular matter of the club-head, which itself enlarges, while the contents gain opaqueness, and by degrees arrange themselves in five or six-sided meshes, which are in reality forming at the expense of the mucilage above mentioned, which has disappeared. It is not the least surprising part of this history, that all the changes above mentioned take place in the course of an hour or an hour and a half; so that a patient observer may actually witness the creation of this singular plant. At this time, all the vital energy seems directed towards changing the angular bodies in the inside of the club-head into propagating germs or spores. Meanwhile, the club-head grows and gives them a little room, and they in their turn alter their form and become oval. Then it is that is witnessed the surprising phenomena of spontaneous motion in the spores, which, notwithstanding the narrow space in which they are born, act with such vigor that at last they force a way through the end of the club-head. At first one spore gets into the water, then another and another, till at last the club-head is emptied. All this takes place with such rapidity, that a minute or two suffice for the complete evacuation of the club-head or spore-chamber. The spores, when they find their way into the water, are generally egg-shaped, and swim with their small end foremost; but they are often deformed, in consequence of the narrowness of the hole through which they have had to pass. It even happens that they stick fast in the hole, and perish there. They are extremely small, their breadth not exceeding the 1,896th part of an inch. Their small end is the most transparent, and it is curious to see how constantly this is pushed forwards in the rapid evolutions made in the water by these living particles. This sort of quasi animal life does not last long—a few seconds, some minutes, or at the most, half an hour. They often die: Unger assures us that he has seen them in the agonies of death, and *struggling convulsively* (!), with all the appearance of animal life."—*Vegetable Kingdom*, p. 18.

A similar kind of motion has been observed by the accurate Agardh, in the spores of

Conferva ærea, a fresh-water Alga not uncommon in our own country; and Unger has described it as observed by himself in those of *Vaucheria clavata*, also a British plant. Agardh, in a memoir on the germination of the spores of several Algæ, in the "*Annales des Sciences Naturelles*," for October, 1836, describes the mode of escape of the reproductive granules of the *Conferva* above named, as well as their subsequent development into articulated or jointed filaments, resembling the parent plant. After escaping from the cells that make up the length of the filament, which they do through the sides of those cells, the green granular sporules are said to "continue their motion for one or two hours, and retiring always towards the darker edge of the vessel, sometimes prolong their wandering courses, sometimes remain in the same place, causing their beak to vibrate in rapid circles. Finally they collect in dense masses, containing innumerable grains, and attach themselves to some extraneous body at the bottom or on the surface of the water, where they hasten to develop filaments like those of the mother plant. The spherical sporules elongate at first into egg-shaped bags, attached to the strange body by the narrowest end. Their development only consists in a continued expansion, without emitting any root. The green internal matter divides in the middle by a partition, which appears at first sight as a hyaline mucilage, but which gradually changes into a complete diaphragm. It is thus, by successive divisions of the joint first formed, that the young plant increases." Dr. Agardh then observes, that "in this manner the formation and dissemination of the seeds continues during the whole summer; and thus a single filament suffices for the formation of an infinite number of sporules;" and, "if one remembers that each joint contains perhaps many hundreds of spores, it is not astonishing that the water becomes perfectly colored with them; so that we might readily take for a *Protococcus*, or other simple Alga, what are only the spores of a *Conferva*." The author thus sensibly concludes his interesting account of these anomalous organisms: "I suspect that from such a mistake have arisen the theories of metamorphosis proposed by many modern algologists."

The presence of cilia upon these minute sporules has not been satisfactorily made out, even with a high microscopic power; but that their motions are due to the vibratile action of cilia is highly probable, from a

hyaline border being observed around them, similar to that surrounding the ciliated Infusoria, when viewed under a microscope of insufficient power. Our first acquaintance with what we have since suspected must have been the sporules of this or an allied species of *Conferva*, occurred many years ago, before we had paid any attention to the Algæ. At the bottom of a leaden cistern, containing rain-water quite freely exposed to the air, and having numbers of the long, loose, green *Confervæ* floating from its sides, had gradually accumulated a quantity of vegetable refuse—cabbage-stalks, leaves, and so forth. On a bright summer's day we observed that the water, which had previously been perfectly limpid and colorless, had become turbid, and assumed a dull green color. On examining some of this water under a high power of the microscope, we found that the color and turbid appearance was caused by myriads of excessively minute Infusoria, as we then thought them, swimming about in all directions with the greatest rapidity, and exhibiting the hyaline border mentioned by Agardh. In a few days they entirely disappeared, and we never afterwards had an opportunity of observing them in anything like similar abundance. But as a curious sequel to the disappearance of these little green bodies, may be mentioned the subsequent development, in nearly equal profusion, of the rather rare wheel-animalculæ, which gave the water a milky color; and these, in their turn, became extinct.

The active spores of the *Confervas* above spoken of, as well as the individual members of the colored matters upon walls and rocks, named *Protococcus*, to which the so-called red snow of the northern regions has been referred, are sufficient proofs of the ability of the simple cell to subsist as an "independent organism, living for itself alone," and imbibing "fluid nutriment from the surrounding parts; out of which, by chemical processes which are constantly in action in the interior of the cell, it forms new substances which are partly applied to the nutrition and growth of its walls, partly laid up in store for future requirements, partly again expelled as useless, and to make room for the entrance of new matters. In this constant play of absorption and excretion, of chemical formation, transformation, and decomposition of substances, especially consists the life of the cell, and—since the plant is nothing but a sum of many cells united into a definite shape—also the life of the whole plant." We will now consider in what manner plants

with a more complicated organization become developed from the simple primary cell form.

In speaking of the formation of the articulated filaments of *Conferva ærea* from the floating spores of that plant, it was stated that after the sporules have anchored themselves to some extraneous body, they at first elongate, and then divide by an internal partition into two portions, each of these again dividing, and so on; the young plant gradually lengthening by these successive divisions. This, however, is not the only mode in which the primary vesicle gives birth to others; which again, by successive multiplications and reproductions, at length form a plant possessed of a more perfect, or rather a more complicated organization. It must, however, be borne in mind, that we are at present treating of those plants in which no other elementary tissue than the cellular is present.

"If," says Schleiden, "the nutrient matter within the cell increases in quantity beyond a certain measure, new cells are formed from it within the first, called secondary, or daughter-cells; they propagate, and in the usual course the mother-cell then gradually dissolves and disappears, while the two, four, eight, or more young cells produced by it, occupy its place. The whole process which we call growth in plants, consists in its essential elements of a continuous propagation of cells of this kind, whence the number of cells becomes multiplied beyond calculation, nay, almost beyond credibility. From an approximate calculation, for example, in a rapidly growing fungus, *Bovista gigantea*, 20,000 new cells are formed every minute."—*The Plant*, p. 47.

In his excellent work "On the Growth of Plants in closely-glazed Cases," Mr. Ward mentions his having watched the rapid growth of another fungus, *Phallus foetidus*, which, "in the course of twenty-five minutes, shot up three inches, and attained its full elevation of four inches in one hour and a half." Mr. Ward, however, attributes this rapid development, not to the multiplication of the number of cells, but to "an elongation of the erectile tissue of the plant." But surely this almost amounts to the same thing; for to what is the elongation of tissue owing, except to an increase in the number of cells composing it?

The fungi to which the two last-named plants belong, compose a vast group, of the vegetable nature of which there is no question, notwithstanding that in addition to the usual chemical constituents of vegetable

tissues—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon—a fourth element is now found to exist in great abundance, which was formerly looked upon as affording the only mark of distinction between plants and animals. This element is nitrogen. But we need not here pause to discuss the chemical constituents of the fungi; our business at present lies rather with their external forms.

Few persons except those who have studied the subject would suspect that either the delicious mushroom, the poisonous toad-stool, or the puff-balls of our pastures, bear any relationship with the mouldiness and mildew which so speedily overrun books, papers, boots and shoes, and other articles of clothing and domestic economy, when lying neglected for a time in damp situations, yet such is the case. In these attacks, the minute fungi are but lending their aid to insects in performing their great office of "scavengers of nature," by hastening the decomposition and subsequent removal of dead and decaying animal and vegetable substances, which are thus rendered capable of entering into new combinations, and of running through a new career. "It is this property," says the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, "which renders one or two species, known under the common name of *dry-rot*, such a dreadful plague in ships and buildings." This disease, once established, spreads with wonderful rapidity. Professor Burnet records the following instance of the speed with which a building may be destroyed by this insidious enemy. He says:

"I knew a house into which the rot gained admittance, and which, during the four years we rented it, had the parlors twice wainscoted, and a new flight of stairs, the dry-rot having rendered it unsafe to go from the ground floor to the bedrooms. Every precaution was taken to remove the decaying timbers when the new work was done; yet the dry-rot so rapidly gained strength, that the house was ultimately pulled down. Some of my books which suffered least, and which I still retain, bear mournful impressions of its ruthless hand; others were so much affected, that the leaves resembled tinder, and when the volumes were opened, fell out in dust or fragments."

The rapidity with which fruit-preserves become covered with mould, is another instance of the avidity of the fungi in seizing upon any spot that may suit their fancy; and if it be true that those jars of preserves which are *not* left open for a night before they are tied down, are less liable to become mouldy, the fact only shows that ill-doers

among plants, as well as *humans*, prefer darkness rather than light, for making inroads upon their neighbors' property. This, indeed, is particularly the case with the plants we are now speaking of.

Like insects, fungi do not content themselves with preying upon dead organized matter; some of them also attack living substances, both animal and vegetable. They have been found growing in the air-cells of birds, and even upon the lining membrane of the human lungs. The common house-fly may frequently be seen in autumn attached by its proboscis to the glass of windows, and covered with a mould-like fungus. Silk-worms are sometimes destroyed in vast numbers by an internal fungus termed *muscardine*. A species of wasp, inhabiting the West Indies, may often be seen flying about with fungoid plants as long as its own body growing upon it; and, to mention no further examples of parasitic fungi, the caterpillar of a New Zealand moth, when it retires into the earth to undergo its change into a chrysalis, is attacked by a species named *Sphæria Robertsii*, which destroys it. A very curious circumstance connected with this fungus-bearing caterpillar is, that, in all the examples we have ever seen, the plant invariably grows from immediately behind the head of the victim, and from no other part of its body.

The instantaneous appearance of the simpler descriptions of fungi—such as mildew, mouldiness, and dry-rot—together with the curious and unexpected localities wherein they frequently occur; as well as the rapidity with which the larger species—such as mushrooms, toad-stools, and the like—spring up, and attain their full development in favorable localities; and, more than all, the apparent impossibility of the introduction of anything like seeds into many places where fungi are sometimes found—mouldiness, for example, in the very centre of a large apple—all tend to give an air of plausibility to an idea by no means as yet exploded, that these plants are the products of *spontaneous* or *equivocal generation*—in this particular, also, bearing an analogy to insects, many of which are likewise supposed to owe their being to the same unphilosophical cause. But a vegetable seed is no less required for the production of the most minute speck of mouldiness the microscope can reveal to our view, than is the animal egg for the primary stage of the most highly organized vertebrate animal; and as in the

animal kingdom, so in the vegetable, in proportion as we descend in the scale of organization, the due perpetuation of the species seems to be the more earnestly cared for. The fungi are, individually, exceedingly fugitive in their nature, and the duration of individual life among them is very brief; all their energies, as has been well observed, seem to be directed to the production of new individuals, destined, in like manner, to continue the race.

We have seen, that in the silk-weeds or *confervas* already spoken of, the reproductive bodies or sporules are produced within the body of the plant, which consists simply of a filament composed of a number of cells placed end to end. In the fungi we find a considerable advance upon this. The filamentous portion is present, but we have, in addition, a body expressly destined to the office of producing the sporules. Thus, the common blue mould upon cheese and other substances, if examined under a microscope, will be seen to consist of a flocculent base of entangled branching filaments, from which arise a number of simple, erect threads, each bearing on its summit a little round body filled with a very light buoyant dust. And this, with certain modifications, will pourtray the mode of growth and of fructification of all the fungal tribe. Being what are botanically called *flowerless* plants, they have nothing to correspond with the flowers of the more highly organized members of the vegetable kingdom. They are simply confined to the possession of organs of growth and organs of reproduction; the former typified by the flocculent creeping filaments; the latter, which may also be called the fruit, by the little round balls filled with dust, the dust itself being analogous to the seeds of flowering plants.

The puff-ball, one species of which has already been mentioned as forming 20,000 new cells every minute, and which has been known to grow from the size of a pin's head to that of a large gourd in one night, is merely the fruit of the underground creeping stem, technically called mycelium or spawn. The immense number of sporules produced by these puff-balls, when ripe, may be inferred, when it is stated that they escape from the large globular head, on its being pressed, like a cloud of smoke. In a single specimen of *Reticularia maxima*, a fungus growing upon the trunks of felled trees, Fries reckoned upwards of 10,000,000 of sporules, each probably capable of developing into a new individual immediately upon

reaching a proper nidus, and attaining the conditions requisite for germination. And as the spores of all species are produced in corresponding numbers, according to their size and kind, it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive that they float about, like motes in the sunbeam, until, alighting on a locality furnished with all proper conditions, they germinate, and each produces an individual like the parent.

The mycelium, or creeping flocculent stem of fungi, is well known to all who cultivate the mushroom; it is the substance called spawn. The mushroom itself is properly the fruit, or seed-producing portion of the plant, the germs or sporules of which are borne in the gills; and to the peculiar mode of growth of one species of the mushroom family, is due those "green sour ringlets" well known as *fairy rings*. A floating sporule of this plant falls in a locality suited to its growth. On germinating, it sends forth in all directions, from itself as a centre, a number of the flocculent branched threads, like horizontal rays: these anastomose, and form among themselves a circular net-work of fibres. At the circumference of this circular net-work are produced the mushrooms or fruit, in the form of a circle; which is very small the first year, but gradually extends at the circumference as the central part dies, the fruit being thus, year by year, carried further away from the centre, and the circle enlarging. From increased fertility in the soil, or some other cause, the grass at the circumference of the circle is always of a more vivid green than that beyond it or within it; probably, the decay of the more recently-formed mycelium may impart a degree of fertility to the soil superior to that where the decayed matter has already been elaborated afresh by the grass or the *Agaric*. And thus are formed those emerald rings, by some authors attributed to the effects of electricity, but which the poets have more pleasingly ascribed to the fairies; either as the traces of their moonlight revels, or, as our own Shakespeare sings, in a strain which may well relieve this dry disquisition on the fungi, as a mark of honor peculiarly applicable to the royal precincts of Windsor.

"And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers, purple, blue, and
white:
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee :
Fairies use flowers for their charactery."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.

It is quite unnecessary, and would be uninteresting, in a hasty sketch like the present, to trace the progress of vegetable development step by step, from the simple microscope Alga up to the long-enduring and highly organized forest-tree. This progressive march of organization is beautifully typified in the process by which a bare and barren rock, like the Isle of Ascension, is gradually clothed with verdure, and at length rendered fit for the reception and support of animal life. That the germs of at least the lower orders of plants are capable of being wafted about upon the wings of the wind, no one can doubt who has witnessed the clouds of smoke-like dust flying from the common puff-ball of our pastures, when fully ripe; every particle of that smoke being the germ of a new being, requiring only a nidus furnishing the requisite conditions to produce an individual like the original plant. The same thing may be observed when the minute globular heads of the blue mould covering leather which has been exposed to damp are crushed; and the scaly lichens and minute leafy mosses growing upon walls are equally well furnished with reproductive organs. All these are, as it were, but the pioneers of vegetation. They are arrested in their flight, and germinate where nothing else could grow; there they perish, and by their ruins furnish a nidus fitted for the support of a higher order of plants: and so on, somewhat in the manner thus depicted by Mr. Robert Hunt, in his clever book, "The Poetry of Science:"

"If we take some water, rising from the darkness of a subterranean spring, and expose it to sunshine, we shall see, after a few days, a curious formation of bubbles, and the gradual accumulation of green matter. At first we cannot detect any marks of organization; it appears a slimy cloud of an irregular and undetermined form. It slowly aggregates, and forms a sort of mat over the surface, which at the same time assumes a darker green color. Careful examination will soon show the original corpuscles involved in a net-work formed by slender threads, which are tubes of circulation, and may be traced from small points which we must regard as the compound atom, the vegetable unit. We must not forget, here, that we have to deal with four chemical elements—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, which compose the world of organ-

ized forms; and that the water affords us the two first as its constituents, gives us carbon in the form of carbonic acid dissolved in it, and that nitrogen is in the air surrounding it, and frequently mixed with it also.

"Under the influence of the light we have now seen these elements uniting into a mysterious bond, and the result is the formation of a cellular tissue, which possesses many of the functions of the noblest specimens of vegetable growth. But let us examine the progress. The bare surface of a rock rises above the waters covered over with this green slime, a mere veil of delicate network, which, drying off, leaves no perceptible trace behind it; but the basis of a mighty growth is there, and under solar influence, in the process of time, other changes occur.

"After a period, if we examine the rock, we shall find upon its face little colored cups or lines with small hard discs. These, at first sight, would not be taken for plants, but on close examination they will be found to be lichens. These minute vegetables shed their seed and die, and from their own remains a more numerous crop springs into life. After a few of these changes, a sufficient depth of soil is formed, upon which mosses begin to develop themselves, and give to the stone a second time a faint tinge of green, a mere film still, but indicating the presence of a beautiful class of plants, which under the microscope exhibit in their leaves and flowers [?] many points of singular elegance. These mosses, like the lichens, decaying, increase the film of soil, and others of a larger growth supply their places, and run themselves the same round of growth and decay. By and by funguses of various kinds mingle their little globes and umbrella-like forms. Season after season plants perish and add to the soil, which is at the same time increased in depth by the disintegration of the rock over which it is laid, the cohesion of particles being broken up by the operations of vegetable life. The minute seeds of the ferns floating on the breeze, now find a sufficient depth of earth for germination, and their beautiful fronds eventually wave in loveliness to the passing winds.

"Vegetable forms of a higher order gradually succeed each other; each series perishing in due season, and giving to the soil additional elements for the growth of plants of their own species or those of others. Flowering herbs find a genial home on the once bare rock; and the primrose pale, the purple foxglove, or the gaudy poppy, open their flowers to the joy of light. The shrub with its hardy roots interlaced through the soil, and binding the very stones, grows rich in its bright greenery. Eventually the tree springs from the soil, and where once the tempest beat on the bare cold rock, is now the lordly and branching monarch of the forest, with its thousand leaves, affording shelter from the storm for bird and beast.

"Such are the conditions which prevail over nature in the progress of vegetable growth; the green matter gathering on a pond, the mildew accumulating on a shaded wall, being the commencement of a process which is to end in the development of the giant trees of the forest, and

the beautifully-tinted flower of nature's most chosen spot."—*Poetry of Science*, p. 343.*

It must not, however, be supposed that any, even the most simple, of these developments are due to spontaneous generation; a supposition against which, indeed, Mr. Hunt is careful to warn his readers in another place, where he says:

"The rapid growth of *Convolvulus* upon water has often been brought forward as evidence of a spontaneous generation, or the conversion of inorganic elements into organic forms; but it has been most satisfactorily proved that the germ must be present, otherwise no evidence of anything like organization will be developed. All the conditions required for the production of vegetable life appear to show, that it is quite impossible for any kind of plant, even the very lowest in the scale, to be formed in any other way than from an embryo in which are contained the elements necessary for it, and the arrangements required for the various processes which are connected with its vitality."—*Poetry of Science*, p. 342.

Reverting now, after this long digression, to the primary organ, the cell, we must briefly describe the two other important tissues which take their origin from the cellular, namely, the woody and the vascular; which, notwithstanding the various parts they play in the vegetable economy, and their varied forms, may both be traced to the cell. Thus, the woody tissue, to which all the more highly-organized plants owe their strength and toughness, consists of elongated cells, and these, according to the position they are to occupy, are cylindrical, prismatical, or more usually spindle-shaped, or having the form of long, thin filaments. It is this form of tissue that enables the plant in which it occurs to sustain the force of storms and other casualties; and as the cellular tissue of plants may well be compared to the flesh of animals, so may the woody tissue assume the character of their

* We know of no popular scientific book more exactly suited to the wants of the *unlearned* reader than Mr. Hunt's '*Poetry of Science*.' In the clearest and most perspicuous language the author conducts his readers through the whole range of physical science, showing that in all things "the true is the beautiful;" and that "the beautiful, whether it is perceived in the external forms of matter, associated in the harmonies of light and color, appreciated in the modulations of sweet sounds, or mingled with those influences which are, as the inner life of creation, appealing to the soul through the vesture which covers all things, is the natural theme of the poet, and the chosen study of the philosopher."

bony skeleton; for without this woody tissue, the largest oak—were it possible for an oak or any other tree to attain any considerable size without it—would be as fragile as a mushroom, in which no woody fibre occurs. It is to the toughness of these fibres that hemp owes its adaptability to the many important purposes to which it is applied; the woody fibres of this and other plants used in a similar manner, are those spoken of as *bass-cells* in the following extract from Schleiden:

"Of all the forms of cells, the wood and bass-cells are undoubtedly the most important in the domestic economy of mankind. The different kinds of wood may be easily distinguished by the microscope, even in the most minute fragments; the distinction of the most consequence is that between the peculiar wood of the fir and pine tribe, and that of all other trees; and this is perceptible even in fossilized wood. The 'bass-cells' are the longest of all; their walls are generally very thick and mostly much bent, [?] but very rarely marked with pores or spiral fibres; only in the silk-plant, (*Asclepias Syriaca*), the oleander, and allied plants, is a spiral striation of the walls observed. No other bass-cells are easily distinguishable by the microscope, however different may be the plants from which they have been taken. The bass-cells, however, on account of their length and curvature, supply almost the sole material of our woven fabrics and cordage. As I have already observed, plants of the most different kinds are used for these purposes. Among us, flax and hemp are the staple; in the Philippine Isles, the bass from the leaves of a species of plantain; in Mexico, the leaves of some wild species of pine-apple furnish a similar substance. The New Zealand flax has recently become of some importance for naval purposes; this is obtained from the leaves of a liliaceous plant. Peculiar fabrics are prepared in the West Indian Islands, without spinning or weaving, from the bass of the lace-tree (*Palo di Laghetto* of the Spaniards); and in Tahiti, from the paper-mulberry.

"An endless variety of plants are used for cordage, for almost every country applies its own plants to this purpose. By the kindness of a friend in Berlin, I once obtained a little piece of string, which had been tied round a wine-vase in Pompeii, and I found, to my astonishment, that it had been prepared from the easily recognizable bass-cells of the silk-plant, (*Asclepias Syriaca*), which, so far as we know, are now nowhere applied to this use."—*The Plant*, p. 50.

The third kind of tissue occurring in plants is the vascular, and consists of greatly-elongated membranous tubes lined with a second or third layer of membrane, by which the original wall of the tubes is thickened. These tubes appear to be pro-

duced by the apposition of a number of cells, end to end, in the direction of the axis of growth, and the subsequent obliteration of their membranous walls at the points of contact; and, accordingly, as the component cells have a dotted, or reticulated, annular, or spiral appearance, arising from the manner in which their lining membrane is deposited, so will the resulting tubes be dotted, or reticulated, annular, or spiral also. And these tubes or vessels are confined to certain parts of the plant, apparently according to the functions they are destined to perform in its economy. Thus, the spirally-lined tubes, named spiral vessels, occur only in what is technically termed the medullary sheath, or that layer of woody fibre and spiral vessels which immediately surrounds the central pith, in such plants as are distinguished by the wood being arranged in concentric zones or layers around a central column of growth. Tubes, the sides of which are marked by pits, or dots, or lines, rings, or net-work, are termed ducts; and are distinguished as pitted, dotted, reticulated, barred, or annulated, according to the nature of their markings. These occur only among the woody matter, and are sometimes very large, and frequently of great length, even extending from one end of a plant to another, though thirty or forty feet long; as is the case with the supple walking canes, as they are termed, which are in reality the stems of a very slender palm. The large holes observable in a cross section of these are the mouths of ducts, as are also the large holes seen in a cross section of the oak or any other wood.

Of the organic vesicles before described, and the tubes resulting from them, is vegetation exclusively constituted; and although any, even the simplest living combination of such vesicles, constitutes a plant, yet, as Lindley well observes, "this simplicity of nature is attended by very complex details of arrangement, as is shown in trees, whose framework is knit together by countless myriads of such vesicles and tubes, entangled with an astonishing intricacy of simple arrangement."

At the close of the extract from Lindley's "Vegetable Kingdom," given at p. 359, occur the words, "the sun does not shine upon two degrees on the surface of this globe, the vegetation of which is identical; for every latitude has a Flora of its own." To those who have not considered the subject, this assertion may appear apocryphal; yet is its truth entirely confirmed by obser-

vation. The distribution of plants over the surface of the globe is one of the most interesting branches of botanical science; and not the less interesting, from the evidence it affords of the power of adaptation to external circumstances conferred by Creative Wisdom upon the few elementary structures which we have seen go to make up the infinitely varied forms of vegetable life. But although the elementary tissues themselves certainly possess this faculty, yet to the resulting organisms, to a certain extent, it would seem to be denied; we might, otherwise, confidently expect to meet with identical forms under every physical condition of the globe, which is by no means the case. For example, the little daisy, which bespangles our meadows with its brilliant flower-heads, is not found throughout North America; and, as Schleiden observes, that which we tread under foot as an insignificant weed, is there reared with the most tender care, in the botanic gardens. Then again:

"From the southern point of Africa to the North Cape in Mageroe, the heaths extend throughout the Old World, merely leaping over the proper tropical regions. With the same latitudes, the same climate, and similar conditions of soil, we find not a single species of true heath in all America. Other allied plants replace them—plants which at least belong to the same family (the Ericaceæ); but if we go to Australia we find, under corresponding conditions, not one Ericaceous plant; but in their place appears an allied, but wholly peculiar family of plants—the Epacris tribe. In a little corner of Asia grows the tea-shrub; and it is certainly not the absence of corresponding climatal influences in all the rest of the world that confines the tea to China. In a small girdle on the Andes of the northern half of South America grows the race of Peruvian-bark trees. Is there no spot on all the earth in which the like conditions of temperature and soil coincide? Enough: even one single example would suffice to call attention to the fact, that there exists upon the globe a mode of distribution of plants which is not produced by the conditions of vegetation at present understood, nor can be explained by them."—*The Plant*, p. 240.

Yet, connected with this seeming irregularity, there is in the geographical distribution of plants an admirable order, in which certain grand features of vegetation succeed each other, in dependence on certain physical conditions to which the other forms do not appear to be amenable. "Observers," says Humboldt, "who, in short periods of time, have passed over vast tracts of land, and ascended lofty mountains, in which climates were ranged, as it were, in strata, one above

another, must have been early impressed by the regularity with which vegetable forms are distributed." This is well illustrated by Schleiden, who conducts his reader in an imaginary tour from the ice-fields of the extreme North to the ever-luxuriant scenery of the tropics.

"If," he says, "from the snow-covered ice-plains of the extreme North—where the red-snow *Alga* alone reminds us of the existence of vegetable organization—we turn toward the South, a girdle first expands before us, in which mosses and lichens clothe the soil, and a peculiar vegetation of low plants, with subterranean, perennial stems, and generally large, handsome flowers—the so-called Alpine plants—gives a special character to Nature. Almost all the plants form little, flattened, separate tufts; *Pyrola*, *Andromeda*, *Pedicularis*, *Cochlearia*, poppies, crow-foots, and others, are the characteristic genera of this Flora—in which no tree, no shrub flourishes. Leaving this region—which botanists call the region of mosses and saxifrages, or, after one of the founders of geographical botany, *Wahlenberg's* region—we go southwards. And at first we see little low bushes of birches; then more compacted woods, into which the pines and other coniferous trees assemble; and we at last find ourselves in a second great zone of vegetation, which is characterized by the woods consisting almost exclusively of conifers, which thus impress a peculiar character upon the Flora. Firs and pines, Siberian stone-pines and larches, form great, widely-extended masses of forest; by brooks, and on damp soil, occur the willow and the alder. On dry hills grow the reindeer lichen and Iceland moss. In the cranberry, cloudberry, and the currant, Nature gives spontaneously, though sparingly, food; and a rich Flora of variegated flowers serves for the decoration of the zone, which stretches, in Scandinavia, to the already-mentioned northern limit of the cultivation of wheat; but in Russia and Asia, almost to Kasan and Yakutzk. We will call it the zone of the conifers. Even in the neighborhood of Drontheim, the culture of fruits begins, though sparingly; soon appears the sturdy oak, called, with rather too much poetic license, 'the German;' in Schoonen, Zealand, Schleswick, and Holstein, flourish the first woods of beech. In about the latitude of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, another tree joins company, which in its bold, picturesque mode of branching, takes its stand beside the oak—which, in the beauty of its foliage, as well as the utility of its fruit, it far surpasses—namely, the noble chestnut.

"The Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Caucasus form the southern limit of the zone; in the more eastern portion of which the lime and elm contribute so abundantly to the composition of the forests, that the former even withstands the devastation which the Esthonians make, in the manufacture of their shoes from its base. In the hop, the ivy, and clematis, we find here the first representatives of the tropical climbers. The smiling green of the meadows alternates with the gloomy sha-

dows of the forest; and Man has taken possession of the earth, restraining the wild vegetation to that absolutely needful for wood and hay, and rich crops reward his industry. We leave this zone of the deciduous woods, to scale the rocky barrier of the Alps, with which a wise Providence has confined the German on the South, which he too inquisitively scaled, to fetch from the sensual and corrupted South infinite misery, and a chronic sickness, wasting his people for centuries.

"Here suddenly appear quite different plants; with the great woods of trees, the coriaceous shining leaves of which last through the mild winter, and round the mighty stems of which climb the vine and flame-colored bignonias, unite the similar bushes of myrtle, tinus, arbutus, and pistachio. Here and there the dwarf palm is met with. Labiate plants and crucifers, and fair-flowered rock-roses, replace in summer the spring Flora of scented hyacinth and narcissus; but rarely, even in the most favored spots, is the eye dazzled by the brilliancy of evergreen leaves, or the glaring play of color of the naked, jagged, mountain chains, gladdened by the mild radiance of verdant meadows.

"In recompense, mankind has, in this zone of evergreen woods, seized upon the fruit of the *Hesperides*. It is

'The land where the citrons blow,
Through the dark-green leaves the gold oranges glow.'

But onward, ever onward, strives the insatiable son of Iapetus; no legend of African deserts, no death-news of the many adventurous travellers who have gone forth to seek the source of the Niger, frighten him back. On the west coast of Africa, in the Canary Isles, is, indeed, no longer found the gigantic dog, from which, as Pliny told, the islands derived their name; but Flora gives for booty richest treasure, which she, by aid of the tropical sun, has succeeded in extracting from the soil, moistened by the vapors of the ocean. Round sycamores twine mighty *Bissus* stems; capers and *Bauhineas* interlace in the thickets of balsamic shrubs; the slender date palm soars aloft, and the baobab grows up into gigantic masses of wood.

"The wondrous Cactus-like forms of the leafless spurges, distinguished by their poisonous or pleasant-flavored sweet milk, as the case may be, betray a peculiar formative power in nature; and the dragon-tree in the garden of Crotava, in Teneriffe, a gigantic arborescent lily plant, recounts to the musing listener the traditions of thousands of years.

"Six zones of vegetation have we thus passed through in which the continually-increasing temperature of the climate called forth ever a different—ever a more luxuriant vegetation; and we conclude our wanderings, after a short rest under the five-thousand-year-old *Dracænas*, by climbing the Pic of Teyde. Man has taken possession of the soil of the plain at its foot, and dislodged the original vegetation. Through vineyards and maize-fields we ascend, till the shades of the evergreen

bay-laurel surround us. Trees of the lace-bark tribe and similar plants succeed. We wander for a time through a zone of evergreen forest trees. At a height of 4,000 feet we lose the plants which had so far accompanied us. A very small number of peculiar plants mark a quickly-traversed zone of deciduous trees, and we come among the resinous trunks of the Canary-pines. A zone of conifers shields us from the sun's rays up to a height of 6,000 feet, then the vegetation suddenly becomes low—from humble bushes it passes into a Flora which bears all the characters of the Alpine plants, till finally the naked rock sets a limit to all organic life, and no snow and ice bedeck the summit of the mountain, only because its height of 12,236 feet does not, in a position so near the tropics, extend up to the region of eternal snow. Counting by the limits of vegetation, we have re-surveyed, in a few hours' climb, the wide way from Spitzbergen to the Canaries, an extent of more than fifty degrees of latitude."—*The Plant*, p. 243.

As, under the head of the geographical distribution of plants, we must confine our attention to a few only of the more striking groups, we will, in the first place, make a few observations upon the highly-curious Orchidaceæ, so remarkable, as Dr. Lindley well observes, "for the unusual figure of their irregular flowers, which sometimes represent an insect, sometimes a helmet with the visor up." These beautiful flowers "are rich in every shade or variety of color; in their habits airy and fantastic, but always elegant, replete with the richest and strongest aromatic perfumes, or emitting the most refreshing and delicate odors, portraying in the extraordinary formation of their flowers the entire scope of animated nature—beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles; nor has the human species even escaped their mimic caricatures." Any one who has the opportunity, may verify the above observations by visiting the orchideous houses at Kew, where numbers of these highly-curious plants may generally be seen in flower; or, wanting that opportunity, let him turn over the plates of Mr. Bateman's magnificent work on the Orchidaceæ of Mexico, or the equally splendid work* just published by the Messrs. Reeve. This last-named volume presents, indeed, the advantage over those which are confined to the plants of any particular region, since in its spirited illustrations are represented a hundred of the more curious and striking forms of orchids, from various parts of the world;

and in the exquisite illustrations to this beautiful book full justice has been rendered, so far, at least, as it can be rendered upon paper, to the oddly-formed and often brilliantly-colored flowers of this curious and interesting tribe of plants. The geographical range of the Orchidaceæ is very extensive, since they occur in nearly all parts of the world, "except upon the verge of the frozen zone, and in climates remarkable for dryness." Groves, marshes, and meadows are their favorite haunts in Europe, Asia, North America, and at the Cape of Good Hope; and of these, the terrestrial species, our own islands furnish about forty interesting examples, some of which, as the curious bee, fly, and late spider Orchises (*Ophrys apifera*, *muscifera*, and *arachnites*), the pretty dwarf dark-winged *Orchis ustulata*, the sweet musk-scented *Herminium Monorchis*, the droll man-Orchis (*Aceras anthropophora*), and several others, select for their habitats dry calcareous pastures and woody spots; others, as the minute marsh-Orchis (*Malaxis paludosa*), the coral-root (*Corallorhiza innata*), and the broad-leaved Orchis (*Orchis latifolia*), prefer wet spongy bogs and marshy localities; while others, again, as the green-winged Orchis (*Orchis Morio*), grow in meadows. All these depend upon the soil for their food; or if, as in a few apparent cases, some of the orchideous denizens of temperate climes depend upon organized matter for their support, they are not so entirely independent of the soil as the splendid epiphytal species of the tropical forests, where, as Lindley well observes, "the orchidaceous plants flourish in the greatest variety and profusion, no longer seeking their nutriment from the soil, but clinging to the trunks and limbs of trees, to stones and bare rocks, where they vegetate among ferns and other shade-loving plants in countless thousands;" and there "they often constitute the chief beauty of the forest, occupying the forked branches of living trees, or the prostrate trunks of fallen timber, over which, in company with ferns and parasitical Aroideæ, they climb and trail in every direction, until they adorn the one with bright hues and rich odors foreign to their nature, and render the others more beautiful in death, than in the full vigor of health."

We thus, in the same natural order, have two groups of plants flourishing with equal luxuriance under two opposite conditions; the one, fixed in the soil by their roots, and deriving the chief portion if not the whole of their food from the ground in which they

* "A Century of Orchidaceous Plants, selected from Curtis's Botanical Magazine." London: Reeve, Benham and Reeve, King William street, Strand. 1849.

grow, in the same manner as other terrestrial plants; the other, using a block of wood or a stone merely as a support or holdfast, over which extend their aerial roots without penetrating, and having no other source of nutriment than the damp heated atmosphere which constantly surrounds them, and from which the plants are supplied with food by the action of their aerial roots, which, in these cases, perform the twofold office of clasping and feeders; the two groups, by constitutional modifications of the simple tissues entering into their structure, being admirably adapted for occupying the position assigned to them among the works of creation.

Other examples of this power of adaptation to external circumstances, may be observed in the Algæ or sea-weed class, which are plants of a rather low organization, as before mentioned; and among these may also be seen, to a great extent, the influence of climate, depth of water, and other external influences in controlling their geographical range. Even on our own shores something of this kind may be witnessed. In a clever little book by Dr. Harvey, the profound Algologist, recently published by Mr. Van Voorst,* the author thus addresses himself to his readers, who are presumed to be occasional visitors to the sea-shore:

"I shall now take a rapid survey of the vegetation which characterizes what is termed the *litoral zone*, or that belt of rock or shingle which extends from high-water to low-water mark. Within this space a large proportion of the sea-weeds of our latitude is produced; and the remainder, with the exception of a few stragglers that extend into deeper water, occur within the limit of two, or, at most, four fathoms, beyond the lowest water of spring-tides.

"Sea-weeds are usually classed by botanists in three great groups, each of which contains several families, which are again divided into genera; and these, in their turn, are composed of one or many species. The number of species as yet detected on the British coasts is about 370, and they are grouped into 105 genera. I cannot, in this place, enter into the niceties of classification to which botanists resort in working out the history of these plants, but must confine myself to the general features of the great groups, and their

* "The Sea-Side Book; being an introduction to the Natural History of the British Coasts." No one should visit the sea-side without a copy of this little volume; which will be found an admirable expositor of the nature and habits of the birds, shells, sea-weeds, land-plants, zoophytes, and other objects of natural history, commonly met with upon our coasts. Our extracts are necessarily taken from the botanical portion of the book, but the other departments are treated in an equally pleasing style.

distribution. Taken in the order in which they present themselves to us on the shore, and limiting each by its most obvious character, that of color, we may observe, that the group of green sea-weeds (*Chlorospermea*) abound near high-water mark, and in shallow tide-pools within the tidal limit; that the olive-colored (*Melanospermea*) cover all exposed rocks, feebly commencing at the margin of high water, and increasing in luxuriance with increasing depth, through the whole belt of exposed rock; but that the majority of them cease to grow soon after they reach a depth which is never laid bare to the influence of the atmosphere; and that the red sea-weeds (*Rhodospiræa*) gradually increase in numbers, and in purity of color, as they recede from high-water mark, or grow in places where they enjoy a perfect shade, or nearly total absence of light, and are never exposed to the air, or subjected to a violent change of temperature."—*The Sea-side Book*, p. 56.

In reference to the general distribution of these three great series of sea-weeds, Dr. Harvey, in the Introduction to his "Manual of British Algæ,"* observes that the *olive* series "increases as we approach the tropics, where it reaches its maximum of *species*, though perhaps not of individuals;" that the *red* series "chiefly abounds in the temperate zones, being most luxuriant in form and rich in species from the 55th to the 45th degree, and that it rapidly diminishes towards the equator after it has passed the 35th;" while the *green* series "forms the majority of the vegetation of the Polar seas, is particularly abundant (*Confervæ*) in the colder temperate zone, and in its lowest forms (*Ulva*) equally distributed through all." Some of the plants comprised in this series especially show the power of adaptation exercised even by these humble forms of vegetation; and this is illustrated by one species more particularly, to which Dr. Harvey calls the attention of his readers in the following extract:

"Vegetation, at least with its most obvious features, ceases in the south at a much lower parallel than in the Arctic regions, and the shores of the Antarctic lands appear to be perfectly barren, producing not even an *Ulva*. But the fact of the great adaptability of plants of this family to different climates, is beautifully illustrated by the last land plant collected by the acute naturalist attached to our Antarctic expedition. The last plant that struggles with perpetual winter was gathered at Cockburn Island, 64° S. (a latitude no greater than that of Archangel, where the vine is said to ripen in the open air,) and this proved to be an *Ulva* (*U. crispa*), identical with a small species which may often be seen in this

* Van Voorst, 1842.

country on old thatch, or on damp walls and rocks, forming extensive patches of small green leaves."—*The Sea-side Book*, p. 59.

Another species belonging to this green series—*Codium tomentosum*—is equally widely distributed, since it abounds on the shores of the Atlantic, from the north of Europe to the Cape of Good Hope; appears to be equally common in the Pacific, extending along the whole western coast of the American continent; and is also found in the Indian Sea, and on the shores of Australia and New Zealand. It must be borne in mind that these plants have no root, properly so called; that is, the organ by which they are attached to the rocks on which they grow, performs none of the absorbing functions proper to the roots of flowering plants; its chief, if not its sole office, appearing to be that of fixing the plant, the whole surface of which is endowed with the faculty of absorption. So that where the marine Algæ, as is frequently the case, become detached from their moorings and float about in the water, they do not perish so long as they are submerged. The "gulf-weed," for example, which from its great abundance, in the form of patches or fields of vast extent, has always attracted the notice of voyagers across the Atlantic, is an Alga, bearing the name of Sargassum, (the *Sargasso* of the Spaniards.) That this plant continues to grow and flourish while floating freely in the ocean, unattached to rock or shore by anything in the form of root, must be obvious to all who have examined it; since the limit between the old and young portions of the plant are clearly defined.

Some of the marine Algæ attain to a vast size, as will be seen in the following extract from the second edition of Harvey's "Manual," now in the press:*

"The plants of this family are almost all of large size, and many of them gigantic, greatly exceeding in bulk any other marine vegetables. The *Our-weeds* and *Tangle* of our own coasts have frequently stems six or eight feet long, and fronds expanding from their summits to as great a length; and the sea-thong (*Chorda*) often measures forty feet in length. But these dimensions are small compared with their kindred on the

shores of the Pacific Ocean. The *Nereocystis*, a plant of this family inhabiting the north-western shores of America, has a stem no thicker than a whipcord, but upwards of three hundred feet in length, bearing at its apex a huge vesicle, six or seven feet long, shaped like a barrel, and crowned with a tuft of upwards of fifty forked leaves, each from thirty to forty feet in length. The vesicle, being filled with air, buoys up this immense frond, which lies stretched along the surface of the sea; here the sea-otter has his favorite lair, resting himself upon the vesicle, or hiding among the leaves while he pursues his fishing. The chord-like stem which anchors this floating tree must be of considerable strength; and, accordingly, we find it used as a fishing-line by the natives of the coast. But great as is the length of this sea-weed, it is exceeded by the *Macrocystis*, though the leaves and air-vessels of that plant are of small dimensions. In the *Nereocystis* the stem is unbranched; in *Macrocystis* it branches as it approaches the surface, and afterwards divides by repeated forkings, each division bearing a leaf, until there results a floating mass of foliage some hundreds of square yards in superficial extent. It is said that the stem of this plant is sometimes 1,500 feet in length. These are the most lengthy of the family; there are others whose fronds would weigh more. The *Lessonia*, which inhabit the deeper parts of the Laminarian zone in the latitude of Cape Horn, and along the shores of Chili, have branching trunks of considerable diameter and length, each branch crowned with bunches of long ribbon-like leaves, and the whole plant resembling a submarine arborescent alga of large size. The *Ecklonia*, a noble genus with pinnated fronds, may be compared to submarine palm-trees. The best known species, *E. buccinalis*, the trumpet-weed of South Africa, has a stem often more than twenty feet long, two inches in diameter at the base, where it is solid, gradually widening upwards and becoming hollow, and crowned with a fan-shaped cluster of leaves, each twelve feet long or more. The stem of this plant, when dried, is often used in the colony as a siphon; and by the native herdsmen formed into a trumpet, for collecting the cattle at evening."—*Harvey's British Alga*, 2nd Edition, p. 27.

All the species of British Algæ will be beautifully illustrated by Dr. Harvey in his elaborate work, "*Phycologia Britannica*;" two volumes of which are now completed, and the third is in progress. It will contain a figure and description of every known British species; the figures are exquisitely drawn on the stone by the author himself, and accurately colored; the characters and descriptions are also correctly and clearly given. This work should be in the library of every botanist; and, even as ornamental volumes, they would by no means be out of place upon the drawing-room table, since the brilliant colors and delicate forms of by

* This second edition of the "Manual" will be found an admirable introductory or companion volume to the same author's "*Phycologia Britannica*," hereafter spoken of. It will contain a great number of plates, wherein the genera of British marine Algæ are beautifully figured from original drawings by the author.

far the greater number of the *Algæ* render their pictorial representations, even as works of art, especially when executed in the style of those in Dr. Harvey's book, exceedingly ornamental, and must command the admiration of all, whether naturalists or not.

Leaving now the ocean and its vegetation, we will for a while accompany an active and enterprising naturalist to a part of the world hitherto comparatively little botanically explored. In less than eighteen months Dr. J. D. Hooker has reached the Himalayan range from Calcutta, explored several of its recesses, discovered a number of new plants, sent drawings and descriptions to England, where his father, Sir W. J. Hooker, as editor, and the Messrs. Reeve, as publishers, have made known the first result of the doctor's botanical mission, in a series of magnificent folio plates of ten new species of *Rhododendron*, native to the neighborhood of Darjeeling, in Sikkim-Himalayah mountains; a locality with much justice described by the author, at least, if we may judge from the noble plants here so splendidly figured, as the head-quarters of the genus in the Old World. From the following extracts, our readers will be able to form some idea of the magnificence of the scenery amid which the species depicted were collected.

"The mountain Sinchul, upon a spur of which, looking north, Darjeeling stands, attains an elevation of 9,000 feet, and to the west of it, next Nepal, rises another conspicuous mountain, Tonglo, reaching a height of 10,000 feet. Due north of Darjeeling, at a distance of only sixty miles, the horizon is bounded by the great snowy range, having for its principal feature the peak of Kinchin-junga, which has lately been ascertained to be 28,172 feet in elevation, the loftiest mountain yet known in the world. Dr. Hooker thus describes his first impressions of this scene—'Much as I had heard and read of the magnificence and beauty of Himalayan scenery, my highest expectations have been surpassed! I arrived at Darjeeling on a rainy, misty day, which did not allow me to see ten yards in any direction, much less to descry the Snowy Range, distant sixty miles, in a straight line. Early next morning I caught my first view, and I literally held my breath in awe and admiration. Six or seven successive ranges of forest-clad mountains, as high as that whereon I stood, (8,000 feet,) intervened between me and a dazzling white pile of snow-clad mountains, among which the giant peak of Kinchin-junga rose 20,000 feet above the lofty point from which I gazed! Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, the snow appeared to my fancy but a few miles off, and the loftiest mountain at only a day's journey. The heavenward outline was projected against a pale-blue sky; while little detached patches of mist clung here and there

to the highest peaks, and were tinged golden yellow, or rosy red, by the rising sun, which touched these elevated points long ere it reached the lower position I occupied.

"Such is the aspect of the Himalaya range at early morning. As the sun's rays dart into the many valleys which lie between the snowy mountains and Darjeeling, the stagnant air contained in the low recesses becomes quickly heated; heavy masses of vapor—dense, white, and keenly defined, arise from the hollows, meet over the crests of the hills, cling to the forests on their summits, enlarge, unite, and ascend rapidly to the rarefied regions above—a phenomenon so suddenly developed that the consequent withdrawal from the spectator's gaze of the stupendous scenery beyond looks like the work of magic. Such is the region of the Indian *Rhododendrona*."—*Preface*, p. 5.

The particular locality of this grand region, where several of the species were met with, is thus more particularly described:

"It was on the ascent of Tonglo, a mountain on the Nepalese frontier, that I beheld the *Rhododendrons* in all their magnificence and luxuriance. At 7,000 feet, where the woods were still dense and sub-tropical, mingling with ferns, *Pothos*, peppers, and figs, the ground was strewed with the large lily-like flowers of *Rhododendron Dalhousiæ*,* dropping from the epiphytall plants on the enormous oaks overhead, and mixed with the egg-like flowers of a new *Magnoliaceæ* tree, which fall before expanding, and diffuse a powerful aromatic odor, more strong, but far less sweet, than that of the *Rhododendron*. So conspicuous were these two blossoms, that my rude guide called out—'Here are lilies and eggs, sir, growing out of the ground!' No bad comparison. Passing the region of tree-ferns, walnut and chesnut, yet still in that of the alder, birch, large-leaved oak, (whose leaves are often eighteen inches long,) we enter that of the broad-spathed *Arum*, (which raises a crested head like that of the *Cobra de Capel*,) the *Kadsura*, *Stauntonia*, *Convallaria*, and many *Rosacææ*. The paths are here much steeper, carried along narrow ridges or over broken masses of rock, which are scaled

* Two plates are devoted to the illustration of this fine plant; the first represents the entire shrub, which has a very straggling habit, is from six to eight feet high, and always grows upon the trunks of other trees, especially oaks and magnolias. The author calls it *parasitical*; but it is more probably merely an epiphyte, using the trunk as a support, without deriving any nutriment from it. The second plate represents a branch of this tree, with a head of its noble flowers, each of which is about "3½ or 4 inches long, and as broad at the mouth; campanulate, white, with an occasional tinge of rose; in size and color, and general shape, almost resembling that of the white Bourbon lily, (*Lilium candidum*), and very fragrant." This and the other species will be splendid additions to our gardens and shrubberies.

by the aid of interwoven roots of trees. On these rocks grow Hymenophylla, a few Orchideæ, Begonia, Cyrtandacrea, Aroideæ of curious forms; the anomalous genus Streptolirion of Edgeworth, and various Cryptogamia; and the Rhododendron arboreum is first met with, its branches often loaded with pendulous mosses and lichens, especially Usnea and Borrera. Along the flat ridges, towards the top, the yew appears, with scattered trees of Rhododendron argenteum, succeeded by R. Campbelliæ. At the very summit, the majority of the wood consists of this last species, amongst which, and next in abundance, occurs the R. barbatum, with here and there, especially on the eastern slopes, R. Falconeri. Mixed with these are Pyri, Pruni, maples, barberries, and Azaleas, Olea, Ilex, Limonia, Hydrangea, several Caprifoliaceæ, Gaultheria, and Andromeda; the apple and the rose are most abundant. Stauntonia, with its glorious racemes of purple flowers, creeps over all; so do Kadsura and Ochna; whilst a currant, with erect racemes, grows epiphytally on Rhododendron and on Pyrus.

"The habits of the Rhododendrons differ considerably, and, confined as I was to one favorable spot by a deluge of rain, I had ample time to observe four of them. R. Campbelliæ, the only one in full flower early in May, is the most prevalent, the ropes of my tent spanning an area between three of them. Some were a mass of scarlet blossom, displaying a sylvan scene of the most gorgeous description. Mr. Nightingale's Rhododendron-groves,* I thought, may surpass these in form and luxuriance of foliage, or in outline of individual specimens; but for splendor of color those of the Himalaya can only be compared with the Butea frondosa of the plains. Many of their trunks spread from the centre thirty or forty feet every way, and together form a hemispherical mass, often forty yards across, and from twenty to fifty feet in height! The stems and branches of these aged trees, gnarled and rugged, the bark dark colored, and clothed with spongy moss, often bend down and touch the ground; the foliage is, moreover, scanty, dark green, and far from graceful; so that, notwithstanding the gorgeous coloring of the blossoms, the trees, when out of flower, like the fuchsias of Cape Horn, are the gloomy denizens of a most gloomy region."—p. 13.

But we must leave this elevated region, with its gorgeous floral decorations, and, under the guidance of Dr. Harvey, again re-

* "At Embley, near Romsey, Hants, the seat of William Edward Nightingale, Esq., whose beautiful grounds boast of drives through what may really be called woods or groves of Rhododendrons, many of them self-sown." Miss Nightingale has supplied an interesting account of these fine trees, which were chiefly planted about thirty years ago; one of them is 150 feet in circumference and 20 feet high; several are 97 and 98 feet in circumference. These admeasurements of course refer to the general spread of the branches, not to the stems, one of which is, however, 25 feet high and 19 inches in circumference.

turn to the more humble, though not less interesting nor less beautiful, denizens of our own shores; which amply corroborate the statement that every district has a Flora of its own. Gladly would we cull, in his company, the plants of the salt-marsh, the muddy shore, or the chalky cliff—the curious horned poppy (*Glaucium luteum*) with its fugacious yellow petals, the blue-tinted sea-eringo, (*Eryngium maritimum*), the stocks, and asters, and "sea-lavender that lacks perfume," and the pretty little creeping pink-flowered *Glaux maritima*, and the purple arenarias—all which abound in such localities; though we must for the present confine our researches to the bleak, barren-looking sand-downs: but barren as they look, they sometimes yield to the industrious and keen-eyed botanist a far richer harvest than many a more promising locality; as our own well-stored vasculum has often testified. But our guide awaits us—and we accompany him.

"Sand-downs, where the herbage is close and thick," says Dr. Harvey, "have often a very gay Flora, composed of a great number of plants. The surface is generally carpeted with white clover, mixed with mosses, chiefly of the genus *Tortula*, and small, fine-leaved grasses, especially *Nardus stricta*, and some of the more wiry-leaved *Festucæ*, with here and there the characteristic sand-reed (*Ammophila arundinacea*.) Such is the composition of the green sward which forms the groundwork of the piece. This is gaily ornamented with a profusion of the bright pink stars of centaury, (*Erythraea*), several kinds of which are distinguished. These are diminutive gentians, with all the bitterness of foliage and brightness of flower peculiar to that family of plants. Among them may sometimes be seen their more ambitious brother the *Chlora*, with his golden eight-lobed crown; but this is rarely found except where there is limestone or chalk in the soil. Next we are attracted by different varieties of wild pansies (*Viola tricolor* and *V. lutea*), some of them blue, others yellow, and others a mixture of these colors with creamy white. Then eye-bright, which, though diminutive, often indeed dwindled down to a pair or two of leaves and a pair of flowers, is still worthy both of its English name and the more sounding Greek *Euphrasia*. Milkwort (*Polygala*), of three colors, white, blue, or red, abounds on such ground; as does also the singularly elegant *Asperula cynanchica*, whose hair-like stems, with narrow leaves in distant whorls, support a branching tuft of white or pink tubular, four-cleft flowers. This graceful little plant is of the same family as the madder (*Rubia*), and the ladies' bedstraw, (*Galium*), and is still more closely connected with a greater favorite than either, the woodruff (*Asperula odorata*.) Several small species of clover (*Trifolium*), some of them rare, are scattered about. One of the prettiest of these,

though not rare, is *T. arvense*, or hare's-foot clover, a species with erect wiry stems, narrow leaves, and long cylindrical heads of flowers, clothed with soft silky hairs. These may be collected for the winter nosegay, the silky heads retaining their form and much of their color in drying. Several wild geraniums and stork's-bills (*Erodium*) abound—the long, finely-cut leaves of the latter being more beautiful than the comparatively insignificant flowers. The more bare patches of sand are frequently diversified with scattered tufts of a half-shrubby spurge, (*Euphorbia Paralias*), one or two feet high, with erect stems, clothed with closely-set, oblong, somewhat fleshy leaves, and bearing an umbel of greenish-yellow flowers. Like all the spurges, it contains abundance of an acrid milky juice, which flows when any part of the stem or leaf is wounded. Most of the spurges grow in similarly dry ground, in various parts of the world, and perhaps nowhere are they found of larger size, or of stranger forms, than in the burning sands of Africa. There the smooth stem, clothed with thin leaves, which marks our British kinds, is exchanged for a succulent stem, often destitute of leaves altogether; or having those organs converted into spines, or into lumpy bodies. The stem of some is columnar, rising into trees twenty to forty feet high, and bearing great naked branches, like arms of gigantic candelabra; that of others is globose, or melon-shaped, armed with spiny ribs and furrows; and others again have a multitude of snake-like stems issuing from the expanded crown of their roots. In others the root itself forms the reservoir, being as large as a turnip or a beet; while an annual vegetation of soft leaves and flower-stalks is all that rises above the surface of the ground. All these varieties of habit are obviously designed to enable these plants to endure the climate and soil for which they are destined. Nourishment in some is stored up in the leaves, in others in the stem; and in others in the root, that they may have something to feed upon through the burning days and dewless nights of an African summer. Other plants contend with the difficulties of their situation by other means. Thus, one of the most beautiful of our native sand-hill plants, *Convolvulus soldanella*, sends creeping stems under the surface of the sand in all directions, and these emit from the joints, or nodes, bundles of finely-divided hair-like roots, that penetrate the loose soil, and ramifying as they go along, are constantly forming mouths ready to suck up every drop of water that penetrates the sand. Besides this provision of abundant roots, its leaves, though less fleshy than in some plants, are so in some degree, and retain in their tissues moisture even in seasons of drought. Along the sandy shores of other countries, and throughout the tropics, are found species of *Convolvulus* related to our *C. soldanella*, and these support existence by means of a similar system of creeping underground stems and fibrous roots. But with the soil the habit is varied; thus, in the arid plains of Persia, where probably a stiffer soil may prevent the spreading of underground stems, there are species of *Convolvulus* forming thorny

shrubs, not unlike our furze-bushes. It is singular to see such rigid and dry-looking sticks, yielding, in their season, flowers of the same structure and delicacy as the beautiful bind-weed of our hedges."—*Sea-side Book*, p. 211.

There is one plant, an especial favorite with us, a denizen of these sand-dawns, which Dr. Harvey has omitted to mention. Long before we had the pleasure of seeing it growing, we had formed acquaintance with the great sharp sea-rush (*Juncus acutus*) in the pages of that delightful contribution to local botany, the Rev. G. E. Smith's "Catalogue of the Plants of South Kent." Well do we remember the delight of first seeing the tall tufts of the plant rising in solitary grandeur upon the barren sands; as well as the punishment inflicted by this, "the noblest of British species of the genus, and the most terrible," upon the unwary hand with which, unmindful of Mr. Smith's kindly warning, we hastily attempted to rob the plant of its well-guarded treasures—the large and highly-polished chesnut-colored capsules! But leaving these reminiscences, which, however, afford to the naturalist some of his greatest pleasures, we once more, and for the last time, accompany Dr. Harvey to the sea-side.

"Grassy pastures near the sea are sometimes well stored with small bulbous plants, which dot them over with flowers, bright in their brief season. Early in spring, the vernal scull (*Scilla verna*), and late in autumn the autumnal (*Scilla autumnalis*), open their fairy stars of blue, on tiny scapes, an inch or two in height. These are common to many of our coasts. Another minute bulb, (*Trichonema Columnæ*), the smallest British species of the Iris family, occurs in one or two places on the south coast of England, where it finds, perhaps, its most northern locality. It belongs to a genus whose species gradually increase in number, and in gay clothing, as you approach the sun, and which has its maximum at the Cape of Good Hope, where many sorts, with rich purple, golden, or milk-white flowers of large size, spangle the road-sides, or cover the barren ground near the sea with a many-colored sheet. Several of the smaller Orchidæ are found in similar places, especially *Orchis Morio*, whose dark purple flowers are among the first heralds of summer, and lady's-tresses (*Spiranthes æstivalis*,*) which scents the grass in the hottest months."—*Ib.* p. 215.

But we must conclude before we have ex-

* This we suspect to be a *lapsus calami*, and that Dr. Harvey intended to write *Spiranthes autumnalis*; since *Sp. æstivalis* is, so far as known, confined, in England at least, to a single locality in the New Forest, Hampshire, far from the sea.

hausted our subject; though that, indeed, were impossible—the subject is inexhaustible. Daily might we add to our knowledge of natural objects, and each day's addition would but open up fresh fields to our investigation. Plants and flowers attract by their loveliness, and charm with their external beauties; but, it is only when we become acquainted with their organization and their habit, that we can fully appreciate their claims to attention. In the words of Mr. Hunt,

"The form and color of a flower may excite

our admiration; but when we come to examine all the phenomena which combine to produce that piece of symmetry and that lovely hue—to learn the physiological arrangement of its structural parts—the chemical actions by which its woody fibre, and its juices are produced—and to investigate those laws by which is regulated the power to throw back the white sunbeam from its surface in colored rays—our admiration passes to the higher feeling of deep astonishment at the perfection of the processes, and of reverence for their great Designer. There are, indeed, 'tongues in trees'; but science alone can interpret their mysterious whispers, and in this consists its Poetry."

L. G.

STATE EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

"THE Americans have drawn a proper distinction between secular and religious instruction, confining the Church to its own duties, and leaving the schools free in the execution of theirs. They have not fallen into the ridiculous error of supposing that education is 'Godless' when it does not embrace theology. Education has both its secular and its religious elements. As men cannot agree as to the latter, let not the former, on which they are agreed, be prevented from expanding, by unnecessarily combining them. * * Suppose that we had schools for teaching arithmetic and mathematics alone, would any sane man charge them with being godless because they confined themselves to the teaching of such simple truths as that two and two make four, and that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles? And what holds good of a branch of secular education holds good of it in its entirety. If mathematics can be taught without theology, so can reading and writing, grammar and geography; in short, every department of secular learning. This is the view which the Americans have generally taken of the subject, and they have shaped their course accordingly. They have left religion to fortify itself exclusively in the heart of man, whilst they have treated sec-

ular education as a matter which essentially concerned the State. Either the church is fit for the performance of its own duties, or it is not. If it is not, it is high time that it were remodelled; if it is, there is no reason why it should call upon the school to undertake a part of its work. The school might, with the same propriety, call upon the church to aid it in the work of secular instruction. They will both best acquit themselves of their responsibilities, when they are confined exclusively to their own spheres. In America they are so, and with the happiest results. The children of all denominations meet peaceably together, to learn the elements of a good ordinary education. Nobody dreams of their being rendered godless by the process. Their parents feel assured that, for their religious education, they can intrust them to the church and the Sunday-school. Who accuses the Americans of being an irreligious people? Nay, rather, who can deny to them, as a people, a pre-eminence in religious fervor and devotion? * * Taking each country as a whole, the religious sentiment is most extensively diffused, and more active in its operations in America than in Great Britain. And this in a country in which religion has been left to itself."—*Mackay*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

THE undiscovered sources of the Nile will ever remain the most extraordinary instance of a geographical problem, which has frequently been on the point of solution only to be removed further off than ever. The inquiry concerning the sources of this beneficent and bounteous stream, to whose inundations whole nations have been from time immemorial indebted for their very being, dates from ante-historical times. The philosophers of Meroe, who first established the relation in point of time between the heliac rising of the dog-star and the inundation of their sacred river, also undertook observations to determine the site of its sources. The same inquiry became an object with the greatest monarchs. It is said that Sesostrius preferred the honor of such a discovery almost to all the victories he obtained. But whether by this much-abused name Amun-mai Rameses II., or Shishank of Bubastis is meant, is not made clear. When Alexander the Great arrived at the temple of Jupiter Ammon he made inquiries concerning the fountains of the Nile, even before he asked about his own descent from Jupiter. The priests are said to have given him directions for finding them, and the Macedonian employed natives of Ethiopia to make the search, but in vain. Ptolemy Philadelphus succeeded Alexander in his attempts to discover the source of the Nile; but he likewise proving unsuccessful, the task was next undertaken by Ptolemy Evergetes, the most powerful of the Greek princes who sat on the throne of Egypt. Cæsar had the same curiosity with other conquerors to visit the springs of the Nile, although his situation did not allow him to make any attempt for that purpose. Nero, however, was more active. He sent two centurions into Ethiopia, with orders to explore the unknown fountains of this river; but they returned without having accomplished their errand. They reported that, after having gone a long way, they came to immense lakes, of which nobody knew the end, nor could they ever hope to find it. Bruce denounced this report as a fiction, as

the Blue River, which he considered to be the Nile, forms no lakes throughout its course, excepting that of Tzana or Dembea, the limits of which are easily perceived. But we now know that the White Nile presents for a distance which comprises several degrees of latitude nothing but a continuation of inland lakes with islands, and so many tortuous streams as to lead to a confusion that may well have baffled early travellers. It is most probable, then, that Nero's expedition ascended the White Nile to a certain distance. But the attempts of the ancients met with the same uniform want of success, till *Caput Nili quærere* became a proverbial manner of denoting the impracticability of an undertaking; and the mystery was even made to assume a mythological character:

The frightened Nile ran off, and underground
Concealed his head, nor can it yet be found.

Ovid, ii., 296.

The first who in more modern times made an attempt to discover the sources of the Nile was a monk sent into Abyssinia, in the year 522, by Nonnosus, ambassador from the Emperor Justin. This monk is called Cosmas the Hermit, and likewise Indoplaustes, from his supposed travels into India. He, however, followed the course of the Tacazza, or north-westerly tributary to the Nile, and was thus led to Axum. Next was Peter Pæz, also a missionary, of whose travels an account is given by Kircher. There is much reason to believe that Pæz anticipated Bruce. That he may have written Sabala for Sacala, or have imperfectly described the exact number and size of the fountains, is of minor importance compared with the great facts established by him, and corroborated by Bruce, that these fountains are situated on the highest part of a valley, which resembles a great plain on every side surrounded by high mountains, in the west part of Gojam, and in the territory of the Agows. This, however, relates to the sources of the Blue River.

It is now ascertained beyond doubt that the most distant tributary to the Nile is the White River; and whatever doubts we may entertain, and which we shall soon enter upon at greater length, as to the detailed results of the expeditions undertaken by the Pasha, Mohammed Ali, still the great leading facts remain unimpeachable; a giant river forming a succession of inland lakes lying in the heart of Africa—the Mountains of the Moon, which have for so long a time been made to adorn the great space left on maps by the unexplored central regions of the same country, positively swept from the face of the globe—and the long-sought-for sources of the Nile not only carried to beyond the Line, but to a remote distance, which some connect with the basin of that great and little-known lake or inland sea, the Nyassi; others again, with the true Mountains of the Moon, as known to Ptolemy, skirting downwards in a line almost parallel to that of the eastern coast of Africa, to the regions designated as Zanguebar, Mozambique, and Mongas, Mocaranga, Monomotapa, or Monomoézi.

The discovery of a snow-clad mountain in the very regions in question, has lately come to impart a new and additional interest to this view of the subject. This discovery was made by a missionary of the name of Rebmann, who, on the occasion of an expedition into the interior, saw a mountain in the distance, called Kilimandjara by the natives, which had every appearance of being snow-clad. This simple and unpretending fact has, as is usual in the case of geographical discoveries, been violently assailed. Mr. Cooley (in the *Athenæum*, No. 1125) altogether denies the existence of snow on Kilimandjara. This he does upon the grounds that an intelligent native, who had described to him the mountains called Kirimanjara, and which he with much plausibility supposes to be the same, denied positively any knowledge of snowy mountains; and, secondly, because Mr. Rebmann was short-sighted, and he might be mistaken—and *ergo* he *was* mistaken. To a scepticism of this very negative and purely controversial character, and for a proneness to which Mr. Cooley has earned a very unenviable notoriety, it is sufficient, till better evidence is obtained, to oppose the simple statement of a credible eye-witness. But, even supposing that the reverend gentleman was laboring under some mistake, the report of snowy mountains in the district now under review dates from a period long anterior to Dr. Beke's supposed exposition of Ptolemy's

views, or Mr. Rebmann's accidental discovery of a snowy mountain. In the Rev. Father Joano dos Santos's "History of Ethiopia," published in Paris in 1684, we find mention made of the Lupara, or *Spine of the World*, a range of *sha gy* mountains of prodigious height towering to the regions of the clouds; and in the "Great Edinburgh Geographical and Historical Atlas," the same range may be seen under the name of Lupata, or "the Spine of the World," marked down and described as being covered with perpetual snow.

The name given to these mountains by Mr. Rebmann and Mr. Cooley appears to be compounded of that of the great river of the country, called Zambese, and also sometimes Kilimani, or more commonly written Quilimane. It may, therefore, be presumed, that this river, as well as others that flow into the Indian ocean, have their sources on the eastern slope of these mountains, while the Nile has its sources on the western. If, it might pertinently be asked, the Nile does not drain the western slope of the Kilimandjara mountains, what does? The same rivers, it might be answered, and which have their sources beyond the mountains, and flow through them as the Great and Lesser Zab do the Persian Apennines, and the great rivers of the Punjaub do the Himma-leh; but this has not been shown, and the small body of water which the littoral rivers of Eastern Ethiopia carry to the Indian Ocean, would favor the idea of their being solely derived from the eastern slopes of the mountains.

The objects of the late viceroy of Egypt, in sending successive expeditions up the White Nile, do not appear to have been of so pure and praiseworthy a character as those entertained by his regal predecessors, if we are to believe Mr. George Gliddon, late United States' consul at Cairo, in his "Appeal to the Antiquaries of Europe on the Destruction of the Monuments of Egypt." "While mystified Europe rejoices at the prospect thus apparently opening to penetrate to the unknown sources of the Nile, and England congratulates herself upon the opportunity of opening a new trade with the interior of Africa, a new means of connection by the Nile with the Niger expedition (!), his highness the viceroy chuckles at the prospect of sending his unprincipled soldiery to carry all the horrors of combined Arnaoot and Egyptian warfare, and all the atrocities of slave-hunts, amongst *peaceful*, and therefore probably *defenceless*, negroes. Nor does the history of these expeditions far belie Mr. Gliddon's anticipations.

In a scientific point of view, the results of the first expedition, sent in 1839, were ludicrously unsatisfactory. This first expedition was asserted to have reached the third degree of latitude, and hence to have penetrated (according to the result established by the careful comparison of the observations and the map) along a level country by the river, and without noticing any particular elevations, beyond the Mountains of the Moon. "Europe," observes Mr. Gliddon, "upon this was mystified; and the fact seemed unaccountable, till an examination was made in Egypt of the *mode* in which the only scientific man in the expedition—a post-captain of the Egyptian navy, and consequently a navigator and lunarian, sent up 'ad hoc' with this expedition—a Turco-Egyptian educated in England—had made his observations. It was discovered that he had kept a regular dead-reckoning account all the way up the river, heaving the log at stated intervals, and noting the daily run accordingly; but, apart from this original notion of a log in river navigation, as he had made no allowance for the current running from three to five knots against him, he had actually gone on his chart more than double the distance of his diurnal voyage! This at once accounted for his having gone over the Mountains of the Moon without seeing them!"

This was a very unpromising beginning; so the next expedition was accompanied by three Europeans—two French engineers, Messrs. Arnaud and Sabatier; and a Prussian, Ferdinand Werne, whose peculiar qualifications are not made manifest, but who appears, upon comparing his account of the expedition of 1840 and 1841* with those of the two Frenchmen, to have been the most trustworthy of the European travellers present on this great occasion. The distinguished Prussian geographer, Ritter, has warmly espoused his countryman's cause, and has stated that "the discoverer of the source of the White Nile, under the vertical rays of the sun, in Equatorial Inner Africa, will share the same fate as his illustrious predecessor, James Bruce, the discoverer of the sources of the Blue Nile, if many of his statements should be doubted, criticised, and misunderstood." Premising, however, that we do not see aught in the

various accounts published of these expeditions, or in the maps which accompany them, to entitle any of the gentlemen present to the reputation of discoverers of the sources of the White Nile; we must express our hope that, in any observations which we may feel ourselves called upon to make upon the narrative now before us, it will be understood that we have nothing but fair and honorable criticism in view; no mere spirit of controversial scepticism to gratify, no personal emulation to vindicate, no "malicious presumptions or arrogant hypotheses" to defend; and we may further be justified in hoping, that in the simple search for truth we shall not doubt without reason, or misunderstand with *malice présumée*.

M. Werne traces the expedition into Kordofan and Fazogl, and the explorations of the White Nile, to the embarrassments which followed upon the Syrian war. Russegger, who was first of all appointed to work those gold mines, from whence the old Venetian ducats had been obtained, was soon superseded by a less competent person, Boreani, who undertook to bring the much-talked-of mines into operation at a less expense. M. Werne indulges upon this occasion in some sarcastic observations upon Russegger of a most uncalled-for character. Russegger's competency as a man of science is known to every geologist; and we especially dwell at the onset upon the *animus* manifested in this case towards an Austrian, as it militates, to a certain extent, also against the validity of the incessant aspersions which the author heaps upon the Frenchman. The difficulty is to separate the just from the unjust. Together with this bold journey to Fazogl, Abu Dagn, (father of the beard,) as Mohammed Ali was familiarly designated, decided upon a navigation of the Bahr al Abiad, or White Stream, with the same golden object. The scientific conduct of this first expedition was entrusted to the frigate-captain Ahmed (the Swiss Baumgärtner); but this poor fellow dying at Khartum, he was succeeded by the frigate-captain Selim. This first expedition, instead of reaching the latitude of 3 deg. 35 min., as reported by its commander, according to the results obtained by the latter expedition only got as far as the country of the Elliabs, in 6 deg. 35 min.!

The second expedition was resolved upon in 1840. The equipment consisted of four dahabiyahs, (vessels with two masts and cabins,) each with two cannon, from Cairo; three dahabiyahs from Khartum, one of which had also two guns; two kaiases,

* Expedition to discover the Sources of the White Nile, in the Years 1840–41. By Ferdinand Werne. From the German, by Charles William O'Reilly. 2 vols. Richard Bentley.

(ships of burden with one mast,) and a sandal or skiff for communication. The crews were composed of two hundred and fifty soldiers (Negroes, Egyptians, and Syrians) and one hundred and twenty sailors and mariners from Alexandria, Nubia, and the land of Sudan. Suliman Kashef, a Circassian, was appointed to the chief command; Selim-Capitan of Crete, to the naval and scientific command. Feizulla, Effendi, from Constantinople, was second captain. The other officers were two Kurds, a Russian, an Albanian, and a Persian; the Europeans were Arnaud and Sabatier, as engineers; Thibaut, as collector; and the author, who at least had the advantage of being an independent passenger travelling at his own expense.

Such was the motley band that assembled in November, 1840, at Khartum, the capital of Beled Sudan, or "the land of the Blacks," and at the junction of the White and Blue Rivers. It is called Khartum (point of land) from this position; has a mixed population of 30,000 souls; and lies, according to Duke Paul Wurtemberg, under the 15th deg. 41st min. 25th sec. north latitude. On the 23d of the above-mentioned month, the line of vessels unwound itself into a curve from the shore of the Blue River, and sailed amid the sound of cannons, drums and pipes, into the White River. The Bahr Asrek, or Blue River, is called at the junction the Bahr el Nil; and if the natives are asked wherefore so distinguished, the answer is, because it has beautiful and good water.

Entering the White Nile, the waters were found to extend majestically, forming an elliptic bay, towards Senaar. To the west lay the desert of Bajuda, with the village of Omdurman in front; to the east, Al Jezirah, or the peninsula of Senaar, corresponding in part to the ancient island of Meroe. Joy and pleasure reigned on board the vessels at starting; the fresh air had a beneficent effect upon all; and, besides, continual motion and variety are the principal conditions in the South, on which good humor and pleasant feelings have to depend for their sustenance. The prospect of attaining their aim—viz., of seeking and finding the sources of the Nile, even beyond the equator—appeared, however, to our author, at the onset, to be doubtful, from the composition and constitution of the expedition. The vessels, he says, were to follow one another in two lines, one led by Suliman Kashef, the other led by Selim-Capitan; but already, when sailing into the White Nile, this order was

no longer thought of. Every one sailed as well as he could, and there was no trace to be discovered of nautical skill, unity of movement, or of an energetic direction of the whole.

These gloomy impressions did not, however, last long; the scene around was too picturesque, too peculiar, too exciting. On the left, the flat extended land of Senaar was clothed with copse-wood and trees, and on its flooded borders arose strong and vigorous mimosas out of the water, high above the low bushes that covered the earth below. The left shore was similarly wooded; but beyond the belt of green the bare stony desert showed itself, extending upwards in profound and silent tranquillity. The expedition started, it is to be noticed, at the period of flood; and the aspect of the bed of the river, its numerous lakes and branches, cannot be received as representing the usual condition of the river, but that which it assumes at the period of flood and inundation. The Jibal Auri on the Senaar side, and the Mander hills on the west, presented the first high ground met with. In this, the lower part of the White Nile, the river was partly dammed up by downs, behind which was low ground covered with verdure; while upon the downs themselves were occasional groups of tokuls, or huts of native Arabs, who live chiefly by hunting deer and hippopotami. These, when pursued, take refuge in impenetrable thickets of thorns and creepers, or into sloughs and swamps of equally difficult access. These swamps are described as being covered with luxuriant aquatic plants. From the above-mentioned downs also expanses of water might be seen at times, stretching far over the land, out of which the tops of the taller trees peeped forth like verdant islands; and beyond these inundations still older dams were visible, no longer disturbed by water. The chief Arabs of this region were the Baghara or cow herdsman, (from baghr, a cow,) and the Kabbalish, (collective for many kabyles,) a widely-spread nomade race, possessing large droves of camels and horses.

On the 20th of November, M. Werne describes the French engineers as setting about their calculations with a great air of importance. "I hear," he adds, "with astonishment, that the calculations made hitherto by these gentlemen are said to agree to a hair's breadth with those made by Selim-Capitan in the preceding year. Strange! But I don't believe in such an exact coincidence." We have already heard (see ante, vol. i. p. 83)

that Arnaud's windows were covered with curtains; that he did not venture out of doors, but contented himself with *merely now and then* looking at the box compass, although the vessel turned at every moment, and went first upon the right and then upon the left shore. The following is equally ominous: "Selim-Capitan laughed when he yesterday instructed Arnaud in handling the instruments. Thibaut remarked this as well as myself; and it perfectly corresponds with the expressions of Sabatier, who calls his colleague an ignoramus, because he abandons to him the calculations he does not know how to make himself." Take one half of this as true, and it is evident that nothing really satisfactory can be derived from the results obtained by the French engineers. We must consider ourselves happy, from these and from other sources of error we shall have occasion to point out, if the results obtained are within a few degrees of the truth. There is nothing even to satisfy the reader as to the great correction of minor errors that would lie with Selim-Capitan, since he could use instruments. A rudely educated mariner, he might be practically acquainted with the use of the sextant at sea, and yet not on land. Did he use an artificial horizon? and if so, did he use it on board his dahabiya? After the first few days' journey up the White Nile, the country was not safe enough to allow the expeditionists to land often; and under such circumstances it would have been not only satisfactory to know how the altitudes of sun or stars were obtained, but absolutely essential to the reception of the whole mass of geological results obtained.

The channel of the river began to swarm with islands through the country of the Hassaniyah. Luckily their presence was indicated by trees. The stream, however, was still majestic, and bordered by green osiers; the islands were often grouped very picturesquely, and sometimes appeared to bar the river, and dam it into a lake. El Aes, a village which they came to on the 29th, belonged to a city of the same name lying in the interior, and which was one of the chief places of the Hassaniyahs. At this point the expedition had reached the boundaries of the Turkish dominions, or what Werne designates "the intricate and organized Turco-Egyptian system of plunder." White-grey long-tailed apes began to abound in the woods; crocodiles were numerous, and hippopotami not uncommon. The Hassaniyahs drive a brisk trade in kurbashes made of the

hide of the latter. Guinea-fowls, also, provided the expedition with roast dainties. In these regions, also, doghen—a kind of corn commonly used in Kordofan—the well-known Oriental vegetable, bamiyah, (*Hibiscus esculantus*), and malochiyah, a kind of spinach, grew wild in abundance. Birds and fish abounded, as did also river oysters, (*Ampulla tubulosa*), and other shell-fish. Grass extended over the water, and high reed-grass filled the space between the trees; while the double white lotus glistened forth magnificently from a floating world of flowers. This was certainly a region favored by nature, whatever it might be to man.

On the first of December, the summit of Mount Njemati seemed to promise, from the distance, something more magnificent than the hills that had hitherto appeared in the horizon; but the bed of the river continued to be as much obstructed by islands as ever. This was now the country of the Dinka negroes, who were to be seen occasionally at a distance, jumping in the air, whilst they raised one arm, and struck their shields with their spears, in token of defiance. Long swampy islands prevented their villages being seen. On this and the next day's journeys, sailing towards the south in an unmeasurable tract of water, the blue lotus disappeared. A sailor, who had plunged into the water, was seized by a crocodile.

On the 3rd, the first tamarind trees appeared on going south; and the various shades of light and dark green of these beautiful trees, with their luxuriant foliage, are described as causing an agreeable sensation. The fruit is the first and last support of the Ethiopian. The immeasurable expanse of water, and innumerable islands, began either to weary or puzzle the expedition by this time; and we have the annexed observation: "It is sufficiently clear to me, that it is almost impossible to make an accurate map from a single voyage: this seems to have struck, also, the very learned Arnaud, for he is always consulting Selim-Capitan. Sabatier is ill, and the task, therefore, devolves on Arnaud, not only of observing the course of the river, but also the direction, beginning, and ending of the islands, &c.—and all this with the windows hung with curtains!"

The country the expedition was now entering upon, between N. lat. 10 and 11 deg., was, up to 9 deg. N. lat., tenanted by the Dinkas on the east and the Shilluks on the west. The islands had ceased to be wooded a little beyond the 12th degree; the first

doum-palms appeared about 11 deg. N. lat. Near about the same parallel, a few hills—Girabal-Esch on the one side, and Jibal Defafanugh, supposed to be of volcanic origin, on the other—stood alone, like the mountains Taka—islands, as it were, in an extensive desert marsh and water-basin. The natives did not show themselves, but Suliman Kashef having spied out some sheep, almost the whole expedition turned out to seize them, whilst shots were fired in the air to frighten the owners. This was a singular but common method of provisioning the expedition. Imagine the first navigators of the Euphrates or Indus making a descent upon the first herds of cattle that presented themselves! yet they had just as much right to do so as the Turks had to rob these inoffensive negroes. But it will be seen that, throughout, the last expedition made to discover the sources of the Nile was a continued scene of robbery, devastation, and violence. The expedition sailed onwards as through a blooming park. "High doum-palms, with small heads, rise over dark tamarinds, which shine like gold; whilst between are magnificent masses of creepers, and bowers of flowers on a green grass ground, the blooming lotus shining through them." The harmless inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise came forth occasionally to look at the Turks, "neither as enemies nor as friends." The perfection of this paradise is, however, in no slight degree militated against by persevering gnats, small and angry wasps, and large camel flies. In some parts of the river, and at certain seasons and periods, the gnats or mosquitoes were so formidable as to render life a burden. Our traveller was neither able to eat, drink, nor sleep for them. His body was covered with sores; his head, hands, and face swollen; his whole system in a state of extreme irritation and fever, and his sufferings constant and almost without alloy.

As they proceeded up the river with a favorable wind, the number of villages of Shilluks began to increase, till the author describes the population as immense. This must be owing to the great facilities for procuring food. Both Dinkas and Shilluks alike live upon wild dates and tamarinds, and the fruit of the geillid; wild corn; the seeds of various high grasses, called "children of grass;" wild rice; wild bamies, which grow in immense tracts; ommos, a sweet fruit with a pod; and the lotus, which covers equally immense expanses of water. But they have also cattle, sheep and goats, guinea fowl, and other birds and fish, and they do not despise

the flesh of the crocodile or of the hippopotamus. But for the gnats, the want of salt (and for which they have a very repulsive substitute,) and the inroads of the Turks, the vast population of the Shilluks and Dinkas appear to have a happy life of it on the best part of the White Nile. "There is certainly no river in the world," says M. Werne, "the shores of which are, for so great a distance, so uninterruptedly covered with habitations for human beings." These isolated and little-known people have, it appears, neither camels nor horses, which are not fitted for their marshy soil. When they take a horse or camel from the Turks they do not kill it, but put out its eyes, as a punishment for having brought the enemy into their country.

In this country, the river, including marshes under water, attained the extraordinary width of three hours (nine miles at least). On the banks were continuous villages, interspersed with forests of tamarinds, inhabited by an incredible number of birds; and beyond, the treeless, immeasurable Nile meadows. In one hour they counted seventeen large and small villages. A little beyond the tenth degree of north latitude, the white lotus disappeared and leeches became abundant. On the 7th of December an attempt was made to entice the sultan or bando of the Shilluks, who is said to rule over a population of 2,000,000 of souls, on board; but the negro-king was too wise to trust himself in the hands of Turks. As they proceeded onwards and neared the tropics, baobab-trees adorned the villages, and the aspiring slender dhelleb-palm protruded with the doum-palms over the mimosas. Six ostriches were seen on the 7th of December walking on the banks of the river; and the numerous crocodiles showed no alarm at the rustling of the vessel through the water. The same evening the expedition came to the mouth of a river flowing from Habesh or Abyssinia, five hundred paces broad, six fathoms deep, and two miles in rapidity, whilst the main stream had only half-a-mile current. The river was called Sobat, or Nahr el Makada, and it disembogues itself under 9 deg. 11 min. N. lat. At this point the Nuehrs succeed to the Dinkas to the east. The Shilluks are in a similar manner succeeded by the Jengahs, a short way further up on the west shore, near where the White Nile is joined by the Kibo or Njin-Njin, a little river flowing from the west.

High grasses and bog shrubs began now (about N. lat. 9 deg. 4 min.) to supersede

wood; and with this change the gnats also came in such abundance as to drive the half-naked sailors nearly mad. The tokuls of the Jengahs and Nuehrs are no longer so carefully built as those of their neighbors, the Dinkas and Shilluks. Giraffes are now abundant. Numerous marsh birds begin to show themselves; and for the first time the *Papyrus antiquorum*, supposed by some to have become extinct on the Nile, and to exist only at the fountain of Cyane, near Syracuse, rose out of the morass to a great height, with large corollas similar to a tuft of reeds, with here and there long bare stalks.

On the 16th of December, the expedition sailed slowly into the great lake wherein the Gazelle river (Bahr el Gazal) disembogues itself. Grasses impeded its mouth, which was not explored. The expedition of the preceding year had also been unable to enter it, owing to the reeds. M. Werne says, however, that he could distinguish plainly from the elevated poop that it emptied itself by two arms into the lake. The lake itself was from eighteen to twenty sea miles square. The latitude, according to Selim-Capitan, was 9 deg. 16 min. north, and 28 deg. 55 sec. east longitude. It is remarkable that this great central tract of country, which lies south of, and, as it were, at the head of the four rivers which disembogue themselves so near to one another, is occupied by an isolated mountain district, called Morre, and said to be inhabited by a brave and warlike pagan negro race.

An important geographical problem attaches itself to this so-called Gazelle River. Some have supposed that it flows from Lake Tchad; but this supposition, supported on the one hand by the evidence of natives who have professed to come by water from Lake Tchad to Egypt, is on the other hand contradicted by the comparative levels. The elevation of Lake Tchad, according to the barometric observations of Denham and Clapperton, does not appear to exceed 1000 feet—M. Jomard says 920 French feet;* whereas the Nile is already at Khartum 1431 feet above the level of the sea, and may be supposed to be at the junction of the Gazelle River 2000 feet above the sea, and cannot, therefore, receive waters from Lake Tchad at an inferior level. M. Werne rather adds to than diminishes the interest of the question, when he tells us that the river is said to flow from the country of the Magrabis, or

Berbers. This is scarcely credible; but wherever it flows from, it is the most distant westerly source of the Nile; and its sources most probably arise from the same watershed which in an opposite direction supply tributaries to the Niger and the Cameroons rivers. This would, therefore, be the most feasible line at which to cross Central Africa.

In this great inland lake, hippopotami especially abounded. These unwieldy animals were continually emerging from the water, and bellowing on all sides. Dead fish, real monsters in size, were seen floating about. Small snakes abounded, and would drive against the vessel, although thrust at with poles. In the marshes serpents were seen equal in bulk to a moderate tree. Among the reeds were many ant-hills, and these fierce insects obliged the expedition to anchor in the middle of this great inland watery expanse. Beyond this lake the river is described as partaking somewhat of the character of a canal hemmed in by a border of high reeds, which were soon superseded by luxuriant long grass, amid which flowered the ambak tree; and the gigantic rush (*Papyrus*) showed itself here and there like little pine-forests. Gnats and locusts abounded; millions of glow-worms fluttered around; and the exhalations from the marshes were oppressive. The 13th of December, twenty-five sheep were captured at a village which had been devastated, and the sheikh shot down by the first expedition. The river for the next few days continued to wind so much, that M. Werne observes—"We ought to have the log continually in our hands, with these eternal windings of the river, as the vessel, more or less, sails according to the ever-varying stream, and with the very same winds." We have here, it is manifest, a rich element for error in laying down the amount of ground gone over. Wearied by nights rendered sleepless by the gnats, even M. Werne, whom we would suppose, from his criticism upon others, rather than from any detailed evidence of the fact, to have been more on the alert to avoid causes of error, acknowledges himself to have fallen asleep at times, merely directing the men to wake him when the river took another direction! On one occasion we observe that two miles only were accomplished during one night's navigation.

The 17th of December, they had still on the right shore the dhelleb palms of the 16th. On the 18th, the same palms which previously stood south of them retreated to the left shore, and at length in the evening were

* *De la Pente du Nil Blanc, &c.* Bulletin de la Société de Géographie.

brought within gunshot. On the 19th, M. Werne relates, "We bend immediately to the west, and I see before me, to my astonishment, the sixteen palms again standing on the left towards the east!" How often may the same devious navigation have been pursued, with no tell-tale group of palms to warn of the fact! It is evident from M. Werne's astonishment, that his bearings had not intimated to him the fact of the extreme windings of the river. What greater confidence can we therefore place in his map than in that of the French engineers?

On the same day, the 19th of December, not a family but a small army of elephants were seen moving slowly here and there under the trees, apparently for the purpose of tasting the dhellé fruit. At this period of the navigation M. Werne remarks, "We have already passed the limits wherein the Mountains of the Moon have been placed. If we find the river having here a breadth of 500 paces, and a depth from three to four fathoms, we continue to ask this question, From whence does this enormous mass of water come?"

In about N. lat. 6 deg. 30 min. according to Werne's map, but in 5 deg. 11 min. according to Selim-Capitan's observations, the country of the Keks was left for that of the Bandurials, a negro tribe, who, however, spoke the same language as the Keks. The river was still two or three hundred paces in width, and two-and-a-half fathoms deep, with precipitous shores. But a sailor on the mast had counted eight lakes from noon of the 5th to noon of the 6th of January. The Bandurials were giants in point of stature, varying from six to upwards of seven feet. "We ourselves," says M. Werne, "were like pigmies among these giants." On the 7th of January two men were lost in the reeds, supposed to have been destroyed by wild animals.

The Bohrs, who succeeded to the Bandurials, were even still taller than their predecessors, being seldom under seven feet. These men looked like trees in the distance, and ant-hills served to them as watch-towers. The expedition began now to do a considerable turn of business in bartering beads for ivory and skins of wild beasts. Another negro tribe, called that of the Elliabs, who occupied the western shore, appear to have been in a state of hostility with the Bohrs.

It may be remarked here that gnats had in great part disappeared; crocodiles had left the lakes and taken more to the river, in which were also many snakes. The copse-

wood had taken another form, and a woody region extended far and wide on its banks. Shallows and sand-banks also began to show themselves. M. Werne was taken very ill, and passed several days in total unconsciousness. Suliman Kashef having also fallen sick at the same time, Arnaud was actually accused of having tried to poison the kashef and the Prussian traveller! The hippopotami struck the vessels on different occasions, so as materially to injure them. The country they were now travelling through was that of the Tshierr, who had different shaped tokuls and a different language from the Elliabs. The country also presented, to an unseen extent, a cheerful cultivation of corn, tobacco, white beans, castor-oil plant, purslane, gourds, water-melons, and other useful plants and vegetables. Large ivory tusks were purchased for a few beads. The Tshierr were a very handsome race of men; tall, strongly built, and well fed. They had an open, friendly physiognomy, and great good nature and courtesy in their behavior. The population is described as enormous. "I can scarcely persuade myself," says M. Werne, "that I am in the middle of Africa."

Notwithstanding this excellent character given of the natives, on the 20th of January, owing to a misunderstanding of the most trivial character, twelve or thirteen of them were shot in cold blood, and an unknown number wounded. These men belonged, however, strictly to the Bari tribe, as is noticed afterwards; and between the country of the Bari and that of the Tshierr, as well as throughout the country inhabited by the latter, the river appears to divide itself into numerous branches. In the country of the Bari there were several mountains visible—Nerkongi to the west, and a whole group, to which we shall subsequently come, to the south. On all sides now were plenty of stones and rocks, and a numerous, well-behaved, and friendly population; "the beauty of the country," M. Werne says, "could not be too highly praised." The Bari were among the most civilized negroes met with during the expedition, and they were also as distinguished by their physical development. They were ruled over by an intelligent king called Lakono, with whom the expedition interchanged hospitalities and visits of friendship. The capital of the country was called Belenja, and was situated on a mountain of the same name. To the north by west was Mount Nerkongi; to the west, Mount Konobih; behind it, in the far distance, the mountain chain of Kugelu, lost in misty

heights. This chain of mountains, seen at a distance of twenty hours, M. Werne thinks lies upon the left or west side of the river.

King Lakono's palace consisted of several straw tokuls lying together, encompassed as usual with a seriba. He had forty wives. The king was surrounded by giant negroes, well armed; the very appearance of whom, M. Werne says, sent a thrill of horror through the veins of Frenchmen and Turks. It is evident that, from the moment that the expedition found itself travelling amidst a nation more powerful than themselves, and from whom, instead of being able to carry on predatory and tyrannical sway, they had every reason to expect successful resistance, the desire to return became the prominent feeling and the tacit intention of the greater number. King Lakono's dress was said to come from Berri, a negro country to the eastward; and M. Werne remarks, that, although Bari was a central point of negro cultivation, that is to say, surpassed any the expedition had met with, Berri and other succeeding countries may be superior to the kingdom of Bari. It appears, that previous to the interview with the king, the expedition had received a very intelligible warning that they were to remain on the right shore, at the original landing-place, because the king would not allow them to move any further. The king is described as having an imposing figure, with a regular countenance, marked features, and somewhat of a Roman nose.

On the 25th of January the expedition sailed up the river, notwithstanding the king's injunctions to the contrary; but the vessels found numerous obstructions, the channel being 500 paces in width, and full of shallows. Nineteen mountains were counted from the mast-head, without reckoning small ones. The same evening rocks showed themselves for the first time in the bed of the river. "Three large and several small ones form an ominous cross-line for our voyage. At five we halt at an island near these rocks." This was the furthest southerly point reached by the expedition, and it was, according to the "calculations" of the French engineers, in 4 deg. 40 min. N. lat., and 41 deg. 42 min. E. long. from Paris; but, according to Selim-Capitan, in 4 deg. 35 min. N. lat., and 30 deg. E. long., (only eleven degrees, or upwards of 400 miles difference in longitude!)

King Lakono and the great men of Bari again visited the expedition whilst they remained at this island, called by the natives

Tshanker. They learned from them that it required a month, the signification of which was interpreted by thirty days, to get to the country of Anjan towards the south, where the Tubirih, as they called the White Nile, separates into four shallow arms, and the water only reaches up to the ankles. There were further said to be very high mountains in the same region, in comparison with which those now before them were as nothing at all. This at once puts the question of the discovery of the sources of the White Nile by this expedition out of the pale of controversy. They never, by their own acknowledgment, approached them within thirty days' journey. King Lakono did not, M. Werne says, understand rightly the question, whether *snow* was lying on these mountains. He answered, however, "*No*." "Now when I consider the thing more closely," he adds, "it is a great question to me whether he and his interpreter have a word for snow; for though the Arabic word *telki* is known perhaps in the whole land of Sudan, yet *snow* itself is unknown.

The territory of Mon-Moezi is somewhat arbitrarily placed in the maps between 15 and 20 degrees of southern latitude. Now from north latitude 4 deg. 40 min., or 4 deg. 50 min., at ten geographic miles a-day, the traveller would not get much beyond the tropics in thirty days; at twenty miles a-day, he would only reach 5 deg. 30 or 40 min. south latitude; and even at thirty miles a day, (which is altogether out of the question in a straight line,) he would only reach 10 deg. 30 or 40 min. south latitude. It appears, therefore, that the sources of the White Nile remain to be discovered in the mountainous regions of Zanguebar, most probably in a continuation of the Lupara or Lupata of the middle ages, and of the Kili-mandjara before noticed, and that in a position northward of Mono-Moezi, and of the great inland sea of Nyassi or Marave. It appears also that there are several head tributaries to the White Nile; which lends additional interest to this great unexplored tract of central Africa, situated immediately south of the equator, and tending towards the east. There are reasons thus to expect an extensive upland or mountainous country, a better climate than might otherwise be expected, and lands not improbably at once fertile, cultivated, and more or less densely populated. There is nothing but the outer range of the great mountain-barrier—"the spine of the world"—to be crossed, to reach these untried and interesting districts. The

timidity or the jealousy which stopped Dr. Biallobotsky at the threshold of an enterprise which had been undertaken with the very view to solve this important geographical problem, (although probably undertaken in a too southerly latitude,) is deeply to be deplored. It has thrown back the progress of geographical inquiry possibly a quarter of a century, and has drawn upon itself the animadversion of all lovers of enterprise. There are few discoveries to be made without some risk or some danger. That risk must be very glaring that could authorize a consular officer to deny support to an expedition sanctioned by the Prince Consort. As to the opposition of the missionaries, it was no more than was to be expected: it is a common feature of human nature—whether missionary or geographic—not to like to be anticipated in a new field of research or discovery.

But while thirty days' journey, it may be observed, might carry the traveller to the division of the White Nile, forty might not reach its sources. At the island of Tshanker, the most southerly point attained by the Turk expedition, the stream was upwards of 300 yards in width from the island to the right shore; and there were two other arms. The waters were at this period of the year falling, and the vessels could only by taking out all their freight pass the only defile that remained in the rugged gneiss rocks. Had the expedition arrived twenty days previously, M. Werne says, "neither would all these rocks have been an obstacle, nor would they have been a pretext for not proceeding further."

The expedition ultimately started on its return, under salute of a shower of stones from the negroes. No wonder, when they had killed eleven of their countrymen—were perpetually cheating or plundering them—and had assumed in their intercourse with them the air of masters and lords of the soil. It certainly is unfortunate for future travellers that they should have been preceded by a Turkish expedition. The ways of Providence are, however, not always to be easily ascertained; and the results of this imperfect and half-civilized exploratory expedition are still of the highest interest and importance. Although the sources of the White Nile have not been discovered, it has been positively determined that they are situated far more to the south than was ever imagined by the boldest theorist—that they come from a great mountainous land wholly unknown and unexplored—that they water lands densely populated and abounding in the

gifts of nature, both in the animal and vegetable worlds, and rich in objects of commerce—and that the waters of the Nile do not flow through these inland regions in the shape of a narrow continuous stream, but expand into lagoons and lakes, and are thus made to become a reservoir for inundating a lower country, and, at the same time, to fertilize an immense tract of country under an almost tropical sun.

"If," says M. Werne, "we consider this enigmatical stream territory, we ask ourselves whether the White River, of and by itself, with such a weight of water, can maintain these lagoons under an African sun? Were the Nile one stream, it must flow off faster; for the rains have already ceased here and previously—indeed, under the Equator itself. How could the Nile, which still shows its peculiar disposable mass of water, in its main-stream supply, quite alone, that enormous mass of water—and even to the present time maintain under water these immense reedy lakes—unless other tributary streams, the mouths of which stagnate, owing to the level nature of the ground and the counter-pressure of the main-stream, supplied a nourishment great beyond belief to this, with which it equally rises and falls? For the whole mass of water in *complexu* must suffer an incredible diminution during such a long tract, in its slow ebbing under a burning sun, or this Bahr el Abiad must have real giant springs in its source."

We do not think that it is in the least degree necessary to have recourse to those vague notions of tributary streams with stagnated mouths, or giant springs, to account for the phenomena in question. In the first place, the springs themselves are probably more distant than is imagined; and being derived, as before reported, from four different quarters, they may be far more productive than has hitherto been supposed. But a still more important fact to be kept in mind is, that this great hydrographical system is in part produced where it is met with. At the rainy season, according to the blacks, the rain falls in these regions in indescribable streams, and a single drop (to use an Arabic comparison) is as thick as a musket-ball. Subsequently to these violent showers, innumerable shallow lakes may be found in many places swelling up, and at last pouring their water into the Nile. "The character," says M. Werne, (vol. i. p. 249,) "of an emptied lake basin is expressed in the whole stream territory."

An hypothesis before set up—that of making the White Nile spring from lakes—would be thus partially confirmed, but the theory could not be extended to the united Nile, for both rivers increase and fall at the same time. The two arms of the Nile, the White and Blue Rivers, begin to ascend nearly simultaneously on the 2nd or 3rd of May; and it is scarcely possible that even one drop of these first rains in the high land, which the thirsty soil, moreover, immediately absorbs, and which are swallowed up by a course in a long valley-land, should reach Khartum in so short a time. The regions lying lower, and equally subject to the tropical rains, would appear, then, to be the first cause of the swellings of the White River. "If we should not," M. Werne justly observes, "take the nearer district of the tropical rains as an explanation of the simultaneous swelling of both arms of the Nile near Khartum, we could not explain this phenomenon, for the mountain waters of the White stream must, though with a far slower course, make three times as long a way as the Blue Nile, in just the same time." "It would almost seem," he remarks elsewhere, "that the river is accumulated in a cauldron-shaped valley, the declivities of which encroach with long arms on the African world, and from which the discharge, after the periodical rains, would be also only periodical."

"A steam-boat," M. Werne remarks elsewhere, (vol. i. p. 187,) "here might surmount many difficulties, and give us the necessary corrections for a map, which cannot be effected by sailing with a constant wind, owing to the often diametrically opposite windings, and the endless difficult calculations. "The greatest difficulty," he proceeds to remark, "would be the establishment and protection of coal-magazines; and with regard to applying charcoal to this purpose, although the White Nile in its lower course has forests enough, yet not so on its middle and upper part; and even if the requisite wood should be found, much time must be lost in felling and preparing it for charcoal." This last objection is founded on mistake: the steam-boats which first navigated the Euphrates were for a considerable time worked by green wood, cut on the banks of the river. In a pamphlet on river navigation in India, by Mr. John Bourne, noticed lately in the City Article of the

Times, a plan is developed for adapting a new kind of vessel to shallow and shifting waters. Upon this plan, which is of a composite boat—consisting, in fact, of several vessels connected by one deck, and which admit of a wide distribution of tonnage—it appears that 250 tons of cargo or fuel might be carried upon *twelve inches' draught of water, with a speed of fifteen miles an hour*; a peculiar construction of wheels being also resorted to, with the view of assisting the vessel in running over shoals. For the building and fitting of a boat of this kind, with engines of 350 horse-power, an estimate, it is said, has been sent in at £35,000, by Messrs. James Watt and Co., who feel no difficulty in undertaking it, and who believe that, in anticipating a speed of fifteen miles an hour, they have left an ample margin for all contingencies.

It is obvious that, with such boats, all the great rivers of the world might be opened to scientific exploration, and to commercial and friendly intercourse. Mr. Bourne anticipates that not only might the distance between Calcutta and Allahabad, which now takes on the average twenty-two days, be reduced to three-and-a-half days, but that the entire distance to Delhi might be accomplished in from six to seven days. The navigation of the Indus might, by the same means, be extended to the five rivers of the Punjaub; and, with the newly-opened navigation of the Euphrates and Tigris, would once more restore to Great Britain the commerce in the East which has lately been absorbed by Russia. The interior of China would be laid open by its main arteries. The mail could be taken up the Euphrates in about five days, travelling only by daylight. The unhealthy portion of the Niger could be passed over in the briefest possible space of time, and its more healthy interior opened to commerce and civilization. The Nile also, it now appears, opens to the missionary, to the merchant, and to the man of science, the central regions of Africa—regions hitherto marked in the map as mountainous or desert, but in reality well peopled and fertile. For such great objects, M. Werne justly remarks, "Europeans alone are fitted, for," he adds, in true Teutonic simplicity, "they have ideas of humanity, and subjection to the will of One."

From the British Quarterly Review.

LETTERS.—CHESTERFIELD, JUNIUS, COWPER.

1. *The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield ; including numerous letters now first published from the original manuscripts.* Edited, with Notes, by LORD MAHON. Bentley.
2. *Junius ; including Letters by the same writer under other signatures. With a preliminary Essay, Notes, &c.* Printed by G. Woodfall.
3. *Cowper's Letters.* Edited by SOUTHEY. Baldwin and Craddock.

THE majority of men say, with Horace, that Fame consists in being pointed at with the finger. Some, however, who have failed to get this mark, maintain that it consists in the praise of the wise "standards of opinion;"—while others, who have not been either pointed at by the many or applauded by the few, insist that it can only be awarded by posterity. A very small minority, with a courage that does them honor, declare that there is no such thing as true fame in this world at all.

The finger-pointing fame is mostly conferred without much reflection, and withdrawn without any scruple. The object of it is seldom worthy, and cannot keep it. The public pump is got to work, and the water comes, but the vessel receiving it being a sieve, the liquid slips away. That fame which is conferred by the wise, or "standards of opinion," can of course only fall permanently to the greatest minds. No others can stand test, or bear the winnowing; and even if they could, the "standards" of to-morrow always have it in their power to reverse the verdict of the standards of to-day. The people who appeal to posterity do so only as a refuge. They would otherwise be open to the ridicule of having labored in vain—of having run, and lost. But their satisfaction is false. They care no more for posterity than you do. They have not lived and acted only to obtain praise which they can never hear; they rather solace their pride by imputing to blindness what they are ashamed to allow they should impute to merited contempt. For the courageous minority—we cannot deal with it at present. It denies the existence of real fame in this

world-altogether; we must therefore mention it in quite another place.

These are the chief sorts of fame; and each exhibits it as very scarce and very fickle. The be-sung, be-flattered, and be-sought (but never be-guiled) goddess, even when won, seems to watch to slip away. Like the heart of Miss Pardoe's slave, she is a fetterless thing. Like the trained negro who was sold, under disguises in all the States, (having a happy knack of slipping the collar, and rejoining his seller before his buyer could turn him to account,) she appears ever to be on the outlook to take flight. She should not be represented with a trumpet, therefore, but with a staff. She should be painted with the loins girt, and the wings spread, to show constant readiness to fly—to intimate, moreover, that her hunters need not only swiftness to obtain her, but their utmost vigilance to hold her when she has been caught.

The finger-pointing fame has as many shapes as Proteus. Like the ancient kings in battle, she has many doubles; but, like the Banquo of the feast, most of these are false. They wear the seeming of reality, but are as insubstantial as the wind. A man believes that they are as solid as they seem to be, and rushes in pursuit—he grapples with them, he looks into them, and finds that, like the crater of Vesuvius, there is little besides vacuity. Chief in this ghostly army is political fame. It is a swift game, and for a long time baffles the keenest hunter, but at last he seizes it and makes it his. It voices out his name until he thinks the farthest age must hear; it echoes and re-echoes his praises; it trumpets him along the way: and

then, when his soul is swelling in him, and he hugs himself with the assurance that he will be "forever known," it suddenly dissolves under his touch, and leaves him—all the voices cease, the trumpets die away, and he falls headlong, never to be pointed at again. Political fame is like a brilliant firework, that blazes wildly for a little, and then suddenly expires, leaving but a dim smoulder, which ere long fades out into the darkness.

In 1714 the celebrated, or notorious, Lord Bolingbroke was ousted from the Secretaryship of State, and Addison the Spectator stepped into his shoes. Queen Anne died. The hasty regency party proclaimed George I., and Addison stepped out of the shoes, which were given to General Stanhope, whose kinsman, Philip Dormer Stanhope, afterwards Earl of Chesterfield, was at Cambridge. George, on ascending the throne, declared for the Whigs, and the Tories, who had been in power since Sacheverel's time, kicked the beam. In 1715 Walpole impeached Lord Bolingbroke, who fled the country. The late leader was outlawed, lived some years in France, and acquired French notions of belief. When the storm passed, he returned to England, had his outlawry reversed, made much noise, and won much applause and censure; on the whole deserving Dr. Croly's summary for his fame now: that "He gave from youth to age the unhappy example of genius rendered useless, rank degraded, and opportunities thrown away. Gifted with powers which might have raised or sustained the fortunes of empire, his youth was distinguished only by systematic vice, his manhood by unprincipled ambition, and his age by callous infidelity."

In the same 1715 young Mr. Stanhope made his first speech in the House against Ormond, who was likewise impeached of high treason. This done, he immediately took a pleasure trip to Paris by advice—for he was under age, and the opposition threatened to expose him if he voted. During his stay here he is thought to have been of much service to Lord Stair, in discovering the Jacobins' plot—but be that as it may, the Chevalier de St. George's friends were induced to make the first attempt—we know with what disastrous results to every one but the dastard for whom they made it. Stanhope returned to England, and though his rising was for some time delayed, in consequence of a dispute between his Majesty and the Prince of Wales, whose side he took, his kinsman had his eye on him, and showed desire to push him on.

With the South-Sea swindle we have now no more to do than to note, that in consequence of the excitement caused in England by its failure, the Stuart made another throw for the sceptre, but was himself thrown. The king was just at that time very popular, and Stanhope spoke in favor of augmenting the army; a declaration of attachment for which he was made a captain in the Guards. In 1725, however, he refused the order of the Bath, then revived, and ere long was dismissed from his post. This might have been serious for him, had not both his king and his father died in the year following. He became Earl of Chesterfield. He left the Lower House with the Walpoles and Pulteneys, and other stars, shining there, and joined company with Wharton, Argyle, Carteret, Queensbury, and the other great men of the Upper one—whose names are the stumbling-blocks in Pope's verses, and whom we anathematize when asterisks and patent pot-hooks call us down from the poetry, to prosy memoranda of their lives.

George II., on acceding to power, retained his father's favorites, much to the chagrin of those who championed him when Prince of Wales. But Chesterfield was not quite forgotten. He was sent ambassador to Holland in 1728, and in consequence of his tact in that position, won the king's praise when he was, a little after, travelling on the Continent. This induced Townshend to attempt to turn out Newcastle, then Secretary, and put in the Earl, which, however, he was not able to do, and Chesterfield, who had accompanied George to London, returned to Holland, after having been gartered at the king's charges. It was about this time that the Commons objected to public reports of hon. members' speeches. We hope to be pardoned for sometimes almost wishing that it objected now.

We need say little of the next years. The tragic seaman who kept his ear in his pocket, for exhibition when the time came to rouse up the Lion to revenge it, has told his story about Spanish wrongs, and got satisfied—at least we hope so. The French intrigues, too, and the Danish and Dutch, are over, now. The things intrigued about were rarely worth half the noise they made; and the landmarks so curiously set in those days, by battles and treaties, have been mostly washed away by the tides of later wars. Suffice it for us that Chesterfield, in 1731, gained much honor in getting the Vienna treaty signed. In 1732 he returned to England, and distinguished himself by op-

position to Sir Robert Walpole. In 1734 he found time to marry. In 1737 he made his once celebrated speech against dramatic censorship, proposed by Walpole. Fielding had produced a satire on the ministers, (Pasquin, for which Hogarth drew an illustrated bill,) which the town, as the public was then called, flocked to hear. The example was much followed, till the premier resolved to stop it, which he did in spite of opposition. After this, a quarrel between Walpole and the Prince of Wales, whose side Chesterfield took, brought about an open breach between the factions, and the so called country party was obliged to go—into the country. Bath was chosen as the place of refuge, and Beau Nash (Douglas Jerrold's hero,) becomes visible in the solemnity of history, antickng and fooling for a moment, on the scene.

In 1739, however, the tide showed signs of turning. War was commenced against Spain, and Vernon was sent to Darien. The trans-Pyrenean nation had done our shipping so much damage, and robbed us so infamously in Honduras, that the country would no longer suffer Walpole's patience of insult and shyness of fight. His popularity was sinking—the shadow was melting from his grasp. In 1740, Sandys, the motion-maker, attacked him Anstey-wise. He failed; but in 1742, when a new parliament was convened, and the nation was sick of the war, which had been prosecuted till the Panama business brought it to an anti-climax, the opposition to his longer holding office was so great and general, that he thought it well to retire. Poor Walpole! The once famous statesman found himself, now his career was well-nigh closed, the object of resentment, if not of finger-pointing. He had done his best—and now his life was scarcely safe. Fond of the shows of greatness, he had but little greatness to deserve the shows. But Time has hung the curtains around him, do not let us too roughly rend them back. His premiership is over now—and its cares and its toils, and his life, are over. He is away—his fame, too, is away—one day the morning will break, and we shall be away.

The kaleidoscope once moved, many things shifted together. Pulteney, the "people's friend" of those days, was naturally looked to as Walpole's successor. He was a living dissolving view. His face was said to wear a new expression every day. He was by turns a saint, a savage, and a sage. He was now, like Mulligan in the

ball-room, all hilarity; and now, like Mulligan on the door-step, after supper, in tears. His cry was liberty, and his aim was power. Such an one, invaluable for opposition, could not govern. Such talents are as opposed to those needed by a statesman as abilities for criticism are from those for authorship. He failed, of course, in time of need. He was made Earl of Bath, and so sailed comfortably away—to oblivion.

Of the ensuing parliamentary history and war-work we are too sick to make notes here. Ministers came short, as usual, and speeches were made, and applauded, and forgotten, as usual. There was another Stuart landing, and droves of victims were led to and offered at Saint George's altar, not in Hanover-square. We can, however, recollect or imagine these, and pass to 1745, when Chesterfield, after another successful embassy to Holland, was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. This was the best part of his life. He gave himself to the melioration of that blessed island, which was then, as now, boisterous as the surrounding element. He was liberal, but firm. He would not, like others, hunt the Catholics to please the Protestants. He saw the crow's feet round the Scarlet Lady's eyes; he saw that decay was at work, and he would not help her to fictitious life by the tonic of persecution. Indeed, he early showed his spirit in that matter when an eager Protestant told him that his coachman was a Roman and often went to mass. "Does he?" said the Earl, "then he shall never—drive me there." Yet he did not trust or favor them. Once, when he heard of a projected rising, he took one of their chief men aside, and said, "If your persuasion behave like faithful subjects, I will treat them as such; but if not, I shall be worse to them than Cromwell." This was quite sufficient to prevent any insurrection while he was king's vicar; might we not suppose that if such a course were pursued in our times, such a result would follow? The Irish might have believed in Mumbo-Jumbo, like the Cingalese, or in the Moon, like Chinamen, but Chesterfield would not have stretched out a state arm to molest them, if they kept the peace.

Unfortunately, in 1746, he left this post, and took the seals with Newcastle. His good sense was swamped in other people's nonsense. They made a bad business of it on the whole, and in 1748 he retired. His only other appearance in history as a notable man was in 1751, when he proposed in the Lords, the change of style, as it was

called, from the Julian to the Gregorian year, the latter being used by most European nations. The matter was a good deal debated; but the necessity for some standard of computation being evident, both with a view to history and commerce, it was at last carried. It is most inconvenient to all Russian merchants that the great Autocracy has not sanctioned the change. Here, however, the calendar was put forward eleven days in September; the to-morrow of the 2nd inst. being the 14th.

We skip the next few years as our fathers skipped the eleven days, and now we are in "a time of experiments." All sorts of parties had power. They came like the phantasms on the mirror in the *Henriade*; they stayed a moment, and departed. The Rockingham ministry, which must be recollected as the nurse of our great Burke, reigned a little, and then resigned its places to Grafton. He, in turn, was pushed aside by Pitt; who was displaced ere long by the extraordinary mixture, the ingredients of which were mainly Bedford and Grafton. With *their* followers we luckily shall not at this time have to do.

It was in the second year of the reign of these people—viz., in 1789, that Junius, the most extraordinary writer that perhaps ever addressed a community, burst on the world. This Myth-like being set himself to restore Whig principles and to preach liberty; to reform abuses and watch place-holders; and he applied his lash to all members of the government, up to the king. He evidently brought personal hostility, as well as hatred on public grounds, to the task. His secrecy was impenetrable, and his knowledge on private matters far more extensive, while it was also more correct, than that of our indefatigable correspondent, Joseph Ady. His power over the language, too, was gigantic; and every man whose public or private character had holes in it, lived in terror of this undiscoverable genius, who might, in a moment, turn the lightning of his satire on him and show all those flaws.

We naturally look with curiosity at this "mighty boar of the forest," as Burke called him, when we go back on the trail of our country to the times in which he broke through the "cobwebs of the law," and foiled or trampled down the hunters. And that curiosity is heightened when we see him stalking, uncontrollable, about the stage of history for his own time—and with unparalleled audacity confronting and rebuking his king—especially as he never dropped his

mask and never claimed reward. His shifts and disguises, too, laid bare now; his identity with so many people proved to demonstration; his mysterious knowledge both of government and private matters—all help to swell our interest in him, and we toil through oceans (or marshes) of note-work and folly to get at his splendid tirades against statesmen and individuals, for the daring, fury, and even ferocity of which his letters stand in English literature without a parallel.

But it is not so with his contemporary, Chesterfield. We have no such curiosity awakened for him. We know his life—while we know nothing of the life of Junius. There is no romance, like a gauze curtain, round the Earl, removing him from our immediate inspection, and making him half sublime, because half obscure. He was a perfect gentleman. He lived and adhered to the Proprieties, as firmly as Addison in Cato to the Unities. He was part, like ourselves, of the "common world," which, according to Schiller and Coleridge, or Coleridge alone, "is all too narrow for the stricken heart of love," though, as we think, full enough of broad sympathies for a living heart. We feel that his flesh and blood were like ours. But it is not so with Junius. There is something cold and fiendish about him. He has no humanity—he seems to delight to punish. Chesterfield, we admit, had no genius; while Junius had. The Earl had taste, and tact, and talent; he could admire the beautiful, but we doubt if he had any notion of the sublime. He was thankful that he was not a poet, neither the father of one. He would most probably, if present, have gathered his cloak round him and galloped to the nearest inn—in the thunderstorm when Burns on horseback composed his "Scots wha hae." But if he had no genius, he had not an evil spirit. The great genius of Junius is undeniable, but it is also undeniable that he did not use it, like Brama, to create and cherish, but, like Seeva, to destroy. The sun that might have shone out bright and genial in the midst of heaven, to comfort and make glad, descended basely to the things of earth, and scorched and blasted all it touched.

We will look for a moment at each of them, and then hurry on. It is now too late in the intellectual existence of the world to run a-muck among authors, especially foreign ones—like the offensive Privy Councillor Schlosser. This crabbed body, who speaks of Dr. Johnson as one "who with

the enemies of all toleration and improvement, strove as madly as a monk against all progress," darts for an instant on Lord Chesterfield, and gets rid of his claim to notice by saying, "his morality is that of a highly-polished sharper." Such expedition in the dispatch of his victims may show well in a German executioner, and command German applause; an English mob, however, would cry "shame." He is of course wrong. Chesterfield had many faults, and so, we doubt not, had the immaculate Schlosser, though he throws so many stones; but we like that man best who states what he thinks right, and not the man who only knows to run against what he thinks wrong. Chesterfield had learned the world, and seen its hollowness and falseness; few could teach that learning to his boy, and so he tried to teach it. He might surely have gone farther, and counselled his son rather how to turn and reform the world, than to profit by its depravity. But what has the Privy Councillor to do with this? Had the Earl published any letters himself, the case would have been different. The most wooden-headed of Germans might have then had some excuse—as it is, he has none. Chesterfield did not publish his letters; he never authorized their publication; had he been asked, he probably would have refused permission. It was with him, as with the works of some modern royal authors—a stranger published them. His son's wife, who had never the virtue to declare herself during her husband's life, and probably only did so after his death, on cash accounts, printed them after the old gentleman had left the scene. He was no party to it. He had watched over his son's education with the greatest care. He had supplied him religious tutors, and linguist tutors, tutors *en tous genres*, and with natural anxiety for a clumsy boy, whose masters were defective in the Graces, he had chosen to write him letters upon Men and Manners, which were afterwards dishonorably (we think) published. Why should a foggy foreigner, ignorant most likely of all these facts, run against that father, and style him "sharper?" Even an enemy who might wish that the Earl had written a book, would not have profited by such an one as this. That would be as unjust as to judge the brilliant parliament-man by his parlor sayings, when he is in undress, away from his stilts, and among his children. We sometimes fervently wish that our literary hackneys would spare us their versions of the critic-

labors of our difficult German neighbors. They abound in words, and delight in generalities; but being naturally slow and heavy, they become ridiculous—like dancing elephants, when they make a show of briskness. The following is a passage containing, we think, the essence of Chesterfield's writing:

"It may be objected," he says to his son, "that I am now recommending dissimulation to you. I both own and justify it. It has been long said, *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*: I go still farther, and say, that without some dissimulation no business can be carried on at all. It is *simulation* that is false, mean, and criminal; that is the cunning which Lord Bacon calls crooked or left-handed wisdom, and which is never made of use but by those who have not true wisdom. And the same great man says that dissimulation is only to hide our own cards, whereas simulation is to put on in order to look into other people's. Lord Bolingbroke says that simulation is a stiletto, not only an unjust but an unlawful weapon, whereas dissimulation is a shield, as secrecy is armor, and it is no more possible to preserve secrecy in business without some degree of dissimulation than it is to succeed without secrecy."

If this is sharper's morality, all men of business, and all statesmen too, are sharpeners. *Volto sciolto*; *pensieri stretti* may not be the precept, but it is the practice, of the world, and all who live in it must find the secret of its practice out, or fail in getting on. We do not wish our readers to suppose we recommend dissimulation; but a man who paints the world must paint it as it is, and not as he could wish it to be.

Had Chesterfield issued his letters in the form of a book, he would have excised with a more liberal hand than even the present judicious and talented editor. While, however, it would be most unjust to judge him as an ordinary author, we must be suffered to say of his letters as those of a man, that they are not such as should have been written by a Christian man. It was well and praiseworthy in him to engage professors and teachers for his son, but he should have assisted them himself in the matter of religion. It is no excuse for the heathenism of London that we pay tithes and rates enough to buy instructors for all its inhabitants. It is necessary to give something more than money. Religion is not like cotton, or indigo, or stock, that can be bought, and sold, and transferred. The father should have spoken often of it, with the other things. His letters would not have been of less value in this respect, because of more value in that. But

this, we must remember, was an error of judgment, as regarded his son's education, not of authorship with regard to us. For his own personal religion, we believe it to have been of that genteel sort of which his whole walk and conversation and writing was an example. He never went to a chapel where there was a church, but we do not find him, as the fashion was in his days, openly scoffing at either. There was none of the tomfoolery of atheism about him, though we doubt if there was much belief; neither did he incline to those who, with poor modern Fox, "look to Nature, not the God of Nature," as George Herbert sings it, and who, when they worship, attend the ministry of Dr. Greenfield, in the universal sky-built temple.

On turning to Junius, we come, as said before, to quite a different thing. Chesterfield was always under restraint, though, like our ladies with their chateaines, he gave his chains an air of grace. Junius acknowledged none. He was a literary Arab—his hand against every one. He assailed whom he pleased, and if his victims turned on him, he either silenced them by invective, or when they answered back too sharply (as Horne Tooke did,) took no notice of his defeat, but set on some one else. His look, however, for the most part, like the look of Lorrinite, "had crippling in it." He rarely spared a foe. His object was the ruin of the coalition government, and almost reversing Portia's recommendation to the Bankruptcy Court in Venice, to do a little right, he did great wrong. He had no notion of justice. The opposition was always criminal. He did not know worth if it did not agree with him—in a word, he was a bigot preaching liberty—and a mighty genius degraded to the task-work fitted only for a hack.

The Dukes of Grafton and Bedford were probably talented men. No doubt they merited as much finger-pointing as most statesmen; more than the majority of us, their judges, would deserve, if we were called to fill such seats as they did. But their fame in their own days was little to be wished; they have none now to be envied. What place-holding, or hurrahing through the streets could compensate the Duke of Grafton if he had had his fill of them, when, desiring to be applauded by posterity, he knew that he was handed down by such a pen as this:

"Relinquishing, therefore, all idle views of amendment to your Grace, or of benefit to the

public, let me be permitted to consider your character and conduct merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you, not only from all other ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first principle, or if I may call it the genius, of your life should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary imputation or color of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never have betrayed you into a wise or honorable action.

"The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace (Charles II.) left no distressing examples of virtue even to their legitimate posterity, and you may look back to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality on record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proof of your descent, my Lord, than * * * or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite. Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live, like Charles II., without being an amiable companion, and, for aught I know, may die, as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr."

Or what triumphs in policy could satisfy the Duke of Bedford, when the hand of this fiery pen, outliving them all, could pass him to the eyes of successive generations in such "words that breathe, and thoughts that burn," as these:

"Let us consider you then as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness. Let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified, in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can grey hairs make folly venerable? And is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my Lord! let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that although you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility after you have lost the vigor of the passions.

"Your friends will ask, perhaps, Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? * * * * * Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pur-

sues him. * * * It is in vain to shift the scene. You can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my Lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honor. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now, they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last, and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance."

While there is nothing that can be excused in such writing as this, there is nothing which can be envied (and this is more to our present purpose) in the position of him at whom it is launched. Better that he had remained a quiet country gentleman, and hunted deer, and not ambition. This observation recalls us to our subject, and to our last observation about politics with reference to fame.

A statesman is never rightly judged. He is at a bar where justice is unknown; before a court from whose decisions it is vain to make appeal. Like a national debt, he is never estimated. During his life, the bench is filled with either friends or enemies; the jury, too vast to pack—in any case, as Hood said, are alike divided, and an honest verdict cannot be obtained. He may have spent himself in public slavery; he may have given up his private happiness, and perhaps public and private virtue, that he may decree laws to nations, or carry his *own* to the pitch of glory, yet he will always find some entry to the debit side of the account, the world divided, and the finger-pointing part condemnatory. Some approve him for virtues he never practised, and some condemn him for errors he never committed. It is worse if, hungering for fame, he appeals from an ungrateful present to the future. Besides that he cannot hear the verdict of posterity, there is often no verdict to be heard. When he dies, the question of his merits mostly falls sick, and ere long dies too. The world goes on regularly without *him*; the sun rises, though a king dies; the mill still clatters round, although the miller is chopped up. Few people vex their heads about the

dead; if they remember him at all, it is generally as a poor fellow that after all had some good points; but if he should excite more notice, and friends bray and enemies bray about him, the great world, which is eager about other things, listens to the loudest, or neglects both. New great men rise; the present and the future are the theme of anxiety; the past is left to chance, and the appellant drifts away into history, with eulogium, if a friend writes, and with condemnation, if an enemy.

It is not so with a writer. He can take his own part, and, the braying over, although dead, speak for himself. Chateaubriand made not a little noise at one time in the world of politics, but long before he died the finger-pointing veered away from him; his fame is only got now by his books. A man, however, who would thus live after death, must write upon a general, and not a momentary theme. He must touch humanity, and not its accidents. Politics do not supply an enduring subject. They are so variable, that the most conservative measures may be suddenly yielded, or the most radical and so-called glorious reforms reversed forever—when the writing is tossed by. This makes us reflect for a moment on the constitution of books, and how some of the most promising die young, while others that looked dull and heavy from childhood, reach a green old age, and threaten, like the well-known aunt whose nieces were valetudinarians of fourscore, but hoped for health when they were married on the fortunes she would leave—to live forever.

Satire, read by all, and praised by all on its appearance, is but short-lived. It shoots follies as they fly, but follies, after being shot, die, and are soon forgotten. Who now, of the quoting hundreds, reads Hudibras or Tristram Shandy; and Colman and poor Hook, not to speak of living satirists—where will they stand in the future history of literature? Not high up, we fear. Fiction, too, that thousands read, but tens of thousands write, has very little life in it. Some innovator is always at work. Cervantes displaces the knights errant in Spain, and Scott displaces Minerva in England. The transformations are constantly in progress—to the chrysalis, the butterfly, or—the corpse. Poetry, of course, which scans the heavens and earth, and moulds all nature into one great and glorious whole, has longest life of all. It is allied to music, which we know to be eternal. But in prose, a book to live should have a very strong

backbone and healthy sinews ; so that when it is among future generations it may not look old and rickety. There should be nothing false about it ; no stuffing or quilting ; no stay-work or crutches. If it hobbles now, it will soon halt. If accidental circumstances keep it on its legs now, when they are removed it will fall flat. If, to alter the figure, it has only waxen show wings, they will melt in the sun-heat of trial, and, like Icarus, it will some day come down from its eminence with a run.

Looking to these letters of Junius and Chesterfield—which we should have said were like each other in one respect—viz., that neither were intended for posterity when written—and asking which is worthiest to survive, we cannot hesitate. It is the modern fashion to judge style before sentiment, sound before sense ; even our congregations criticise our manner rather than our matter ; if we fall into this fashion, therefore, we must allow that for style Chesterfield cannot be compared with Junius. But then, it is his style only which keeps Junius before us. His letters would have been dead long since but for their style. He had no message for humanity, or if he had he did not deliver it ; while Chesterfield has brought truths to us, and lessons, that will affect our children. Who cares now if Bedford was a knave or a fool ; or if Grafton was a sensualist and a scoundrel ; what is Sir William Draper to us, or Bute, or Granby ? Junius's letters have done their work, though they did not do his, for he put down his pen in despair, and left the country. The abuses which he attacked are for the most part done away ; and as for the Preliminary Essays, windy notes, disputes concerning authorship, (which are only worthy of Coventry—except when a man of genius, like Macaulay, gives additional interest to the life of Hastings by a few conclusive paragraphs on Francis,) private common places to Wilkes and Woodfall—and those other puffings which art has bestowed upon them hitherto—these things will get dismissed ere long ; the bags will be struck and burst, and the wind let loose into space. Had not the style of this Mysterious Myth been splendid, and his sarcasm unequalled, he would not have reached us at all ; had he produced nothing but political fireworks, the sting of his squibs and the report of his crackers would have died away long since, and his volumes would have been deposited in our butter-shops beside those of Wilkes, or in our lumber rooms by those of B-nth-m.

But it is not so with Chesterfield. Disappointing, as we must, of much that he has written, but regretting more what he has not written, we yet see a principle of life in his letters. All those to Dayrolles and about politics, and also those two on his father's death, which have no claim whatever to be preserved, might as well have been omitted, for they will be but little read, and even *when* read but little relished. But his letters to his son, now that Lord Mahon has revised them, will be more read than ever. They should not, however, be perused by any one whose moral and religious principles are unformed. Their highest merit is, that they contain vivid pictures of life, and to those who look on them with the right light, they show how the world lies in wait to deceive. They do nothing towards the encouragement of men to set their thoughts on things above, but they should prevent men from fixing them on things below. They do not point towards the glories of Eternity, but they tell of the emptiness of Time.

And now a new breeze blows : and we suddenly put up helm. We gladly stretch the sails, and leave the worldly-wise behind ; our hearts grow glad in us as we speed on, for this new breeze is fresh, and seems to breathe of heaven. For a little while, though, waves and breakers are about us ; we go painfully among them, tossing and perplexed, but we are sure that there is safety near, and so sail on.

Contemporary both with Chesterfield and Junius, yet as different from them as light from twilight, William Cowper lived sixty-nine years in the most eventful century the world had seen—without mixing in its excitements. We have hinted at some incidents in the first half of it ; to do more, and compress a history of it in a short article, would need powers such as Houdin's, who can roll an orange in his hands till it is smaller than a pea. A paragraph or two will tell enough about the life of this most worthy man to bring it to remembrance ; this done, we must close.

His father was one of George the Second's chaplains ; his mother descended by four ways from royalty. He lost the latter parent in his sixth year, from which to his eighteenth he passed his time like other boys, in buffeting through various schools, though physically unequal to his boisterous troubles. He, was then apprenticed to law, and became an idler, not, however, a vicious one, as is the modern fashion among law and medical students. In his bitterest moments of self-reproach, we

hear nothing of saloons. He spent his time in "giggling and making giggle" with Thurlow, the embryo chancellor. At twenty-three he was called to the bar, and among his lighter amusements fell, for the only time in his life, in love. The object of his affection, however, never became his, her father objecting on the score of his lack,—of rupees, and also of consanguinity, they being cousins, for which we esteem the old gentleman, despite of Southey. His madness has been sometimes supposed to have originated in this disappointment—it had, however, indicated itself some years before. After this time he became a semi-literary man; belonged to the Nonsense Club translated the *Henriade*, compared Pope and Homer, and contributed to the "Connoisseur" and "St. James's Chronicle," till in 1763, in his thirty-second year, the most frightful disease that can seize a man seized him. Some clerkships in the House of Lords fell vacant through deaths or resignation. They were in the gift of a kinsman; his monetary circumstances were bad, and this relative offered them to him. He accepted the highest, but suddenly took fright on learning that his duties would occasionally be public. He resigned the place, and took a lower one. This made a noise, for the higher situation being given to a stranger, the public naturally supposed his kinsman had sold it. An investigation was ordered, and Cowper was bid to prepare for examination at the bar of the House touching his sufficiency for the post he had undertaken. A thunderbolt, he said, would have been as welcome as this intelligence; for in fact he was quite ignorant of the business. "I knew," he wrote, "that upon these terms the clerkship of the journals was no place for me. To require my attendance at the bar of the House, that I might there publicly entitle myself to the office, was in fact to exclude me from it." But in the mean time his relative's honor, and his own circumstances, urged him to an attempt. "Those," he says, "whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion, is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation; others can have none." In this state of mind he attended the office regularly; and to add to his torments, all the clerks there were against him. He could get no assistance from them; neither, what would have been of more use, a kind or cheering word. What a paradise! Oh, tribe of Jones and Smith, you can indeed make great minds wretched when they are compelled into companionship with you!

Here was a spirit that dwarfed your vulgar natures—could you not abstain from wounding it because it did? 'Alas! the tribe of Jones and Smith cannot refrain from taking rank *against* the great. The journal-books were thrown open to poor Cowper, but unused to business, he could make little of them. He attended daily for months, but at the end of them was little wiser than at the beginning. Meanwhile his brain was suffering; and as the day for his trial approached, his excitement became horrible. It at last reached such a pitch, that when his kinsman visited him the day before it was to take place, he found that he had tried four or five means to commit suicide, and had nearly succeeded in hanging himself. This discovery of course put a period to the clerk business, and he was removed to a madhouse. His madness, which he had for some time felt creeping on him, developed itself after he had attempted self-destruction; he believed that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that God had shut the gates of heaven against him forever. His description of the very destruction of sanity in him is one of the most remarkable passages he has penned:

"While I was traversing the apartment in the most horrible dismay of soul, expecting every moment that the earth would open and swallow me; my conscience scaring me, the avenger of blood pursuing me, and the city of refuge out of reach, and out of sight; a strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light on the brain without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud through the pain it gave me. At every stroke my thoughts and expressions became more wild and indistinct; all that remained clear was the sense of sin, and the expectation of punishment."

In short, his madness took the most hideous form—the religious one. The agonies he suffered while it lasted were too horrible for description; at the end of nineteen months, however, thanks to Dr. Cotton, his disease subsided; and though his religion was ever afterwards melancholy, it continued, with a few exceptions, sound and strong. He left the asylum, but would not return to London. An invincible disgust at the world possessed him. His friends subscribed for his support; the beautiful Unwin family took him under their care, and for about ten years he lived in retirement with them, undisturbed by the dreadful malady. It then, however, returned. Whether it may fairly be attributed to his constant communications with that sincere and zealous Christian, the Rev. Mr.

Newton, as many have broadly asserted that it was, or not, we think very questionable. It might be quite true, as Mr. Newton acknowledges, when writing Mr. Thornton on the subject, "my name is up about the country for preaching people mad," but it was also true, as he adds, "the women live sedentary lives here, poring over their pillows ten or twelve hours a day, and breathing confined air in their crowded little rooms;" and people in such health as this overworking must engender, being ill fed also, are not likely to have very sane (or sound) minds, or bodies either. Besides, Cowper's third severe attack, which occurred fourteen years after, seized its victim when Mr. Newton resided far from him, and their communications were quite occasional. It is true, nevertheless, that Cowper's letters to Newton are in a more sombre style than those to his other friends; though this would hardly warrant the assertion that the influence of the clergyman over the mind of his friend was such as to make Cowper fear him. Indeed, we know that once, when Mr. Newton, hearing some reports from Olney of Mrs. Unwin and Cowper's connexion with the Throckmortons—reports fabricated and circulated by some enemy—wrote what the gentle poet described as a letter of "wormwood" to Mrs. Unwin, in which he accused her and her charge of becoming gay and worldly. Cowper responded with a firm spirit, and showed him that, however much he revered him as a pastor, and loved him as a friend, it was not his intention to bow before him as a priest. We do not believe that Mr. Newton ever desired to seem such a being; but believing, from the reports that reached him, that his old friends were relapsing from the strict paths of religion, he felt it his duty to warn them. On being assured that it was not so, he dropped the subject, and the correspondence resumed its wonted tone. Altogether, we consider that the stress laid on his influence over the more delicate mind of the poet, though his influence was doubtless considerable, has been far more than facts warrant.

These occasional recurrences of his disease excepted, and those few nervous feelings, which, from the want of subjects, he recorded in his letters, and of which we should not otherwise have heard—such as his dread of spring, of the east winds, and of the full moon, together with his visits of religious despondency—the placid picture of his life had but few darkenings and shades. He had much happiness—especially after he had

resumed the pen. He found no need of revisiting the world for the study of it, and his absence from the busier scenes of life gave no abstraction to his works. He had a few congenial friends who remained constant to him, and his own heart had more experience in itself than it could have got by intercourse with others. By these friends he was honored and loved; and save for Lady Austen's little jealousies, and her final separation from his society, and young Mr. Unwin's death, he had few annoyances and no troubles from the outward world. His life, when he was sane, was peaceful and calm. The vessel had weathered the storm, and though once nearly foundering on the reef, it now lay safe, and anchored on the inner side; the winds and thunders still sometimes raged round it, but the waves and the swellings of the outside ocean were shut out forever.

It is not our province, now, to speak of his poems. To do that we should need all our space. We should require to go back to the dawn of English poetry, and trace its course through the times when it was obscured by the clouds of Pope's school, after having shone out at its brightest with Shakespeare's and Milton's; until at last Cowper tore aside the veil which affectation had hung around it, and opened the way for its new splendor in these later years. We must be content with a few remarks on his letters—the best in our language.

It will be well to commence by noting that, in 1751, Dr. Johnson wrote thus: "Among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal, perhaps, always in force and genius, and of late in eloquence and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavored to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in discharge of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs, which, though they afford precedents to the minister and memorials to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style or models of private correspondence." He did not remember, or perhaps admit, the claim of Richardson, whose "Pamela" was then ten years of age; but after the lapse of a very short time longer, such a sentence would have been untrue, independently of him. For in the purity of Melmoth, the wit of Chesterfield, the vigor of Junius, and the simplicity, humor, and piety of Cowper, the long-winded Doctor might have found as much in letter-writing as he desired.

We have classed Cowper's letters under

the heads of simplicity, humor, and religion. They contain, indeed, all these characteristics, and more; but for the sake of order, and to economize our space, now becoming small, we shall adhere to these only, and give one or two extracts illustrating each. We are aware that the whole of the qualities named are often blended in one letter. The following, however, standing alone in one of his epistles to the Rev. W. Unwin, will serve as an especial specimen of his delightful and naive simplicity:

"I have two goldfinches, which in the summer occupy the greenhouse. A few days since, being employed in cleaning out their cages, I placed that which I had in hand upon the table, while the other hung against the wall; *the windows and doors stood wide open*. I went to fill the fountain at the pump, and on my return was not a little surprised to find a goldfinch sitting on the top of the cage I had been cleaning, and singing to and kissing the goldfinch within. I approached him, and he discovered no fear; still nearer, and he discovered none. I advanced my hand towards him, and he took no notice of it. I seized him, and supposed I had caught a new bird; but casting my eye upon the other cage, perceived my mistake. Its inhabitant, during my absence, had contrived to find an opening where the wire had been a little bent, and made no other use of the escape it afforded him than to salute his friend, and to converse with him more intimately than he had done before. I returned him to his proper mansion, but in vain. In less than a minute he had thrust his little person through the aperture again, and again perched upon his neighbor's cage, kissing him as at first, and singing as if transported with the fortunate adventure. I could not but respect such friendship, as for the sake of its gratification had twice declined an opportunity to be free; and consenting to their union, resolved that for the future one cage should hold them both."

Of his admirable talents for humorous writing, we might say much; we will, however, let some specimens of it speak for us.

"On the evening of the feast, Bob Archer's house, I suppose, affording the best room for the purpose, all the lads and lasses who felt themselves disposed to dance assembled there. Long time they danced, at least, long time they did something a little like it, when at last, the company having retired, the fiddler asked Bob for a lodging. Bob replied 'that his beds were all full of his own family, but if he chose it, he would show him a haycock where he might sleep as sound as in any bed whatsoever.' So forth they went together, and when they reached the place, the fiddler knocked down Bob and demanded his money. But happily for Bob, though he might be knocked

down, and actually was so, yet he could not possibly be robbed, having nothing. The fiddler, therefore, having amused himself with kicking him and beating him as he lay, as long as he saw good, left him, and has never been heard of since, nor inquired after, indeed, being no doubt the last man in the world whom Bob wishes to see again."

A fire had occurred at Olney, during which some robberies had taken place. Two women and a boy were sent to the hands of justice.

"The young gentleman who accompanied these fair ones is the junior son of Molly Boswell. He had stolen some iron work, the property of Griggs the butcher. Being convicted, he was ordered to be whipped, which operation he underwent at the cart's tail, from the stonehouse to the high arch and back again. He seemed to show great fortitude, but it was all an imposition on the public. The beadle who performed it, had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound on the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable H—, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be induced to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder, till a lass of Silver End, pitying the pitiful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapped his face with a most Amazonian fury. This concatenation of events has taken up more of my paper than I intended it should, but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle threshed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing. Mr. Teedon has been here, and is gone again. He came to thank me for some left-off clothes. In answer to our inquiries after his health, he replied that he had a slow fever, which made him take all possible care not to inflame his blood. I admired his prudence, but in his particular instance could not very clearly discern the need of it. Pump water will not heat him much, and to speak a little in his own style, more inebriating fluids are to him, I fancy, not very attainable."

In writing to Mr. Unwin on the subject of prosecuting a swindler:

"But I would disappoint him, and show him, that although a Christian is not to be quarrelsome, he is not to be crushed; and that, though he is a worm before God, he is not such a worm as every selfish, unprincipled wretch may tread on at his pleasure."

"I lately heard a story from a lady, who has spent many years of her life in France, somewhat to the present purpose. An abbé, universally esteemed for his piety, and especially for the meekness of his manners, had yet, undesignedly, given offence to a shabby fellow in his parish. The man, concluding he might do as he liked with so gentle and forgiving a character, struck him on one cheek, and bade him turn the other. The good man did so, and when he had received the two slaps, which he thought himself bound to submit to, turned again and beat him soundly. I do not wish to see you follow the French gentleman's example, but I believe nobody that has heard the story condemns him much for the spirit he showed on the occasion."

The tenderness of his mind was such that no object was excluded from it. Unhappy, and sometimes despairing himself, he overflowed with love and affection for others. No lapse of time could deaden his friendship; he had suffered much, and, therefore, knew to love much. Instances of this compassion are abundant; they break on the reader where he least expects them; and they seem almost like the breathings of a seraph, who forgets all selfishness as he pours out his heavenly music.

"Let me add," he says to Mr. Bull, in one of his desponding letters, "there is no encouragement in the Scriptures so comprehensive as to include my case, nor any consolation so effectual as to reach it. I do not relate it to you because you could not believe it; you would agree with me if you could. And yet the sin by which I am excluded from the privileges I once enjoyed you would account no sin—you would even tell me it was a duty. This is strange; you will think me mad; but I am not mad, most noble Festus; I am only in despair; and those powers of mind which I possess are only permitted to me for my amusement at some times, and to enhance my misery at others. I have not even asked a blessing on my food these ten years, nor do I expect that I shall ever ask it again. Yet I love you, and such as you, and determine to enjoy your friendship while I can; it will not be long—we must soon part forever."

Is not this burst of tenderness wonderfully touching, flashing like a sunbeam through the clouds and shadows of his despair?

"I have, indeed, been lately more dejected and more distressed than usual," he says to Mr. Newton; "more harassed by dreams in the night, and more keenly poisoned by them in the following day. . . . I now see a long winter before me, and must get through it as I can. I know the ground before I tread upon it; it is hollow—it is agitated—it suffers shocks in every direction—it is like the soil of Calabria, all whirlpool and

undulation; but I must reel through it—at least, if I be not swallowed up in the way. . . . Be pleased to remember us both with much affection to Mrs. Newton, and to her and your Eliza; to Miss Catlett likewise, if she is with you. Poor Eliza droops and languishes, but in the land to which she is going she will hold up her head and droop no more. A sickness that leads the way to everlasting life is better than the health of an antediluvian. Accept our united love."

"In the land to which she is going she will hold up her head, and droop no more." Oh, what a tender heart was here, to pour such comfort into the hearts of parents as they sorrowed over their drooping child. To look away from the anguish sitting heavy on his own heart, and remember that his friends too had a bitter anguish to endure.

But though he was ever tender, he was not always in despair. His despondency, at times, came heavily upon him; but he had many seasons of true religious joy. We cannot, of course, expect to find these chronicled in his letters. When a man meets with such seasons, he communes with his own heart, and is still; he does not rush to the house-top, trumpet in hand, to tell it to the world. But occasional glimpses into the depths of his belief are vouchsafed to us; among those best suited to us, in this place, are the following:

"I am not so dim-sighted, sad as my spirit is at times, but that I can see God's providence going before me in the way. Unforeseen, unhopèd-for advantages have sprung up at his bidding, and a prospect, at first cloudy indeed and discouraging enough, has been continually brightening."

"He who has preserved me hitherto will still preserve me. All the dangers that I have escaped are so many pillars of remembrance, to which I shall hereafter look back with comfort, and be able, as I well hope, to inscribe on every one of them a grateful memorial of God's singular protection of me. Mine has been a life of wonders for many years, and a life of wonders, I in my heart believe, it will be to the end. Wonders I have seen in the great deeps, and wonders I shall see in the paths of mercy also. This is my creed."

"Oh!" he exclaims elsewhere, "I could spend whole days and moonlight nights in feeding upon a lovely prospect. My eyes drink the rivers as they flow. If every human being could think for one quarter of an hour as I have done for many years, there might perhaps be many miserable men among them, but not an unawakened one could be found from the arctic to the antarctic circle. At present, the difference between them and me is greatly to their advantage. I delight in baubles, and know them to be such, for rested in and viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth, what are the planets, what is

the sun itself but a bauble? . . . Their eyes have never been opened to see that they are trifles; mine have been, and will be, till they are closed forever. They think a fine estate, a large conservatory, a hothouse with a West India garden, things of consequence, visit them with pleasure, and muse upon them with ten times more. I am pleased with a frame of four lights, doubtful whether the few pines it contains will ever be worth a farthing; amuse myself with a greenhouse that Lord Bute's gardener could take upon his back and walk away with; and when I have paid it the accustomed visit, and watered it, and given it air, I say to myself, 'This is not mine; it is a play-thing lent me for the present. I must leave it soon.'

Who would not wish to be of a mind like this? There is no passion here, nor wrangling for renown. Are we not triflers in the pleasure-grounds of Time, if we are looking *there* for our happiness—if the conservatories and the flowers are more than toys and baubles to us, which we play with, knowing we must leave them soon?

With regard to the literary character of Cowper's "Letters," we have little to say. Few compositions are without faults; but these are among the few. We know of no heedless commonplaces in them; no liberties taken either with his correspondents or his subjects. He wrote in perfect seriousness, even when most humorous; for it was his nature to be serious and in earnest. He did not mount stilts when he paid his written visits to his friends, neither did he amble or tumble for their amusement. He lived retired from the world, and therefore dared to be natural. The literature of these letters is not, however, their chief recommendation. Some books depend for their livelihood upon their garniture and outside show, but this does not. The garb of Cowper's thoughts was always simple without meanness, elegant without being gaudy. Their chief charm is the unaffected love for others which they breathe; the constant wish, that if their writer could not himself be happy, others might. He had a large soul, the ventage of which was worth all the labored compositions it could compass. It was like a river, which is purest and sweetest when flowing unrestrained by dykes, and uninterrupted by locks, and waterfalls, and mills, and which bears verdure, and health, and beauty, to all things it approaches.

We would extend our extracts, but must

not linger to cull any more flowers even in this pleasant place. We will cast one look, like the Parthians, behind us, while we speed on, and then have done; we will set these three contemporaries side by side, and see what their work has been and also what it is. Junius found a corrupt ministry, a corrupt commons, and a corrupt bench. He set upon them like a wild beast. He demolished many abuses, and cleared the ground for more legitimate reforms. Like a desperate oculist, he cut deep into the thick crust which had overgrown the public eye, to let in light. He was the cause of the downfall of many tyrannies, and for this deserves applause; but, now that the tyrannies are fallen, he comes before us as an example of much wrong, and for this deserves our censure. He championed the freedom of the press; but if his example were much followed, that freedom would become a curse. No man's character was safe from him; true or false, all accusations found a like currency through him. He revelled in being a terror to men, and with an assassin's exultation gloried in the engine which, while it dealt destruction, shielded him from punishment. He had his fame ever about him, though himself invisible. He sought only to touch men as mortals—he cared nothing for them as immortals. So with Chesterfield. Himself a gentleman, among an unpolished, and in some respects a rude age, he attempted to raise and reform manners. He loved the assembling of men together—he was only happy in society. He would have been *ennuyé* among sublime solitudes; his concern was to live decently, respecting, first and foremost, his neighbor's opinion of him, not his Maker's. He tried to smooth the passage through this difficult world, but paid no heed to smoothing that more difficult passage from it to another; he also lives, in his writings, for the mortal part of us, and not for the immortal. But the gentle Cowper has done, is doing, other work than this. He knew that the planets, and the earth, and the sun, were but baubles apart from the Author of them all; and his life and all his writings tell us so. Junius and Chesterfield are guides, in some sense, to the restless and unfaithful citizenship of the world; but he is our companion and encourager to aim at the more worthy citizenship of another and a better place to dwell in.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LORD BACON,

IN ADVERSITY AND IN RETIREMENT:—HIS DEATH.

"The sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge; wherein many things are reserved which kings with their treasure cannot buy, nor with their force command; their spials and intelligences can give no news of them; their seamen and discoverers cannot sail where they grow; now we govern nature in opinions, but we are thrall unto her in necessity; but if we would be led by her in invention we should command her in action."—LORD BACON.

It would seem as if, for His own wise purposes, the Almighty has permitted constellations of talent from time to time to shine upon this earth. Each has been succeeded by an age of darkness, and then another galaxy of bright intellectual stars has shed its lustre upon mankind. The reign of Elizabeth was prolific in men of commanding genius; and two, at least, have not since found their equals. Shakspeare, the prince of poets, and Bacon, the prince of philosophers, stand proudly in advance of any rivals; and the age in which they lived may well be regarded as a glorious epoch not only in the history of this country, but in the history of the human race. *Humanum est errare* is an adage, alas! but too true, and it is at once instructive and humiliating to learn from the page of history how such men have fallen from their high estate. They, we find, have not been free from the failings of their fellow-men, nor have they been proof against temptation; but the tide of time has swept away many incidents in the biography of the great men of past ages which tend to their discredit, and we regard with tenderness the failings of those whom we love: evil deeds, seen dimly through the long vista of two centuries, are mellowed down in their tints and deprived of those garish and vivid colors which, if seen nearer, would have excited our disgust. It is, moreover, distasteful to behold the dark side of characters whom we hold in reverence. With them, as with a beautiful theatrical scene, we would rather preserve the general effect than have it marred by too close inspection. But impartial historians are bound to show the whole of the picture. Some willingly, some unwillingly, have placed all the acts of the public

life of Lord Bacon before the world, and impartial critics have sat in judgment upon them. Our purpose is not to discuss the question, whether Bacon was, or was not, guilty of the acts which led to his disgrace. Our conviction is, that, though culpable, as he confesses himself to have been, he was sacrificed to hide the turpitude of James I. and his favorite Buckingham. Such topics, however, we leave to others, and propose to devote a few pages to the consideration of that portion of his life which is comparatively little known—namely, the five years preceding his death, and to exhibit him after he had tasted the bitterness of degradation, had experienced the hollowness of the friendship of monarchs, and had bade farewell to the vanities of a heartless court.

The fall of Lord Bacon presented a remarkable instance of the instability of human greatness. In January, 1621, he was raised to the dignity of Viscount St. Albans. The ceremony of his investiture was conducted with all the magnificence that could be displayed for a man whom the king delighted to honor. His robe of state was supported by the favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, then in the zenith of his power; his coronet was borne by Lord Wentworth, and his patent was couched in most flattering terms, expressive of his general merit and integrity in the administration of justice. In little more than three months from this date he was a prisoner in the Tower, stripped of his office, and condemned to spend the remainder of his days in disgrace and comparative indigence.

On the 17th of March, 1621, Bacon presided for the last time in the House of Peers: dreading the exhibition of articles of impeach-

ment, he hurried the adjournment of the house, and on reaching home, took to his bed. Some of his biographers are of opinion that he feigned illness, but we see no reason to doubt that the mental agony brought on by the fear of the ignominy which awaited him, and the uncertainty of his doom, should have prostrated his body and mind.

At Bacon's own request, a commission passed the great seal, authorizing Chief Justice Sir James Ley to act as speaker in his absence, illness rendering him unable to perform the duties. On the 28th of March he was visited by Buckingham. We can well imagine the scene between them: Bacon, in bed in a darkened room, received Buckingham with conflicting feelings of shame and fear, hoping that he might be the bearer of good news, but fearing much the contrary. Buckingham, with curiosity not unmingled with pity, bestowed words of comfort, eagerly caught up by the sick Chancellor. Bacon probably possessed great elasticity of mind; it may be doubted whether his feelings were of a very acute character; those of honor were certainly obtuse, though where self was concerned he seems to have been more sensitive. Buckingham paid him a visit on the following day, and found that the oil which he had poured into his wounds had produced its effect. On the 20th he announced to the House of Lords that he had been twice to see the Chancellor, by order of the King; that the first time he found him very sick and heavy, but the second time he found him better, and much comforted with the thought that the complaint against him was come before that House, where he assured himself of finding justice. A letter was also written by Bacon himself, in which he says his illness is "no feigning or fainting, but sickness of my heart and my back." By an acquaintance he is described as sick in bed, swollen in body, and suffering none to come near him, adding, "some say he desires his gentlemen not to take any notice of him, but altogether to forget him and not hereafter to speak of him, or to remember there ever was such a man in the world!" The Chancellor having made a confession of guilt, the King sent a commission of high nobles to demand the great seal. The Chancellor was found in bed, very ill. When the object for which the commission had come was explained, he, hiding his face with one hand, delivered up the purse containing the seal,—*"that bauble,"* as Macaulay eloquently expresses it, "for which he had sullied his integrity, had resigned his independence, had

violated the most sacred obligations of friendship and gratitude, had flattered the worthless, had persecuted the innocent, had tampered with judges, had tortured prisoners, and had wasted on paltry intrigues all the powers of the most exquisitely-constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men!"

There have been conflicting statements as to the manner in which Bacon bore himself during the anxious period of his trial and subsequently. Certain playful expressions are recorded as spoken by him during that period, and Nathaniel Brent writes of him as being "merrie." But playfulness in affliction is a very equivocal test of cheerfulness. Medical men know well how often persons of determination endeavor to conceal their true feelings by an affectation of gaiety, and how often a jest throws but a thin disguise over a bursting heart or the anguish of racking pain. Sir Thomas More was facetious with the sheriff and the executioner on the scaffold. Danton conversed about the pleasures of a rural life when on his way to the guillotine. Cervantes, when within a few hours of death, wrote the remarkable letter to his patron containing the lines—

"And now with one foot in the stirrup,
Setting out for the regions of death,
To write this epistle I cheer up,
And salute my lord with my last breath."

Such feelings, however, are very distinct from the calm resignation imparted by a deep sense of religion, and may be compared to a mask put on to hide the true features.

It is interesting to observe the effect produced by the disgrace of Bacon on the conduct of his friends. Lord Brooke has acquired an unenviable notoriety for his conduct on this occasion. In the quaint language of John Aubrey:—"In his lordship's prosperity, Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was his great friend and acquaintance; but when he was in disgrace and want, he was so unworthy as to forbid his butler to let him have any more small beer, which he had often sent for, his stomach being nice, and the small beer of Gray's Inn not suiting his palate. This has donne his memorie more dishonor than Sir Philip Sydney's friendship engraven on his monument hath donne him honor." It is pleasing to find that one at least of his more humble friends stood by him in evil report as well as in good report. The name of Ben Jonson has come down to us with honour as the friend of Shakspeare, and as a poet of no ordinary pretensions. But there is yet ano-

ther point of view in which he appears to still greater advantage; that is, as the steady, unflinching friend of Lord Bacon. When in the full tide of prosperity, Bacon had patronized and befriended Jonson, who has left on record, in a graceful poem, his appreciation of the kindness. But it was when Bacon was in adversity, and avoided by many of his noble acquaintances and time-serving friends, that the conduct of Jonson shines forth in favorable contrast. "My conceit of his person was never increased towards him by his place or honors; but I have, and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want."* Richard, Earl of Dorset, was also a steady friend, and so great an admirer that he was in the habit of having the conversation of Bacon written down by Sir Thomas Billinsley; and Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, who, though unscrupulous, was an able diplomatist and good scholar, fully appreciated the talents of Bacon.

If the claims of duty and gratitude had been generally acknowledged, the friends of Bacon, in his fall, would have been many; for he was always disposed to patronize merit, was good-natured and obliging, and most liberally kind to his servants and dependents.

The age in which Bacon lived was essentially that of learned men, and though the novelty of his doctrines found some opponents, his merit was generally acknowledged. On the Continent he was highly appreciated. Several men of distinction visited England on purpose to make his acquaintance; and when after his disgrace his own countrymen looked coldly upon him, he was regarded by foreigners with the utmost interest and respect. When the Marquis d'Effiat escorted Queen Henrietta Maria into England, he paid a visit to Bacon, who, being ill in bed, received him with the curtains drawn. "You resemble the angels, my lord," said the ambassador; "we hear those beings continually talked of, and we believe them superior to mankind, but we never have the consolation to see them." Another French nobleman carried away with

him a full-length portrait of the philosopher, and esteemed it one of the most precious things in his possession.

Great as was the misfortune of disgrace and political banishment in the opinion of Bacon, it proved one of the most fortunate events of his life, so far as mankind are concerned. While tossed in the vortex of political strife, and occupied by his legal duties, his time was too fully engaged to admit of his devoting so much attention to philosophic and experimental inquiries as he desired. That, however, was the field best adapted to the display of his transcendent abilities, and most congenial to his taste. Bacon the philosopher is the object of our hero-worship; of Baron Verulam, Lord Chancellor, we know but little favorable. It was when in his study, pen in hand, or when rambling in meditative abstraction amongst the glades of Gorhambury, that he appeared to full advantage. Then was to be seen the pioneer of truth, by whom the barriers which hedged in the fallacies and dogmas of the ancient school were broken down—the philosopher, whose name was held in reverence by foes as well as friends amongst his learned contemporaries, and whose reputation, based on the most solid of all foundations, will endure so long as science is studied or learning held sacred. When penning the following passages, he was portraying the sentiments of his inmost soul: "The pleasures and delight of knowledge and learning far surpasseth all other in nature. . . . We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth; which sheweth well they be the deceits of pleasure and not pleasures, and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality. . . . But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable."

Having been liberated from the Tower, he retired first to Sir John Vaughan's house at Parson's Green, and shortly afterwards to Gorhambury, at which spot, and at his old chambers in Gray's Inn, he passed the rest of his life. The apartments said to have been occupied by him are up one pair of stairs, on the north side, in No. 1, Gray's Inn Square. Until within a few years, there was in the gardens of the Inn a small elevation, surrounded by trees, called "Lord Bacon's Mount," and the legend was, that the trees were planted by him. That he took great interest in the gardens is well known. The books in the steward's office

* Ben Jonson's Works by Giffard, ix. 185.

contain many of his autographs of the admission of students.

In a letter to the Bishop of Winchester, written after his retirement from active life, Bacon states his resolve "to spend my time whole in writing, and to put forth that poor talent which God hath given me, not as heretofore to particular exchanges, but to banks or mounts of perpetuity which will not break." Thus he withdrew from the glare of a public station into the shade of retirement and studious leisure, often lamenting that ambition had so long diverted him from the noblest as well as the most useful employments of a reasonable being.

In March, 1623, an effort was made by Bacon to obtain the appointment of provost of Eton College. In a letter to Secretary Conway he says: "Mr. Thomas Murray, provost of Eton, whom I love very well, is like to die. It were a pretty cell for my fortune; the college and school I do not doubt but I shall make to flourish." In a subsequent letter he pathetically remarks—"There will hardly fall, especially in the spent hour-glass of my life, anything so fit for me; being a retreat to a place of study so near London, and where—if I sell my house at Gorhambury, as I purpose to do, to put myself in some convenient plenty—I may be accommodated of a dwelling for summer-time; and therefore, good Mr. Secretary, further this, his Majesty's good intention, by all means, if the place fall." The petitioner was, however, doomed to disappointment, for the place was given to Sir Henry Wotton. Repeated disappointments had so far steeled his mind, that he had brought himself to bear them with the tranquillity of a stoic, as is recorded by Tennyson in his introduction to "Baconiana." "Whilst I am speaking of this work of his lordship's of 'Natural History,' there comes to my mind a very memorable relation, reported by him who bore a part in it, the Rev. Dr. Rawley. One day his lordship was dictating to that doctor some of the experiments in his 'Sylva.' The same day he had sent a friend to court to receive for him a final answer touching the effect of a grant which had been made him by King James. He had hitherto only hope of it, and hope deferred; but he was desirous to know the event of the matter, and to be freed one way or other from the suspense of his thoughts. His friend returning, told him plainly that he must thenceforth despair of that grant, how much soever his fortunes needed it. '*Be it so,*' said his lordship;

and then he dismissed his friend very cheerfully, with thankful acknowledgments for his service. His friend being gone, he came straightway to Dr. Rawley, and said thus to him, '*Well, sir! Yon business won't go on; let us go on with this; for this is in our power:*' and then he dictated to him afresh for some hours without the least hesitancy of speech or discernible interruption of thought."

Within the bounds of the old city of Verulam, and about half a mile from St. Albans, was Verulam House, built by Lord Bacon at an expense of ten thousand pounds. It is described by Aubrey as a most ingeniously-constructed pile, arranged with scrupulous attention to comfort and convenience. As it was to this retreat, designed by himself, that Bacon loved to retire with a few chosen friends, it may not be amiss briefly to describe it. The rooms were lofty and wainscoted; the chimneys so arranged, that seats were cozily placed around them, to the great furtherance of sociability. In the centre of the house was a staircase of wood delicately carved with ludicrous figures. On one post was a grave divine with book and spectacles, on another a mendicant friar, on a third an angel playing a violin-cello, &c. The top of the house was covered with lead, and made a noble promenade, commanding a lovely prospect. Here Bacon and his friends—the all-accomplished Raleigh, the profound Hobbes, the shrewd Gondomar, the pious Tennyson, the witty Jonson, the learned Selden—used to assemble on summer evenings and recreate themselves with conversation and philosophy. On the eastern side of the house were ponds, which had been constructed under the immediate superintendence of Bacon, and in which he took great pride. The bottoms of these ponds were arranged in fanciful patterns, as fishes, shells, &c. Whenever a poor person brought a few curious pebbles, he was sure to be liberally rewarded. The ponds contained fish and many curious aquatic plants. In the centre of one of the largest ponds was an island, on which an elegant banqueting-house had been erected after the Roman style, and paved with black and white marble in antique patterns.

The distance from Verulam House to Gorhambury was about a mile, and travellers had their choice of three paths thither, all shaded with lofty elms, chestnuts, beeches, and other trees of noble growth. Before them stood the Gothic mansion of large dimensions built by Sir Nicholas

Bacon. On the south side, which faced a spacious garden, the mansion was adorned with a noble portico; on the wall beneath were emblematical pictures and explanatory mottoes. A fondness for the productions of nature was a leading feature in the character of Bacon. Flowers he passionately loved, and one of his greatest pleasures was to unbend his mind from severer studies by observing the beauties and peculiarities of flowers, experimenting on fruit, and reflecting on the phenomena of the growth of trees. "God Almighty," says he, in his quaint but emphatic language, "first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-work." The garden at Gorhambury was laid out with great taste, and according to the rules of the noble owner: "Because," says he, "the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music, than in the hand; therefore, nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." Beneath the windows of his study were planted musk-roses, sweet-briar, wall-flowers, and large masses of violets, especially the double white. The musk-rose and clove-gilliflower were abundant in the beds, and a favorite walk was shaded with lime-trees, beneath which wild-thyme and water-mint flourished luxuriantly. In another part was an artificial wilderness, the thickets being honeysuckle, sweet-briar, and wild-vine, the ground set with primroses, strawberries, and violets, and other plants of a similar character.

This garden communicated with a wood of noble oaks, a favorite resort of Bacon's, who had planted flowers beneath many of the trees. The spot, however, most frequented by him, when engaged in composition or meditation, was a copse laid out in straight walks. Let us picture to ourselves two figures slowly pacing the shady retreat. One erect in carriage and above six feet in height; his ample forehead, bright hazel eyes, and intelligent countenance bespeak a superior mind; his face is rather small, with reddish whiskers and moustache, but, contrary to the fashion of the day, without a beard. He is engaged in writing to the dictation of his companion, a man of middle stature and well-proportioned, handsome features, spacious forehead, piercing eyes, and an expression of profound sagacity in his counte-

nance. The taller of the two treats the other with deference, though perfectly devoid of servility, indicating that he is of exalted rank. He is, indeed, Francis Lord Bacon, and his friend is Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury. It was the custom of Lord Bacon, when walking in these philosophic groves, to be accompanied by a secretary or friend, to commit to paper the thoughts which crowded upon his mind. The society of no one was so agreeable to him as that of the author of the "*Leviathan*." The keen eye of Bacon had early detected the talent of Hobbes; the congeniality of their minds and pursuits drew them together, whilst the profound learning and clear intellect of Hobbes rendered him both acceptable and useful to Bacon, who would often say that "he better liked Mr. Hobbes taking his thoughts than any of the others, because he understood what he wrote, which the others not understanding, my lord would many times have had a hard task to make sense of what they writ." Hobbes always carried in the head of his walking-stick a pen and ink-horn, and in his pocket a note-book, that no passing thought should be lost.

The thicket in which the philosophers are walking is of plum, apple, and pear trees; the underwood of raspberry-bushes. Pheasants, partridges, and many birds of curious plumage, abound; and the indifference with which they regard the passers-by, show how carefully they are preserved. To watch their habits is indeed a favorite amusement with the noble owner, who never permitted them to be injured or disturbed. The subject under discussion would appear to be connected with the properties of certain substances, for, says Bacon, "For refreshing the spirits I know nothing better than strawberry-leaves, dying; but I know a certain great lord who lived long, that had every morning, immediately on awaking, a clod of fresh earth laid in a fair napkin, placed under his nose, that he might take the smell thereof—a quaint device that, Master Hobbes—earth to earth, eh? Of all the affections, hope is the most beneficial, and doth most to the prolongation of life, if it be not too often frustrated, but entertaineth the fancy with an expectation of good; those that soon come to the top of their hope, and can go no higher therein, commonly droop, and live not long after; so that hope is a leaf ivy, which may be beaten out to a great extension like gold."

"Touching dreams, my lord—doth your lordship think there is aught of truth in the

strange tales we hear respecting their fulfilment?"

"The relations, Master Hobbes, touching the force of imagination and the secret instincts of nature, be so uncertain as to require a great deal of examination ere we conclude upon them. There be many reports in history, that upon the death of persons of nearness of blood, men have had an inward feeling of it. I myself remember that, being in Paris, and my father dying in London, two or three days before my father's death I had a dream, which I told to divers English gentlemen, that my father's house was plastered all over with black mortar; that I well remember, and have often mused upon it."

Though in a conversational form, the above are no imaginary or fictitious opinions placed in the mouth of Bacon. In his "*Sylva Sylvarum*" they are to be found. Though naturally tinctured with the crude notions of the seventeenth century, the extent and variety of his information are perfectly amazing. There is scarcely a subject in science or philosophy to which he had not directed his attention. Reflection, and an aptitude for philosophic inquiry, were qualities inherent in his mind; originality of conception, and facility of execution, his great characteristics. With great minuteness of observation, he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has scarcely been vouchsafed to any other human being.

It was his custom, when investigating a subject, to set down inquiries on slips of paper, and at his leisure to reconsider the points, or submit them to experiment. For example, amongst other memoranda, Dr. Tennyson found this—"Mem. to send to Dr. Mevrel. Take iron, and dissolve it in aquafortis, and put a loadstone near it, and see whether it will extract the iron; put also a loadstone into the water, and see whether it will gather a crust about it." Bacon apparently satisfied himself on this point without troubling the doctor; for, in the "*Inquisitio de Magnete*" (in the "*Opuscula Posthuma*,") the first paragraph is a reply to the inquiry, "If iron be dissolved in aquafortis, and some drops of the solution be placed on smooth glass, the magnet neither extracts the iron nor attracts the water."

To be able to form a correct estimate of our own talents is a characteristic of a superior mind: with the modesty of true genius, was united in Bacon a perfect consciousness of his own powers: he calls upon those that follow after to take encouragement from his

example. "We even think that something of hope may be supplied to man from our own example; nor do we say this in the spirit of boasting, but because it may be useful to say it. If any be distrustful let him consider me; a man among the men of my age, the most occupied with civil affairs, of somewhat infirm health (which occasions much loss of time,) and in this matter clearly a first adventurer, following the steps of no other, nor even holding communication respecting these things with any mortal, and who yet, having entered firmly upon the true road and submitting my understanding to things, have, as I conceive, carried forward these things somewhat." Well might he have added in the touching words of Milton, "I began thus far to assent * * * to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die."*

Great and varied talents, which would singly have adorned any man, were in Bacon united. His powers of conversation were of the highest order, set off by a keen sense of humor and the most sparkling wit. So completely did his fame as a philosopher fill the world of letters to the exclusion of other points in his history, that Bayle, writing only a century after his death, had not, with all his inquisitiveness, so much as heard that Bacon had been dismissed with disgrace from his political offices. His abilities as an orator have been placed on record by a contemporary who had often listened to him with delight, and who was highly qualified to judge of his pretensions. "There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious (censor-like); no man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. ~~The~~ fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end."†

* Milton—Account of his own studies.

† Ben Jonson's Works by Giffard, ix. 184.

There is no doubt that the evening of Bacon's life was greatly embittered by pecuniary embarrassments. When in prosperity he had made no provision against adversity. On the contrary, large as was his income, his expenditure greatly exceeded it; love of display was one of the weakest points in his character; his style of living, when chancellor, was princely, and when in banishment he could not give up his darling pomp. It was during that time that Charles I., then Prince of Wales, when coming to town, saw at a distance a coach followed by a large retinue on horseback; being informed that it was the Lord St. Alban's, he exclaimed, with a smile, "Well! do what we will, that man scorns to go out like a snuff." He was not only expensive in his habits, but so careless of money that his servants plundered him in the most barefaced manner, with perfect impunity. When stripped of his offices and emoluments he had a hard struggle against poverty: he was obliged to sell his ancestral town residence, York House, with all its splendid furniture, to reduce his establishment at Gorhambury to a mere shadow of its former self, and to reside chiefly at Gray's Inn. He was sometimes so pinched as to be compelled to borrow trifling sums from his friends. But, embarrassed as he was known to be, it was reserved for Lord Campbell to prove, beyond a doubt, that Lord Bacon died an insolvent. It has been ascertained that after his death a creditor's suit was established for the administration of his estate: his servants were paid their wages in full, after which the fund arising from the sale of his property was divided rateably among the creditors.

Lord Bacon was of a delicate constitution, and inherited from his father a tendency to gout and a calculous disorder. He was extremely susceptible of atmospheric influences, and it is asserted by Dr. Rawley, who, as his chaplain and companion during many years, must have been well aware of his peculiarities, that he was in the habit of fainting at certain changes in the moon. Were the statement from a less questionable quarter, it might have been received with suspicion, but it is to a certain extent corroborated by another contemporary. Aubrey says, "I remember Sir John Danvers told me that his Lordship much delighted in his (Sir John's) curious garden at Chelsey, and as he was walking there one time he fell down in a swoon. My Lady Danvers rubbed his face, temples, &c., and gave him cordial waters. As soon as he came to himself, said

he, 'Madam, I am no good *footman*.'" This tendency to syncope rendered him cautious of exposing himself to unpleasant odors, for which reasons his servants invariably appeared before him in boots of Spanish leather, for he had a great aversion to the smell of calf-hide.

During meditation he often had music in an adjoining room, by which his fancy was enlivened. He had many little whims and peculiarities, some of which may excite a smile: for instance, in the spring he would go out for a drive in his open coach whilst it rained, to receive (in the quaint language of Aubrey) "the benefit of irrigation," which he was wont to say was very wholesome, "because of the nitre in the air and the universal spirit of the world." He had extraordinary notions respecting the virtue of nitre, and conceived it to be of inestimable value in the preservation of health. So great was his faith, that he swallowed three grains of that drug, either alone or with saffron, in warm broth, every morning during thirty years! He seems to have been very fond of quacking himself; once a week he took a dose of the "water of Mithridate," diluted with strawberry-water. Once a month, at least, he made a point of swallowing a grain and a half of "castor" in his broth and breakfast for two successive days. And every sixth or seventh day he drank an infusion of rhubarb in white wine and beer immediately before his dinner.

He made it a point to take air in some high and open place every morning, the third hour after sunrise, and if possible he selected a spot where he could enjoy the perfume of musk, roses, and sweet violets. Besides thus breathing the pure air of nature, he was fumigated with the smoke of lign-aloes, with dried bays, and rosemary, adding once a week a little tobacco. On leaving his bed he was anointed all over with oil of almonds, mingled with salt and saffron, and this was followed by gentle friction.

He was rather a hearty feeder, and, when young, preferred game and poultry, but in after life, gave the choice to butchers' meat, which had been well beaten before being roasted. At every meal his table was strewn with flowers and sweet herbs. Half an hour before supper he took a cup of wine, or ale, hot and spiced, and once during supper wine in which gold had been quenched. The first draught which he drank at dinner or supper was always hot, and on returning to bed he ate a bit of bread steeped in a mixture of wine, syrup of roses and amber, and washed

it down with a cup of ale to compose his spirits and send him to sleep. In the spring he was fond of a glass of spiced pomegranate wine early in the morning, and greatly enjoyed water-cresses. These little points may be unimportant in themselves, but they assist us in drawing a mental portrait of the man.

During the three first years which succeeded his retirement from public life his health was good; the great care he took of himself, and the regular life he led, warded off attacks of the disorders to which we have referred. The year 1625 was remarkable for the sickness which prevailed, and the friends of Bacon saw with grief a perceptible decay in his health and strength. In this year he published a volume of apophthegms, said to be the result of a morning's dictation as a recreation in sickness, and also a translation of some of the Psalms of David, which, in a dedication to his friend George Herbert, he states was "a poore exercise of my sickness." This was the last of his literary labors. In the autumn he retired to Gorhambury, and on the 29th of October, he writes, "I thank God, by means of the sweet air of the country I have obtained some degree of health." His feeble frame was, however, unequal to contend against the severe winter of 1625, and serious fears were entertained for his life. On the 19th of December, thinking that his course was well nigh run, he made his will—that remarkable document in which he touchingly appeals to the liberality of future generations. "For my fame and memorie, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages."

The genial influence of the spring of 1626 wrought a favorable change in his health; his spirits revived, and his strength increased, sufficiently to enable him to return to his favorite seclusion in Gray's Inn.

It was on the 2d of April of that year that the life of this illustrious man was brought to a close. It is to be regretted that the accounts which have come down to us of the sad event are but meagre, but happily the chief particulars have been preserved. In contemplation of a new edition of his *Natural History* he was keenly examining the subject of anti-septics, or the best means of preventing putrefaction in animal substances. It struck him that flesh might as well be preserved by snow as by salt. From the length and severity of the winter he expected that snow might still, in shaded situations, be discovered on the ground. Dr. Witherborne, the king's physician, agreed to accompany

him, and assist him in a little excursion to make the experiment. At Highgate they found snow lying behind a hedge in great abundance, and, entering a cottage, they purchased a fowl recently killed. The philosopher, with a keen sense of enjoyment of the experiment, insisted on stuffing the body of the fowl with snow with his own hands. Soon after, the cold and damp struck him with a chill, and he began to shiver. He was carried to his coach, but was so seriously indisposed that he could not travel back to Gray's Inn, and was conveyed to the house of his friend, the Earl of Arundel, at Highgate. There he was hospitably received, and, out of ceremony, placed in the state-bed; but it was damp, not having been slept in for a year before, and he became worse. A messenger was immediately despatched for his old and tried friend Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, who immediately hastened to him. The next day he was a little better, and was able to dictate the following letter to the Earl of Arundel, which proved his dying effort. The allusion to the success of the experiment proves that, despite of his illness, the fowl had been preserved, and is another illustration of "the ruling passion strong in death."

"MY VERY GOOD LORD,

"I was likely to have had fortune of Caius Plinius the Elder, who lost his life by trying an experiment about the burning of Mount Vesuvius; for I was also desirous to try an experiment or two, touching the conservation and induration of bodies. As for the experiment itself, it succeeded excellently well; but in the journey between London and Highgate, I was taken with such a fit of casting (vomiting) as I knew not whether it were the stone, or some surfeit or cold, or, indeed, a touch of them all three. But when I came to your lordship's house I was not able to go back, and therefore was forced to take up my lodging here, where your housekeeper is very careful and diligent about me, which I assure myself your lordship will not only pardon towards him, but think the better of him for it; for, indeed, your lordship's house was happy to me; and I kiss your noble hands for the welcome which I am sure you give me to it. I know how unfit it is for me to write to your lordship with any other hand than mine own, but by my troth my fingers are so disjointed with this fit of sickness that I cannot steadily hold a pen."

It is evident that Bacon did not think he was dying when he wrote this, but inflammation supervened, and early in the morning of Easter Sunday, 1626, he expired in the arms of Sir Julius Cæsar, who, having shared with Sir Thomas Meautys the glory of steadily

adhering to him through all his reverses, had the satisfaction of affording consolation at that dark hour when it is most needed, and the comfort of rendering the last sacred offices of friendship, when the immortal spirit had taken its flight.

After careful consideration of the case, there can be little doubt that the attack which was the immediate cause of death was that form of pulmonary disease called *Peripneumonia Notha*. Chronic bronchitis, or inflammation of the larger air-tubes of the lungs, is a common complaint of persons advanced in years, and is apt to be converted by exposure to cold into the disease we have mentioned, a characteristic symptom of which is, the secretion, in immense quantities, of viscid mucus which chokes up the lungs, and kills the patient by suffocation, if relief is not afforded by appropriate treatment.

Thus died, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Francis Bacon, who, notwithstanding all his faults, was one of the greatest ornaments and benefactors of the human race.

A pleasing feature in that great man's character was the love he bore to the memory of his mother; she was a woman of remarkable talent and learning, and from her careful tuition her son derived much of his early knowledge; it was by her care and tender solicitude that his constitution, naturally feeble, acquired strength and his frame health. Through life he regarded her memory with affection, and left special directions in his will that his mortal remains should repose by hers.

No pompous funeral attended the body of the great philosopher to its last resting-place; a few choice and sincere friends shed tears over his coffin, which was interred in the most simple manner in the church of St. Mi-

chael's, near St. Albans. This church is built within the precincts of the ancient city of Verulam, and crowning a gentle undulation of the surface, forms a beautiful feature in the landscape. It was founded about the middle of the tenth century, by Abbot Ulsinus, and bears ample evidence of the original Saxon architecture. For some time the spot where lay the remains of Bacon was unmarked by stone or monument, but the omission was nobly supplied by the munificence of his late secretary, Sir Thomas Meautys. By him a statue was erected, representing Bacon absorbed in meditation; his head rests upon his hand, and the design is in a style of classic elegance.

We have thus endeavored to place before our readers a brief sketch of an interesting portion of the life of the immortal founder of true philosophy—a life which was terminated in a characteristic manner by his obtaining, in addition to other distinctions, the diadem of a martyr to science. When young, like Milton, he felt that he was destined for great things. "I confess," said he, "that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends." We cannot but regret that his lot was cast in such a mould that his own magnificent conceptions were but partially carried out. Had he been enabled to devote the whole of his life to the extensive field of philosophic inquiry, his character would have come down to us pure and spotless; could he have borne his burden in that promised land,—a land to him flowing with milk and honey,—not only would mankind have been immeasurably more his debtors, but his countrymen could have pointed him out with honest pride, not only as the greatest philosopher, but as one of the most perfect characters of all races and all ages.

TREES OF INDIA.—The grass trees which grow in India, it is thought, would flourish equally well in the Middle States of this country. One of our missionaries to China, Rev. Mr. MacGowan, writes of the grass cloth:

"I would call your attention particularly to the seeds of the plant from which the fibre is obtained for manufacturing 'grass cloth.' At the request of the Agricultural Society of India, (at Calcutta,) I have drawn up an account of the article, which may be

useful to those who may feel disposed to attempt its introduction into the United States. The report will probably appear in the transactions of the society for 1848-'49. In my opinion the soil and climate of the Middle States are adapted to this plant. The cloth is expensive, owing to the tedious manner of separating the fibre. It may be presumed, however, that our mechanicians would soon devise means for overcoming that difficulty."

From Hogg's Instructor.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

THE Scotchman looks in vain beyond the last fifty years for the intellectual glory of his country. That mental vigor, and depth, and capacity, and perspicacity, which so distinguish the Scottish mind, had only flashed out in premonitory scintillations before the scepticism of Hume aroused it from its sleep of ages, and developed it in all its thoughtful majesty and strength. While England was listening to the graphic and glowing strains of the accomplished Chaucer, Scotland was imbibing ferocity from the screamings of the slogan; and when England had given to mental philosophy and poetry a Bacon, a Locke, a Shakspeare, and a Milton, her northern sister had still to deplore the sterility of her genius. It is true that Sir David Lindsay, and Dunbar had struck the harp to higher strains than those which generally characterized Scottish poetical expression; and that John Knox and George Buchanan had invested Scotch controversy with a wild and earnest genius, as well as high scholastic dignity; these, however, were only the precursory flashes of a deeply-hidden fountain of mental fire. They shone amidst a nation rude, and stern, and dark; as if to let that nation know her innate strength of mind and the capacities which she possessed for assuming a dignified position in the arena of intellect.

There is no doubt that Scotland was never destitute of minds of the first order and power. Fierce, fiery energy, and indomitable courage, joined to speculative ideality, were always characteristics of the Scotch; but these qualities were for centuries only exhibited upon the field of war, or the field of polemical strife; and the men who might have enlightened a grateful world with the light of art, or poetry, or mental philosophy, or science, passed away into a dark oblivion, after having struggled their brief hour upon the stage of local controversy. It is scarcely half a century since Scotland could claim a respectable place in the catalogue of British literature or science; within the compass of

that short period, however, she has most effectively presented herself in the van of thinking, teaching nations. The garland of warlike pre-eminence which she had worn with pride upon her hectic brow for nearly nineteen centuries, red reeking with the blood of her foemen, and of her sons and daughters murdered to satisfy the passions born of feudalism, has been cast aside to wither, or to be regarded as an object of inferior interest; and the voice of her genius has suddenly swelled into a symphony of glory, speaking in the holiest strains of poetry, in the deepest tones of Christian philosophy, in the most humanizing expressions of mechanical power, and in the most exalted eloquence of art. If Scotland could present no parallel to the array of great literary names which graces the annals of England at the epoch of the Reformation and Commonwealth, the era of the first French Revolution finds her second to no country in the majesty of her intellectual soul. In Reid, Brown, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and Sir James Mackintosh, she exhibited that philosophical courage and illustrious virtue which were essentially requisite to successfully combat with the subtle scepticisms of Hume. In Burns, she gave to the world a poet as versatile as Shakspeare, and a lyrist as burning as Sappho. Her Scott was the Colossus of history, poetry, and romance; her Jeffrey the Aristarchus of literary criticism, and the Cicero of the forensic tribune; while to the mechanical genius of her James Watt the industrial world bends in grateful homage.

In fifty years the Scottish mind made itself a fame as illustrious as other nations have done in centuries. Bold, enterprising, and indomitable, her sons went abroad to conquer the realms of science, and to bring to her shrine the chaplets of loftiest literary honor. They explored the interiors of regions before the unknown dangers of which a Columbus or a Gama would have quailed; they tracked the courses of rivers over burn-

ing deserts and rocky valleys, where the simoom sported with the lives of the daring travellers, and the red-hot sun glared down in wonderment upon their pale faces. They followed the sceptic through the arcana of nature, reconciling the cosmogony of revelation with the discoveries of modern science, and refuting infidelity upon the material basis of its self-assumed arguments. Wherever mind could exercise a legitimate majesty, Scotchmen have majestically exercised it. In every region subject to human dominion they have asserted a special dominion.

To Sir David Brewster incontestably belongs the greatest name on the roll of scientific Scotchmen. Although only a professor in what may be termed an obscure Scottish university, he has acquired a cosmopolitan reputation and an imperial throne beside the Humboldts and Aragons of Europe. His has been one of the world's great voices, speaking to humanity from the depths of a studious experience, and awakening the echoes of an active and productive futurity by the originality and variety of his discoveries.

There is nothing that excites the wonder of a reflective being so much as the power and influence of genius; it speaks with heart, soul, and mind; and the hearts, souls, and minds of common men are inevitably moved by its power. It struggles through the sternest difficulties, bearing above the reach of fate and the adversities of circumstances the idea which constitutes its life; and it strides on from disappointment to disappointment, and from injustice to injustice, until it attains to sympathy and competent criticism. The progress of Sir David Brewster through life has been (like that of all men of genius) a progress of toil, and disappointment, and injustice; it has also been an illustrious and noble progress, however; illustrious in this, that the greatest savants in the world have distinguished him and honored him; and noble, inasmuch that the warmth of his heart and the enthusiasm of his nature have increased with his years.

Sir David Brewster is a native of the town of Jedburgh, in Roxburghshire, where he was born on the 11th of December, 1781. The family of the illustrious savant is distinguished for vigor and originality of mind, and in his earliest years he exhibited these family characteristics. He early acquired the ordinary branches of a Scottish education; and, having shown himself to be possessed of great aptitude for learning, he was sent to complete his studies for the ministry of the Church of Scotland at the University of

Edinburgh. At the university the same rapidity of comprehension and masculine depth of thought (grown more acute and stronger by exercise) which had distinguished his boyhood's career distinguished his adolescence, and indicated the future destiny of the man. While scarcely recognized as a young man by those coeval with him, he was admitted to the intimate fellowship and friendship of the then distinguished professor of natural philosophy, Robison; of the famous Playfair, professor of mathematics; and the great Dugald Stewart, who filled the chair of moral philosophy. At the age of nineteen he had won from the university the honorary title of M.A., and subsequently he obtained a license to preach the Gospel as a minister of the Scottish Established Church. The genius of the young licentiate had, prior to this period, however, been moving in its own spontaneous course; and had now attained a force which no circumstances were able to counteract, and a direction which no prospects of professional preferment could subvert. He had become wedded to the study of the physical sciences, and absorbed in the observation of God's power, and wisdom, and glory, as exemplified in nature. In the year 1801 he devoted himself with singular zeal to the study of optics, and during twelve years continued his beautiful and interesting experiments. The results of these elaborate and long-continued researches were presented to the public, in 1813, in a "Treatise upon New Philosophical Instruments."

In 1807, while prosecuting his optical and other studies, the University of Aberdeen conferred upon the young philosopher the title of LL.D., the highest literary distinction in the gift of any Scottish *senatus academicus*, and one which is seldom accorded to young men of twenty-six years of age. In 1808 Dr. Brewster was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and in the same year he became editor of the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," whose publication he continued to supervise, and to the pages of which he contributed, till its close in 1830, a period of twenty-two years. The pastimes of men of genius, and the accidents which seem fortuitously to happen to them, have often been the blessings of the world. The mysteries of God's providence are so veiled from mortal eyes, and the agencies of his will are often so obscure, that human speculation can seldom elucidate them; and, even if our comprehension does reach them sometimes, our rhetoric is inadequate for their

definite expression. To the Christain the infidelity of a Gibbon or a Hume seems a moral calamity; yet, when we behold the array of genius which seemed to spring from the unknown to meet and controvert them—genius that infused new life into the drooping spirit of virtue and truth—we are constrained to pause and reflect upon the hidden nature of those decrees of Providence which sometimes become thus visible. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the eternal purposes of God to discuss the nature of those circumstances which are generally termed accidental. Their occurrence is accounted trivial, and is truly involved in the mysterious; but the ideas which they suggest, and the results to which they lead, are sometimes of the highest importance to humanity. While engaged, in 1811, in writing an article upon "Burning Instruments" for the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," Dr. Brewster was led to consider the proposal of Buffon to construct a lens of great diameter, out of a single piece of glass, by cutting out the central parts in successive ridges, like the steps of a stair. This proposal Dr. Brewster declared to be practically impossible, but it induced his suggestion for constructing a lens by building it up of several circular segments; and thus forming an apparatus for the illumination of lighthouses, of unequalled power. This beautiful and useful invention was afterwards more fully developed by the learned philosopher in the "Edinburgh Transactions," and is now generally applied to the purpose which he had indicated. In this consists the crowning glory of science, it illumines the world's dark path, leads it from the shades of a general barbarism, and points it towards a brighter and a better day. It is the lighthouse of the future, burning amidst the darkness of mental night and the storms of selfish ignorance, and steadily and constantly performing a circle of disinterested admonition and warning. This splendid invention now pierces with its brilliant beams far into the night, in order to reach the eyes of the wayfaring mariner, to warn him of the hidden rocks that beset his liquid path; and little does he think, as he beholds its admonitory beams and blesses God for this illustration of his providence and care, that men once reckoned the invention in the catalogue of accidents. In 1815 the Copley medal was conferred upon Dr. Brewster for one of his optical discoveries; and shortly after obtaining this distinguished mark of merit, he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. In 1816 the Institute of France

adjudged to him the half of the physical prize of 3000 francs, awarded for the two most important scientific discoveries which had been made, during the two previous years, in Europe; and in the same year he invented the kaleidoscope. This instrument, so valuable and important to the printer of cloth (whose inventive powers would, but for its assistance, be immensely inadequate to sustain the variety of patterns demanded by the fashionable appetite), was patented, and ought to have remunerated its inventor; but the commercial spirit of Great Britain prompted its adherents to evade the patent, and to seek their own aggrandizement at the expense of the philosopher. Everybody knew and acknowledged the inventor, and consequently he obtained what is called fame; but, for the tens of thousands of kaleidoscopes which were sold both for use and amusement, he obtained not one penny of remuneration.

In 1819 the indefatigable and indomitable savant obtained the gold and silver Rumford medal from the Royal Society of London, for his discoveries on the polarization of light; and in the same year he established, in conjunction with Professor Jameson, the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal," which attained to its sixteenth volume.

In 1825 the Institute of France elected Dr. Brewster a corresponding member of that distinguished body; and the Royal Academies of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, vied with each other in investing him with the highest distinctions which they could confer upon a foreigner. These honorary titles, although they conferred no real lustre on the man to whom they were given, nevertheless opened up to him a correspondence with the greatest intellects and celebrities in the world. They brought him nearer to Biot, and Cuvier, and Arago—those great French discoverers of new worlds of science. They introduced him intimately and personally to the many-knowledged Humboldt, and to all the other distinguished men of Germany.

In 1831 Dr. Brewster proposed a meeting of all those persons in Britain most distinguished in the peculiar paths of research which he had himself pursued and adorned; and this re-union of savants led to the formation of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science."

Perhaps the circumstance is attributable to a twist in human nature, perhaps to the catalogue of perverted and debased justice; but still it is a fact, that men are far more

promptly rewarded and distinguished for the execution of feats of destruction, than for the graceful and untiring exercise of that benign genius which seeks only to do good.

In 1831 this grand-master of science received the decoration of the Hanoverian *Fuelphic Order*; and in 1832 William IV. was graciously pleased to knight him.

The labors of Sir David Brewster have not been merely experimental; the literary works which he has edited have of themselves been sufficient to win for him the fame of a laborious and accomplished writer. A review of his philosophical discoveries and scientific inventions induces us to pause and ask the question, "How does he accomplish these things, in addition to his duties as a professor and to his exertions as an editor?" Ordinary ability feels itself sufficiently employed to meet the exigencies of one of those numerous department of duty, and yet this savant seems to know no difficulty in his accomplishment of them all; the laboratory, the bureau, and the atelier, each claims his attention, and the zeal of his spirit sustains him to discharge the duties of them all.

At St. Andrews he discourses to the Scottish students of natural philosophy in an obscure cloister; in his closet he examines the wondrous things that are above and around us; while the scientific world stands respectfully by to listen to the teachings of his experience. In his social position he is scarcely more than an ill-remunerated Scottish teacher in a provincial college; in his actual, he is one of the most accomplished and profound of the European imperial dignitaries of science.

Sir David Brewster is one of the editors of the "*London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*;" and the pages of the "*Edinburgh*" and "*North British Reviews*" are opulent with illustrations of his genius and energy. He has been a constant and eloquent contributor to almost all the scientific works of note in Great Britain; and his prelections are as familiar to the French and Germans as to his own countrymen. Like M. François Arago, Sir David Brewster has popularized science. He has placed its instruments in the hands of laughing childhood; and he has rendered its language intelligible to the least educated inquirer. His treatise upon optics in the "*Cabinet Cyclopædia*" has largely conduced to familiarize the popular mind with the nature and utility of scientific research. The most common and casual phenomena, reduced to a system, cannot fail to interest the reflective mind, and to impress it with a serious cognizance of God's

VOL. XVIII. NO. II.

power and wisdom. The savant who most liberally expounds the mysterious attributes of nature, and demonstrates the order and regularity that reigns in its great cosmos, most liberally and abundantly interprets the voice of the everlasting God, and exhibits to humanity the government of infinite wisdom. To Sir David Brewster most honorably belongs the title of the people's philosopher; he who has raised himself into the highest and brightest constellation of scientific glory, has not disdained to illumine the home of the lowly mechanic with the lustre of his discoveries and the excellence of his Christian beneficence. His treatise on the kaleidoscope, and his letters on "*Natural Magic*," will long preserve his memory amongst the humbler dabblers in the sciences.

His life of Sir Isaac Newton, in the "*Family Library*," is one of his most excellent and valuable works; it is glowing with brilliant eulogy and graceful criticism. To M. Arago has been universally conceded the character of a most generous critic and an elegant panegyrist. From the tribune of the Academy of Sciences at Paris he has delivered some of the most beautiful and profound eulogies that ever living genius poured over the confined clay of departed eminence. To Sir David Brewster belongs, in an equal degree, the generous and sympathetic attributes which distinguish the famous Frenchman.

His style is as rich and ornate as his highly-cultivated intellect; it is as powerful as his earnestness, and as ardent as his enthusiasm. His criticism of men of science in the "*Edinburgh Review*," and the other literary vehicles open to his pen, are all characterized by that clearness and eloquence which are always associated with knowledge and allied to generosity.

Humboldt has casually declared, in the most celebrated of his works, that he has no aptitude for speculative philosophy, and he therefore refrains from adventuring into the regions of metaphysics and theology. Like Newton, however, Sir David Brewster preserves, amidst the triumphs of his scientific career, the faith and humility of a Christian; as the unseen things of this life have been laid open before the importunities of his inquiry, he has been strengthened more and more in that faith and sense which bear the soul above the glorious of this mundane world, into that brighter and more glorious universe which God has prepared for the soul's exigencies, and the Redeemer has purchased for ransomed man.

The last and crowning circumstance of Sir

David Brewster's celebrity was his election, on the 2d of January, 1849, as one of the eight foreign associate members of the National Institute of France, which was vacant by the death of M. Berzelius, the celebrated chemist. This distinction—coveted by the most illustrious philosophers of Europe, and of the whole world—is conferred by this academy only after a rigorous examination of the scientific claims of the candidates, who are proposed to the Institute by a commission of five members; of which M. Arago, on the admission of Sir D. Brewster, as on former occasions, was the reporter. The elevation of Sir David to this dis-

tinguished position was no act of judicial disputation; the friends of the other candidates immediately withdrew their claims, and bent respectfully in approval of the election of the Scottish philosopher. The eight associate members of the Institute are generally regarded as the greatest celebrities in the learned world; and to none of his celebrated compeers does the inventor of the kaleidoscope, the discoverer of the physical laws of metallic reflection, of the optical properties of crystals, and the law of the angle of polarization, yield in originality of conception and vigor of soul.

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"How much is expressed by the form of oriental benediction, 'May you die among your kindred.'"—GREENWOOD.

"May you die among your kindred;" may you rest your parting gaze
On the loved familiar faces of your young and happy days;
May the voices whose kind greeting to your infancy was dear
Pour lovingly, while life declines, their music in your ear.

"May you die among your kindred;" may the friends you love the best,
List to your fainting accents, and receive your last request;
Read your unuttered wishes, on your changeful features dwell,
And mingle sighs of sorrow with your faltering faint farewell.

"May you die among your kindred;" may your peaceful grave be made
In the quiet, cool recesses of the churchyard's hallowed shade;
There may your loved ones wander at the silent close of day,
Fair buds and fragrant blossoms on the verdant turf to lay.

'Tis a tender benediction; yet methinks it lacks the power
To cast a true serenity o'er life's last solemn hour.
Ye whom I love, I may not thus love's Christian part fulfil;
List while I ask for you a boon, more dear, more precious still.

So may you die, that though afar from all your cherished ties,
Though strangers hear your dying words and close your dying eyes,
Ye shall not know desertion, since your Saviour shall be near
To fill your fainting spirit with the "love that casts out fear."

So may you die, so willingly submit your soul to God,
That evermore your kindred, as they tread the path you trod,
May picture your existence on a far-off heavenly shore,
And speak of you as one not "lost," but only "gone before."

So may you die, that when your death to pious friends is known,
Each shall devoutly, meekly wish such lot may be their own;
Not heeding if you died in want, in exile, or in pain,
But feeling that you died in faith, and thus "to die is gain."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DIES BOREALES.—NO. III.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

EARLY EVENING. SCENE—*Gutta*
 AG. NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD—
 BOYS.

TH. Trim—trim—trim.

BOYS. Gentlemen, are you all seated?
 TH. Why into such strange vagaries
 you would dance, Longfellow! Seize
 rts, Seward. Buller, cling to his

Billy, the boat hook—he will be—
 overboard.

BOYS. Not at all. Gutta Percha is
 hat crank—and I am steadying her,

TH. What is that round your waist?

BOYS. My Air-girdle.

TH. I insist upon your dropping it,
 AN. It makes you reckless. I did
 ask you were such a selfish character.

BOYS. Alas! in this world, how are
 least intentions misunderstood! I put
 it, that, in case of a capsize, I might
 buoyantly bear you ashore.

TH. Forgive me, my friend. But—
 ted. Our craft is but indifferently
 lapped to the gallopade. Be seated,
 each you! Or if you will stand, do
 both feet—do not—do not alternate so
 above all do not, I implore you—show
 me, as if you were composing and re-
 verses—There, down you are—and if
 be not a hole in her bottom, Gutta
 is safe against all the hidden rocks
 in Awe.

BOYS. Let me take the stroke oar.

TH. For sake of the ancient houses of
 wards and the Bullers, sit where you
 We are already in four fathom water.
 BOYS. The Lines.

X. Nea, nea—Mister Talboy. Nane
 aer Perch when He's afloat, but t'auld
 adore.

TH. Shove off, lads.

BOYS. Are we on earth, or in heaven?

X. On t' water.

NORTH. Billy—mum.

TALBOYS. The Heavens are high—and
 they are deep. Fear would rise up from
 that Profound, if fear there could be in the
 perfectly Beautiful!

SEWARD. Perhaps there is—though it
 wants a name.

NORTH. We know there is no danger—
 and therefore we should feel no fear. But
 we cannot wholly disencumber ourselves of
 the emotions that ordinarily great depth in-
 spires—and verily I hold with Seward, while
 thus we hang over the sky-abyss below with
 suspended oars.

SEWARD. The Ideal rests on the Real—
 Imagination on Memory—and the Visionary,
 at its utmost, still retains relations with
 Truth.

BULLER. Pray you to look at our Encamp-
 ment. Nothing visionary there—

TALBOYS. Which Encampment?

BULLER. On the hill-side—up yonder—at
 Cladich.

TALBOYS. You should have said so at first.
 I thought you meant that other down—

BULLER. When I speak to you, I mean the
bona fide flesh and blood Talboys, sitting by
 the side of the *bona fide* flesh and blood
 Christopher North, in Gutta Percha, and not
 that somewhat absurd, and, I trust, ideal
 personage, standing on his head in the wa-
 ter, or it may be the air, some fathoms be-
 low her keel—like a pearl-diver.

TALBOYS. Put up your hands—so—my
 dear Mr. North, and frame the picture.

NORTH. And Maculloch not here! Why
 the hills behind Cladich, that people call
 tame, make a background that no art might
 meliorate. Cultivation climbs the green
 slopes, and overlays the green hill-ridges;
 while higher up all is rough, brown, heath-
 ery, rocky—and behind that undulating line,
 for the first time in my life, I see the peaks
 of mountains. From afar they are looking
 at the Tents. And far off as they are, the

power of that Sycamore Grove connects them with our Encampment.

TALBOYS. Are you sure, sir, they are not clouds?

NORTH. If clouds, so much the better. If mountains, they deserve to be clouds; and if clouds, they deserve to be mountains.

SEWARD. The long broad shadow of the Grove tames the white of the Tents—tones it—reduces it into harmony with the surrounding color—into keeping with the brown huts of the villagers, clustering on bank and brae on both sides of the hollow river.

NORTH. The cozy Inn itself from its position is picturesque.

TALBOYS. The Swiss Giantess looks imposing—

BULLER. So does the Van. But Deeside is the Pandemonium—

TALBOYS. Well translated by Paterson in his Notes on Milton, "All-Devil's-Hall."

NORTH. Hush. And how lovely the foreground! Sloping upland—with single trees standing one by one, at distances wide enough to allow to each its own little grassy domain—with its circle of bracken or broom—or its own golden gorse grove—divided by the sylvan course of the hidden river itself, visible only when it glimpses into the Loch—Here, friends, we seem to see the united occupations of pastoral, agricultural—and—

BULLER. Pardon me, sir, I have a proposition to make.

NORTH. You might have waited a moment till—

BULLER. Not a moment. We all Four see the background—and the middle-ground and the foreground—and all the ground round and about—and all the islands and their shadows—and all the mountains and theirs—and, towering high above all, that Cruachan of yours, who, I firmly believe, is behind us—though 'twould twist my neck now to get a vizzy of him. No use then in describing all that lies within the visible horizon—there it is—let us enjoy it and be thankful—and let us talk this evening of whatever may happen to come into our respective heads—and I beg leave to add, sir, with all reverence, let's have fair play—let no single man—young or old—take more than his own lawful share—

NORTH. Sir?

BULLER. And let the subject of angling be tabooed—and all its endless botheration about baskets and rods, and reels and tackle—salmon, sea-trout, yellow-fin, perch, pike, and the Ferox—and no drivel about Deer and Eagles—

NORTH. Sir? What's the meaning of all this—Seward, say—tell, Talboys.

BULLER. And let each man on opening his mouth be *timed*—and let it be two-minute time—and let me be time-keeper—but, in consideration of your years and habits, and presidency, let time to you, sir, be extended to two minutes and thirty seconds—and let us all talk time about—and let no man seek to nullify the law by talking at railway rate—and let no man who waives his right of turn, however often, think to make up for the loss by claiming quarter of an hour afterwards—and that, too, perhaps at the smartest of the soirée—and let there be no contradiction, either round, flat, or angular—and let no man speak about what he understands—that is, has long studied and made himself master of—for that would be giving him an unfair—I had almost said—would be taking a mean advantage—and let no man—

NORTH. Why, the mutiny at the Nore was nothing to this!

BULLER. Lord High Admiral though you be, sir, you must obey the laws of the service—

NORTH. I see how it is.

BULLER. How is it?

NORTH. But it will soon wear off—that's the saving virtue of Champagne.

BULLER. Champagne indeed! Small Beer, smaller than the smallest size. You have not the heart, sir, to give Champagne.

NORTH. We had better put about, gentlemen, and go ashore.

BULLER. My ever-honored, long-revered sir! I have got intoxicated on our Teetotal debauchery. The fumes of the water have gone to my head—and I need but a few drops of brandy to set me all right. Billy—the flask. There—I am as sober as a Judge.

NORTH. Ay, 'tis thus, Buller, you wise wag, that you would let the "old man garrulous" into the secret of his own tendencies—too often unconscious he of the powers that have set so many asleep. I accept the law—but let it—do let it be three-minute time.

BULLER. Five—ten—twenty—"with thee conversing I forget all time."

NORTH. Strike medium—Ten.

BULLER. My dear sir, for a moment let me have that Spy-glass.

NORTH. I must lay it down—for a Bevy of Fair Women are on the Mount—and are brought so near that I hear them laughing—especially the Prima Donna, whose glass is in dangerous proximity with my nose.

BULLER. Fling her a kiss, sir.

There—and how prettily she re-

a. Happy old man! Go where you

ra. Ulysses and the Syrens. Had
girdle, he would swim ashore.

. "Oh, mihi præteritos referat si
nnos!"

rs. The words are regretful—but
no regret in the voice that syllables
is clear as a bell, and as gladsome.

. Talking of kissing, I hear one of
melodious songs that ever flowed
f's lip—

rent that with gentle motion glides,
sweet, being stopped, impatiently doth
go;

his fair course is not hindered,
sweet music with th' enamelled stones,
gentle kiss to every sedge
both in his pilgrimage;
many winding nooks he strays
ing sport to the wild ocean."

perfect?

d. It is. Music—Painting, and Po-

a. Sculpture and Architecture.

i. Buller, you're a blockhead. Dear
m, in his charming *Essays on Taste*,
the fault in what seems to me a great
this one of the sweetest passages
peare.

a. Sweetest. That's a miss-molly-

i. Ass. One of the sweetest pas-
Shakspeare. He finds fault with
rent kissing the Sedges. "The
personification which we attribute
is founded upon the faint belief
tary motion, and is immediately
when the Poet *descends* to any mi-
particular resemblance."

d. Descends!

i. The word, to my ear, does sound
; and though his expression, "faint
a true and a fine one, yet here the
does not apply. Nay, here we
true notion inconsiderately misap-
Without doubt Poets of more wit
sibility do follow on a similitude be-
e suggestion of the contemplated

But the rippling of water against
suggests a kiss—is, I believe, a kiss
soft, loving, *lipped*.

a. Beautiful.

i. Buller, you are a fellow of fine
compare the whole catalogue of met-
l kisses—admitted and claimable—

and you will find this one of the most natu-
ral of them all. Pilgrimage, in Shakspeare's
day, had dropt, in the speech of our Poets,
from its early religious propriety, of seeking
a holy place under a vow, into a roving of
the region. See his "Passionate Pilgrim."
If Shakspeare found the word so far gene-
ralized, then "wanderer through the woods,"
or plains, or through anything else, is the
suggestion of the beholding. The river is
more, indeed; being like the pilgrim, on his
way to a term, and an obliged way—"the
wild ocean."

SEWARD. The "faint belief of voluntary
motion"—Mr. Alison's fine phrase—is one,
and possibly the grounding incentive to im-
personating the "current" here; but other
elements enter in; liquidity—transparency—
which suggest a spiritual nature, and Beauty
which moves Love.

NORTH. Ay, and the Poets of that age, in
the fresher alacrity of their fancy, had a jus-
tification of comparisons, which do not oc-
cur as promptly to us, nor, when presented
to us, delight so much as they would, were
our fancy as alive as theirs. You might sus-
pect *à priori* Ovid, Cowley, and Dryden, as
likely to be led by indulgence of their inge-
nuity into passionless similitudes—and you
may misdoubt even that Shakspeare was in
danger of being so run away with. But let
us have clear and unequivocal instances.
This one assuredly is not of the number. It
is exquisite.

TALBOYS. Mr. Alison, I presume to think,
sir, should either have quoted the whole
speech, or kept the whole in view, when ani-
madverting on those two lines about the
kissing Pilgrim. Julia, a lady of Verona,
beloved by Proteus, is only half-done—and
now she comes—to herself.

"Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

The language of Shakspeare's Ladies is not
the language we hear in real life. I wish it
were. Real life would then be delightful in-
deed. Julia is privileged to be poetical far
beyond the usage of the very best circles—
far beyond that of any mortal creatures. For
the God Shakspeare has made her and all
her kin poetical—and if you object to any of
the lines, you must object to them all. Emi-
nently beautiful, sir, they are; and their

beauty lies in the passionate, imaginative spirit that pervades the whole, and sustains the Similitude throughout, without a moment's flagging of the fancy, without a moment's departure from the truthfulness of the heart.

NORTH. Talboys, I thank you—you are at the root.

SEWARD. A wonderful thing—altogether—is Impersonation.

NORTH. It is indeed. If we would know the magnitude of the dominion which the disposition constraining us to impersonate has exercised over the human mind, we should have to go back unto those ages of the world when it exerted itself, uncontrolled by philosophy, and in obedience to religious impulses—when Impersonations of Natural Objects and Powers, of Moral Powers and of Notions entertained by the Understanding, filled the Temples of the Nations with visible Deities, and were worshipped with altars and incense, hymns and sacrifices.

BULLER. Was ever before such disquisition begotten by—an imaginary kiss among the Sedges!

NORTH. Hold your tongue, Buller. But if you would see how hard this dominion is to eradicate, look to the most civilized and enlightened times, when severe Truth has to the utmost cleansed the Understanding of illusion—and observe how tenaciously these imaginary Beings, endowed with imaginary life, hold their place in our Sculpture, Painting, and Poetry, and Eloquence—nay, in our common and quiet speech.

SEWARD. It is all full of them. The most prosaic of proserers uses poetical language without knowing it—and Poets without knowing to what extent and degree.

NORTH. Ay, Seward, and were we to expatiate in the walks of the profounder emotions, we should sometimes be startled by the sudden apparitions of boldly impersonated Thoughts, upon occasions that did not seem to promise them—where you might have thought that interests of overwhelming moment would have effectually banished the play of imagination.

TALBOYS. Shakspeare is justified, then—and the Lady Julia spoke like a lady in love with all nature—and with Proteus.

BULLER. A most beautiful day is this indeed—but it is a Puzzler.

"The Swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, Swan and Shadow;"

But here all the islands float double—and all

the castles and abbeys—and all the hills and mountains—and all the clouds and boats and men,—double, did I say—triple—quadruple,—we are here, and there, and everywhere, and nowhere, all at the same moment. Inishail, I have you—no—Gutta Percha slides over you, and you have no material existence. Very well.

SEWARD. Is there no house on Inishail?

NORTH. Not one—but the house appointed for all living. A Burial-place. I see it—but not one of you—for it is little noticeable, and seldom used—on an average, one funeral in the year. Forty years ago I stepped into a small snuff-shop in the Saltmarket, Glasgow, to replenish my shell—and found my friend was from Lochawe-side. I asked him if he often revisited his native shore, and he answered—seldom, and had not for a long time—but that though his lot did not allow him to live there, he hoped to be buried in Inishail. We struck up a friendship—his snuff was good, and so was his whiskey, for it was unexcised. A few years ago, trolling for Feroces, I met a boat with a coffin, and in it the body of the old tobacconist.

SEWARD. "The Churchyard among the Mountains," in Wordsworth's *Excursion*, is alone sufficient for his immortality on earth.

NORTH. It is. So for Gray's is his *Elegy*. But some hundred and forty lines in all—no more—yet how comprehensive—how complete! "In a Country Churchyard!" Every generation there buries the whole hamlet—which is much the same as burying the whole world—or a whole world.

SEWARD.

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep!"

All Peasants—diers and mourners! Utmost simplicity of all belonging to life—utmost simplicity of all belonging to death. Therefore, universally affecting.

NORTH. Then the—Grayishness.

BULLER. The what, sir?

NORTH. The Grayishness. The exquisite scholarship, and the high artifice of the words and music—yet all in perfect adaptation to the scene and its essential character. Is there not in that union and communion of the solemn-profound, and the delicate-exquisite, something Cathedral-like? Which has the awe and infinitude of Deity and Eternity, and the prostrations and aspirations of adoration for its basis—expressed in the general structure and forms; and all this meeting and blent into the minute and fine elaboration of the ornaments? Like the odors that steal

and creep on the soft, moist, evening air, whilst the dim hush of the Universal Temple dilates and elates. The least and the greatest in one. Why not? Is not that spiritual—angelical—divine! The least is not too exiguous for apprehension—the amplest exceeds not comprehension—and their united power is felt when not understood. I speak, Seward, of that which might be suggested for a primary fault in the Elegy—the contrast of the most artful, scholarly style, and the simple, rude, lowly, homely matter. But you shall see that every fancy seizes, and every memory holds especially those verses and wordings which bring out this contrast—that richest line—

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn!”

is felt to be soon followed well by that simplest—

“No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed”—

where—I take “lowly” to imply low in earth—humbly turfed or flowered—and of the lowly.

SEWARD. And so, sir, the pomp of a Cathedral is described, though a village Church alone is in presence. So Milton, Cromwell, and other great powers are set in array—that which these were not, against that which those were.

NORTH. Yet hear Dr. Thomas Brown—an acute metaphysician—but an obtuse critic—and no Poet at all. “The two images in this stanza (‘Full many a gem,’ &c.) certainly produce very different degrees of poetical delight. That which is borrowed from the rose blooming in solitude pleases in a very high degree, both as it contains a just and beautiful similitude, and still more as the similitude is one of the most likely to have arisen in such a situation. But the simile in the two first lines of the stanza, though it may perhaps philosophically be as just, has no other charm, and strikes us immediately as not the natural suggestion of such a moment and such a scene. To a person moralizing amid a simple Churchyard, there is perhaps no object that would not sooner have occurred than this piece of minute jewelry—‘a gem of purest ray serene, in the unfathomed caves of ocean.’”

SEWARD. A person moralizing! He forgot that person was Thomas Gray. And he never knew what you have told us now.

NORTH. Why, my dear Seward, the Gem

is the recognized most intense expression, from the natural world, of worth—ineestimable priceless price—dependent on rarity and beauty. The Flower is a like intense expression, from the same world, of the power to call forth love. The first image is *felt* by every reader to be high, and *exalting* its object; the second to be tender, and openly *pathetic*. Of course it moves more, and of course it comes last. The Poet has just before spoken of Milton and Cromwell—of bards and kings—and history with all her wealth. Is the transition violent from these objects to Gems? He is moved by, but he is not bound to, the scene and time. His own thoughts emancipate. Brown seems utterly to have forgotten that the Poet himself is the Dramatic person of the Monologue. Shall he be restricted from using the richness and splendor of his own thoughts? That one stanza sums up the two or three preceding—and is perfectly attuned to the reigning mood, temper, or pathos.

BULLER. Thank you, gentlemen. The Doctor is done brown.

NORTH.

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave!”

Methinks I could read you a homily on that text.

BULLER. To-morrow, sir, if you please. To-morrow is Sunday—and you may read it to us as we glide to Divine Service at Dalnally—two of us to the Established, and two of us to the Free Kirk.

NORTH. Be it so. But you will not be displeased with me for quoting now, from heart-memory, a single sentence on the great line, from Beattie, and from Adam Fergusson. “It presents to the imagination a wide plain, where several roads appear, crowded with glittering multitudes, and issuing from different quarters, but drawing nearer and nearer as they advance, till they terminate in the dark and narrow house, where all their glories enter in succession, and disappear forever.”

SEWARD. Thank you, sir. That is Beattie?

NORTH. It is. Fergusson’s memorable words are—“If from this we are disposed to collect any inference adverse to the pursuits of glory, it may be asked whither do the paths of ignominy lead? If to the grave also, then our choice of a life remains to be made on the grounds of its intrinsic value, without regard to an end which is common to every station of life we can lead, whether illustrious or obscure.”

SEWARD. Very fine. Who says it? Ferguson—who was he?

NORTH. The best of you Englishers are intolerably ignorant about Scotland. Do you know the Rev. John Mitford?

SEWARD. I do—and have for him the greatest respect.

NORTH. So have I. He is one of our best editors—as Pickering is one of our best Publishers of the Poets. But I am somewhat doubtful of the truthfulness of his remarks on the opening of the Elegy, in the Appendix to his excellent Life of Gray. “The Curfew ‘toll’ is not the appropriate word—it was not a slow bell tolling for the dead.”

SEWARD. True enough, not for the dead—but Gray then felt as if it were for the dying—and chose to say so—the parting day. Was it quick and “merry as a marriage bell?” I can’t think it—nor did Milton, “swinging *slow* with sullen roar.” Gray was *Il Penseroso*. Prospero calls it the “solemn curfew.” Toll is right.

NORTH. But, says my friend Mitford, “there is another error, a confusion of time. The curfew tolls, and the ploughman returns from work. Now the ploughman returns two or three hours before the curfew rings; and ‘the glimmering landscape’ has ‘long ceased to fade’ before the curfew. The ‘parting day’ is also incorrect; the day had long finished. But if the word Curfew is taken simply for the ‘Evening Bell,’ then also is the time incorrect—and a *knell* is not tolled for the parting, but for the parted—and leaves the world to darkness and to me.” “Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.” Here the incidents, instead of being progressive, fall back, and make the picture confused and inharmonious; especially as it appears soon after that it was *not* dark. For ‘the moping owl does to the moon complain.’”

SEWARD. Pardon me, sir, I cannot venture to answer all that—but if Mitford be right, Gray must be very wrong indeed. Let me see—give us it over again—sentence by sentence—

BULLER. No—no—no. Once is enough—and enough is as good as a feast.

NORTH. Talboys?

TALBOYS. Since you have a great respect for Mr. Mitford, sir, so have I. But hitherto I have been a stranger to his merits.

SEWARD. The best of you Scottishers are intolerably ignorant about England.

TALBOYS. In the first place, Mr. North, when does the Curfew toll, or ring?—for hang me if I remember—or rather ever

knew. And in the second place, when does the Evening Bell give tongue?—for hang me if I am much better informed as to his motions. Yet I should know something of the family of the Bells. Say—*eight* o’clock. Well. It is summer-time, I suppose; for you cannot believe that so dainty a person in health and habits, as the Poet Gray, would write an Elegy in a Country churchyard in winter, and well on towards night. True, that is a way of speaking; he did not write it with his crow-quill, in his neat hand, on his neat vellum, on the only horizontal tombstone. But in the Churchyard he assumes to sit—probably under a Plane-tree, for sake of the congenial Gloom. Season of the year ascertained—Summer—time of Curfew—*eight*—then I can find no fault with the Ploughman. He comes in well—either as an image or a man. He must have been an honest, hard-working fellow, and worth the highest wages going between the years 1745 and 1750. At what hour do ploughmen leave the stilts in Cambridgeshire? We must not say at six. Different hours in different counties, Buller.

BULLER. Go on—all’s right, Talboys.

TALBOYS. It is not too much to believe that Hodge did not grudge, occasionally, a half hour over, to a good master. Then he had to stable his horses—Star and Smiler—rub them down—bed them—fill rack and manger—water them—make sure their noses were in the oats—lock the stable before the nags were stolen—and then, and not till then,

“The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way.”

For he does not sleep on the Farm—he has a wife and small family—that is, a large family of smallish children—in the Hamlet, at least two miles off—and he does not walk for a wager of a fitch of bacon and barrel of beer—but for his accustomed rasher and a jug—and such endearments as will restore his weariness up to the proper pitch for a sound night’s sleep. God bless him!

BULLER. Shorn of your beams, Mr. North, eclipsed.

TALBOYS. The ploughman, then, does not return “two or three hours before the curfew rings.” Nor has “the glimmering landscape long ceased to fade before the curfew.” Nor is “the parting day incorrect.” Nor “has the day long finished.” Nor, when it may have finished, or may finish, can any man in the hamlet, during all that gradual

subsiding of light and sound, take upon him to give any opinion at all.

NORTH. My boy, Talboys.

TALBOYS. "And leave the world to darkness and to me." Ay—into his hut goes the ploughman, and leaves the world and me to darkness—which is coming—but not yet come—the Poet knows it is coming—near at hand its coming glooms; and Darkness shows her divinity as she is preparing to mount her throne.

NORTH. Nothing can be better.

TALBOYS. "'Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.' Here the incident, instead of being progressive, falls back, and makes the picture confused and inharmonious." Confused and inharmonious! By no manner of means. Nothing of the sort. There is no retrogression—the day has been unwilling to die—cannot believe she is dying—and cannot think 'tis for her the curfew is tolling; but the Poet feels it is even so; the glimmering and the fading, beautiful as they are, are sure symptoms—she is dying into Evening, and Evening will soon be the dying into Night; but to the Poet's eye how beautiful the transmutations! Nor knows he that the Moon has arisen, till, at the voice of the night-bird, he looks up the ivied church-tower, and there she is, whether full, waning, or crescent, there are not data for the Astronomer to declare.

NORTH. My friend, Mr. Mitford says of the line, "No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed"—That "here the epithet *lowly*, as applied to *bed*, occasions an ambiguity, as to whether the Poet means the bed on which they sleep, or the grave in which they are laid;" and he adds, "there can be no greater fault in composition than a doubtful meaning."

TALBOYS. There cannot be a more touching beauty. *Lowly* applies to both. From their lowly bed in their lowly dwellings among the quick, those joyous sounds used to awaken them; from their lowly bed in their lowly dwellings among the dead, those joyous sounds will awaken them never more: but a sound will awaken them when He comes to judge both the quick and the dead; and for them there is Christian hope—from

"Many a holy text around them strewed
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

NORTH.

"Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!"

This stanza—says Mr. Mitford—"is made

up of various pieces inlaid"—'Stubborn glebe' is from Gay; 'drive afield' from Milton; 'sturdy stroke' from Spenser. Such is too much the system of Gray's composition, and therefore such the cause of his imperfections. Purity of language, accuracy of thought, and even similarity of rhyme, all give way to the introduction of certain poetical expressions; in fact, the beautiful jewel, when brought, does not fit into the new setting or socket. Such is the difference between the flower stuck into the ground and those that grow from it." Talboys?

BULLER. Why not—Buller?

TALBOYS. I give way to the gentleman.

BULLER. Not for worlds would I take the word out of any man's mouth.

TALBOYS. Gray took "stubborn glebe" from Gay. Why from Gay? It has been familiar in men's mouths from the introduction of agriculture into this Island. May not a Saxon gentleman say "drive their teams a-field" without charge of theft from Milton, who said "drove a-field?" Who first said "Gee-ho, Dobbin?" Was Spenser the first—the only man before Milton—who used "sturdy stroke?" and has nobody used it since Gray?

BULLER. You could give a "sturdy stroke" yourself, Talboys. What's your weight?

TALBOYS. Gray's style is sometimes too composite—you, yourself, sir, would not deny it is so—but Mr. Mitford's instances here are absurd, and the charge founded on them false. Gray seldom, if ever—say never, "*sacrifices* purity of language, and accuracy of thought," for the sake of introducing certain poetical expressions. "All give way" is a gross exaggeration. The beautiful words of the brethren, with which his loving memory was stored, came up in the hour of imagination, and took their place among the words as beautiful of his own congenial inspirations; the flowers he transplanted from poetry "languished not, grew dim, nor died;" for he had taken them up gently by the roots, and with some of the old mould adhering to their tendrils, and, true florist as he was, had prepared for them a richest soil in his own garden, which he held from nature, and which the sun and the dew of nature nourished, and will nourish forever.

BULLER. That face is not pleasant, sir. Nothing so disfigures a face as envy. Old Poets at last grow ugly all—but you, sir, are a Philosopher—and on your benign countenance 'twas but a passing cloud. There—you are as beautiful as ever—how

comely in critical old age! Any farther fault to find with our friend Mitford?

NORTH.

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

"'Pious drops' is from Ovid—*piæ lachrymæ*; 'closing eye' is from Pope—'voice of nature' from the *Anthologia*, and the last line from Chaucer—'Yet on our ashes cold is fire yreken. *From so many quarries are the stones brought to form this elaborate Mosaic pavement.*" I say, for "*piæ lachrymæ*" all honor to Ovid—for "pious drops" all honor to Gray. "Closing eye" is *not* from Pope's *Elegy*; "voice of nature" is *not* from the *Anthologia*, but from Nature herself; Chaucer's line may have suggested Gray's, but the reader of Chaucer knows that Gray's has a tender and profound meaning which is not in Chaucer's at all—and he knows, too, that Mr. Mitford is not a reader of Chaucer—for were he, he could not have written "ashes" for "ashen." There were *no* quarries—there is *no* Mosaic. Mosaic pavement! Worse, if possible—more ostentatiously pedantic—even than stuck in flowers, jewels, settings, and sockets.

TALBOYS. The stanza is sacred to sorrow.

NORTH. "From this Stanza," quoth Mitford, "the style of the composition drops into a *lower key*; the language is plainer, and is not in harmony with the splendid and elaborate diction of the former part." This objection is disposed of by what I said some minutes ago—

BULLER. Half an hour ago—on *Grayishness*.

NORTH. And I have only this farther to say, gentlemen, that though the language is plainer—yet it is solemn; nor is it unpoetical—for the hoary-headed swain was moved as he spake; the style, if it drop into a lower key, is accordant with that higher key on which the music was pitched that has not yet left our hearing. An *Elegy* is not an *Ode*—the close should be mournful as the opening—with loftier strain between—and it is so; and whatever we might have to say of the *Epitaph*—its final lines are "awful"—as every man must have felt them to be—whether thought on in our own lonely night-room—in the Churchyard of Granchester, where it is said Gray mused the *Elegy*—or by that Burial-ground in Inishail—or here afloat in

the joyous sunshine for an hour privileged to be happy in a world of grief.

BULLER. Let's change the subject, sir. May I ask what author you have in your other hand?

NORTH. *Alison on Taste*.

BULLER. You don't say so! I thought you quoted from memory.

NORTH. So I did; but I have dog-eared a page or two.

BULLER. I see no books lying about in the Pavilion—only Newspapers—and Magazines—and Reviews—and trash of that kind—

NORTH. Without which, you, my good fellow, could not live a week.

BULLER. The Spirit of the Age! The Age should be ashamed of herself for living from hand to mouth on Periodical Literature. The old Lady should indeed, sir. If the Pensive Public conceits herself to be the Thinking World—

NORTH. Let us help to make her so. I have a decent little Library of some three hundred select volumes in the Van—my Plate-chest—and a few dozens of choice wines for my friends—of Champagne, which you, Buller, call small beer—

BULLER. I retracted and apologized. Is that the key of the Van at your watch-chain?

NORTH. It is. So many hundred people about the Encampment—sometimes among them suspicious strangers in paletots in search of the picturesque, and perhaps the pecuniary—that it is well to intrust the key to my own body-guard. It does not weigh an ounce. And *that* lock is not to be picked by the ghost of Huffy White.

SEWARD. But of the volume in hand, sir?

NORTH. "In that fine passage in the Second Book of the *Georgics*," says Mr. Alison, "in which Virgil celebrates the praises of his native country, after these fine lines—

'Hic ver assiduū, atque alienis mensibus ætas;
Bis gravidæ pecudes, his pomis utilis arbor.
At rabidæ tigres absunt, et sæva leonum
Semina: nec miseros fallunt aconita legentes:
Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto
Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.'

There is no reader whose enthusiasm is not checked by the cold and prosaic line which follows,—

'Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.'

The tameness and vulgarity of the tradition dissipates at once the emotion we had shared

with the Poet, and reduces him, in our opinion, to the level of a mere describer."

SEWARD. Cold and prosaic line! Tame-ness and vulgarity! I am struck mute.

NORTH. I have no doubt that Mr. Alison distressed himself with "*Adde*." It is a word from a merchant's counting-house, reckoning up his gains. And so much the better. Virgil is making out the balance-sheet of Italy—he is inventorying her wealth. Mr. Alison would have every word away from reality. Not so the Poet. Every now and then, they—the Poets—amuse themselves with dipping their pencils into the real, the common, the everyday, the homely. By so doing they arrest belief, which above everything they desire to hold fast. I should not wonder if you might catch Spenser at it, even. Shakspeare is full of it. There is nothing else prosaic in the passage; and if Virgil had had the bad taste to say "*Ecce*," instead of "*Adde*," I suppose no fault would have been found.

SEWARD. But what can Mr. Alison mean by the charge of tameness and *vulgarity*?

NORTH. I have told you, sir.

SEWARD. You have not, sir.

NORTH. I have, sir.

SEWARD. Yes—yes—yes. "*Adde*" is vulgar! I cannot think so.

NORTH. The Cities of Italy, and the "*operum labor*," always have been and are an admiration. The words "*Egregias urbes*" suggest the general stateliness and wealth—"operumque laborem," the particular buildings—Temples, Basilicas, Theatres, and Great Works of the lower Utility. A summary and most vivid expression of a land possessed by intelligent, civilized, active, spirited, vigorous, tasteful inhabitants—also an eminent adorning of the land.

SEWARD. Lucretius says, that in spring the Cities are in flower—or on flower—or a flower—with children. And Lucan, at the beginning of the *Pharsalia*, describes the Ancient or Greek Cities desolate. They were fond and proud of their "*tot egregiæ urbes*" as the Modern Italians are—and with good reason.

NORTH. How judiciously the Critics stop short of the lines that would overthrow their criterion always! The present case is an extraordinary example. Had Mr. Alison looked to the lines immediately following, he would not have objected to that One. For

"Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros"

is very beautiful—brings the whole under the domain of Poetry, by singular Picturesqueness, and by gathering the whole past history of Italy up—fetching it in with a word—*antiquos*.

SEWARD. I can form no conjecture as to the meaning of Mr. Alison's objections. He quotes a few lines from the "*Praise of Italy*," and then one line which he calls prosaic, and would have us to hold up our hands in wonder at the lame and impotent conclusion—at the sudden transformation of Virgil the poet into Virgil the most prosaic of Prose-writers. You have said enough already, sir, to prove that he is in error even on his own showing;—but how can this fragmentary—this piecemeal mode of quotation—so common among critics of the lower school, and so unworthy of those of the higher—have found favor with Mr. Alison, one of the most candid and most enlightened of men? Some accidental prejudice from mere carelessness—but, once formed, retained in spite of the fine and true Taste which, unfettered, would have felt the fallacy, and vindicated his admired Virgil.

NORTH. The "*Laudes*"—to which the Poet is brought by the preceding bold, sweeping, winged, and poetical strain about the indigenous vines of Italy—have two-fold root—TREES and the glory of LANDS. Virgil kindles on the double suggestion—the trees of Italy compared to the trees—of other regions. They are the trees of primary human service and gladness—Oil and Wine. For see at once the deep, sound natural ground in human wants—the bounty of Nature—of Mother Earth—"whatever Earth, all-bearing Mother, yields"—to her human children. That is the gate of entrance; but not prosaically—but two gate-posts of a most poetical mythus-fed husbandman. For we have Jason's fire-mouthed Bulls *ploughing*, and Cadmus-sown teeth of the dragon springing up in armed men. Then comes, instead, mild, benign, Man-loving Italy—"gravidæ fruges"—the heavy-eared corn—or rather big-teeming—the juice of Bacchus—the Olives, and the "broad herds of Cattle." Note—ye Virgilians—the Corn of Book First—the Oil and Wine of Book Second—and the Cattle of Book Third—for the sustaining Thought—the organic life of his Work moves in his heart.

BULLER. And the Fourth—Bees—honey—and honey-makers are like Milkmen—in a way small Milch-cows.

NORTH. They are. Once a-foot—or a-wing—he hurries and rushes along, all through the "*Laudes*." The majestic victim-Bull of

the Clitumnus—the incipient Spring—the double Summer—the *absence* of all venomous and deadly broods—tigers—lions—aconite—serpents. This is NATURE'S FAVOR. Then *Man's Works*—cities and forts—(rock-fortresses)—the great lakes of Northern Italy—showing Man again in their vast edifications. Then Nature in veins of metals precious or useful—then Nature in her production of Man—the Marsi—the Sabellian youth—the Ligurian inured to labor—and the Volscian darters—then single mighty shapes and powers of Man—ROMANS—the Decii, the Marii, the Camilli,

"Scipiadus duos bello, et te, maxime Cæsar,"

The King of Men—the Lord of the Earth—the pacificator of the distracted Empire—which, to a Roman, is as much as to say the World. Then—hail Saturnian Land! Mother of Corn! Saturnian, because golden Saturn had reigned there—Mother, I suppose the rather because in *his* time corn sprung unsown—*sine semine*—She gave it from out of her own loving and cherishing bosom. *To Thee*, Italy, sing I my Ascræan or Hesiodic song. The Works and Days—the Greek Georgics are his avowed prototype—rude prototype to magnificence—like the Arab of the Desert transplanted to rear his empire of dazzling and picturesque civilization in the Pyrenean Peninsula.

BULLER. Take breath, sir. Virgil said well—

"Adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem."

SEWARD. Allow me one other word. Virgil—in the vivid lines quoted with admiration by Mr. Alison—lauds his beloved Italy for the *absence* of wild beasts and serpents—and he magnifies the whole race of serpents by his picture of One—the Serpent King—yet with subjects all equal in size to himself in our imagination. The Serpent is *in* the Poetry, but he is *not in* Italy. Is this a false artifice of composition—a vain ornament? Oh, no! He describes the Saturnian Land—the mother of corn and of men—bounteous, benign, golden, maternal Italy. The negation has the plenitude of life, which the fabulous absence of noxious reptiles has for the sacred Island of Ierne.

BULLER. Erin-go-bragh!

SEWARD. Suddenly he sees another vision—not of what is absent but present; and then comes the line arraigned and condemned—followed by lines as great—

"Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros."

The first line grasps in one handful all the mighty, fair, wealthy CITIES of Italy—the second all the rock-creating *Forts* of Italy—from the Alpine head to the sea-washed foot of the Peninsula. The collective One Thought of the Human Might and Glory of Italy—as it appears on the countenance of the Land—or visible in its utmost concentration in the girdled Towns and Cities of Men.

BULLER. "Adde" then is right, Seward. On that North and you are at one.

NORTH. Yes, it is right, and any other word would be wrong. ADDE! Note the sharpness, Buller, of the significance—the vivacity of the short open sound. Fling it out—ring it out—sing it out. Look at the very repetition of the powerful "ror"—"*tot egregias*"—"tot congesta"—witnessing by one of the first and commonest rules in the grammar of rhetoric—whether Virgil speaks in prose or in fire.

BULLER. In fire.

NORTH. Mr. Alison then goes on to say, "that the effect of the following nervous and beautiful lines, in the conclusion of the same Book, is *nearly destroyed* by a similar defect. After these lines,

"Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus et Frater; sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma;"

We little expect the following *spiritless* conclusion:—

"Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces."

SEWARD. Oh! why does Mr. Alison call that line *spiritless*?

NORTH. He gives no reason—assured by his own dissatisfaction, that he has but to quote it, and leave it in its own naked impotence.

SEWARD. I hope you do not think it spiritless, sir.

NORTH. I think it contains the concentrated essence of spirit and of power. Let any one think of Rome, piled up in greatness, and grandeur, and glory—and a Wall round about—and in a moment his imagination is filled. What sort of a Wall? A garden wall to keep out orchard thieves—or a modern wall of a French or Italian town to keep out wine and meat, that they may come in at the gate and pay toll; I trow

not. But a Wall against the World armed and assailing! Remember that Virgil saw Rome—and that his hearers did—and that in his eyes and theirs she was Empress of the inhabited Earth. She held and called herself such—it was written in her face and on her forehead. The visible, tangible splendor and magnificence meant this, or they meant nothing. The stone and lime said this—and Virgil's line says it, sedately and in plain, simple phrase, which yet is a Climax.

SEWARD. As the dreaded Semiramis was flesh and blood—corporeal—made of the four elements—yet her soul and her empyre spoke out of her—so spake they from the Face of Rome.

NORTH. Ay, Seward—put these two things together—the Aspect that speaks Domination of the World, and the Wall that girds her with strength impregnable—and what more could you possibly demand from her Great Poet?

SEWARD. Arx is a Citadel—we may say an Acropolis. Athens had one Arx—so had Corinth. One Arx is enough to one Queenly City. But this Queen, within her one Wall, has enclosed Seven Arces—as if she were Seven Queens.

NORTH. Well said, Seward. The Seven Hills appeared—and to this day do—to characterize the Supremacy of Rome. The Seven-Hilled City! You seem to have said everything—the Seven Hills are as a seven-pillared Throne—and all that is in one line—given by Virgil. Delete it—no, not for a thousand gold crowns.

BULLER. Not for the Pigot Diamond—not for the Sea of Light.

NORTH. Imagine Romulus tracing the circuit on which the walls were to rise of his little Rome—the walls ominously lustrated with a brother's blood. War after war humbles neighboring town after town, till the seas that bathe, and the mountains that guard Italy, enclose the confederated Republic. It is a step—a beginning. East and West, North and South, flies the Eagle, dipping its beak in the blood of battle-fields. Where it swoops, there fanning away the pride, and fame, and freedom of nations, with the wafture of its wings. Kingdoms and Empires that were, are no more than Provinces; till the haughty Roman, stretching out the fact to the limits of his ambitious desires, can with some plausibility deceive himself, and call the edges of the Earth the boundaries of his unmeasured Dominion.

SEWARD. "O Italy! Italy! would Thou wert stronger or less beautiful!"—was the

mournful apostrophe of an Italian Poet, who saw, in the latter ages, his refined but enervated countrymen trampled under the foot of a more martial people from far beyond the Alps.

NORTH. Good Manners giving a vital energy and efficacy to good Laws—in these few words, gentlemen, may be comprised the needful constituents of National Happiness and Prosperity—the foremost conditions.

TALBOYS. Ay—ay—sir. For good Laws without good Manners are an empty breath—whilst good Manners ask the protecting and preserving succor of good Laws. But the good Manners are of the first necessity, for they naturally produce the good Laws.

NORTH. What does history show, Talboys, but nations risen up to flourish in wealth, power, and greatness, that with corrupted and luxurious manners have again sunk from their pre-eminence; whilst another purer and simpler people has in turn grown mighty, and taken their room in the world's eye—some hardy, simple, frugal race, perhaps, whom the seeming disfavor of nature constrains to assiduous labor, and who maintain in the lap of their mountains their independence and their pure and happy homes.

TALBOYS. The Luxury—the invading Goth and Hun—the dismembering—and new States uprisen upon the ruins of the World's fallen Empire. There is one line in Collins' *Ode to Freedom*—Mr. North—which I doubt if I understand.

NORTH. Which?

TALBOYS.

"No, Freedom, no—I will not tell
How Rome before thy weeping face
Pushed by a wild and artless race
From off its wide, ambitious base,
With heaviest sound a giant-statue fell—
What time the northern Sons of Spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments
broke."

NORTH. Which?

TALBOYS. "How Rome before thy weeping face."

NORTH. Freedom wept at Rome's overthrow—though she had long been Freedom's enemy—and though her destroyers were Freedom's children—and "Spoil's Sons"—for how could Freedom look unmoved at the wreck "of all that blended work of strength and grace"—though raised by slaves at the beck of Tyrants? It was not always so.

BULLER. Let me, Apollo-like, my dear sir,

pinch your ear, and admonish you to return to the point from which, in discursive gyrations, you and Seward have been—

NORTH. Like an Eagle giving an Eaglet lessons how to fly—

BULLER. You promised solemnly, sir, not to mention Eagles this evening.

NORTH. I did not, sir.

BULLER. But, then, Seward is no Eaglet—he is, and long has been, a full-fledged bird, and can fly as well's yourself, sir.

NORTH. There you're right. But then, making a discursive gyration round a point is not leaving it—and there you're wrong. Silly folk—not you, Buller, for you are a strong-minded, strong-bodied man—say “keep to the point”—knowing that if you quit it one inch, you will from their range of vision disappear—and then they comfort themselves by charging you with having melted among the clouds.

BULLER. I was afraid, my dear sir, that having got your Eaglet on your back—or your Eaglet having got old Aquila on his—you would sail away with him—or he with you—to prey in distant isles.”

NORTH. You promised, solemnly, sir, not to mention Eagles this evening.

BULLER. I did not, sir. But don't let us quarrel.

SEWARD. What does Virgil mean, sir, by “Rerum,” in the line which Mr. Alison thinks should have concluded the strain—

“Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.”

NORTH. “Rerum”—what does he mean by “Rerum?” Let me perpend. Why, Seward, the legitimate meaning of Res, here, is a State—a Commonwealth. “The fairest of Powers—then—of Politics—of States.”

SEWARD. Is that all the word means here?

NORTH. Why, methinks we must explain. Observe, then, Seward, that Rome is the Town, as England the Island. Thus “England has become the fairest among the Kingdoms of the Earth.” This is equivalent, good English; and the only satisfactory and literal translation of the Latin verse. But here, the Physical and the Political are identified—that is, England. England is the name at once of the Island—of so much earth limited out on the surface of the terraqueous globe—and of what besides? Of the Inhabitants? Yes? but of the inhabitants (as the King never dies) perpetuated from generation to generation. Moreover, of this immortal inhabitation, further made one by blood and speech, laws, manners, and

everything that makes a people. In short, England, properly the name of the land, is intended to be, at the same time, the name of the Nation.

“England, with all thy faults, I love Thee still.”

There Cowper speaks to both at once—the faults are of the men only—moral—for he does not mean fogs, and March east winds, and fever and agues. I love thee—is to the green fields and the white cliffs, as well as to all that still survives of the English heart and thought and character. And this absorption, sir, and compenetration of the two ideas—land into people, people into land—the exposition of which might, in good hands, be made beautiful—is a fruitful germ of Patriotism—an infinite blending of the spiritual and the corporeal. To Virgil, Rome the city was also Rome the Romans; and, therefore, sir, those Houses and Palaces, and that Wall, were to him, as those green fields, and hills, and streams, and towns, and those cliffs are to Us. The girdled-in compendium of the Heaven's Favor, and the Earth's Glory and Power.

“Scilicet et RERUM facta est pulcherrima ROMA, Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.”

Do you all comprehend and adopt my explanation, gentlemen?

TALBOYS. I do.

BULLER. I——do.

SEWARD. I ask myself whether Virgil's “Rerum Pulcherrima” may not mean “Fair-est of Things”—of Creatures—of earthly existences? To a young English reader, probably that is the first impression. It was, I think, mine. But fairest of earthly States and Seats of State is so much more idiomatic and to the purpose, that I conceive it—indubitable.

NORTH. You all remember what Horatio sayeth to the soldiers in Hamlet, on the coming and going of the Ghost.

“In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
Disasters veiled the sun, and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to Doomsday with eclipse.”

What does Horatio mean by high and palmy state? That Rome was in a flourishing condition?

BULLER. That, I believe, sir, is the common impression. Hitherto it has been mine.

NORTH. Let it be erased henceforth and forever.

BULLER. It is erased—I erase it.

NORTH. Read henceforth and forever high and palmy State. Write henceforth and forever State with a towering Capital. Res! "Most high and palmy State" is precisely and literally "*Rerum Pulcherrima*."

SEWARD. At your bidding—you cannot err.

NORTH. I err not unfrequently—but not now, nor I believe this evening. Horatio, the Scholar, speaks to the two Danish Soldiers. They have brought him to be of their watch because he is a Scholar—and they are none. This relation of distinction is indeed the ground and life of the Scene.

"Therefore I have entreated him, along
With us to watch the minutes of the night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it."

TALBOYS.

"Thou art a Scholar—speak to it, Horatio."

NORTH. You know, Talboys, that Scholars were actual Conjurors, in the mediæval belief, which has tales enow about Scholars in that capacity. Horatio comes, then, possessed with an especial Power; he knows how to deal with Ghosts—he could lay one, if need were. He is not merely a man of superior and cultivated intellect, whom intellectual inferiors engage to assist them in an emergency above their grasp—but he is the *very* man for the work.

TALBOYS. Have not the Commentators said as much, sir?

NORTH. Perhaps—probably—who? If they have in plenitude, I say it again—because I once did not know it—or think of it—and I suppose that a great many persons die believing that the Two resort in the way of general dependence merely on Horatio.

TALBOYS. I believed, but I shall not die believing so.

NORTH. Therefore, the scholarship of Horatio, and the non-scholarship of Bernardo and Marcellus, strike into the life, soul, essence, ground, foundation, fabric, and organization of this First Ghost Scene—sustain and build the whole Play.

TALBOYS. Eh?

NORTH. Eh? Yes. But to the point in hand. The Ghost has come and gone; and the Scholar addresses his Mates the two

Non-Scholars. And show me the living Scholar who could speak as Horatio spake. Touching the matter that is in all their minds oppressively, he will transport their minds a flight suddenly off a thousand years, and a thousand miles or leagues—their untutored minds into the Region of History. He will take them to Rome—"a little ere"—and, therefore, before naming Rome, he lifts and he directs their imagination—"In the most high and palmy State." There had been Four Great Empires of the World—and he will by these few words evoke in their minds the Image of the last and greatest. And now observe with what decision, as well as with what majesty, the nomination ensues—or Rome.

TALBOYS. I feel it, sir.

NORTH. Try, Talboys, to render "State" by any other word, and you will be put to it. You may analogize. It is for the Republic and City, what Realm or Kingdom is to us—at once place and indwelling Power. "State"—properly Republic—here specifically and pointedly means Reigning City. The Ghosts walked in the City—not in the Republic.

TALBOYS. I think I have you, sir—am not sure.

NORTH. You have me—you are sure. Now suppose that, instead of the solemn, ceremonious, and stately robes in which Horatio attires the Glorious Rome, he had said simply, "in Rome," or "at Rome," where then his *luxury*—his leading of their spirits? Where his own scholar-enthusiasm, and love, and joy, and wonder? All gone? And where, Talboys, are they who, by here understanding "state" for "condition"—which every man alive does—

TALBOYS. Every man alive?

NORTH. Yes, you did—confess you did. Where are they, I ask, who thus oblige Horatio to introduce his nomination of Rome—thus nakedly—and prosaically? Every hackneyer of this phrase—*state*—as every man alive hackneys it—is a nine-fold Murderer. He murders the Phrase; he murders the Speech; he murders Horatio; he murders the Ghost; he murders the Scene; he murders the Play; he murders Rome; he murders Shakspeare—and he murders Me.

TALBOYS. I am innocent.

NORTH. Why, suppose Horatio to mean—"in the most glorious and victorious condition of Rome, on the Eve of Cæsar's death, the graves stood tenantless"—You ask—WHERE? See where you have got. A story told with two terminations of Time, and

none of Place! Is that the way that Shakspeare, the intelligent and intelligible, recites a fact? No! But my explanation shows the Congruity or Parallelism. "In the *most high and palmy State*,"—that is, City of Rome—ceremonious determination of Place—"a little ere the *mightiest Julius fell*,"—ceremonious determination of Time.

TALBOYS. But is not the use of State, sir, for City, bold and singular?

NORTH. It is. For Verse has her own Speech—though Wordsworth denies it in his Preface—and proves it by his Poetry, like his brethren Shakspeare and Milton. The language of Verse is rapid—abrupt and abrupt. Horatio wants the notion of Republic; because properly the Republic is high and palmy, and not the wood, stone, and marble. So he manages an expeditious word that shall include both, and strike you at once. The word of a Poet strikes like a flash of lightning—it penetrates—it does not stay to be scanned—"probed, vexed, and criticised,"—it illuminates and is gone. But you must have eyes—and suffer nobody to shut them. I ask, then—Can any lawful, well-behaved Citizen, having weighed all this, and reviewed all these things, again violate the Poesy of the Avonian Swan, and his own muse-enlightened intelligence, by lending hand or tongue to the convicted and condemned VULGARISM?

TALBOYS. Now, then, and not till now, we Three know the full power of the lines—

"Scilicet et Rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces."

NORTH. Another word anent Virgil. Mr. Alison says—"There is a still more surprising instance of this fault in one of the most pathetic passages of the whole Poem, in the description of the disease among the cattle, which concludes the Third Georgic. The passage is as follows:—

"Ecce autem duro fumans sub vomere Taurus
Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem
Extremosque ciet gemitus; it tristis arator,
Mœrentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvenum,
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra."

The unhappy image in the second line is less calculated to excite compassion than disgust, and is singularly ill-suited to the tone of tenderness and delicacy which the Poet has everywhere else so successfully maintained, in describing the progress of the loathsome dis-

ease." The line here objected to is the life of the description—and instead of offence, it is the clenching of the pathos. First of all, it is that which the poets always will have and the critics wont—the *Necessitated*—the Thing itself—the Matter in hand. It shapes—features—characterizes that particular Murrain. Leave it out—"the one Ox drops dead in the furrow, and the Ploughman detaches the other." It's a great pity, and very surprising—but that is NO PLAGUE. Suddenly he falls, and blood and foam gush mixed with his expiring breath. *That is a plague*. It has terror—affright—sensible horror—life vitiated, poisoned in its fountains. *Vomit*—a settled word, and one of the foremost, of the reversed, unnatural vital function. Besides, it is the true and proper word. Besides, it is vivid and picturesque, being the word of the Mouth. *Effundit* (which they would prefer—I do not mean it would stand in the verse) is general—might be from the ears. *Vomit* in itself says mouth. The poor mouth! whose function is to breathe, and to eat grass, and to caress—the visible organ of life—of vivification—and now of mortification. Taken from the dominion of the holy powers, and given up to the dark and nameless destroyer. "*Vomit ore Cruorem!*" The verse moans and groans for him—it may have in it a death rattle. How much more helpless and hopeless the real picture makes Arator's distress! Now, "*it tristis*" comes with effect.

SEWARD. Yes, Virgil, as in duty bound to do, faced the Cattle Plague in all its horrors. Had he not, he would have been false to Pales, the Goddess of Shepherds—to Apollo, who fed the herds of Admetus. So did his Master, Lucretius—whom he emulated—equalled, but not surpassed, in execution of the dismal but inevitable work. The whole land groaned under the visitation—nor was it confined to Cattle—it seemed as if the brute creation were about to perish. But his tender heart, near the close, singled out from the thousands, one yoke of Steers—in two lines and a half told the death of one—in two lines and a half told the sadness of its owner—and in as many lines more told, too, of the survivor sinking, because his brother "was not"—and in as many more a lament for the cruel sufferings of the harmless creature—lines which, Scaliger says, he would rather have written than have been honored by the Lydian or the Persian king.

BULLER. Perhaps you have said enough, Seward. It might have been better, perhaps, to have recited the whole passage.

1. Here is a sentence or two about

2. Then you are off. Oh! Sir—
for an hour imitate that Moon and
ars? How silently they shine! But
re you for the heavenly luminaries?
majestic beauty of the nocturnal
vain man will not hold his peace.
3. Is that the murmur of the far-

4. It is—the tide, may be, is on its
is at “Connal’s raging Ferry”—from
ive—yet this is not its hour—’tis but
terious voice of Night.

5. Hush!

6. By moonlight and starlight, and
voice of Night, I read these words
Alison—“In the speech of Aga-
to Idomeneus, in the Fourth Book of
I, a circumstance is introduced alto-
inconsistent both with the *dignity of*
the, and the *Majesty of Epic Poetry* :

7 Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
orth like thine, what praise shall we be-
stow!

8 the foremost honors are decreed,
in the fight, and every graceful deed.
9 in, in banquets, when the generous bowls
re our blood, and raise the warriors’
souls,
10 gh all the rest with stated rules be bound,
xed, unmeasured, are thy goblets crown-
ed.”

11. That is Pope. Do you remem-
ber himself, sir?

12. I do.

13, περί μὲν σε τίω Δαναῶν ταχυπόλων,
πτολέμῳ ἢ δ’ ἀλλοίῳ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ,
14, ὅτε περ σε γερούσιον αἰδοῦσα οἶνον
οἱ ἀρίστοι ἐνὶ κρητῆρσι κίρωνται.
15, ῥ’ ἄλλοι γε καρῇ ομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ρίνωσιν, σὸν δὲ πλεῖον δέπας αἰεὶ
ἵσπερ ἐμοὶ, πτέειν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγει,
16, “συ πόλεμόνδ’, οἷος πάρος εὐχέο εἶναι.

17 eve you will find that in general men
more truly, that is, justly, deservedly,
they condemn. They praise from an
of love—that is, from a capacity.
protects love more than hate. Their
nation is often mere incapacity—want
it. Mr. Alison had elegance of ap-
tion—truth of taste—a fine sense of
utiful—a sense of the sublime. His
s for praise are always well—often
hosen, from an attraction felt in his
dial and noble breast. The true chord
XVIII. NO. II.

struck then. But he was somewhat too
dainty-schooled—school-nursed and school-
born. A Judge and critic of Poetry should
have been caught wild, and tamed; he
should carry about him to the last some
relish of the wood and the wilderness, as if
he were ever in some danger of breaking
away, and relapsing to them. He should
know Poetry as a great power of the Uni-
verse—a sun—of which the Song—whoso-
ever—only catches and fixes a few rays.
How different in thought was Epos to him
and to Homer! Homer paints Manners—ar-
chaic, simple manners. Everybody feels—
everybody says this—Mr. Alison must have
known it—and could have said it as well as
the best—

SEWARD. But the best often forget it.
They seem to hold to this knowledge better
now, Mr. North; and they do not make
Homer answerable as a Poet, for the facts of
which he is the historian—Why not rather
accept than criticise?

NORTH. I am sorry, Seward, for the
Achæan Chiefs who had to drink *δαιτρον*—
that is all. I had hoped that they had
helped themselves.

SEWARD. Perhaps, sir, the Stint was a
custom of only the *οἶνον γερούσιον*—a ceremo-
nious Bowl—and if so, undoubtedly with
religious institution. The Feast is not hon-
orary—only the Bowl: for anything that ap-
pears, Agamemnon, feasting his Princes,
might say, “Now, for the Bowl of Honor”—
and Idomeneus alone drinks. Or let the
whole Feast be honorific, and the Bowl the
sealing, and crowning, and characterizing
solemnity. Now the distinction of the Stint,
and the Full Bowl, selected for a signal of
different honoring, has to me no longer any-
thing irksome. It is no longer a grudging
and scantied cheer—but lawful Assignment
of Place.

TALBOYS. The moment you take it for
Ceremonial, sir, you don’t know what pro-
found meaning may, or may not be in it.
The phrase is very remarkable.

NORTH. When the “Best of the Argives”
mix in the Bowl “the honorific dark-glowing
wine,” or the dark-glowing wine of honor—
when, *ὅτε*—quite a specific and peculiar oc-
casion, and confined to the wine—you would
almost think that the Chiefs themselves are the
wine-mixers, and not the usual ministrants—
which would perhaps express the descent
of an antique use from a time and manners
of still greater simplicity than those which
Homer describes. Or take it merely, that in
great solemnities, high persons do the func-

tions proper to Servants. This we do know, that usually a servant, the *Tamias*, or the *εισυχος*, does mix the Bowl. By the way, 'alboys, I think you will not be a little amused with old Chapman's translation of passage.

TALBOYS. A fiery old chap was George.
NORTH. It runs thus—

"O Idomen, I ever loved thyself past all the
Greeks,
In war, or any work of peace, at table, every-
where;
For when the best of Greeks, besides, mix
ever at our cheer
My good old ardent wine with small, and our
inferior mates
Drink ever that mixt wine measured too, thou
drink'st without those rates
Our old wine *neat*; and ever more thy bowl
stands like to mine;
To drink still when and what thou wilt; then
rouse that heart of thine;
And whatsoever heretofore thou hast assumed
to be,
This day be greater."

TALBOYS. Well done, old Buck! This fervor and particularity are admirable. But, methinks, if I caught the words rightly, that George mistakes the meaning of *γερουσιον*—honorary; he has *γερων γερωντος*, an *old man*, singing in his ears; but old for wine would be quite a different word.

NORTH. And he makes Agamemnon commend Idomeneus for drinking generously and honestly, whilst the others are afraid of their cups—as Claudius, King of Denmark, might praise one of his strong-headed courtiers, and laugh at Polonius. Agamemnon does not say that Idomeneus' goblet was *not* mixed—was *neat*—rather we use to think that wine was always mixed—but whether "with small," as old Chapman says, or with water, I don't know—but I fancied water! But perhaps, Seward, the investigation of a Grecian Feast in heroic time, and in Attic, becomes an exigency. Chapman is at least determined—and wisely—to show that he is not afraid of the matter—that he saw nothing in it "altogether inconsistent with the dignity of the speech and the majesty of Epic Poetry."

SEWARD. Dignity! Majesty! They stand, sir, in the whole together—in the Manners taken collectively by themselves throughout the entire Iliad—and then taken as a part of the total delineation. Apply our modern notions of dignity and majesty to the Homeric Poetry, and we shall get a shock in every other page.

NORTH. The Homeric, heroic manners! Heyne has a Treatise or Excursus—as you know—on the *αὐραπξια*—I think he calls it—of the Homeric Heroes—their waiting on themselves, or their self-sufficiency—where I think that he collects the picture.

SEWARD. I am ashamed to say I do not know it.

NORTH. No matter. You see how this connects with the scheme of the Poem—in which, prevalent or conspicuous by the amplitude of the space which it occupies, is the individual prowess of heroes in field—conspicuous, too, by its moment in action. This is another and loftier mode of the *αὐραπξια*. The human bosom is a seat or fountain of power. Power goes forth, emanates in all directions, high and low, right and left. The Man is a terrestrial God. He takes counsel with his own heart, and he acts. "He conversed with his own magnanimous spirit"—or as Milton says of Abdiel meeting Satan—"And thus his own undaunted heart explored."

SEWARD. Yes, Mr. North, the man is as a terrestrial God; but—with continual recognition by the Poet and his heroes—as under the celestial Gods. And I apprehend, sir, that this two-fold way of representing man, in himself and towards them, is that which first separates the Homeric from and above all other Poetry, is its proper element of grandeur, in which we never bathe without coming out aggrandized.

NORTH. Seward, you instruct me by—

SEWARD. Oh, no, sir! You instruct me—

NORTH. We instruct each other. For this the heroes are all Demigods—that is, the son of a God, or Goddess, or the Descendant at a few Generations. Sarpedon is the son of Jupiter, and his death by Patroclus is perhaps the passage of the whole Iliad that most specially and energetically, and most profoundly and pathetically, makes the Gods intimate to the life and being of men—presents the conduct of divinity and humanity with condescension there, and for elevation here. I do not mean that there is not more pomp of glorification about Achilles, for whom Jupiter comes from Olympus to Ida, and Vulcan forges arms—whose Mother-Goddess is Messenger to and from Jupiter, and into whose lips, when he is faint with toil and want of nourishment—abstaining in his passion of sorrow and vengeance—Minerva, descending, instils Nectar. But I doubt if there be anything so touching—~~under~~ *under this relation*—and so intimately aggran-

dizing as that other whole place—the hesitation of Jupiter whether he shall VIOLATE FATE, in order to save his own flesh and blood from its decreed stroke—the consolatory device of Juno (in remonstrating and dissuading) that he shall send Apollo to call Death and Sleep—a God-messenger to God-ministers—to bear the dead body from the battle-field to his own land and kin for due obsequies. And, lastly, those *drops of blood* which fall from the sky to the earth, as if the heart-tears of the Sire of all the worlds and their inhabitants.

BULLER. You are always great, sir, on Homer. But, pray, have you any intention of returning to the *ἀνταρπεία*?

NORTH. Ha! Buller—do you speak? I have not wandered from it. But since you seem to think I have, think of Patroclus lighting a fire under a tripod with his own hands, to boil meat for Achilles' guests—of Achilles himself helping to lay the ransomed body of Hector on the car that was to take it away. This last is honorific and pathetic. Ministrations of all degrees for themselves, in their own affairs, characterize them all. From the least of these to Achilles fighting the River-God—which is an excess—all holds together—is of one meaning—and here, as everywhere, the least, and the familiar, and most homely, attests, vouches, makes evident, probable, and facile to credence, the highest, most uncouth, remote, and difficult otherwise of acceptance. Pitching the speculation lower, plenitude of the most robust, ardent, vigorous life overflows the Iliad—up from the animal to the divine—from the beautiful tall poplar by the river-side, which the wheelwright or wainwright fells. Eating, drinking, sleeping, thrusting through with spears, and hacking the live flesh off the bone—all go together and help one another—and make the “Majesty and Dignity”—or what not—of the Homeric Epos. But I see, Buller, that you are *timeing me*—and I am ashamed to confess that I have exceeded the assigned limit. Gentlemen, I ask all your pardons.

BULLER. Timeing you—my dear sir! Look—'tis only my snuff-box—your own gift—with your own haunted Head on the lid—inspired work of Laurence Macdonald.

NORTH. Give it me—why there—there—by your own unhappy awkwardness—it has gone—gone—to the bottom of the deepest part of the Loch!

BULLER. I don't care. It *was* my chronometer! The Box is safe.

NORTH. And so is the Chronometer.

Here it is—I was laughing at you—in my sleeve.

BULLER. Another Herman Boaz!—Bless my eyes, there is Kilchurn! It must be—there is no other such huge Castle, surely, at the head of the Loch—and no other such mountains—

NORTH. You promised solemnly, sir, not to say a single word about Loch Awe or its appurtenance, this Evening—so did every mother's son of us at your order—and 'twas well—for we have seen them and felt them all—at times not the less profoundly—as the visionary pomp keeps all the while gliding slowly by—perpetual accompaniment of our discourse, not uninspired, perhaps, by the beauty or the grandeur, as our imagination was among the ideal creations of genius—with the far-off in place and in time—with generations and empires.

“When dark oblivion swallows cities up,
And mighty States, characterless, are grated
To dusty nothing.”

SEWARD. In the declining light I wonder your eyes can see to read print.

NORTH. My eyes are at a loss with Small Pica—but veritable Pica I can master, yet, after sunset. Indeed, I am sharpest-sighted by twilight, like a cat or an owl.

BULLER. Have you any more annotations on Alison?

NORTH. Many. The flaws are few. I verily believe these are all. To elucidate his Truths—in Taste and in Morals—would require from us Four a far longer Dialogue. Alison's Essays should be reprinted in one Pocket Volume—Wisdom and Goodness are in that family hereditary—the editing would be a Work of Love—and in Bohn's Standard Library they would confer benefit on thousands who now know but their name.

SEWARD. My dear sir, last time we voyaged the Loch, you said a few words—perhaps you may remember it—about those philosophers—Alison—the “Man of Taste,” Thomas Campbell loved to call him—assuredly is not of the number—who have insisted on the natural Beauty of Virtue, and natural Deformity of Vice, and have appeared to place our capacity of distinguishing Right from Wrong chiefly, if not solely, on the sense of this Beauty and of this Deformity—

NORTH. I remember saying, my dear Seward, that they have drawn their views too much from the consideration of the state of these feelings in men who had been long exercised in the pure speculative contemplation of

moral Goodness and Truth, as well as in the calmness and purity of a tranquil, virtuous life. Was it so?

SEWARD. It was.

NORTH. In such minds, when all the calm faculties of the soul are wedded in happy union to the image of Virtue, there is, I have no doubt, that habitual feeling for which the term Beauty furnishes a natural and just expression. But I apprehend that this is not the true expression of that serious and solemn feeling which accompanies the understanding of the qualities of Moral Action in the minds of the generality of men. They who, in the midst of their own unhappy perversions, are visited with knowledge of those immutable distinctions, and they who, in the ordinary struggles and trials incident to our condition, maintain their conduct in unison with their strongly-grounded principles and better aspirations, would seldom, I apprehend, employ this language for the description of feelings which can hardly be separated from the ideas of an awful responsibility involving the happiness and misery of the accountable subjects of a moral order of Government.

SEWARD. You think, sir, that to assign this perception of Beauty and Deformity, as the groundwork of our Moral Nature, is to rest on too slight a foundation that part of man's constitution which is first in importance to his welfare?

NORTH. Assuredly, my dear friend, I do. Nay, I do not fear to say that the Emotion, which may properly be termed a Feeling of Beauty in Virtue, takes place at those times when the deepest affection of our souls towards Good and Evil acts less strongly, and when the Emotion we feel is derived more from Imagination—and—

SEWARD. And may I venture to suggest, sir, that as Imagination, which is so strong a principle in our minds, will take its temper from any prevalent feelings, and even from any fixed and permanent habits of mind, so our Feeling of Beauty and Deformity shall be different to different men, either according to the predominant strength of natural principles, or according to their course of life?

NORTH. Even so. And therefore this general disposition of Imagination to receive its character will apply, no doubt, where the prevailing feelings and habits are of a Moral cast; and hence in minds engaged in calm intellectual speculation, and maintaining their own moral nature rather in innocence and simplicity of life than in the midst of difficult

and trying situations and in conflict with passions, there can be no doubt that the Imagination will give itself up to this general Moral Cast of Mind, and feel Beauty and Deformity vividly and uniformly in the contemplation of the moral quality of actions and moral states of character.

SEWARD. But your words imply—do they not, sir? that such is the temper of their calmer minds, and not the emotion which is known when, from any great act of Virtue or Crime, which comes suddenly upon them, their Moral Spirit rises up in its native strength, to declare its own Affection and its own Judgment?

NORTH. Just so. Besides, my excellent friend, if you consider well the feeling which takes possession of us, on contemplating some splendid act of heroic and self-devoting Virtue, we shall find that the sort of enthusiastic transport which may kindle towards him who has performed it, is not perfectly a moral transport at all; but it is a burst of love and admiration. Take out, then, from any such emotion, what Imagination, and Love, and Sympathy have supplied, and leave only what the Moral Spirit recognizes of Moral Will in the act, and you will find that much of that dazzling and splendid Beauty which produced the transport of loving admiration is removed.

SEWARD. And if so, sir, then must it be very important that we should not deceive ourselves, and rely upon the warmth of emotion we may feel towards generous and heroic actions as evidence of the force of Moral Principle in our own breasts, which requires to be ascertained by a very different test—

NORTH. Ay, Seward; and it is important also, that we should learn to acknowledge and to respect, in those who, without the capacity of such vivid feelings, are yet conscientiously faithful to the known Moral Law, the merit and dignity of their Moral Obedience. We must allow to Virtue, my dearest Seward, all that is her due—her countenance beautiful in its sweet serenity—her voice gentle and mild—her demeanor graceful—and a simple majesty in the flowing folds of her stainless raiment. So may we picture her to our imagination, and to our hearts. But we must beware of making such abstractions fantastic and visionary, lest we come at last to think of emotions of Virtue and Taste as one and the same—a fatal error indeed—and that would rob human life of much of its melancholy grandeur. The beauty of Virtue is but the smile on her celestial countenance—and may be admired—loved—by those who hold but

little communion with her inner heart—and it may be overlooked by those who pay to her the most devout worship.

TALBOYS. Methinks, sir, that the moral emotion with which we regard actions greatly right or greatly wrong, is no transport; it is an earnest, solemn feeling of a mind knowing there is no peace for living souls, except in their Moral Obedience, and therefore receiving a deep and grateful assurance of the peace of one soul more, in witnessing its adherence to its virtue; and the pain which is suffered from crime is much more allied to sorrow, in contemplating the wilful departure of a spirit from its only possible Good, than to those feelings of repugnance and hate which characterize the temper of our common human emotion towards crimes offering violence and outrage to humanity.

NORTH. I believe that, though darkness lies round and about us seeking to solve such questions, a feeling of deep satisfaction in witnessing the adherence to Moral Rectitude, and of deep pain in witnessing the departure from it, are the necessary results of a moral sensibility; but taken in their elementary simplicity, they have, I think, a character distinct from those many other emotions which will necessarily blend with them, in the heart of one human being looking upon the actions of another—"because that we have all one human heart."

TALBOYS. Who can doubt that Religion infuses power and exaltation into the Arts? The bare History teaches this. In Greece, Poetry sang of Gods, and of Heroes, in whose transactions Gods moved. Sculpture moulded forms which were attempted expressions of Divine Attributes. Architecture constructed Temples. *De facto* the Grecian Arts rose out of Religion. And were not the same Arts, of revived Italy, religious?

BULLER. They all require for their foundation and support a great pervading sympathy—some Feeling that holds a whole national breast. This is needed to munificently defraying the Costlier Arts—no base consideration at bottom. For it is a life-bond of this life, that is freely dropped, when men freely and generously contribute their means to the honor of Religion. There is sentiment in opening your purse.

SEWARD. Yes, Buller—without that sentiment no man can love noble Art. The true, deep, grand support of Genius is the confidence of universal sympathy. Homer sings because Greece listens. Phidias pours out his soul over marble, gold, and ivory, because he knows that at Olympia united Greece will

wonder and will worship. Think how Poet is dumb and Sculptor lame, who foreknows that what he *would* sing, what he *would* carve, will neither be felt nor understood.

BULLER. The Religion of a people furnishes the sympathy which both *pays and applauds*.

TALBOYS. And Religion affords to the Artist in Words or Forms the highest Forms of Thought—sublime, beautiful, solemn—withal the sense of Aspiration—possibly of Inspiration.

NORTH. And it guards Philosophy—and preserves it, by spiritual influence, from degradation worse than death. The mind is first excited into activity through the impressions made by external objects on the senses. The French metaphysicians—pretending to follow Locke—proceeded to discover in the mind a mere compound of Sensations, and of Ideas drawn from Sensations. Sensations, and Ideas that were the Relics of Sensations—nothing more.

TALBOYS. And thus, sir, by degrees, the Mind appeared to them to be nothing else than a product of the body—say rather a state of the body.

NORTH. A self-degradation, my friend, which to the utmost removes the mind from God. And this Creed was welcome to those to whom the belief in Him was irksome. That which we see and touch became to such Philosophers the whole of Reality. Deity—the Relation of the Creation to the Creator—the hope of a Futurity beyond the grave—vanished from the Belief of Materialists living in, and by, and to—Sensation.

SEWARD. And with what a horrid sympathy was the creed welcomed!

NORTH. Ay, Seward, I who lived nearer the time—perhaps better than you can—know the evil. Not in the schools alone, or in the solitude of philosophical thought, the doctrine of an arid speculation circulated, like a thin and unwholesome blood, through the veins of polite literature; not in the schools alone, but in the gorgeous and gay saloons, where the highly-born, the courtly, and the wealthy, winged the lazy hours with light or dissolute pleasures—there the Philosophy which fettered the soul in the pleasing bands of the Senses, which plucked it back from a feared immortality, which opened a gulf of infinite separation between it and its Maker, was cordially entertained—there it pointed the jest and the jibe. Skepticism a study—the zeal of Unbelief! Principles of false thought appeared suddenly and widely as principles of false passion and of false

action. Doubts, difficulties, guesses, fine spinings of the perverse brain, seized upon the temper of the times—became the springs of public and popular movements—engines of political change. The generations of Time were changed into Abominations. A Will strong to overthrow—hostile to Order—*anarchical*—"intended siege and defiance to Heaven." The irreligious Philosophy of the calmer time now bore its fruits. The Century had prepared the explosion that signalized

its close—Impiety was the name of the Giant whom these throes of the convulsed earth had borne into the day, and down together went Throne and Altar. But where are we?

BULLER. At the river mouth.

NORTH. What! at home.

BULLER. See the Tent-Lights—hear the Tent-Music.

NORTH. Your arm, Talboys—till I disembark. Up to the Mount I shall then climb, unassisted but by the Crutch.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A NEGRO, who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed, he got acquainted with a poor, honest laundress, in Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers, and it was said she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her, and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in an humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance, thought this would be a favorable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed up to the top of the house, stripped himself naked, and descended through the chimney to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew in the adjoining room, who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime the villain had cut off the finger with the rings; but before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who, being a very powerful man, though much intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him; when, by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the com-

plexion of the villain, whom (having seldom seen a negro) he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had subsequently flown into the air and disappeared. The negro, in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim; and this, joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbors to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor, which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted, and executed, protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty; but he, after a wretched existence of ten years, on his death-bed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it.—*Boston Mercantile Journal*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE AUTHORS OF THE "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

THE last of the "Adelphi" is no more—the last of the brothers who first rendered their writings popular in the "Rejected Addresses." Both were clever men and piquant writers, but Horace Smith is something beyond this. He possessed talents of a wider scope than James, who preceded him to the grave in 1839; his views were more extended; he was more intellectually accomplished, had seen much more of the world, and thought deeper. James was a wit, an agreeable companion, possessed of a fine vein of humor, but circumscribed in the extent of his information, and, as a natural consequence, more concentrated in himself. James selected his subjects for the most part within the circle in which he moved and continued to move through life. A happy point well made, it was his delight to repeat at the dinner-table or in the evening party. His jokes, and excellent they were, thrown off among convivial friends—in short, society, cheerfulness, and its accompaniments—constituted the *summum* of his life's pleasures. His frame was not active; his bachelor habits and dinings-out rendered him a subject for the gout, to which disorder he ultimately fell a victim. From his office in Austin Friars to his residence in the Strand, constituted the major part of his journeyings. Horace, on the contrary, was of an active make. A year or two after we first knew him he visited Italy; and returning, for some time made France his residence. We first saw James at his office in Austin Friars, nearly thirty years ago. He looked as serious as the parchments and papers surrounding him—for he was a solicitor by profession, and transacted the business of the Board of Ordinance. He seemed in this situation as little of a wit as can well be imagined. A joke took place on this visit, often subsequently repeated. There were two Smiths on the same side of the court, and we had very naturally knocked at the door of the first we came to. On entering his office we mentioned our mistake: "Aye," said James

Smith, "I am James the first; he must abdicate; I reigned here before he came."

James was a well-looking man, but having a little of that stiffness of bearing which often attaches to a life of uniformity, with comparatively circumscribed habits. He was a constant and keen observer of city manners, and the foibles of many of the citizens he made the subject of harmless ridicule. We say harmless, for there was never the smallest portion of ill-nature in his satirical touches. He smote the folly, but spared the man; a mode much more effectual in the way of reformation, than that severity of censure which awakens the resistance of self-love. His pieces, collected and published by his brother, whom we have just lost, fully exhibit this view of his nature. A prevalent foible, a trivial display of vanity, a trait of self-indulgence, an epicurean inclination, or any little peculiarity, being the subject, he generally handled it as briefly as possible, and most probably worked the whole point out in his mind before he committed it to paper. It may be questioned if anything he ever wrote cost him more than one sitting. The closing line or two, or the last stanza, wound up what he called "his moral." There was much less of liberality of feeling about him than about his brother Horace. It is difficult to say which of the two was the most witty in the social hour. Dependent upon momentary, often upon an involuntary disposition to cheerfulness at the moment, all wits are unequal in brilliancy at times. Both brothers may be characterized rather as possessors of a high talent for humor, than of that sparkling wit which characterized Hook. Sometimes, with all his wonderful readiness, it was hit or miss with Hook, who aimed at notoriety, no matter how acquired. The Smiths were both graver men, and would have thought to run a joke too near to a failure was akin to one. We have known Horace Smith indignant at Hook's jesting not only ill, but out of place, in his wild manner.

James Smith wanted the cordial spirit of his brother; there was, we fancied, little warmth of heart about him. He seemed to mingle somewhat of his professional character in social intercourse. On this account we surmise that James will be much sooner forgotten by his friends than Horace. The duration of the living remembrance in these cases is proportionate to the previous reciprocity of action. Both brothers were delightful companions. Many an hour of mental depression have we felt relieved by their society. The humor and gladiatorial displays of wit that occurred in their company were always gentlemanly, generous in temper, unimpeachably moral, and never the splenetic outpouring of ill-natured feeling.

Horace, or Horatio, as he always subscribed himself, was not only the most accomplished, but the most genial spirit of the two. He was as much attached to the society of literary men who made no pretension to be wits, and to solid and serious reading, as to the gay and light. His range of acquirement was considerable, and at one time he dabbled a little in metaphysics, but fortunately escaped from their maze without bewilderment. He began his literary career at the desk of a merchant; and became, as is pretty well known, a favorite of Richard Cumberland, and his coadjutor in a work that turned out a failure, at the early age of twenty-three. In after life, his literary labor and his city business went hand-in-hand. Before he relinquished business, we met him posting westward one day, about three P. M.

"Where are you going so fast, Smith?"

"Who would not go fast to Paradise (Paradise-row, Fulham)? I am going to sin, like our first parents."

"How? there are no apples to pluck at Fulham, yet?"

"No; but there is ink to spill, though—a worse sin, perhaps. I have promised L—— something, I cannot tell what. Who the deuce can hit upon anything new, when half the world is racking its brains to do the same?"

This is thirty years ago, and now the utterer of that remark is within the precincts of the tomb; while the intervening time saw no diminution of his regard for intellectual pleasures, nor, with much to flatter his talents in the way of his literary labors, any decrease of that modest feeling in regard to his own writings, which is one of the strongest attestations of merit. In this respect he differed from his brother, who had, or always impressed the minds of others that he had,

a full sense of the merit of his own compositions.

"I must unaffectedly declare," said Horace Smith, "that no one has an humbler opinion of my attempts than myself."

We fully credit his sincerity, notwithstanding we are well aware that authors may sometimes play off a little hypocrisy as well as other men. His modesty in this regard was a beautiful trait in a character rarely met with in the world, for such his undoubtedly was.

The "Rejected Addresses" was a happy publication, exceedingly well-timed. Unfortunately, several of the characters whose styles are imitated there have passed into obscurity, and the keenness of the satire cannot now always be understood. The stolidity of Fitzgerald, for example, rendered so much more amusing by his own unconsciousness of it, both as to his voice and recitations at the Literary Fund dinners, cannot be comprehended by the present generation; yet Fitzgerald's was among the most happy of the imitations, and if we recollect aright, was Horace Smith's. The diminution of interest upon this ground must increase as time fleets away; a result inseparable from writing upon subjects of a temporary character.

Horace Smith realized a sufficient sum to satisfy his own moderate wishes, and determined, in despite of the reproaches of his city friends, to seize the moment for retiring while independence was within his grasp. "The hope of future gain," he observed, "might lead him to risk what he had secured." We think this occurred about 1820, or a year later. When the crash of 1825 happened, he was able to turn the tables upon those who had thus reproached him. "Where are those now who called me a fool for retiring, when I had the independence that suited my wishes? Who was right?—I pity them." This contentedness, and regard of money as the means rather than the end, was a distinguishing trait in his character.

Shelley and Horace Smith were intimate friends. He always spoke with high regard both of that lofty poet and his writings. He did not, however, applaud the mistaken theories of that enthusiastic genius in his youth; theories which Shelley himself subsequently modified. "Though Shelley is my particular friend," said Smith, "I regret the imprudence of his publications on more points than one; but as I know him to possess the most exalted virtues, and find in others, who also promulgate the most startling

theories, the most amiable traits, I learn to be tolerant towards abstract speculations, which, not exercising any baneful influence on their authors' lives, are still less likely to corrupt others. Truth is great, and will prevail; that is my motto: and I would therefore leave everything unshackled, for what is true stands, and what is false ought to fall, whatever the consequences."

These are certainly the doctrines of one accustomed to think, and to place the result of every contest between truth and falsehood upon an incontrovertible basis. The foregoing remark originated in the way of reply, after Smith had been charged in a monthly periodical, at that time remarkable for its illiberality, with being a contemplated contributor to the publication of the "Liberal," then about to be commenced by Byron and others. Smith had visited Italy, we believe, just before, and was then resident at Versailles. He knew nothing whatever of that joint undertaking. On telling him of this, he replied, "I should never contribute a line were I asked, which I assure you I never have been."

Horace Smith had a great dislike to that brainless ostentation, which rules in England now in a degree perhaps greater than when he was struck by the difference of foreign countries in this respect. Abroad, a man required you to regard himself, not his servants or liveries.

"A man here," said he, "with £400 a year keeps a horse and a cabriolet, which in England would be sneered at; but he keeps them to answer a purpose—the purpose of conveying him to his friends, and giving him air, pleasure, and variety; all which an Englishman forgoes if he cannot do it in an expensive style and manner, mounting a lackey behind bedaubed with gold lace. Pride, purse-pride, is the besetting sin of England; and, like most other sins, brings its own punishment, by converting existence into a struggle, and environing it with gloom and despondency."

The mode of thinking of most individuals, upon the commonest topics, is perhaps best judged by insulted opinions. We believe Horace Smith to have been one of the truest and honestest thinkers of his day, though he was not always inclined to be communicative of his ideas—not that he was a deeper thinker than some others whose names are upon record, but, what is of much more importance, he thought justly. In rectitude of intention we do not believe he was surpassed by any contemporary. He had a

true sense of what was due to the rule of conscience, and it guided him unerringly. He performed the kindest and most disinterested acts without the slightest ostentation. He was ever ready and zealous to perform good offices for any; and sometimes ran counter to his own impressions, and wrestled with his own judgment, when the question bore the aspect alone of benevolence and kindness. Before, as he used to phrase it, he gave up "worshipping mammon," and had no more than a moderate run of business, he volunteered, in conjunction with a friend, to pay off the debts of a literary man who had been disgracefully prosecuted by the ministry of that day; and accordingly paid down the moiety of £1000 for the purpose. He was, notwithstanding, a careful manager in monetary affairs, of inexpensive habits, great evenness of temper, cheerful, never boastful, and with such a stock of useful philosophy as reconciled him in the order of his ideas to the good and evil of humanity in his existing position, as we feel certain it would have done equally in any position that might have been a trial to his nature. In this respect there seemed a great difference between the two brothers. James ever appeared to have his sympathies nearest home, and to share far less in the pleasures or pains of others. Not that he wanted good-nature, but that a certain disregard overcame him about all out of his beaten track. There was little of that heart-display about him, which so spontaneously appeared on all occasions when accident called it forth on the part of his brother.

The early success of Horace Smith's literary labors attached him to them for their own sake—a thing become rarer in the present day than in the past. It was by no means the same with James. While resident in France, Horace, in conjunction with one or two friends, projected the establishment of an English newspaper in Paris. The French government, self-denominated constitutional, according to its invariable practice of ruling by professions that its acts belied, could not openly deny the right to publish. As was the practice from Louis XVIII. to Louis Philippe, always arbitrary, it shuffled out of the dilemma in which it was sometimes placed between counter-inclination and what the law sanctioned. Neither a negative nor an affirmative answer could Smith ever obtain. In this mode the application lay over, until his patience was fairly worn out. "They will not give a direct negative, and decline an affirmative; and in this way

they trifled with us for months," he observed.

On returning home, as well as while he was abroad, he was a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine* of no small value; but he gave up contributing at the end of 1825 or 1826, while his brother James contributed to that periodical down to the end of 1830. The reason was, that he became a novel writer, and commenced his career by the publication of "*Brambletye House*," his first and best work of that class. This line of authorship was then lucrative indeed compared to the present worthlessness of the pursuit, good or bad as the product may happen to be in a literary sense; showing but too plainly that the public taste is as capricious and ill-grounded as that of fashion in other things. To this line of authorship Horace Smith applied himself, and produced several works in succession, of varying degrees of merit. Previously, in 1821, he had published a volume entitled "*The Nympholept*," from the name of the principal poem. We know not what the circulation was, but being a pastoral drama, it was not likely to have been considerable. To the longer poem was attached a pretty story called "*Lucy Milford*," and several sonnets. His name was not affixed to the title-page. The term "*Nympholepsy*," it is probable, was "*caviare to the general*." We can remember, however, that we perused the copy presented to us with great pleasure; the simple images of the past and purer taste in poetry not having then lost their zest, or been superseded by metropolitan street-dialogues, or pictures of St. Giles's in verse. If amusing literature does not elevate or amend the mind, it is comparatively useless. But in Smith's writings there was always the sentiment of good. He worked ever in the right direction, whether touching good-naturedly upon trivial follies, or assailing vulgar errors. Playful or serious, he never dragged our humanity downwards to aid the common order of mind in banqueting upon social corruption.

We have remarked that it was about 1826 that he published his first novel. He had some time before taken up his abode at Tunbridge Wells, quitting London and his lodgings at 142 Regent street, of which he declared himself heartily sick. Even at this distance of time, we remember a dinner he gave there before he started—the last, it is probable, he ever gave in London—and the hilarity of the guests, among whom were some of the celebrated wits of the time, most of whom are now no more.

At Tunbridge Wells we soon paid him a visit, while residing in Mount Edgecumbe Cottage. He was, as usual, kind, entertaining, and hospitable. We think of that time with melancholy pleasure. His qualities were the most amiable, the most gentle, in those days, that can be conceived. Surely, if integrity, sincerity, and real friendliness deserve happiness, they must be his. There we met an old friend of his, whom we have not seen for years—a clever and ingenious man; the author of a novel not enough known. Prior to his arrival, the weather being very warm, we were puzzled how to employ ourselves. We walked to the rocks; one of which Smith called the "*Titanic toad*," from its resemblance to that reptile. We returned; it was too hot to talk, it was anti-social to sleep; motion was declared to be best after all. "Let us get a vehicle, and perform a pilgrimage to Penshurst." It was no sooner said than done. Horace was in one of his best moods for conversation; and those who knew him in those moods can alone appreciate the pleasure of his companionship, especially when third parties were not present. The subjects touched upon have faded from memory, but not so the impression left of that pleasant morning. We only remember that the larger part of our discourse was serious, and touched upon the destiny of man—upon his nothingness, even when invested with the virtues of a Philip Sidney. As we passed through the venerable rooms, and examined the moth-eaten hangings, the pictures mildewed by time, and while standing before the portrait of "*Sidney's sister—Pembroke's mother*," a conversation ensued upon the pleasures derived from visiting places of that character. We were conjecturing how the same rooms once looked when the gay and gallant, the "*fair, and wise, and good*," thronged them. Smith remarked that such buildings were the best foundation-scenes for novels; and it was no wonder they had been so often chosen.

This visit was the origin of "*Brambletye House*," on which he was soon busily at work. We cannot recollect whether it was while he was about this or a subsequent novel, that some one recommended the female appellation of Zillah to him, as a peculiarly pleasing name for a similar work. "To me," said Horace, "it must, of course, be doubly interesting. She was a lady of the very earliest descent; the mother of Tubal Cain, the first of the Smiths, and, of course, the founder of my family."

His attachment to Tunbridge Wells originated, perhaps, in early associations. It was once the residence of Cumberland and Bland Burges, who had encouraged his early efforts in literature. He showed us Cumberland's residence; and, walking one day up to Frant Church, he spoke of the superiority of Tunbridge as a residence to any place he knew. Years after, at Brighton, where he took up his abode at first as far from the sea as possible, he repeated his regard for Tunbridge, and boasted of its superiority over Brighton. It seemed to us as if he was kept in suspense between the beauty of nature at Tunbridge and the advantage of superior society in Brighton. He was a true lover of nature. One of his favorite haunts had been Knole, in the vicinity of Sevenoaks, where the trees are remarkably fine, and the antique of our rough forefathers attaches the mind to the relics of perished generations. "Knole is mine as much as the Duke of Dorset's. He can only walk in his grounds; I do the same, and enjoy them equally, without the trouble and expense of keeping them."

Hook began a set of papers in the *New Monthly*, which were called the "Thompson Papers." Both the Smiths were to contribute to them, and Horace was to arrange them as they came in from different sources. Hook broke down after the first article; and Smith beginning "Brambletye House," found his novel occupied all the time he could afford to give up to literature. The idea seems to have been a good one. The communications were to be in the shape of letters, and to include all subjects of the hour; but two of them only appeared.

Horace Smith always declared that he found novel-writing a task much less arduous than writing constantly for a magazine, owing to the necessity of finding new subjects, and then having to handle them oftentimes with an injurious brevity. About ten years ago he was on the point of giving up writing altogether. His views regarding the literature of the hour were exceedingly just. He was of opinion that the continual straining after novelty would have the effect of leading writers further and further from that nature and simplicity upon which alone an enduring literature is based. He feared that we were returning to the childhood of literature again. He was on the point, as he phrased it, of not "troubling the world any more with his scribblings," after 1840. He felt, he said, "that he was getting old." Yet he did not adhere to this resolution, though in periodical literature he had done

nothing for a good while, so that he began to express his fear lest his "hand had lost its cunning," for he had "lain too long *fallow*." He had an objection, also, to that degrading fashion of placarding authors' names on the walls, with police bills of rewards for catching felons, and with quack doctors' bills. He said one day, "Marryat has been telling me that he had agreed to write for a new paper called the —, edited by Frank Mills; but that he objected vehemently to see the walls plastered with his name, feeling it to be somewhat *infra dig.* : and in this I fully agree with him."

His sense of growing old—or the feeling of it—eight or nine years before his death, was often repeated to us. The last time he alluded to it, he said he felt it in various ways, and continually in the change of his children from childhood to maturity. He would remark upon it, and then add, "Thank God, we are well, in good health and spirits, disposed to make the best of everything, and to enjoy the world as well and as long as we can." This was his happy frame of mind—placid, contented, and resigned. It was the temperament of a choice few in the world, and those among the wisest and best.

His old acquaintance, Thomas Hill, was ever the aim of a good-natured joke on the part of Smith. Hill was a very singular character, well known to all his contemporaries who were literary men, and died in 1840. Those who had known him, like Smith, from their own youth upwards, even his most intimate acquaintance, had no knowledge of his age, which Hill studiously concealed. His appearance was in his favor, and aided him in making himself seem much younger than he really was. Meeting Smith just after Hill's decease, he said, "So poor Hill has gone at last. It appears to have surprised everybody, the world seeming to think that he *couldn't* die. I see the papers state him to have been eighty-one." Hill was often called "the immortal" by his friends; and, in truth, the greenness of his age was sufficiently remarkable.

Horace Smith had a great regard for his own productions in verse, which were collected and published in two volumes two or three years since. Some of them had been exceedingly popular.

We know no parallel instance of two brothers being so successful in their literary labors as James and Horace Smith. It is useless to enumerate the works of the latter; those of James were all published by his brother in a couple of volumes. The work

of Horace are numerous, and several remain to this hour anonymous.

In the loss of such individuals as Horace Smith, it is not merely the literary world that seems to lose a part of a long-accustomed association; the friendly circle, the vicinity of his residence, every local undertaking to aid which he was a contributor, suffers also. He was eminently useful in private life, wherever he could so render himself. Then there was a warmth of heart in his hospitality—a strength of friendship, which seemed rather a part of the natural man than any acquirement. He could not, it appeared, be otherwise if he would. His social qualities were very visible and attaching. On those who met him for the first time, they always left an indelible impression. He had at one time—perhaps he never gave it up—an idea of human perfectibility, or the possibility of a near approach to it at some future period. These hopes of human advancement were strong. He contended that, as nothing stood still, and a far greater portion of the mass of mankind was largely in advance of what it was in ancient times, when there were a few individuals of a higher order of mind than in later days, so he believed the benefit then confined to a few was now diffusing around a wider circle, and thus bringing by slow gradations the advancement of general happiness. He would not believe that the Supreme Being was a being of vengeance, who devoted the larger part of mankind to destruction hereafter. Thinking that such a doctrine derogated not only from the benevolence but the omniscience of the Creator, who must have foreknown all things, he thought that the end of his creation was concealed from man, Providence not being accountable to the creature of a moment; and that in the words of Mülner—

“The *wherefore* may when the dead rise be told us.”

Hence the foundation of that evenness of mind and temper—that beneficence which was stamped upon his character; and hence, too, much of that simplicity, and disregard of the “low ambition” of many who had not half the claims to superiority which he had. He overlooked this in the philosophical contemplation of ultimate results. Equally agreeable in the lively or serious mood, he ever exhibited principles based upon what he considered an immoveable foundation. He showed no wavering. He complied often with the fancies and prejudices of others for

the sake of those who held them, so far as not to disturb them. He loved peace before all things; and though the delight of any assembled circle, either of wits or of society at its common level, they never knew half his mental worth and excellence, who in his best days had not enjoyed his society in an insulated state. Many of his ideas were novel and striking. While he endeavored to reconcile the condition of humanity with his own views of the justice and goodness of Heaven, he had a great dislike of that too prevalent sin, the preaching up one doctrine and practicing its opposite. *Homines ignari opera, philosophi sententia*, raised his abhorrence. But enough. We might proceed to a great length on a matter in which the truth might be supposed to be violated through the partiality of friendship, by those who take superficial views of things. We therefore leave the subject, with the assertion that we might have better spared a better man; and with regret—a regret, alas! not uncommon, to witness the ravage death makes around us of those who were once the ornament, delight, and honor of society; exclaiming in the words of another, not without the full impress of the feeling their sense induces, “Good Heaven! how often are we to die before we go off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and ourselves the least of all!”

Accidental circumstances prevented the appearance of the following tale by one of the “Rejected,” during the lifetime of its gifted and lamented author, but the proofs were corrected by him. Taken in connection with the melancholy event which so speedily and unexpectedly followed its composition, the article presents a singular coincidence of title, and becomes invested with deep and peculiar interest.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIR OF MYSELF.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

“You here!” I exclaimed, in no very courteous tone, as I turned round, and saw my old friend Dr. Linnel quietly seating himself by my bedside. “Who sent for you?”

“No one; I was brought hither by one of the best and prettiest young ladies in all Warwickshire—your daughter.”

"Then Sarah has not only taken a very great liberty, but has disobeyed my positive orders, as she has done more than once lately. For some time past has she been pestering me to send for you, which I have constantly refused to do. I have told her, at least a hundred times, that I don't like physic, and hate doctors."

"I am glad to see that your malady has not injured your talent for paying compliments."

"Nay, I meant not to say anything rude or personal. As a visitant or a friend I am always glad to see you. Even when you are sarcastic and say sharp things, as you do sometimes, one cannot be offended with a man who wears such a bland, imperturbable smile, and speaks in so soft a voice; but as a writer of prescriptions, I confess frankly—you know I hate flummery—that I had rather have your room than your company. When my time's come, I can die without the assistance of a doctor."

"Very likely; but the question is, can you live without it?"

"Why not? I am sixty-three, and never consulted a physician in all my life."

"Perhaps you were never ill before?"

"Never! and I'm not exactly ill now, only completely out of sorts, as most men are at this precise time of life—weak and languid, and all that sort of thing—*seedy*, as my son George calls it; and so I promised Sarah that I would lie abed to-day, just to see whether it would recruit me a bit."

"Your daughter gave you very good advice; and perhaps I may be able to do the same, if you will tell me the exact nature of your ailment, which you can hardly refuse, now that you have confessed yourself to be completely out of sorts, and that I have come so far on purpose to see you."

"I have already told you my complaint; I am sixty-three—my grand climacteric, you know: nine times seven; both of them unlucky numbers. No one escapes altogether at this confounded period. George wrote me on my last birthday that a most dangerous time was coming, and that I must expect to be confoundedly *seedy* for some months; but that there was no kind of use in seeing a doctor, as the indisposition was natural and inevitable."

"I thought all belief in the 'critical year' had been long since abandoned, except by the old women who disguise themselves as old men. Your son is young enough to know better. Be assured, my good friend, that your sickness has no reference whatever

to this peculiar year of your life. Cannot you assign any other cause for this sudden change in a constitution which has hitherto been so healthy?"

"Well, I don't know. I have certainly had a good deal of worry and anxiety lately."

"Yet few men have been so prosperous. The world gives you credit for having made an immense fortune by your contracts with government."

"The world says true; but wealth, I find, cannot always buy health, and still less happiness. I tell you what, Doctor, when a fellow has everything to fear and nothing to hope, he will sometimes look back with regret to the careless days when he had everything to hope and nothing to fear."

"Thank Heaven, I am in the former predicament, and trust always to remain so."

"Nay, Doctor, you may get rich when you get old, as I have done."

"In other words, I may scrape up money when I am too old to enjoy it, and cannot long retain it. I hope the blind goddess will spare me all such cruel kindness."

"Fate has spared you one calamity—you have no children. I have only two; but oh! my dear Linnel! words cannot tell you how much disappointment, misery, and vexation, they have latterly occasioned me. If there is one man I hate more than another, it is Godfrey Thorpe, of Oakfield Hall, and not without many and good reasons, exclusively of his being a pompous, supercilious blockhead, as proud as Lucifer and as poor as Job. First, he procured me to be black-balled at the County Club, insolently declaring that he could not associate with a *ci-devant* malster. Secondly, his interest with the commissary-general, and certain charges of malpractices on my part—for I'm sure the slanders came from him—prevented my getting the great contract for supplying the cavalry with provender. Thirdly, he ousted me from the borough which I had represented for five years, actually beating me with my own money, for I had just lent him an additional eight thousand pounds on the Oakfield estate, which is now mortgaged to its full value. However, there is one comfort; if he goes on much longer with his hounds and horses, and his grand establishment, I hope, one of these fine days, to foreclose, and oust him from his boasted old Hall, just as he turned me out of my borough."

"Provoking enough, I confess; but what has all this to do with the annoyance you have suffered from your children?"

"Listen, and you shall hear. Thorpe has an only daughter, not unattractive in person, but an artful, sly minx, who, being probably well aware of her father's desperate circumstances, and knowing that my son was likely to be one of the richest fellows in the county, set her cap at him so successfully, that the silly gull became perfectly infatuated with her, and actually made her an offer of his hand, which was, of course, instantly accepted. That George should be easily ensnared, and be ready to throw himself away for a pretty plaything, does not surprise me, for he has ever been a spoilt child, accustomed from boyhood to have his own way, and confirmed by long indulgence in waywardness and obstinacy; but gess my shame and wrath when he told me, with an air of satisfaction, that the proud old insolvent had given his consent to the marriage solely on condition that his daughter's husband should take the name of Thorpe! What unparalleled insolence! How could he—how could my son—how could any man dream that, after toiling and moiling for years to build up a fortune, and found a family that might perpetuate my name, I should consent to see that name swamped, and my hard-earned wealth sacrificed, to continue the race, and clear the encumbered estates of a man whom I hated? I dismissed my mean-spirited son with an indignant prohibition of the marriage; and I have since added a codicil to my will, bequeathing my property to the County Hospital, should he ever espouse Julia Thorpe. There is some little comfort in that reflection; but I leave you to imagine how deeply, how cruelly my heart has been lacerated, by this disappointment of all my fondest and most cherished hopes."

CHAPTER II.

"It must be confessed that your son, knowing your antipathy to Mr. Thorpe, did not make a very discreet selection; but Wordsworth tells us that

'The child's the father of the man,'

and you ought not, therefore, to expect that spoilt boys should grow up to be dutiful sons."

"Ay, there you go, Doctor, girding at me with your stereotyped smile and soft voice, as if you were flattering instead of condemning me. At all events, I never

spoiled Sarah; indeed, people used to say that, in my blind partiality for George, I neglected his sister, and yet, by a singular coincidence, as if I were doomed to be equally tormented by both my children, she has committed a not less egregious act of folly, and has thwarted my wishes in a still more offensive and more unfilial manner. Not only has she refused an offer from Frank Rashleigh, the man upon whom I had set my heart as a son-in-law, because he is sure of being Earl of Downport, but she has confessed her attachment to Mr. Mason, the curate, a poor creature with a miserable £100 a-year."

"But having so rich a father, she does not, I presume, think it necessary that her husband should be rich."

"But I do; or that he should have rank to make atonement for his poverty."

"What are her objections to the man you had chosen?"

"She says he is a fool and a profligate, with which I have nothing to do. I don't require my son-in-law to be a wise man or a moral one, but I want to see my daughter a countess. As to the curate, she has promised never to marry him without my consent, which she will never get in my life; and after my death, my will has effectually forbidden the banns, for the £1000 a-year I have left her is to be reduced to £200, if ever she becomes Mrs. Mason. Well, now, Doctor, if you deny that the climacterical year has anything to do with my indisposition, will you not admit that I have had worry, and vexation, and disappointment enough to disorder any man's health?"

"I always like my patient to give me his own impressions as to the cause of his malady; but before I tell you mine, you must detail the symptoms. You have a deranged, intermitting pulse, but you are not deficient in strength, for you have maintained this long conversation without any apparent exhaustion."

"That's purely accidental, for sometimes I am suddenly seized with distressing tremor of the heart, giddiness in the head, noise in the ears, flashing of the eyes, which continue till I become insensible, and remain so for a considerable time, just as if I were dead. Upon one occasion I remained three hours in this state, and when I recovered consciousness, another hour elapsed before I could speak. A week ago, after great languor of body and mind, I was suddenly deprived of all voluntary motion, my limbs being as rigid as if I were a statue; and

while suffering these attacks, several blotches have appeared upon my body, an ailment to which I never have been previously subject. There, Doctor, you have heard my symptoms; now, tell me, what's the matter with me?"

"These are diagnostics of syncope, paralysis, and catalepsy, but presented in so complicated and unusual a form that I cannot exactly specify the nature of your malady. Two things I will frankly tell you—I don't like these paroxysms, which are of a very ugly type; and I do not believe that they have been superinduced by mental anxiety, however poignant. Before we can suggest a remedy for your disordered state, we must try to discover the cause, which may, perhaps, be traced to some recent intemperance—some excess either in eating or drinking; or, at all events, to some deviation from your customary diet."

"A bad guess, Doctor, for in no single respect have I altered my usual mode of living, except in taking two or three doses a day of Raby's Restorative."

"What the deuce is that?"

"Why, my son George, as I told you, is a firm believer in the great danger of the climacterical year, and having heard that this medicine is a sure and wonderful restorer of the vital energies in old men, very kindly sent me up a large supply from Newmarket, where the patentee resides; and when I complain of getting worse, he is constantly urging me to increase the dose as the only remedy."

"Telling you, at the same time, that there was no use in sending for a doctor! Odd enough; I am so often called in by patients who have half killed themselves by trying to cure themselves, that I know the names of quack medicines pretty well, but I never heard of Raby's Restorative. Have you any of this precious compound in the room?"

"Yes, there is an unopened bottle of it by the glass."

"There is no label on the bottle," observed the Doctor, "an appendage in which patent medicines are seldom deficient; nor is there any vendor's or chemist's name, an omission equally uncommon."

After smelling it for some time, and applying it very cautiously to the tip of his tongue, he continued—

"I think I can guess *one* of the ingredients; but if you will allow me to analyze the mixture at home, I shall be better enabled to decide. Promise me, in the mean time, not to

taste another drop till you see me to-morrow."

"Very well; but I shall miss it, for it's a very pleasant and comfortable cordial. George assures me that when taken in sufficient quantities it has always answered the purpose."

"Very likely; but what *was* the purpose? I am afraid of quack medicines, as I have already told you, and still more of amateur prescriptions."

"Why, you are as suspicious as Sarah, who has implored me, over and over, not to go on with the Restorative. Poor girl! she has been a capital nurse, waiting upon me early and late, and never out of humor, except when I insist on following George's advice and increasing the cordial."

"Her looks show that she has been doing too much. This must not be. I will send you a regular nurse to-morrow."

"As to the girl's looks, I don't think much of that. Perhaps she is pining for her pauper lover: besides, my children ought to do something for me; I'm sure I have done enough for them, never hesitating, for their sakes, to commit a little irregularity in my contracts, when I thought it could be done safely,—always remembering my young folks."

"And sometimes, as it seems, forgetting yourself."

"I shouldn't confess these little malpractices to any one else, and this I do in confidence; my confession is quite *entre nous*."

"No such thing; a third party has been listening to you all the time."

"Bless my heart! you don't say so? Who?—where?"

The Doctor pointed his fore-finger to the sky, and remained silent. Strange! that so simple an action should send a thrill to my heart, and make me cast down my eyes with a feeling of humiliation and remorse. A minute or two elapsed before I could find courage to say—

"Nay, Doctor, you must not be squeamish and puritanical. Every one cheats government."

"But no one cheats God!" was the reply; and I began to wish my rebuker out of the room, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"How comes it that your son makes Sarah the dispenser of his quack medicine, if such it is, and the watcher by your bedside, when he himself ought to perform those duties?"

"Oh! George never misses the great Newmarket meeting, and he has a horse en-

tered for the two first races. He is always happy when he is staying with his young friend, Sir Freeman Dashwood, and I have always indulged him in his whims and fancies."

"Even to the double doses of Raby's Restorative, although it has hitherto failed so signally in realizing its name. I will hurry home and send you some alexipharmick medicines, which I beg you will take as soon as you can."

"How fond you all are of long words! What the deuce are alexipharmicks?"

"They are usually administered when we suspect the presence of poison in the system."

"Poison! what a horrible idea! Surely you do not suspect me of having been poisoned?"

"It is not my business to suspect, but to deal with symptoms, and yours very much resemble those of a poisoned man. You may have unconsciously received some deleterious matter into your system, which we must instantly endeavor to expel. Many men are thus destroyed without foul play of any sort. Yours is a case that requires prompt remedies, so I must hurry home. I will give directions to Sarah, in case you should have a recurrence of your attacks to-night, and will repeat my visit early in the morning."

CHAPTER III.

WHILE I thought that Dr. Linnel had indulged in very unnecessary suspicions as to Raby's Restorative, I could not shake off an occasional misgiving touching its injurious effects upon my health. That the most deleterious compounds were sometimes sold under the name of quack medicines I was fully aware; but that my son, upon whom I had so fondly doted since his childhood, should press it upon me with so much importunity, unless he were fully convinced of its salutary quality, I could not bring myself to believe. With no ordinary interest, therefore, did I cross-question the Doctor next morning, as to the results of his analysis; but his answers were so cautious, not to say evasive, that it was difficult to draw from them any very decided inference. Judging, however, by what he supposed or vaguely hinted, rather than by what he actually said, I was led to believe that his impressions were unfavorable, especially when he again alluded, with much significance of manner, to the ab-

sence of a vendor's name, or label of any sort, on the bottles. He congratulated me on having discontinued the draughts, which might possibly, though he would not positively affirm it, have been the cause of my mysterious malady; and expressed a hope that its progress would be arrested by the copious use of the medicines he had prescribed.

My strange complaint, however, had got such complete possession of my system, that it would neither yield to the most potent remedies, nor to the unremitting and affectionate attentions of my daughter, who was now assisted by a regular nurse. With the fond illusion of an invalid, I still clung to the notion that my climacterical year prevented the remedies from proving efficacious; but whatever might be the cause, I could not conceal from myself that I was rapidly sinking. The derangement of all my bodily functions increased, the fainting fits and cataleptic attacks were more frequent and of longer continuance; and though, as I was assured, my personal appearance was far from indicating any fatal result, I felt as if life were passing away from me. At this juncture, unfortunately, the Doctor was summoned to attend his sick mother at Bath; but as he left full instructions as to my treatment, and contemplated an early return to his home, I would not allow any other physician to be called in.

His absence, however, was unexpectedly protracted, and I dragged on without any material alteration in my state, until one morning a sudden and totally new sensation paralyzed my whole frame. My head swam; I felt as if Death had laid his hand upon my heart; and I had just breath enough to whisper to my attendant—

"Nurse, I am dying! all is over! I feel suffocated. Take off some of the bed-clothes."

These were the last words I uttered before my burial! Marvellous and almost incredible as the statement may appear, I was only in a cataleptic trance, for although my limbs were stretched out in all the rigidity of death, my senses and my consciousness were by no means obliterated. Nay, they were in some respects intensified, for I could hear a distant whisper which would have been previously inaudible; one eye, being only half closed, retained its full power of vision, and though the other was quite shut, methought I could see through the lid as clearly as if it had been a spectacle-glass. My tongue having lost all power of motion, I was utterly speechless

but my impeded breath, struggling in the transit of my body from vitality to inanition, forced itself from my throat with a noise of gurgling and strangulation.

The fat nurse who had hitherto approached me with a maternal smile and a coaxing voice, as she exclaimed,—“Now, my dear good sir, it's time to take the pills. How purely you do look this morning! My life on't we shall have you riding the white cob again in a week or two!”—the fat nurse, I say, had no sooner caught the choking sound I have mentioned, than she croaked in her natural accents—“Them's the death-rattles! Then it is all over, sure enough, and high time too, God knows. Hanged if I didn't think the bothering old chap would never die. Can't imagine, for my part, how people can go on lingering in this way, willy-nilly, shilly-shally. If they can't die, they should live: and if they can't live, they should die. That's the worst of sickness; it *do* make folks so uncommon selfish, which is my peticklar 'bomination.”

Hastening into the parlor with which my bedroom communicated, this hater of selfishness snatched up a valuable shawl belonging to my daughter, as well as a cloth cloak of my own, and spread them over me, an action which would have surprised me, after having so recently requested her to remove some of the clothes, had I not recollected that these rapacious harpies claim as their perquisite everything lying on the bed when its occupant dies. Oh! how I wished for the use of my tongue, when I heard her afterwards affirming that the poor dear gentleman was “sadly cold and shivery just afore he went off, and so she covered him up comfortable.” Making no further addition to her perquisites than by pocketing a few odds and ends lying about the room, the worthy creature, putting on the most heart-broken look she could assume, and with a ready-prepared handkerchief in her hand, hurried away to announce my death to my daughter and the household.

CHAPTER IV.

As Sarah had driven over to Doctor Linnel's to ascertain the day of his return, for which she was becoming hourly more impatient, no one entered my chamber for more than two hours, an interval which gave me leisure to reflect upon my perilous and unprecedented

VOL. XVIII. NO. II.

state. In all my former attacks the mind had sympathized with the suspended vitality of the frame, but now I had vital senses and apprehensiveness in a dead integument. Was this dissolution of partnership temporary only? How long would it last? Was it final? What then was to be my ultimate fate? I had read of disembodied spirits, and I could understand the continuance of such a separate existence; but as for me, I was entombed alive in my own body—destined, perhaps, to die hideously and loathsomely, as my corporeal particles putrified and decomposed. I had read, too, of miserable victims who, being buried in a trance, had turned round in their coffins; and of some who, having forced themselves out of them, had been discovered as huddled skeletons in a corner of the vault, whither they had crawled to die of hunger and exhaustion. Recoiling with a mental shudder from such horrible thoughts, I clung to the hope that, although my present fearful seizure was decidedly different from all my previous attacks, it might, after a little longer interval, terminate, like them, in my revival.

While I was alternately horrified and reassured by these anticipations of my fate, my daughter entered, and after bursting into a passion of tears as she kissed my insensible lips, she knelt down by my bedside, and prayed long and earnestly for the discontinuance of my trance; for, in spite of the positive assurances of my death, she would not abandon the hope of my recovery. Some one, however, in the house, probably the nurse, who wished the forfeiture of the shawls to be confirmed, chose to consider me unequivocally defunct, for I heard the servants closing the shutters in the other apartments, and was made aware of various *post mortem* proceedings, to which I listened with conflicting feelings that baffle all description. The house was now quiet, but occasional sounds still fell upon my ear with an ominous and harrowing significance, for every passing hour announced by the hall clock seemed to be a passing-bell that ratified my decease, and brought me so much nearer to the appalling moment when I should be buried alive. At intervals other sounds were distinguishable; and as I caught the grating of wheels on the road, the whistle of a railway train, the clattering and chattering of my servants at their dinner, it seemed to me both unfeeling and unnatural that, on the very day of my supposed death, the world should be pursuing its ordinary occupations, and my own servants regaling themselves with their

customary appetites, as if no such catastrophe had occurred.

Thus I remained, with no other companion than my own sad thoughts, till the evening, when my daughter's maid and the housemaid, having solemnly pledged themselves to stand by each other, whatever might happen, and grasping each other's hand to ensure the performance of the contract, stole on tiptoe into the chamber to have a peep at me, neither of them having ever seen a dead man. Peering at me furtively and askance, as if afraid of being scared by my ghost, they agreed, whisperingly, that I looked for all the world as if I were fast asleep, although Nurse had maintained that I was as dead as a door-nail. Both declared that I should be no real gentleman if I had not remembered all the servants in my will; and as mourning was a matter of course, one of them had resolved that her dress should be made to fasten in front, and the other knew of a most becoming pattern for her white muslin cap. But their conversation was not limited to such frivolities, for the lady's maid declared, on the authority of her mistress, that Dr. Linnel, before he went away, had written to Mr. George, stating that he must return immediately; that Miss Sarah had said she hoped he would arrive the very next morning, and that the Doctor himself was expected back on the day after; whereupon they stole away, with their hands still locked together.

In these tidings there was no small com-

fort. Should I revive, my son would have an instant opportunity of clearing himself from all suspicion touching the Restorative, in which I still felt a hope rather than a confidence that he would succeed. Should my trance continue, there was no fear of my being buried alive, for Linnel would again be at my bedside long before the time for my interment, and he was too skilful and experienced a physician not to distinguish between real and apparent death. My most appalling and revolting terror being thus removed, I patiently counted the clock till my usual bed-time hoping that I might then fall asleep, and so escape the tedium of a long wakeful night. But sleep is a provision of nature for repairing the day's wear and tear; in my cataleptic state there had been no such expenditure of corporeal energy, and consequently there was no requirement of repose. Perhaps my mind was still too much agitated to settle into any sort of oblivion; perhaps it would never be otherwise, and my trance—existence—might be a perpetual consciousness, and consequently an unvaried misery. Such a state must soon lead to madness; but how could a man be mad and motionless, a maniac and a statue? What inconceivable misery, to feel your brain raving and raging with an insanity which can find no vent for its fury, either by the explosions of the voice or the convulsive violence of the limbs! In such sad thoughts, wearily and drearily did the first night of my living death drag its slow length along.

MOSS.

ONE moment, from the glare and gloss
Of forms which lead the soul astray,
Turn, child-like, to the simple Moss,
And listen to a simple lay.

The tender Moss clings, firm and green,
And nestles to the mountain's side,
Like love which sorrows cannot wean,
Like hearts which storms cannot divide.

It lures us by no rich perfume,
Like roses when the summer's nigh;

But there is beauty in its bloom
That lives when summer roses die.

And through the change and chance of time,
When forest leaves and flowers depart,
It keeps the greenness of its prime,
And holds the freshness of its heart.

We should not have to mourn the loss
Of many fair and faithless things,
If love were like the loving Moss,
Which closely clings where first it springs.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WICKED WOMEN—CATHERINE DE MEDICIS—NO. II.

CATHERINE became an historical personage when her son, Francis II., at the age of sixteen years and six months, ascended the throne of France; then, for the first time, she was able to give scope to that ambition by which she had been secretly devoured during the reign of her jealous husband, and to exercise those crafty intrigues by which she trusted to obtain complete control over the administration. At this period the reigning family, the House of Valois, regarded its junior branch, the House of Bourbon, with jealousy somewhat similar to that which the Bourbons, in a later age, manifested towards the House of Orleans. The advent of the Bourbons to the throne, said to have been foretold to Catherine by an astrologer at the period of her marriage, was a fear constantly present to her mind; and though the prediction must have appeared less probable when, after being ten years childless, she rapidly became the mother of a large family, yet she feared that it might be verified by her sons dying in accession without male heirs. Astrology was universally believed in her age, but by none more firmly than Catherine, who had no pretensions herself to be an adept in the mockery of science. As is usual with the younger branches of royalty, the Bourbons favored what in modern times would be called "the Opposition;" they secretly supported the Huguenots, as the House of Valois, at a later date, patronized the Catholics; not so much from motives of religion or irreligion, but as a political party, which enabled them to make a stand against the jealousy of royalty. The four sons of Francis II. rendered the political position of the Bourbons a nullity, especially as they all were excessively poor, and all involved in the ruin which the treason of the Constable of Bourbon had brought upon his family.

The Huguenots of France, like the Puritans of England, derived their inspiration from Geneva; they were followers, not of Calvin, but of Calvin; they sought political as well as religious reformation, and

advocated in their publications the necessity of placing restraints on the power of princes, as well as checking the excesses of priests. Hence their doctrines were favored by many of the nobles who cherished the traditions of the feudal independence which their ancestors had enjoyed before the reign of Louis XI., and by a portion of the upper bourgeoisie, who equally recollected the important privileges that had anciently been enjoyed by the municipalities. It was probably in consequence of its being thus to some extent associated with aristocracy and feudalism, that the reformed religion made but little progress with the people of France, and was viewed with such hostile jealousy by the operative classes and the peasantry.

Louis XI., with a prescience to which historians have not done justice, had intended to make Tours the capital of his kingdom instead of Paris. Vauban revived the project in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., and there is some reason to suppose that Francis II. had also meditated this change, for his favorite residence was the castle of Blois. Paris, with its turbulent population, its repeated contests between the higher and lower bourgeoisie—its mobs, ready to rush into sanguinary violence for any cause that could afford a pretext and a cry, was viewed with suspicion by most of the princes of the House of Valois—had the same feeling descended to the Bourbons, it might have averted more than one revolution. At the accession of Francis II. the city was involved in continual broils by the struggles for precedency between the confraternities of the drapers, the mercers, and the furriers, in which the furriers finally triumphed.

We may be permitted so far to digress as to explain the cause of this triumph. Two centuries ago, furs were so rare, and therefore so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restricted, by several sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in those laws called *rair*, was the subject of countless regulations; the exact quantity per-

mitted to be worn by persons of different grades, and the articles of dress to which it might be applied, were defined most strictly. Perrault's tale of "Cinderella" originally marked the dignity conferred on her by the fairy, by her wearing a slipper of *vair*, a privilege then confined to the highest rank of princesses; an error of the press, now become inveterate, changed *vair* into *terre*, and the slipper of sable was suddenly converted into a glass slipper.

Catherine, anxious to secure the support of the citizens, took, or affected to take, an active interest in the struggles between the confraternities, and exerted herself to secure the ascendancy of those most closely connected with the court.

Another party remains to be described—that of the Guises and of the Papacy. The House of Lorraine, claiming to be descended from Charlemagne, had pretensions to the throne of France, which, though they had long been allowed to slumber, had not wholly fallen into oblivion.

At the head of this family, when Francis II. ascended the throne, were the Duc de Guise, one of the best generals in France, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, regarded as the greatest ornament of the church, and possessing unbounded influence over the French clergy. "The Guises were bigots without being believers," said an astute writer of the seventeenth century. Like too many of the period, they affected excessive zeal for religion, and indulged in gross immoralities. They were the most ruthless of persecutors, chiefly because they relied upon the Papacy, in case of the extinction of the House of Valois, to support their claims against the House of Bourbon.

Mary, Queen of Scotland, wife of Francis II., was the niece of the Guises, and devoted all her energies to support the schemes of her ambitious uncles. But as she was only sixteen when her husband's accession enabled her to add the regal circle of France to the crown of Scotland, Catherine omitted to take so youthful a sovereign into her political calculations; and at the commencement of the new reign joined the Guises, as the weaker party, against the combined princes of the blood, with whom the Constable Montmorency had united. She soon discovered her error; the Guises had no sooner established their ascendancy, than they deprived the queen-mother of all influence, and reduced her to a mere nullity.

Mary, Queen of Scotland and France, early displayed symptoms of that pride and obstinacy, not easily to be distinguished from dignity and firmness, which long years of subsequent suffering were unable to subdue. On the death of Mary of England, she quartered the arms of England with those of France and Scotland; thus actually proclaiming the bastardy of Elizabeth—an insult which was never forgiven or forgotten. Even when this heraldic offence was removed, according to the stipulations of treaty, she preserved her former device, two crowns, with the motto "*ALIAMQUE MORATUR*," "And she waits for another." Instead of a manageable daughter-in-law, to be guided at pleasure, Catherine found in the young Queen a dangerous rival, gifted with keen wit, great powers of sarcasm, and a readiness of repartee which was said to be unrivalled. There was more than one blot in the heraldry and genealogy of the Medicis, which Mary did not fail to hit whenever the queen-mother ventured to remonstrate. Unfortunately, the arrows thus shot never ceased to rankle in the wounds they inflicted.

In the long line of French monarchs, Francis II. is the only one of whom it is recorded that he was desperately in love with his wife. Feeble in intellect, and still more feeble in constitution, he appreciated Mary Stuart, and lived only in her presence. The Guises induced him to remove from St. Germain to the Castle of Blois, in the depth of winter, simply by telling him that in the latter place he could more uninterruptedly enjoy the company of his young queen. Catherine was not to be deceived respecting the real object of the journey. In Blois she would virtually be a prisoner, removed from all the alliances she had formed in Paris, and surrounded only by the partisans of the Guises. The *Transalpine Pope*, as the Cardinal of Lorraine was not underservedly called, formally excluded her from the royal councils, before the court had been three entire days at Blois.

But Catherine was not the only person to whom this removal of the court to Blois had given just cause of jealousy and alarm. Paris was profoundly agitated; the expenditure of a court seems almost necessary to the existence of so artificial a metropolis, and yet no capital in the world has offered more insults and injuries to royalty. The Huguenots were more justly alarmed. Sanguinary as were the edicts already issued against the Reformed religion, it was known

that the Cardinal of Lorraine, dissatisfied with the slow proceedings of the ordinary courts, had resolved to introduce the Spanish Inquisition, with all its horrors. To save themselves from worse persecutions than those they had already endured, they organized the conspiracy of Amboise, one of the most interesting and obscure events in the history of that age. Catherine is accused, on the one hand, of having organized or encouraged the conspiracy for the purpose of betraying the Huguenots to the Guises, and on the other, of having been prepared to give up her sons to the princes of the blood and the Huguenots. Let us examine the evidence closely, for the events of this conspiracy were a kind of rehearsal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, twelve years later.

There was about this time in Paris a jeweller named *Ruffange*, who had embraced the Protestant religion, and obtained so much confidence, that the Huguenots appointed him superintendent of the fund which they had collected to relieve the poor of their persuasion. He abused his trust, the peculation was discovered, and he was expelled from the congregation. To revenge this affront, he denounced the conventicles to the authorities; another renegade, *Frete*, joined him, and on the evidence of these informers, several wealthy citizens were arrested. After some time, *Ruffange* discovered two apprentices who had quarrelled with their masters, and he induced these wretches to say that they had witnessed the most licentious orgies in the Huguenot conventicles, and particularly in the house of the Advocate Trouillard, one of them adding that the advocate's daughter had fallen to his share in the indiscriminate debauchery. Catherine, on hearing this tale, took the lead in directing an immediate investigation; and in Paris it was generally believed that she was the first to suggest that the Huguenots who had been arrested should be examined by torture. It is therefore exceedingly improbable that she should at the same time have been engaged in confidential communication with the Huguenot leaders.

Among the persons arrested, were a merchant named *Le Vicomte*, his wife and children; they were seized on a Friday, and, in order to excite the indignation of the populace, a capon, and a joint of meat which had been found in their larder, were borne before them, as they were conducted to prison. It was worse for *Le Vicomte* that libellous pamphlets, printed in Geneva, were found in

his house, severely attacking the character of Catherine and the late king, exaggerating the feebleness of the reigning monarch, and proposing that a regency should be formed under the auspices of the princes of the blood. Further investigation showed that these pamphlets were extensively circulated, and it is therefore incredible that Catherine should have favored the schemes of the Huguenots, since their purpose was to deprive her, as well as the Guises, of all political power, and to bestow the administration on the objects of her perpetual fear and hatred, the princes of the House of Bourbon.

Threatening letters, printed and written, couched in gross and offensive terms, were addressed to Catherine by the Huguenots. One collection of these, preserved in the great library at Paris, is the most singular mixture of fanaticism, superstition, and religious rancor, which can well be imagined. It appears that when Marot first published his metrical version of thirty psalms, the poetry, or the music, or both, had such a charm, that they became the height of the fashion. Every one in the court selected a psalm, and Henry II. complained that they were all appropriated before he had an opportunity of making a choice. Catherine, who was at that time childless and neglected, selected the 141st psalm; and, according to the author of the letters, it was the influence of this psalm that reconciled her to her husband, and rendered her a fruitful mother. The writer then charges her with great ingratitude, and menaces her with the vengeance of God and man for sanctioning the prosecution of *Du Bourg*, who had been arrested for heresy in the preceding reign, and against whom the process had been renewed, as was generally believed, at the instigation of Catherine. That such menaces were not idle threats, had recently been proved by the assassination of *Minard*, one of *Du Bourg's* judges, who was shot by a Huguenot, of Scottish descent, nearly related to the young queen, the Chevalier Stuart.

The object of the conspiracy was to compel the king to proclaim Louis, Prince de Condé, then the most able of the Bourbon princes, lieutenant-general of the kingdom. It is doubtful whether the prince himself participated in the design; certainly no conclusive evidence of his complicity has ever been adduced; but Theodore Beza asserts that the design was communicated to him, and that he consented to take the office, if the conspiracy should succeed.

The plot was formed at Nantes, in the February of 1560, and the chief of the con-

spiracy was Godfrey de la Renaudie; he arranged that bands of Huguenots, from different parts of the kingdom, should meet on a particular night at the Castle of Blois, secure the persons of the royal family, arrest the Guises, proclaim a regency, and convoke the States-General. The Viscount de Tavannes avers that the conspirators further designed to give France a republican constitution, similar to that of Switzerland, but Beza declares that their views were limited to establishing some permanent elective council, which would serve as a constitutional check on the royal authority. Renaudie's arrangements were made with great skill and secrecy. After having completed the organization of the provinces, he came to Paris, and took into his confidence the advocate *Avenelles*, who, though a strict Huguenot, betrayed the secret to the secretary of the Cardinal of Lorraine. Information was immediately sent to Blois, upon which the Guises conducted the royal family to Amboise, which they secured with a strong garrison.

Although emissaries were sent in every direction, yet such was the general detestation of the Guises, that no information could be procured of the movements of the conspirators; and had the armed bands reached the rendezvous simultaneously, they would probably have succeeded. On the morning of the 16th of March information was received that small troops of soldiers had been seen defiling on the road between Tours and Amboise, and that others were assembling at Nersay. The Duc de Nemours immediately set out with a troop of horse to reconnoitre, and arrested two captains, who mistook the royal cavalry for some of their friends. The Baron de Castelnau-Chalesse, with a few followers, threw himself into the castle, and sent to warn Renaudie of his danger. But the Duc de Nemours having been soon reinforced, Castelnau, perceiving that his men were inadequate to the defence of the place, capitulated on conditions which were violated as soon as they were made. Instead of being allowed free access to the king, Castelnau and his officers were confined in dungeons, and placed at the mercy of the Guises. The scattered bands of the conspirators were cut off in detail; Renaudie was almost the only chief who resisted, and died the death of a soldier; nearly two thousand of his followers were captured, and reserved for the rack or the scaffold.

All the cotemporary authorities exonerate Catherine from any share in the horrible

tragedies that followed, and attribute the cruelties inflicted on the prisoners to the Guises. The most horrible tortures were inflicted on the chief prisoners, in the hope of getting them to accuse the Prince of Condé. Castelnau, to use the expressive phrase of the time, was *helled* (*gehenné*); he remained on the rack several hours, but no amount of torture could induce him to accuse his friend, or deny his faith. More than twelve hundred persons were hanged, drowned, or decapitated. The chiefs were reserved for the last; their execution was made a spectacle; the queen-mother and her three sons, the queen-consort, and all the ladies of her court, the princes of the blood, and the officers of state, were present at the beheading of these men, brought in litters to the scaffold, as their limbs, crushed and broken by torture, were unable to support them. The Chancellor Olivier, who was forced by the Guises officially to preside over the trials by torture, was so overcome by these horrors, that he sickened and died. He was succeeded by the celebrated l'Hôpital, whom Catherine pretended to oppose, and by thus misleading the Guises, ensured his success.

These atrocious cruelties provoked rather than daunted the Huguenots. Condé, having joined his brother in Navarre, began to organize a confederacy against the Guises, and there is every reason to believe that the project was favorably received by Catherine. But the plot was early discovered. Condé employed as a messenger an indiscreet soldier, La Sague, who boasted of the confidence reposed in him to a comrade he had known in Piedmont; this crafty wretch, having induced him to carry his confidence further than he first intended, revealed the secret to the Guises, and measures were taken to arrest La Sague as he returned to Navarre, charged with the replies of the nobles to Condé's invitations. Dread of the rack extorted from *La Sague* an ample confession; he revealed the secret of the sympathetic ink in which several of the letters were written, and the most menacing of them were found to be written by the Vidame de Chartres, whom scandal declared to be the favored lover of Catherine. Certain it is that the queen-mother, after having shown excessive partiality for this nobleman, exhibited towards him extraordinary hatred; it was at her instigation that he was arrested and sent to the Bastille, a measure which the Guises would have avoided for fear of alarming the Bourbons.

Late in the October of this eventful year,

the States-General were convoked in Orleans, which the Guises had secured by a strong garrison. The King of Navarre and his brother Condé, though warned of the danger to which they were exposed, attended the assembly with a very small train of followers; but no sooner had they reached the city, than Condé was arrested, and Navarre placed under the strictest *surveillance*. Never was Catherine in greater danger; the Cardinal of Lorraine openly treated her with the greatest disrespect, and she saw clearly that the decisive triumph, which in all human probability the Guises were likely to achieve, would be followed by her imprisonment or exile.

Condé's trial was conducted with a precipitancy which was inconsistent with the etiquette observed towards princes of the blood, and the Chancellor l'Hôpital gained a few days delay by protesting against these informalities. In the interval, Francis II. was seized with an abscess in the ear, which soon baffled the skill of the physicians. So soon as the disease appeared likely to terminate fatally, the Guises urged Catherine to arrest Navarre, and execute Condé; she steadfastly refused, but she took advantage of the crisis to obtain from the King of Navarre a formal cession of his claims to the regency. In the midst of these intrigues the king died, after a reign of only one year and five months. His obsequies were conducted with indecent haste, and with a negligence which provoked many bitter comments.

The death of Francis II. was so opportune for the princes of the blood, that they were said to have bribed his physician, the celebrated Ambroise Paré, to poison the young monarch. At a later period, a similar charge was made against Catherine, and several grave historians have intimated that there were reasonable grounds at least for suspicion. The circumstance on which the queen's enemies most confidently rely is the agreement which Catherine made respecting the regency, while the king was yet alive, but this is at once explained by Castelnau, who informs us that the physicians had declared the king's case hopeless the day before this suspicious interview. It may be added, that the Guises, who were so deeply interested in the young monarch's fate, never showed any suspicion of the queen-mother, and always maintained that the death of Francis had resulted from purely natural causes.

The Guises hoped to continue their ascendancy, by uniting their niece, the widow of the late king, to the new monarch, who was little more than ten years of age. Charles IX.

expressed a boyish passion for his beautiful sister-in-law; but Catherine having received early intimation of the intrigue, insisted that the Queen of Scots should return to her own kingdom. Mary left France with the most poignant regret, and subsequent events too fatally justified her sorrow. Charles through life lamented the policy that separated him from the object of his first affections, and was, on more than one occasion, with difficulty prevented from having recourse to arms to support the cause of the unhappy Queen of Scotland.

Catherine commenced her administration as regent by issuing an edict of toleration, and procuring the formal acquittal of the Prince de Condé from the parliament. The Guises, having gained over the Constable Montmorency, and secured the neutrality of the King of Navarre, were so powerful that the queen-mother was compelled to court the support of Condé, the Colignis, and the chiefs of the Protestant party; she went so far as to propose the convoking of a national council of the French clergy, to discuss the reformation of religion. Instead of the council, it was resolved that there should be a free conference of Catholic and Protestant theologians, at Poissy. The discussion lasted several days, and, as might have been expected, only served to confirm the disputants in their own opinions; but the Huguenots embraced the opportunity of opening their churches and fearlessly preaching their opinions, declaring that what had been endured by the king ought not to be prohibited to the people. This gave offence to the zealous Catholics. Catherine sent a special ambassador to excuse herself to the King of Spain for having consented to the conference; but Philip II. would not even grant him an audience. The Duke of Guise, the Constable Montmorency, and the Marshal St. André formed a triumvirate to defend the Catholic faith, and compelled Catherine to come with the young king to Paris, where she was for some months virtually a prisoner, while all the royal authority was usurped by the princes of Lorraine. The sanguinary wars of religion soon commenced, and devastated the entire kingdom; but the murder of the Duc de Guise by Poltrot, and the sudden death of the King of Navarre, delivered Catherine from her most dangerous rivals, and enabled her to assume the power as well as the name of regent.

Catherine was enabled to maintain her influence over Charles IX. by securing the support both of his wife and of his mistress.

The former, Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, took very little interest in politics, and had so small a share in the confidence of her husband, that she did not know anything of the massacre of St. Bartholomew until the morning after that horrible butchery. Marie Touchet, to whom Charles continued passionately attached during his whole life, took the greatest care to avoid anything that might excite the jealousy of Catherine, and frequently used her influence with the King, to induce him to yield to his mother, whenever he differed from her in opinion.

We have too recently described the fearful eve of St. Bartholomew, to touch upon it again. Charles IX., when the excitement of crime was over, began to regard his mother with horror, and would certainly have excluded her from power, had he ever been restored to sound health. Some have asserted that the knowledge of this intention induced Catherine to poison her second son, and adduce as a proof her address to her favorite child, Henry, when he was setting out to assume the crown of Poland. "Adieu," said she, "you will not be long absent from France!" But such a crime would have been perfectly gratuitous; the declining condition of Charles was known to everybody when Henry went to Poland; long before that event, the physicians had declared that his excesses had exhausted the stamina of life.

In the interregnum between the death of Charles and the return of King Henry, Catherine abused her power as regent, to procure the condemnation of Montgomery, whose lance had accidentally killed her husband fifteen years before. The unfortunate nobleman was cruelly tortured; Catherine hoped to force him to confess that he and the Colignis had formed a conspiracy against the late king, which might be pleaded as an apology for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But the rack only forced from Montgomery cries that the terms on which he had surrendered to the royal forces had been perfidiously violated. He was so broken by the torture, that he had to be lifted to the scaffold; and he met his fate with the courage of a martyr. During the civil wars which distracted the unhappy reign of Henry III., Catherine steadily pursued one object—the exclusion of Henry of Navarre from the succession. To accomplish this, she became reconciled to her old enemies, the Princes of Lorraine, and secretly favored the enterprise of the League. Her son Henry, who had long submitted implicitly to her guidance,

resolved to counteract her scheme, by treachery and crime. Concealing his intentions with the most profound dissimulation, he allowed Catherine to invite the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine to Paris. They visited the queen-mother, who declared herself anxious to support their ambitious projects, and led them to believe that the king was equally favorable. Full of confidence, they went to visit his majesty, and were treacherously murdered. Catherine was confined to her room by a slight indisposition when Henry came himself to announce to her this atrocious crime. "The King of Paris is dead, Madam," said he, "and I will be king for the future!" "You have slain the Duke of Guise, then," she replied; "take care that his death may not render you *king of nothing*. Have you taken the precautions essential to your safety?" "I have, madam," he answered; "and you need not disquiet yourself about the matter." He then abruptly quitted the apartment, without even the ordinary salute that etiquette required. The Cardinal de Bourbon, whom Catherine visited in his prison, reproached her bitterly for the murder of the Guises, declaring that they would not have ventured to Paris but for her express invitation. Catherine easily cleared herself of all complicity in the crime, but on her return to the palace she was seized with sudden illness. In her last interview with her son she is reported to have recommended him to seek a reconciliation with the King of Navarre. A confessor was summoned; as he approached the bed, she asked his name, and being told that it was St. Germain, she exclaimed that he was the herald of her death. Favyn, who relates this anecdote, declares that Nostradamus had foretold to Catherine that St. Germain would be fatal to her, and that for this reason she had continually refused to reside in the palace or the parish of that name.

The greatest stain on the character of Catherine is her share in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which we have not attempted either to palliate or to conceal. Her entire life was devoted to maintaining the tottering house of Valois, menaced on the one hand by the house of Lorraine, and on the other by the house of Bourbon. The success of the League would have given the throne of France to Guise; the triumph of the Huguenots would have bestowed it on the King of Navarre. Catherine stood between both, and during a long life, her able though unscrupulous policy held both in subjection.

From the Times.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MEHEMET ALI.

ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 9, 1849.

His Highness, MEHEMET ALI PASHA, died at Alexandria on the 2d inst., and on the following day his body was taken up to Cairo, where he was buried on the 4th, in the new alabaster mosque built by himself in the citadel.

The procession from the palace at Ras-el-teen to the canal was attended by a great concourse of people, the European Consuls in uniform, with many of the European residents, and a great number of troops with arms reversed. On emerging from the palace the coffin was laid at the foot of the grand marble staircase, the attendants gathered round, and the chief Mufti, a venerable old man, advanced, raised his hands, and amid profound silence, repeated three times, with a pause for mental reflection between each, "*Allah hoo akbar*" (God is great); after which he twice repeated, "*Salam aleykoun*" (Peace be with you); and then the procession started, the principal officers and grandees emulating each other for the honor of carrying the coffin on their shoulders. On passing the harem, a separate building a little to the north of the palace, the shrieks and lamentations of the women were most piercing. Twenty-six buffaloes were killed and distributed among the poor, with twenty-six camel-loads of bread and dates, and a considerable sum of money.

At Cairo there was no ceremony attending the conveyance of the Pasha's body from the Nile to its final resting-place, and even Abbas Pasha, the present Viceroy, joined the funeral only at the mosque.

Mehemet Ali's first severe illness occurred in January, 1848, when he proceeded to Malta and Naples, where, having rallied a little, he returned to Egypt in April, improved in bodily health, but with his constitution shattered and his mental faculties totally prostrated. His appearance had undergone a complete change; his eyes had lost that searching and intelligent look for which his Highness was so remarkable; his cheeks were shrunk and his voice was quite feeble. His

medical men having then declared his total unfitness to attend to the affairs of the country, the late Ibrahim Pasha assumed the reins of government, and at his death was succeeded by Abbas Pasha.

From that time until within a few weeks of his death, Mehemet Ali took his daily drive in his carriage, and lived in his palace in the same style he was wont to do, but none but his immediate attendants were permitted to approach him.

Mehemet Ali is sincerely regretted both by the European residents and the natives of Egypt. The latter say that man's worth is known only by comparison, and that had Mehemet Ali died two years ago the sorrow felt would not have been so general as it is now, as they would then have cherished a hope of a better state of things from those who came after him; but as his two successors have shown them the hopelessness of any improvement in their own condition, they naturally wish that Mehemet Ali's government had lasted longer.

Mehemet Ali was born in the town of Cavalla in Roumelia, the ancient Macedonia. In Mohammedan countries the natives keep no reckoning of their age, and the Pasha could not tell precisely what his own was, but he was easily flattered into the belief that he was born in the same year that gave birth to the two most illustrious heroes of the present era—Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington—1769, thus making him at his death of the age of 80 years, which may be considered correct within a year or two.

Mehemet Ali first commenced life as a tobaccoist in his native town, but he afterwards volunteered into the army, to which his taste was more congenial. In his new career he soon obtained high favor with the Governor of Cavalla by his efficient assistance in quelling a rebellion and dispersing a band of pirates, and on the death of his commanding officer he was appointed to succeed him, and married his widow.

In 1799 the town of Cavalla having been

called upon by the Sultan to provide its contingent of 300 men for the expulsion of the French from Egypt, the Governor sent the required number, headed by his son, with Mehemet Ali under his orders; but shortly after landing at Aboukir the son returned to Roumelia and left Mehemet Ali in command. In all the engagements with the French Mehemet Ali distinguished himself by his conduct and valor. He rapidly rose in rank, and his lofty spirit gained him a strong ascendancy over the minds of his soldiers.

After the evacuation of Egypt by the French in September, 1801, the Sultan appointed Mohammed Khosrew Viceroy of Egypt, who has since been several times Prime Minister at Constantinople, and between whom and Mehemet Ali there always existed an inveterate hatred.

The Mamelukes were at that time actively engaged in endeavoring to recover their ascendancy, which had been overthrown by the French, and the two principal Mameluke Beys, Osman Bardissy and Mohammed Elfy, came to an engagement with the Turkish army and defeated it. Mehemet Ali, with his troop of Albanians, was under the orders of Khoorshid Pasha, but for some reason or other took no part in the battle. The Turkish General, irritated at his defeat, complained of Mehemet Ali to Khosrew, who summoned him to his presence; he refused to attend, and took advantage of an insurrection which then occurred among the Albanian troops to join the Mamelukes under Osman Bardissy. In 1803 he attacked Khosrew at Damietta and brought him prisoner to Cairo. The Porte then sent to Egypt Ali Gezaïrli Pasha to replace Khosrew Pasha, but he was still less fortunate than his predecessor, for he was put to death by the Mamelukes, soon after his arrival.

In 1804, the army under the Mameluke Bardissy became clamorous for its arrears of pay, an insurrection ensued, the Bey's house was attacked by the infuriated soldiers, and he had to make a hasty retreat from Cairo. Mehemet Ali, strengthened in the affections of the troops, had clandestinely fostered this insurrection, but, not thinking his time yet come, he sent Khosrew, his prisoner, back to Constantinople, and judiciously appointed Khoorshid Pasha, then Governor of Alexandria, Viceroy of Egypt.

The position of the new Viceroy was very embarrassing, as the Albanians and his own troops still persisted in their demands for pay, which it was entirely out of his power to satisfy. A new and formidable insurrection broke out, and Khoorshid's soldiers put

Cairo to the sack. The inhabitants of the town were in the utmost alarm; they deposed Khoorshid Pasha, addressed themselves to Mehemet Ali for protection, and made him Viceroy.

Mehemet Ali was installed in the Pashalic of Egypt in 1806, on condition that he should send to the Sultan 4000 purses, which represented at that time the sum of about £24,000 sterling. The Pashalic of Egypt was then commonly called the Pashalic of Cairo, and it extended only to Middle Egypt and the Delta; Upper Egypt being divided into several districts, administered by the Mameluke Beys, and Alexandria, with a part of the Western Province, by a Pasha independent of the Pasha of Cairo. A few months after the installation of Mehemet Ali in the Pashalic of Egypt, the Porte consented to give him also the Pashalic of Alexandria as a reward for the services he had rendered to the Ottoman Empire in 1807, on the occasion of the evacuation of Lower Egypt and the city of Alexandria by the English.

The first step Mehemet Ali took to secure his power was to satisfy the demands of the troops. He represented to the inhabitants of Cairo that it was at their request that he had assumed the command, and that, to avoid further disturbances, the wants of the army should be satisfied. He therefore levied contributions, which were readily paid, and he appeased the soldiers, who thus became attached to his person.

In 1808 Mehemet Ali received orders from the Porte to attack and disperse the Wahabees, a fanatical sect of the Mohammedan religion, who had pillaged the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. Before engaging in this war and drawing his troops out of Egypt, the Viceroy determined upon putting a final end to the power of his old allies, the Mamelukes, for, although the two chiefs were dead, there still remained a strong number who had it in their power to annoy him. Accordingly, on the 1st of March, 1811, the Mamelukes were invited in a body to the citadel at Cairo to attend at the investiture of the Viceroy's son Toussoon, as chief of the expedition against the Wahabees. When the ceremony was over the Mamelukes mounted their horses, but on reaching the citadel gates they found them closed, and a sudden discharge of musketry from soldiers placed on the walls completely annihilated them. A great many Mamelukes were put to death at the same time in the provinces. It has been computed that 470, with their chief, Ibrahim Bey, perished in the citadel; and in the city

and throughout the country no less than 1200 were killed. Thus ended the power of these formidable chiefs, who had kept Egypt in a state of anarchy and warfare ever since the year 1382.

After the destruction of the Mamelukes Mehemet Ali made himself master of Upper Egypt; he obtained from the Sublime Porte the government of that part of the country, and at the same time considerably increased the land tax and the duties of customs on the internal trade.

In the autumn of 1811 Mehemet Ali sent his army into Arabia against the Wahabees. This war lasted six years, cost the Viceroy immense sums of money and a great number of men, and was finally brought to a close by Ibrahim Pasha. In 1813 Mehemet Ali himself went to the Hedjaz for a time to hasten the result of the expedition. During his absence the Porte, jealous of his power, secretly appointed Lateef Pasha Viceroy of Egypt, but Mohammed Bey, Mehemet Ali's Minister of War, pretending to enter into the views of Lateef Pasha, engaged him to declare himself publicly Viceroy of Egypt, and then decapitated him.

In 1815, Mehemet Ali, convinced of the great advantages of discipline and military tactics in the art of warfare, resolved upon having his army properly drilled, but his soldiers were very averse to this measure, and threatened an insurrection. He therefore sent his mutinous troops into Ethiopia, under his third son, Ismael Pasha, who, on that occasion, conquered the provinces of Dongola, Berber, Shendy, Sennaar and Cordofan, while he raised a new army, which was drilled by French and Italian officers. He then offered the Sultan to assist in quelling the Greek insurrection against the Porte, and on the 16th of July, 1824, Mehemet Ali's fleet, consisting of 163 vessels, sailed for the Morea, under the command of Ibrahim Pasha, who, for three years, kept the country in subjection, but was obliged to retire after the battle of Navarino, on the 20th of October, 1827.

In 1830 the Porte conferred upon Mehemet Ali the administration of the island of Candia. Mehemet Ali then turned his thoughts to obtaining possession of Syria, and 6000 Egyptians having emigrated to that country, he demanded the restitution of them from Abdallah Pasha, then governor of Acre. The reply he obtained was, that the emigrants were subjects of the Sublime Porte, and that they were in the Sultan's dominions as well in Syria as in Egypt. The Viceroy,

enraged at this answer, sent him word that he himself would come, and take his 6000 subjects "and one man more." Accordingly, on the 2d of November, 1831, Mehemet Ali sent into Syria a powerful army, under the command of his son, Ibrahim Pasha, who, in a few months, reduced the whole country to submission. On this the Porte declared Mehemet Ali a rebel, and sent a strong army into Syria; but Ibrahim Pasha's troops invariably overcame the Sultan's, and several important battles were fought, which insured to the Egyptians the possession of the country. *The European powers interfered*, and under their guaranty peace was signed on the 14th of May, 1833; Syria and the district of Adana were ceded to Mehemet Ali, in conjunction with the Pashalic of Egypt, on his acknowledging himself a vassal of the Sultan, and engaging to remit to the Porte the same tribute as the former Pashas of Syria. According to this arrangement Mehemet Ali paid for Egypt 12,000 purses; Syria and Adana, 18,000 purses, and Candia 2000, making together 32,000 purses, or £160,000 sterling per annum.

Mehemet Ali continued in the quiet possession of Syria until 1839, but the Porte disliked very much the occupation of that country by the Viceroy of Egypt, so that, after organizing an army and a strong fleet, in the beginning of 1839, the Sultan Mahmoud sent his troops into Syria under the command of Hafiz Pasha, to expel the Egyptians, but Ibrahim Pasha proved too powerful for him, and the Turkish army had to retreat. England, Austria, Russia and Prussia, then, in conjunction with the Porte, signed a treaty on the 15th July, 1840, and informed Mehemet Ali that he was no longer to remain in Syria; but the Viceroy, confiding in the promised assistance of the French, seemed determined to keep the country.

England, therefore, sent a formal demand to the Viceroy for the restitution of the Turkish fleet, which had been brought into the port of Alexandria by the treachery of the Turkish Admiral, but his Highness gave evasive answers, and referred to the Sultan. In the meantime he strained his utmost powers to increase his army, and formed throughout Egypt the National Guard, in which all the male inhabitants were made to serve.

The Allied Powers, finding that the Viceroy would not evacuate Syria by fair means, determined upon driving him out by force. The first engagement took place on the 10th of October, 1840, near Beyrout, when the Egyptian army was completely routed and

the town taken. Caiffa and Saïda were bombarded in the same month, Tripoli and Tarsous soon followed, and on the 3d of November of the same year, the bombardment and taking of Acre, in the short space of four hours, must have convinced Mehemet Ali that any further resistance was useless. The town of Alexandria was blockaded by an English squadron; still Mehemet Ali was not inclined to submit, as he entertained hopes that France would come to his aid, but in the end he found he could no longer temporize, and acceded to the terms proposed, the hereditary Pashalic of Egypt in his own family being secured to him.

It was during the period that the English were attacking his troops in Syria and blockading Alexandria, that Mehemet Ali behaved so magnanimously towards England, by allowing the India mails to proceed as usual through Egypt unmolested.

The withdrawal of the Egyptian troops from Syria commenced in December, 1840, when 54,000 men and 6000 women and children took the road of the Desert to Suez; but what with sickness, desertion, privation, and the opposition they encountered on their march, not 25,000 reached Egypt. Ibrahim Pasha proceeded by sea from Gaza with the sick and wounded, and landed at Damietta on the 21st of February, 1841, while the remainder of the troops marched by El Arish. Before the evacuation of Syria, the Egyptian army consisted of 85,000 men; of these only 33,000 returned to their country. Admiral Walker, who belonged to the Turkish navy, in the name of the Sultan took command of the Turkish fleet in the port of Alexandria, and sailed for Constantinople on the 11th of January, 1841. At the same time the Egyptian troops were withdrawn from the island of Candia, the Hedjaz, and the two holy cities, and these countries were restored to the authority of the Sublime Porte.

The firman sent by the Sultan to Mehemet Ali was dated from Constantinople, the 13th of February, 1841, and, after some modifications, was finally accepted by Mehemet Ali on the 10th of June, 1841. The following are the conditions on which Mehemet Ali was granted the hereditary Pashalic of Egypt:

I. The succession to the government of Egypt, within its ancient boundaries, to descend in a direct line in Mehemet Ali's male posterity, from the elder to the elder, among the sons and grandsons—the nomination to be made by the Sublime Porte.

II. The Pasha of Egypt to rank as a vizier of the Ottoman empire, without having in

this character, with the exception of hereditary right, any other prerogative than those enjoyed by other viziers.

III. All treaties entered into between the Sublime Porte and the European Powers are to apply to Egypt, as well as to any other part of the Ottoman empire.

IV. The Pasha has authority to coin his own money in Egypt, but the coins are to bear the name of the Sultan.

V. The standing army of Egypt is to be composed of 18,000 men, and 400 men are to be sent yearly to Constantinople.

VI. The Viceroy of Egypt has the right to appoint officers of the land and sea forces, up to the rank of colonel and below that of general of brigade, but a general of brigade being a pasha, the Porte alone can name pashas.

VII. The Viceroy of Egypt cannot build vessels of war without authority from the Sublime Porte.

VIII. The yearly tribute payable by the Pasha of Egypt to the Sublime Porte, fixed at \$200,000,000, has since been reduced to a million and a third of Spanish pillared dollars, about £270,000 sterling.

IX. The hereditary title is liable to revocation, should any of Mehemet Ali's successors infringe any of the aforesaid conditions.

The Sublime Porte also granted to Mehemet Ali, without the hereditary succession, the government of the provinces of Nubia, Darfour, Sennaar and Cordofan, and all the territories annexed thereto, situate out of Egypt.

The Pasha of Egypt differs from the other pashas of the Ottoman empire, in that the former collects the revenues himself, while the law of the empire is that pashas are not to collect the revenues.

Until last year Mehemet Ali enjoyed a very strong constitution; his stature was short, and his features formed an agreeable and animated physiognomy, with a searching look, expressive of cunning, nobleness, and amiability. He always stood very upright, and it was remarkable, from its being unusual among Turks, that he was in the habit of walking up and down in his apartments. He was most simple in his dress and cleanly in his person. He received strong impressions easily, was very frank and open, and could not easily conceal his mind. He loved his children with great tenderness, and lived in the interior of his family with great simplicity and freedom from restraint. He was very fond of playing at billiards, chess, draughts and cards. In his latter years he

became very merciful and humane, and generally forgave the greatest faults. Mehemet Ali cherished fame, and thought a great deal not only of the opinions entertained of him during his lifetime, but also of the reputation he would leave at his death. The European papers were regularly translated to him, and he was affected by any attacks directed against him. His activity was very great. He slept little in the night, and invariably rose before sunrise. He received daily the reports of his ministers, dictated answers, and frequently visited any improvements or changes going on in the public works. *He learned to read only at the age of 45.* He principally studied history, and was particularly interested with the lives of Napoleon and Alexander the Great.

The only language he spoke was Turkish; he understood Arabic, but did not like to speak it. The late Viceroy did not observe the tenets of the Mohammedan religion with any rigor, and never cared about fasting in the month of Ramazan. He showed the greatest toleration for all religions, and for this, considering the strong innate bigotry which prevails among the Turks, he deserves the greatest praise. He was the first Mohammedan ruler who granted real protection to Christians, raised them to the highest ranks, and made some of them his most inti-

mate friends. His freedom from superstition was as remarkable as his toleration in religion, and in many instances he shook off the yoke of those absurd prejudices to which all those of his faith humbly bow their heads.

Mehemet Ali had by his wives and concubines sixteen children; of these only five, three sons and two daughters, are now living, viz., Said Pasha, admiral of the Egyptian fleet, born in 1818; Haleem Bey, born in 1826; Mehemet Ali Bey, born in 1833; Nazleh Hanum, born in 1797, widow of the Defterdar Mohammed Bey; Zeinab Hanum, born in 1824, and married in 1845 to Kamil Pasha. Haleem Bey was four years in Paris, where he received a liberal education.

Mehemet Ali's second son, after the late Ibrahim Pasha, was Toussoun Pasha, born at Cavalla, who left an only son, Abbas Pasha, born in 1813, at present Viceroy of Egypt. Toussoun Pasha died of the plague at the camp of Damanhour in 1816.

Mehemet Ali had also at Cavalla, by the same wife, a third son, Ismael Pasha, who died in the war in Sennaar. Another son of Mehemet Ali, Houssein Bey, born in 1826, died in 1847 at Paris, where he had been sent for his education. Mehemet Ali had twelve brothers and two sisters, all of whom are dead.

From the People's Journal.

THOUGHTS ON POETICAL INJUSTICE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

WE have all heard of "Poetical Justice," but there is such a thing as poetical "Injustice," which the world should now and then consider.

Addicted as men are to the sheepish principle of following where they are led, and apt as the multitude may be to credit what they are told to believe, inquiring and independent spirits make their appearance from time to time to question history and poetry, and call for a reconsideration of the characters of their heroes. The general tendency of these inquiries has been to rescue from obloquy great names that may have been undeserving of it—to add to, and not detract from, the majestic images in the yet unfilled gallery of the world's heroes. The long and illustrious list of such names—to say nothing of the

saints and apostles of Christianity, would include Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, Harvey, Galileo, Corneilius Agrippa, and a whole host of glorious men, to whose memory the world has done justice for the scorn, hatred, and persecution of their contemporaries. It may not be uninteresting to group together a few minor instances of this kind of reaction in the moral world, of which the effect is not yet complete. Let us select a few cases still pending in the great court of human appeal, in which the appellants have been heard by their council, and in which the supreme judge, Opinion, has shown that he is about to reverse the judgment of the "court below," and of the poets and historians who sit on the benches.

Two remarkable instances have taken

place with regard to characters in Shakspeare. In his immortal pages, Macbeth stands branded as a weak and cowardly murderer; who, goaded by a strong-minded and bad woman, and by the promptings of his own guilty ambition, treacherously slew his guest—the king to whom he had sworn allegiance, and to whom he owed the double fealty of a subject and a host. Yet recent researches have shown that Shakspeare pilloried a comparatively innocent man, by founding a play upon tradition, and not upon history. Macbeth slew Duncan, it is true, but not in his bed—not asleep and unarmed—but in open fight on the field of battle. It does not even appear that Macbeth was a usurper; but granting that he were, still, in the unsettled and semi-barbarous period at which he lived, usurpation was a common occurrence; and, in his case, the usurpation proved of advantage to the country that acquiesced in it. Macbeth reigned over Scotland for fifteen years; and if there were a legal flaw in his title to the throne, he endeavored to make a good moral title by the general vigor and policy of his administration, and by his justice to the people. Sir Walter Scott says, "The claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince." The reaction having begun, men have learned to separate the Macbeth of Shakspeare from the Macbeth of history—to admire the first mentioned as one of the grandest portraiture of crime and sorrow in the whole range of literature; more interesting, although fictitious, than the real Macbeth that lived and moved; and to do justice at all convenient times to the fame that had the misfortune (for itself, if not for the world) to come in the way of so mighty a genius.

Richard III. of England is another royal personage whose memory has been similarly unfortunate in coming into contact with the purposes of Shakspeare. No doubt the world has gained; but the world, when it does justice to the real Richard, will fortunately lose no portion of the delight and instruction derivable from the story of the imaginary one. The materials available for the dramatist's purpose were found in Holinshed, who took them from the prejudiced pen of Sir Thomas More. Later historians denied the accuracy of Sir Thomas More's statements, and the truth of his portraiture: and while they could not gainsay the fact

that Richard had committed crimes in the pursuit of power, explained, if they did not apologize for them, by the character of his age, which was one not tender of human life, nor scrupulous as to the means for the attainment of its objects. The Richard of Shakspeare is a gigantic criminal; the Richard of impartial history is still a criminal, but a man not *all* evil—a man who turned to a good use the power that he may have ill acquired; a man who made enemies of his haughty and vindictive nobles; but who ruled the people with wisdom and moderation, and treated them in a manner to deserve, if it did not obtain, their love. His memory has cried aloud for justice. Mr. Sharon Turner has done battle in his behalf—has entered the court of appeal, and made out such a case in his favor as goes far to qualify, if it cannot reverse, the previous judgment.

While we are upon the subject of kings, let us not omit the case of James I.—the alleged bigot and pedant, the mock Solomon, and the butt of ridicule, for a long period, for every one who desired to have a fling at royalty. Every one who has read the elder D'Israeli's inquiry into the literary and political character of that monarch, will confess that he has found not only a zealous but an able defender. Mr. D'Israeli, as he informs us in his preface to this interesting historical sketch, set off in the world with the popular notions of the character of James I.; but in the course of study, and with a more enlarged comprehension of the age, he was struck with the contrast of his real with his apparent character, and developed those hidden and involved causes which so long influenced historians and memoir-writers in vilifying and ridiculing this monarch. Mr. D'Israeli's treatise is a masterpiece of its kind. It seeks to prove that the alleged pedant detested pedantry; that the so-called bigot was less bigoted than his age; that the epithet "Solomon," applied to him in mockery, ought to have been applied in seriousness and in respect; that the monarch, accused of personal cowardice, dreaded war for his people and not for himself; and that his contemporaries saw and acknowledged in him those virtues and talents which a succeeding age, led astray by prejudiced writers, altogether denied. Who shall say that Mr. D'Israeli has failed in this chivalrous attempt? All unprejudiced readers must admit that he has done much to rescue the memory of his hero from obloquy that appears unmerited; and that, although "this philosopher on the

throne, and father of his people, lived without exciting gratitude and died without inspiring regret—unregarded, unremembered," there is justice to be gathered from the rolling of the centuries. The thinkers of the present age, if they do not share in all the enthusiasm of his defender, at least suspend their judgment, and admit that his detractors may have been in error.

Cromwell's is another over-vilified reputation; with regard to which, thanks not only to Mr. Carlyle, his great defender and admirer, but to Dr. Merlé D'Aubigné, and other writers, the reaction has commenced and made good progress. As if to verify the quaint prediction of his contemporary—

"His fame, like men, the older it doth grow,
Will of itself turn whiter too,"

the world is pleased with every new proof that industry or ingenuity can adduce of the sterling character and steadfast wisdom of the great Protector of the English Commonwealth. The infamy with which it was sought to cover him has been gradually dispersing, like the morning mists before the sun; the mark of Cain which royalist writers, in the reaction of their day, affixed upon his brow, has been obliterated by the hand of time; and in the new reaction of this age, a halo has been gradually forming, which bids fair to enshrine permanently that memory which was once considered more degraded and unworthy than that of the vilest of malefactors.

The history of the illustrious Machiavelli is another instance of pertinacious wrong disappearing before the lights exhibited by cool and dispassionate inquiry. For three centuries and upwards, his name has served to designate a particular kind of political duplicity and cunning. To accuse a statesman of *Machiavellism*, has been to exalt his intellect at the expense of his honesty and virtue—to exonerate him from the imputation of lack of brains, only to brand him as possessing too much for the welfare of his species. "Il Principe" ("The Prince"), his famous treatise, long considered infamous, brought all this obloquy upon him. In that much-spoken-of, but little known work, he drew up the code of despotism, concealing his satire so well, that the world mistook the hater for the friend of tyranny, and the denouncer of crimes against the people for

their apologist. Machiavelli suffered in the cause of freedom; he was put to the torture by a despot, and endured sorrows of many kinds for his devotion to his country. Disgusted with princes, and with the people too, he wrote his celebrated work, intending a satire upon the crimes of rulers. The obstinate world insisted upon receiving this satire in a spirit the very reverse of that which animated its author, with about as little justice as we should exhibit were we to accuse Henry Fielding of preaching robbery and murder for his "Life of Jonathan Wild the Great." Machiavelli's object, it is true, was not quite so apparent as that of the novelist. The people, moreover, were not aware of the friend they had in this illustrious diplomatist. They considered the hard words he employed against men in general, as the outpourings of a demoniac hatred. They could not see that the severe satire was intended for their benefit, or make any allowance for the bitterness of feeling with which unmerited suffering had imbued one of the ablest men of his time. Machiavelli dedicated his treatise of "The Prince" to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, the usurper of the liberties of Florence; a man whom he hated, against whose government he had conspired, and who had caused him to be put upon the rack, to extort from his agony the names of his confederates. This circumstance might have served to open the eyes of the herd of men and of writers to the real purpose of the author; but it did not. Treatise after treatise was written, to refute doctrines which Machiavelli detested; and his name became the synonym for the political criminality and astuteness which it was his real object to hold up to the abhorrence of mankind. Amongst others who employed their pens in this cause was Frederick the Great of Prussia, who wrote in his youth a tract entitled "Anti-Machiavel." "This military genius," says D'Israeli, "protested against those political arts which he afterwards adroitly practiced, and realized in his own character the political monster which Machiavelli had drawn." The tide against Machiavelli has long since begun to turn; and though his unfortunate name will, in all probability, survive to designate a species of depravity for which modern languages offer no other, the memory of the man has already received justice from all the impartial students of history, and will, doubtless, receive justice in due time from a still wider audience.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Benjamin Franklin: his Autobiography, with a Narrative of his Public Life and Services. By the Rev. H. HASTINGS WELD—with numerous designs by J. G. Chapman.

When we say that this book is illustrated to our liking, we intend the statement to convey high praise:—since few autobiographies hold a more honored place in our regard than Benjamin Franklin's. There is heart as well as head in it; the plainness and the poetry of true—as distinct from tawdry—Republican energy and achievement. It is written in a style which we hope we shall never cease to relish. It is calculated, from the *professional* tone of its incidents, to be expressly dear to all literary men, and to all who are interested in the circulation of knowledge and in the record of progress. By the majority of book-illustrators fed on the patronage and requisitions of those "having albums," such a subject might not be thought to hold out any strong temptations. The mixture of practical with picturesque which it contains is calculated to baffle the mediocrities. Most satisfactorily has the difficulty been provided for by Mr. Chapman: some of whose designs, moreover, are capitally rendered on wood—making the volume a truly attractive one, without divesting it of the value which belongs to a library book. We have dwelt upon the illustrations rather than upon the memoir by Mr. Hastings Weld; because the latter portion of the volume, however well executed, could hardly fail to come before us at a disadvantage, the quality of the former part considered. As a companion, Franklin is little less trying to a modern writer than that Archimago of nervous writing, William Cobbett.—*Athenæum*.

Principles of Zoology.—By LOUIS AGASSIZ and AUGUSTUS A. GOULD. Boston: Gould & Co.

One of the greatest errors that has characterized the science of our day, has been the tendency on the part of naturalists to study the forms of plants and animals to the exclusion of any regard for the functions performed, or the changes undergone in them during life. Dried plants and stuffed skins were supposed to afford all the necessary elements of rearing botanical and zoological science. Already has the botanist declared his conviction that a single observation on a living plant with a microscope is of more importance to botany than the possession of a cart-load of dried plants:—and the thought is penetrating the mind of zoologists, that it is useless for them to pursue their task without the aids of comparative anatomy and physiology. To know what an animal or plant really is, or what it is in relation to other animals and plants, we must know, as well as its external form, its internal structure and its living actions,—and not only what they are, but what they have been. That would be but an imperfect history of a nation or an individual that should be confined to any given day, or even year, in its whole existence. This, then, has been the deficiency of both zoology and botany:—and the history of almost every individual plant and animal has yet to be

written. This will be cheering news for those who, because new plants and new animals are not to be laid hold of, imagine that science is about to stop. Almost all our science in zoology and botany is yet to come,—and we can expect it only through the aid of well-trained observers. First principles must be understood before we can hope for great advances to follow. It is on this account that we are glad to find so accomplished a naturalist as M. Agassiz teaching the elements of his science. We are probably indebted for this to the demands of his adopted country. In America the difficulty of beginning anything anew is less than in Europe. Time has not yet encrusted her educational institutions and forbidden their expansion with the impulses of the new life that ever flows from inquiry and the activity of the human mind. The present work is intended for the use of schools and colleges:—and we have seldom seen a book more admirably adapted in its general arrangement and style to meet the object of its publication.—*Athenæum*.

Memoirs of the House of Orleans; including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished Characters in France during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By W. COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D. 3 vols. 8vo.

To withdraw the history of the Orleans branch of the Bourbons from the mass of French history, and set it clearly as an episode before the public, was a design which might readily be suggested at this crisis of its fortunes. The past cycle appears to be completed; and the cycle of the future, whatever it may be for the descendants of the first crowned and disrowned member of the family of Louis Philippe, is opening its course in France and in Spain. The influence of the race upon the political circumstances of France has long been most important, but never, perhaps, so important as during the past century. At last it arrived at the climax to blight its wholesome brother, and the elder house succumbed to the aspiring of the younger rival. To have the whole traced with an able and competent hand, the task could not have been entrusted to a superior ability than Dr. Cooke Taylor, so well known and esteemed in the literary world for his former productions; belonging to the sterling ranks of national literature. Nor has he failed to do justice to the choice, to his own reputation, and to the subject in the work before us. It is clearly arranged, grounded on considerable research, and impartially stated. The results are not favorable to the Orleans dynasty or its precedents; but we must refer to the three volumes for the details from the period of "the great secret of Louis XIV." to the present day. That a consistent and consequential line of policy has been pursued by the Orleans family from that date, and that intrigue and conspiracy marked the doings of some part of it, can hardly admit of a doubt. How far the ex-King followed in the footsteps of his father, will probably be better understood hereafter.—*Literary Gazette*.



THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1. *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.* Five Volumes.
2. *Sartor Resartus ; or, The Life and Opinions of Teufelsdröckh.*
3. *Chartism.*
4. *The French Revolution—a History.* Three Volumes.
5. *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.* Two Volumes.

MR. CARLYLE'S writings cover a wide field of speculation—and widely different is the estimate formed of them by his contemporaries. So fascinated are some of our reading folk with his performances, that they judge of them after a fashion not a little perplexing to their neighbors. In the view of these persons, his touch suffices to convert the veriest commonplaces into something strikingly novel, and the thinnest superficialities into something wonderfully profound. With such commonplace and superficialities all men must have more or less to do—the humor in this case is, that these simple elements of thought, being rather oddly clothed, should be so commonly mistaken for something differing so very widely from their proper nature. But so it is. With these watchers at the shrine of heroes, everything taken under the patronage of the object of their worship becomes weighty and sacred; and all the possible forms of the grotesque, after the manner of the monstrous gods of heathendom, become so many symbols of things refined

and beautiful. That their prophet should always be intelligible to them is more than their modesty will allow them to expect. They feel that it belongs to him to soar into regions to which they may not themselves hope to ascend, and to go down into deeps where no common footsteps may follow him. But when out of their sight, he is not out of their confidence. Kingly nature as he is, he can do no wrong—he is safe against all possible mistake. "How could you sleep to-day under the discourse of a divine you praise so highly?" said a simple Southern to a wary Scot. "Oh," replied the latter, "I can trust him anywhere." Very much thus is it with a large class of Mr. Carlyle's admirers. When he essays to do anything, they fail not to give him the credit of having done something marvelous, though proof on that point may be somewhat slow in making its appearance. "Should the prince at noonday say, It is night, declare," writes Sadi, our oriental Chesterfield, "that you behold the moon and stars." And there are people in the

west who seem to possess their eyesight and their common sense only to some such purpose.

But if favoritism be capricious and excessive, so is its opposite. If there are persons to whom Mr. Carlyle is as an inspired prophet, there are others to whom his mannerisms are about the most satisfactory certificate that could be given as to his fitness for Bedlam. He may rate against "shams" until doomsday, but, in the judgment of these parties, of all the shams in this age of false pretension he is himself one of the greatest. Abstract from his writings, the good things he has purloined from a foreign tongue; and, with them, the disguises he has thrown over much ordinary thought by a most fantastic use of the tongue that *should* have been his own, and the residuum, we are told, will be all but worthless. His style is especially offensive to this class of critics. It is accounted as more befitting the taste of a scaramouch than that of a scholar; as better adapted to supply amusement to the laughter-loving crowds in Bartholomew Fair, than to find due acceptance in that awful domain—the world of letters.

We hardly need tell you, good reader, that we are not ourselves ambitious of being classed with either of these extremes. To us, the conclusion most obvious in this case is, that the man of whom judgments so much at issue have been formed, and formed so widely, cannot be an ordinary man. Even strong dislike implies the presence of some strong element calling it forth. Men may hate the powerful, the weak they neglect. Strong feeling is costly, and not usually expended upon trifles. Extravagant admiration, too, even when subject to large abatement, may suffice to indicate the presence of some real excellence. In all worship there is wisdom. For ourselves, we are disposed to take our place with that large class of thoughtful men in this country, found in grades from the highest almost to the lowest, who see in the genius of Mr. Carlyle a more remarkable combination both of the stronger and weaker elements of our age than in any other man among us. Believing thus much concerning him, we are disposed to think that we shall not be unprofitably employed in endeavoring to distinguish between the strength and weakness, and the good and bad in his leading speculations.

We should not, perhaps, have given ourselves to this service just now, had we not frequently found the grossest misconceptions prevalent, and in quarters where better information might have been expected, as to the position of Mr. Carlyle in reference to

some of the graver questions of the day, and especially in reference to Christianity. It is one peculiarity of his writings, that men of all shades in political and religious opinion may find passages in them which appear to harmonize to the full with their own favorite principles. We find him claimed, accordingly, by all parties in turn. Many simple-minded people read his denunciations against skepticism, and straightway conclude, not only that Mr. Carlyle is himself a believer, but that he is, of course, a believer in the Bible after the good old fashion. His writings, especially his later writings, may be said to be eminently religious in their tone; and their being earnestly religious in *some* sense, is taken as a sufficient guarantee of their being favorable to religion in the best sense. In the meanwhile, to say what sort of religion it is that Mr. Carlyle wishes to inculcate, would puzzle very many who have some knowledge of what he has written on that subject. Far be it from us to attempt to raise the *odium theologicum* against Mr. Carlyle, or to do him injustice in the smallest degree; but we think it due to interests which with us are far above all others, to attempt to determine the exact relation of this influential author to some of those social, philosophical, and religious questions which are so frequently the subject of discussion in his works. For any man to do thus much for himself, it would be necessary to read all that Mr. Carlyle has written, and to collate carefully as he reads—no trivial labor when an author's publications extend to more than a dozen substantial volumes. Apology for our present attempt we of course have none to offer, inasmuch as it is not to be supposed that a man who is himself so stern a hater of falsehood, can have the least wish that the public conception of him should be a false one. What that conception *should* be we hope to show, and this showing will be deduced, with the utmost candor we can bring to the investigation, from his own writings.

I. Every one is aware of the high place assigned in Mr. Carlyle's speculations to *Faith*—men are to believe, to have convictions, to become earnest, or there is no hope of them. Now this is a great truth. Every really Christian man—every man who regards existence as having a meaning, must say amen to it. Much, too, may be said, in vindication of Mr. Carlyle's wrath against a large class of formalist and conventionalist people who flatter themselves that they are great believers while they are not. Our neighbor,

Richard Brown, is a sturdy "Westminster Assembly" man. He believes, if you may credit his statement, in the most wonderful things ever believed concerning God or man. There is not a depth of fear or a force of aspiration in man which the articles of this man's creed should not move, giving to his life an energetic spiritualism such as no believer in any other creed has ever evinced. But Richard buys and sells, and counts the gain, all the week long, with as little apparent thought about the mysteries of existence, present or to come, as his brother Thomas, who carries on his traffic in the next street, and who has never pretended to give his thoughts to such high matters. It is true, Richard is careful to close his shop on Sundays, and may be seen in other trim, and in another place on that day. But on all other days he reads the news, smokes his pipe, and seems to be quite as considerate of his worldly enjoyments as his neighbors. Such is the tenor of his way; and keeping square with the world, and avoiding all such scandals as were wont to bring men into bishops' courts, you see about him the air of a person who feels that something like the whole duty of man has been in his case performed. Now Mr. Carlyle has no compliment to offer to the creedless soul of Thomas, who carries on his traffic in the next street; but to this Richard—to him he would speak in terms that are meant to burn as he utters them—"Out upon the man," we think we hear him say—"out upon thee, *be* more, and *do* more than thy brother, or cease to pretend that thou believest more. It is bad enough to be faithless, to have no commerce with the god-like,—but this lazy, slimy effort of thine, to thrust hypocrisy into the place of such commerce, if there be goodness in God's universe, this must be as a foulness to its nostrils."

So when our censor passes from these less polite sections of humanity, and fixes his gaze on the people who make another choice in tailoring and millinery, and are found in "circles" full of the "respectabilities," even here he is no less offended by the hollow, the factitious,—by a world of seeming without reality. The creed of these people has come to them, as all their other conventional things have come, or as all their ordinary likings or dislikings have come. If the one-tenth of what they profess to believe amidst all their Sunday pageantries, were really believed, it would suffice to make those pageantries of very small account, and to give to their life a seriousness which at present finds little place even in their dreams. In those antique

forms of devotion to which these persons listen, and which they repeat; and in the utterances of that still older volume which is read so often in their hearing, there is a welling forth of thoughts, contritions, and aspirations, as from the chambers of the earnest and the mighty dead, fitted indeed to move the living, if aught may move them. But moved these believing people are not. In the midst of all this, the great care of the older, is about good positions and good marriages for the younger; and the hearts of old and young are drifted on amidst a stream of inanities so pitiable as to seem as if devised, and stilted into prominence, by some laughing devil, for the purpose of putting mockery on the dread realities of our being. The great lament of our modern prophet accordingly is, that men through believing nothing, should have ceased to be masters over anything. Everywhere they are before him as carried away by things the most vulgar, or manifestly the most artificial and frivolous, if contrasted with the true end of existence.

Now the novelty here is, not that these things should be said, but that such a man should have said them. The preaching is not new, but the preacher in this case is not of a class given to make sermons. To assign a due precedence to the weightier, as compared with the lighter interests of existence, has not been a conspicuous virtue in our men of letters. Not a little in their doings, as all the world knows, has been quite as frothy as the most empty-headed and empty-hearted in the crowds about them could have desired. From the lips of a Wordsworth or a Southey, utterances of a deeper and graver meaning have been sometimes heard, but the apostle of the age from among men of this class is Mr. Carlyle. The great aim of his class has been to amuse, or to call forth admiration—his own aim is much higher. He labors to lay bare the depths and the heights of things, that men may see what their condition is, and what it *should* be. He paints ceaselessly, but his pictures are all so many appeals to the reason and the moral nature. He has little sympathy with our modern "methodism," but in his zeal in this direction, he is himself a very methodist—and greatly to his honor.

As we have said, his doctrine embraces nothing really new. His views in respect to the state of human nature, its obligations, interests, and destiny, are very much those of our old puritan teachers, and have been expounded in our own day by Hall and Chalmers, and all men of their class, times innum-

merable. Of Chalmers it was eminently thus. In Scotland, he saw a people well-given to church-going or chapel-going, and zealous enough about creeds and church standards; but a people who needed to be admonished that creeds may exist as a lifeless orthodoxy, and that the best of forms may be without value, as being without power. He, too, felt that the great want of the age, and even of Scotland, was an earnest faith. To bring men truly to believe, what they nearly all professed to believe, was the great object of his life's hard labor. The place assigned by Mr. Carlyle to the religious element in man is stated in the following passage:

"It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's, or a nation of men's. By religion, I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign, and in words, or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion*; or, it may be, his mere skepticism and *no-religion*: the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the unseen world or no-world; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, what religion they had."—*Hero Worship*, pp. 3, 4.

On this topic, however, we think Mr. Carlyle greatly underrates the influence of the current beliefs of Christian men. In the case of the aforesaid Richard Brown, the creed professed does not appear to have wrought all the positive good that might have been expected from it. But it may be that, even on his defective temperament, it has prevented evil in a degree by no means inconsiderable; and that the direct good conferred by it is much greater than our haughty and superficial philosophy is at all likely to discover. If this same Richard, moreover, does not seem to be burdened with much anxious thought of a religious

nature, or to be the subject of any very fervent and refined aspirations, perhaps, without traveling far, he could introduce our philosopher to certain plain and pious people, in whom the faith which Richard professes has given existence to soul-conflicts and earnest spiritual breathings, in a degree that would be censured as excessive and morbid. Of the soul-history of some myriads—of many myriads of truly religious people in this country, we must suppose our author to be almost wholly ignorant. To his contemporaries he does not cede a tenth of the high qualities they possess in this respect; while towards certain sham religionists of remote times his charities are superabundant. The passage we are about to quote is from "Past and Present," and relates to the Abbot of St. Edmundsbury, and to the glebe-loving, feast-loving monks who did his bidding. It shows how discriminating and charitable Mr. Carlyle can be, when his humor inclines him that way.

"Jocelin, we see, is not without *secularity*. Our *Dominus Abbas* was intent enough on the divine offices; but then his *account books*? One of the things that strike us most, throughout, in Jocelin's *Chronicle*, and, indeed, in Eadmer's *Anselm*, and other old monastic books, written evidently by pious men, is this—that there is almost no mention whatever of 'personal religion' in them; that the whole gist of their thinking and speculation seems to be the 'privileges of our order,' 'strict exaction of our dues,' 'God's honor,' (meaning the honor of our saint,) and so forth. Is not this singular? A body of men set apart for perfecting and purifying their own souls, do not seem disturbed about that in any measure: the 'Ideal' says nothing about its idea; says much about finding bed and board for itself! How is this?

"Why, for one thing, bed and board are a matter very apt to come to speech: it is much easier to *speak* of them than of ideas; and they are sometimes much more pressing with some! Nay, for another thing, may not this religious reticence, in these devout, good souls, be perhaps a merit and sign of health in them? Jocelin, Eadmer, and such religious men, have as yet nothing of 'Methodism'; no doubt, or even root of doubt. Religion is not a diseased self-inspection, an agonizing inquiry: their duties are clear to them, the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are traveling on it. Religion lies over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of, which in all things is presupposed without speech. Is not serene or complete religion the highest aspect of human nature, as serene cant, or complete non-religion, is the lowest and miserablest? Between which two all manner of earnest methodisms, introspections, agonizing inquiries, never so morbid,

shall play their respective parts, not without approbation."—pp. 80, 81.

Now here is a candor which can see the signs of something like a "serene or complete religion," where, in fact, there is no sign of religion at all. Only allow a small portion of this charity exercised in favor of these stupid and worldly monks, to be exercised in favor of that somewhat dull and easy class of religionists among ourselves, towards whom Mr. Carlyle shows so little forbearance, and even these people would rise at once into a race of saints of the first water. Nor do we quite understand the fling at "Methodist introspections," except it be meant to say that, even in a nature like ours, the best condition of religion is ~~that~~ which makes the least demand on a man's cogitations or emotions—a doctrine not very consistent with the philosophy of the case, with the teaching of the Bible, or with the great drift of Mr. Carlyle's own writings. But so it is with our author. His contemporaries are of two classes—men whose professed faith is no faith, or men who believe only to become the victims of "a diseased self-introspection." Not to be in earnest, is to be pronounced "a sham," and to be in earnest, is to be written down a fanatic. We believe in the somewhat wide existence both of religious formalism and of religious extravagance; but between these there is something much better than either, which Mr. Carlyle does not see, and to which, accordingly, he has never done justice. In support of our statement on this point, take the following estimate of the religion of our own age, as compared with the very different estimate of the monkish religion at Edmundsbury, which, from all that appears, began and ended in a tissue of cares and struggles about "bed and board."

"To begin with our highest spiritual function, with religion, we might ask, whither has religion now fled? Of churches and their establishments we here say nothing, nor of the unhappy domains of unbelief, and how innumerable men, blinded in their minds, must 'live without God in the world'; but taking the fairest side of the matter, we ask, what is the nature of that same religion, which still lingers in the hearts of the few who are called, and call themselves, specially the religious? Is it a healthy religion, vital, unconscious of itself; that shines forth spontaneously in doing of the work, or even in preaching of the word? Unhappily, no. Instead of heroic martyr-conduct, and inspired and soul-inspiring eloquence, whereby religion itself were brought home to our living bosoms, to live and reign there,

we have 'Discourses on the Evidences,' endeavoring with the smallest result to make it probable that such a thing as religion exists. The most enthusiastic evangelicals do not preach a gospel, but keep describing how it should and might be preached: to awaken the sacred fire of faith, as by a sacred contagion, is not their endeavor; but at most, to describe how faith shows and acts, and scientifically distinguish true faith from false. Religion, like all else, is conscious of itself, listens to itself; it becomes less and less creative, vital; more and more mechanical. Considered as a whole, the Christian religion, of late ages, has been continually dissipating itself into metaphysics; and, threatens now to disappear, as some rivers do, in deserts of barren sand."—*Essays*, iii. pp. 300, 301.

We do not say that there are no appearances among us to warrant a little declamation of this sort. But, as we read it, we are constrained to ask our zealous censor—And wherein consisted the "heroic martyr conduct" of your monks of St. Edmundsbury? In fact, did that conduct ever rise higher than a somewhat piggish fight in defence of rich abbey lands, and of the good feed to be extracted from them? As to "Discourses on the Evidences," let there be an end to such discouragements as Mr. Carlyle and his friends are so often putting forth *against* the said evidences, and there may then be an end to such things in their favor. In the meantime, it is not unnatural that men who would fain put another gospel in the place of that of the New Testament, should be little pleased with efforts tending to demonstrate that this older gospel is a fixed and everlasting reality. With regard to metaphysics, these, if we mistake not, constitute the Bible of Mr. Carlyle himself, and certainly of a large class of his admirers. Of such elements must the inward illumination of whose sufficiency they boast purely consist. These should not, therefore, be in ill repute in such quarters. As to the "soul-inspiring eloquence" which brings religion "home to our living bosoms," we are not aware that the philosophy of the age has shown itself to be more potent to this end than its Christianity. Its right to throw stones remains to be made out. Of course, Mr. Carlyle is not ignorant of these considerations. He could readily marshal them all, and many more, in favor of the religion of our age, if sufficiently free from prejudice to be so disposed. In the progress of his *own* Teufelsdröckh, from the "Everlasting no" to the "Everlasting yea," we see a "Fire-baptism"—a great spiritual change brought about by philosophy, which has its full counterpart,

and something more, in the change experienced by every mind which, in the "Evangelical" sense, is "born again;" the great difference being, that for one instance in which the lesser effect has been produced by philosophy, the greater effect has been produced in a thousand instances by Christianity, and upon minds of a sort which your philosophy can never reach.

If the mischief of all this ended with Mr. Carlyle, the circumference of the evil would be measurable enough. But it does not so end. Not a few among us, whose beards are only beginning to put on visibility, place an implicit faith in him. The natural effect follows. They learn to snuff at the old as noodles, and at the religion of the old as fitting enough for noodledom—a noodledom that is past. They affect to despise what many have counted wisdom, and in so doing regard themselves as giving sufficient evidence of their own deeper wisdom. We have met with certain of this progeny, of whom some fathers might be vain, but not, as we judge, the father of Sartor Resartus. Contempt is a costly tenant where the brain is empty. We scruple not to say that we regard the "introspecting" and "evangelical" portion of our English society as consisting, with all its faults, of a brave and high-souled race, if compared with anything that Mr. Carlyle's school of philosophy has to place in comparison with them. We would readily travel far to witness the success of an attempt to raise humanity from a condition so low to a position so high, through any other means than those by which in this case it has been accomplished.

Nor is it enough that Mr. Carlyle should thus underrate the current beliefs of Christian men, and especially of living men, as compared with the men of past times. Inasmuch as the creeds of men are seen to affect their character, at the best, but imperfectly, the strange leap is made, that the supposed relation between what a man believes, and what a man is, must be of little reality or value. Hence the hollowness and ineffectiveness attributed by our author to all the more received forms of religious doctrine and usage among us, are such as to leave nothing to constitute religion in any man, save his own self-derived conviction as to duty, and his own self-governed action in conformity with that conviction.

"The clearer my Inner Light may shine, through the less turbid media, the fewer Phantasms it may produce, the gladder surely shall I be and not the sorrier! Hast thou reflected, O serious reader,

Advanced—Liberal or other, that the one end, essence, use of all religion past, present, and to come, was this only: To keep that same Moral Conscience or Inner Light of ours alive and shining; which certainly the 'Phantasms' and the 'turbid media' were not essential for! All religion does here is to remind us, better or worse, of what we already know, better or worse, of the quite infinite difference there is between a Good man and a Bad; to bid us love infinitely the one, abhor and avoid infinitely the other,—strive infinitely to be the one, and not to be the other. 'All religion issues in due Practical Hero-worship!' He that has a soul unasphyxied will never want a religion; he that has a soul asphyxied, reduced to a succedaneum for salt, will never find any religion, though you rose from the dead to preach him one.

"But, indeed, when men and reformers ask for 'a religion,' it is analogous to their asking, 'What would you have us to do?' and such like. They fancy that their religion, too, should be a kind of Morrison's pill, which they have only to swallow once, and all will be well. Resolutely once gulp down your religion, your Morrison's pill, you have it all plain sailing now; you can follow your affairs, your no-affairs, go along money-hunting, pleasure-hunting, diletanteing, dangling, and miming, and chattering like a Dead Sea ape; your Morrison will do your business for you. Men's notions are very strange! Brother, I say there is not, was not, nor ever will be in the wide circle of Nature, any Pill or Religion of that character. Man cannot afford thee such; for the very gods it is impossible. I advise thee to renounce Morrison; once for all, quit hope of the Universal Pill. For body, for soul, for individual or society, there has not any such article been made. *Non extat.* In created nature it is not, was not, will not be. In the void imbroglios of Chaos only, and realms of Bedlam, does some shadow of it hover, to bewilder and bemock the poor inhabitants *There*."

"The Makers' Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder, to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just, and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great, shoreless Incomprehensible: in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments, and mad-Time Vortexes, is there not silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful, sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the Whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of gravitation, known to all animals, is not surer than this inner Fact, which may be known to all men."

"Rituals, Liturgies, Credos, Sinai Thunder; I know more or less, the history of these; the rise, progress, decline, and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two Azimuths, repeated daily for centuries of years, make God's laws more God-like to me? Brother, no. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now, and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer! Perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not fear,

but Reverence alone that shall now lead me! Revelations, Inspirations? Yes: and thy own god-created Soul; dost thou not call that a 'revelation?' Who made *THEE*? Where didst thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxiated mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! *Thou* are the latest Birth of Nature; it is 'the Inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth *thee* understanding! My brother, my brother!"—*Past and Present*, pp. 306-309.

The only conclusion fairly deducible from these passages—and the writings of Mr. Carlyle abound with such—seems to be, that the man who would realize his true destiny will do well to eschew everything recorded as distinctively Christian, in place of looking to that source for any special assistance. All that man needs to know concerning the nature and laws of the Infinite, every man who has a soul left in him may know from himself. External utterances can add nothing to his "inner light." "Rituals, liturgies, credos, Sinai thunders,"—these can add nothing to the revelation which every man *has* in what he himself *is*. By one "grown to be a man," such externalities can be of no value. Mr. Carlyle's belief, accordingly, never rises to the height of a mystical rationalism—it is a devout, we had almost said a methodistical sort of deism. The faith he so much extols is thus limited as to its object, and derives all its supposed worth from the moral courage and energy that may spring from it. We wish we could regard it as embracing any properly Christian element, but this, we presume, Mr. Carlyle himself does not expect from any man who has read with attention what he has written; and it is high time, we think, that all mystification on this material point should come to an end, and that the fact of the case should be stated in definite and honest speech.

II. What we say of the doctrine of Mr. Carlyle concerning Faith, we say of his doctrine concerning the *Veracities to be found in all Religions*—it is a truth, a weighty truth, but a truth pushed so far as to become the parent of error, and to cease to be itself a pure truth. The Faith which kindles the fires of the *auto-de-fé* may be *earnest*; and the Philosophy which ends in atheism may not be wanting in *catholicity*. Earnestness and catholicity have their worth, but the value of these qualities depends very much on their relations to others, and on the limits to which they are restricted in consequence of such relations. It is with our faculties and our virtues, as it is with our households,

they never do well under a *régime* of partialities and favoritisms.

We sympathize very largely, however, with Mr. Carlyle in his doctrine on this point. We go far with him in his kindly ingenuities as he labors to give a pleasant meaning to the wild mythology of our rude Northmen. True, the material is somewhat stubborn—hard to bend to his purpose—but he labors at it with a resoluteness worthy of some brave old sea-king. What, for example, could be less promising than the cosmogony of these our remote progenitors? The giant Ymer is *slain*—slain at last. The gods consult, and having Ymer's substance, consisting of warm wind, frost, fire, and other strange things at their service, they resolve to make a world out of this dead great one. His blood becomes the sea, his flesh the land, his bones the rocks, his skull the ~~immense~~ concave above us, and his brains the floating clouds! One Norse god is before us "brewing ale," that he may give fitting entertainment to another; while another—Thor by name—goes a journey into a far country to bring home a pot for the occasion, and, after many adventures, places the elegant utensil on his head, helmet fashion, and travels back with it, the handles thereof descending like donkey's ears down to his heels! In stories like these Mr. Carlyle can see "Untamed Thought, great, giantlike, enormous—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giantlike, but godlike, and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakespeares and Goethes." Taking the same friendly spirit of interpretation along with him everywhere, it of course follows that he finds "good in everything." Under a thousand disguises he can see religious thought and emotion struggling towards utterance—a philosophy of man, and a theology, too, reaching towards their birth-time and object. The mythology of Greece is accounted prettier than this of the Norsemen—not more noble. All the strange faiths that have covered the earth are only the reflex pictures of man's need as a being who must in some way be religious. There is a broad substratum of truth in human nature, and this truth mingles itself more or less with everything human. On this ground our author can sometimes bestow his good word on Christianity, sometimes on our Christian sects, not excepting the fantastic exhibitions made upon occasions by the said sects in Exeter Hall. "Men love not darkness, they do love light. A deep feeling of the eternal nature of Justice looks out among us everywhere—even through the dull eyes

of Exeter Hall. An unspeakable religiousness struggles in the most helpless manner to speak itself in Puseyisms and the like. Of our cant, all condemnable, how much is not condemnable without pity; we had almost said without respect! The inarticulate word and truth that is in England goes down yet to the foundations."—*Past and Present*, p. 396.

Christian theologians have themselves to thank for much of the extravagance observable in this respect in Mr. Carlyle and in many beside. Too often, our divines have seemed to forget, that the Bible and nature are from the same source. Because humanity, as now conditioned, includes much that the Bible must condemn, not a few have been too ready to assume that it can include nothing the Bible may approve. Sufficient care has not been always taken to cede to the moral nature of man the portion of worth which, according to the testimony of Revelation itself, is still reserved to it. Nor has a wise discrimination been always made between the true and false religions, disowning those elements only which have given to them their falseness. Judging from the manner in which some of our very orthodox preachers express themselves, we should suppose that they see no moral difference between the least depraved among the children of Adam and the most depraved—between Rush the murderer, and the most amiable of their own children, who does not happen to be a Christian. Of course the persons who, from negligent usage, or to give an imaginary cohesiveness to a theological system, indulge in expressions to this effect, do not really believe what they seem to teach. Their daily conversation and conduct in relation to the non-Christian members of their families and connexions, furnish abundant proof to the contrary. But great mischief comes from the technical affectation of seeming to believe after this manner. Mr. Carlyle's doctrine is a revolt against this grave error. Some men will assert that there can be good of no kind in human nature apart from Christianity; and the natural reaction against this error is in the assertion that all the good really attainable by man may be attained without the least help from Christianity. The one party will see no good in human nature that has not come to it from the Gospel, and the other will see no good in the Gospel that has not come to it from human nature. The extremes of some of our theologians in this form run sadly counter to the general language of the Bible, and to the

common sentiment of mankind, and give a perilous advantage to the philosophical assailant of Revelation. It is not always borne in mind by our religious teachers, that there is an ascertainable distinction between morality and piety; and that actions may be evangelically defective—defective as to their source and object—without ceasing to be moral. There is no surer mode of making Christianity repulsive, than to place it at issue with what is essential to our manhood and responsibility.

But, as we have said, an error does not cease to be such because you can trace it to its source. Some men have made idols of church-creeds. Seeing this, our philosopher says—Let us have no more to do with churches or with creeds. Not that he really so means. His meaning rather is, that literary or philosophical churches should take the place of existing churches, and that the old creeds should give place to a creed much narrower, simpler, and more flexible, making small appeal to the logic of the age, more to its intuitions, its conscience, its emotions. Here it is:—

"Nature's laws, I must repeat, are eternal: her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No one man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men, no twenty-seven millions of men. Show me a nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits it to others and himself, I will show you a nation traveling with one assent on the broad way—the broad way, however many Banks of England, Cotton-Mills, and Duke's Palaces it may have! Not at happy Elysian fields, and everlasting crowns of victory, earned by silent valor, will this nation arrive; but at precipices, devouring gulfs, if it pause not. Nature has appointed happy fields, victorious laurel crowns; but only to the brave and true; *unnature*, what we call chaos, holds nothing in it but vacuities, devouring gulfs. What are twenty-seven millions and their unanimity? Believe them not: the Worlds and the Ages, God and Nature, and all men, say otherwise.

"'Rhetoric all this?' No, my brother, very singular to say, it is fact all this. Cocker's Arithmetic is not truer. Forgotten in these days, it is as old as the foundations of the Universe, and will endure till the Universe cease. It is forgotten now; and the first mention of it puckers thy sweet countenance into a sneer; but it will be brought to mind again—unless, indeed, the Law of Gravitation chance to cease, and men find that they can walk on vacancy. Unanimity of the twenty-seven millions will do nothing: walk not thou with them; fly from them as for thy life. Twenty-seven millions traveling on such courses, with gold jingling in every pocket, with vivats

heaven high, are incessantly advancing, let me again remind thee, towards the *firm land's end*—towards the end and extinction of what Faithfulness, Veracity, real Worth, was in their way of life.”—*Past and Present*, pp. 193–4.

We find no fault with this creed. It errs not on the side of fault. It errs by defect. The world has had it from the beginning, and, we regret to say, has made but a sorry use of it. Our fear is, that the world may possess it much longer and show small sign of improvement. It is a “credo” that may suffice, in some instances, to mould philosophers into stoics, and the example of such men may have its value. But the herd of human kind have never shown themselves remarkably docile under such teaching. They have found within them other forces than those which prompt men to right-doing, and when disposed to listen to the evil counsel whispered to them from that quarter, they have been slow in submitting to dictation from without. If the “inner light” be to do all—then why not their own inner light before that of any other man, or of many other men? We can conceive of such a man, of multitudes of such men, as saying, even to the face of our author—“Who made thee a ruler or a judge over us?” So it has ever been under the reign of these natural “credos.” Those who interpret the law, it is said, are ever half the makers of it. So it is eminently when the law is loose, shadowy, and unwritten. From this cause, and some others, each man, in this church of the philosophers, has been left to become a law unto himself, which means, for the most part, being left to be wholly without law. That “Faithlessness, Unveracity, Worthlessness,” are profitless in the long run, yea, very costly, men have been told everywhere and through all time; with what effect the *real* Past has sufficiently reported to the Present. It avails not to emphasize the assertion that “nature’s laws” are clear as the light, and fixed as “the law of gravitation,” for if so, our world must hitherto have been a Bedlam or a Pandemonium, or some strange mixture of both, for slow has it been to discern this clearness—this fixedness. And why the nature which has been so dull or so perverse under all such preaching through the past six thousand years, should become much more manageable by such means in the future, Mr. Carlyle may be able to explain; to ourselves, the ground of hope in that direction is not great. That the world should be able to rub on upon such a creed much as heretofore we can understand; but

that it should rise under such influence to the high estate so earnestly coveted for it by our author, that we do not understand. Indeed, if there be truth in the axiom, that where the causes are only the same, the effects can be only the same, we think it certain that our author’s millennium may come *after* doomsday, certainly not *before*.

Nor is this all. This “credo” is not only wanting in the clearness, fixedness, and imperativeness necessary to prevent the frequent putting of what is no law in the place of law, and the hope of impunity in the place of the fear of penalty, it leaves the non-working, and still more the evil-working, in this world of non-workers and evil-workers, in dreadful exigency. You may preach to men that they have only need to work—to work to-day and onward, and all will be well. But these same “Nature’s laws,” to which you make appeal, say not so. *Here*, in a thousand instances, my good deeds avail nothing towards compensating for my evil ones. The curse wedded to the evil comes, and naught can hinder it. Who has told *you* it will not be so *hereafter*? These laws, to which you look as polestars in your voyage thither, say not so—but the contrary, rather. And is it a trifle, O man! to leave a question like this unsolved? Can the “credo” be really worth much which declines all dealing with it? Look, moreover, to your own ideal of humanity, and to its actuality—to man, as he *should* be, according to the law of his faculties, and to man as he *is*, according to the forces of his condition, and can this credo of thine suffice for such a being, a credo which simply says—“Help thyself, O weak one! for by the Eternal laws it is decreed that help from a higher than thyself shall never come to thee.” We must say, that the commending of such a creed to such a nature, as being all that it needs, is to our own dread consciousness a sad mockery of human want and suffering. It is a faith which every man of a sound and deep moral consciousness must feel to be a very cold and shallow affair. It goes not down to the depths of our spiritual thralldom. It goes not up to the height of our true spiritual destiny. It calls men to energetic action, but for the motives which alone may sustain such action it finds no resting-place. It leaves the past an impenetrable mystery, the future an impenetrable mystery, and the present hour with a faith by no means adequate to the hour. The eternities are, the graves are, but they make no sign, they teach no lesson! Right, you say, will be done—done on man

as on all being; but what will that right be? Answer comes not! Nevertheless, this is the Gospel which our youth are expected to prefer to another we could name—and more strange still, this is the Gospel which not a few of them do actually prefer!

Thus our modern catholicity ends in something very like the old infidelity. Charity towards all creeds, goes far towards leaving us without any creed. "Nature's Laws," which some of our theologians will not read at all, are read by some of our philosophers in that spirit of Bibliolatry which they so much condemn elsewhere—viz., with a resolve that everything attainable or needed by man *shall* be found there. "If the books," said the Caliph Omar, "agree with the Koran, they may be burnt as useless; if they disagree with it, they should be burnt as irreligious." Many a divine, and many a philosopher, who would not be forward to plead the authority of Omar, may now be seen acting upon his maxim. To this effect is the language of many of our Bibliolaters whose chosen Bible is Nature, and of many more whose Bible has come to them from history. We should have been glad to find Mr. Carlyle in better company than with either of these parties. But in the revulsion of his scorn from the narrowness of certain school divines, he has dropped into a groove hardly less narrow as a philosopher. Hence the conflict, diversified at present by some novelties of taste and temper, is the same in its substance with that of the early part of the last century—Christianity *versus* Deism.

III. The sum of our statement, then, is, that what Mr. Carlyle says about Faith would be good, if said under wiser discrimination and restriction; and that the same holds of his Catholic doctrine in respect to Truth as having its place more or less along with all error. Not less thus is it with his teaching in relation to the attribute of *Mystery*. Here, too, he is both right and wrong. He shows us, in many ways, that the superficialities of modern literature, and the low mechanic spirit of modern science do not satisfy him. He must look beyond the surface of man to the man proper—beyond the machine to the hand which constructed it. Even of man's inner nature he would know more than can be seen by the understanding; and of the great Mechanist he would know more than can be learnt from the coarser elements of the machine which he has constructed and set a-going. Contrasted with play on the mere surface, and amidst the mere

laws of things, with which even the most busy and effective intellects of our time so largely content themselves, these earnest incursions into more spiritual regions of thought are truly refreshing and noble. In the presence of this great moral—and we should perhaps say religious reformer—not a few of the flippant and hollow conventionalisms of the times seem to drop at once into their natural insignificance. What existence really means, whence it came, what it should be?—on these questions, on which scarcely a thought is bestowed by the vulgar or dilettante crowd about him, his own thoughts are gravely fixed.

But after what manner has our author concerned himself with these serious questions, and with what effect? It is obvious that they are questions embracing the whole range both of philosophy and religion. We wish we could speak of the result as fully equal to the apparent intention. The following passage is somewhat long, but it presents the clearest view to be found in the writings of Mr. Carlyle of the philosophy which he has adopted from the schools of Germany.

"Now, without entering into the intricacies of German Philosophy, we need here only advert to the character of Idealism, on which it is everywhere founded, and which universally pervades it. In all German systems, since the time of Kant, it is the fundamental principle to deny the existence of Matter; or rather, we should say, to believe it in a radically different sense from that in which the Scotch Philosopher strives to demonstrate it, and the English Unphilosopher believes it without demonstration. To any of our readers, who has dipped never so slightly into metaphysical reading, this Idealism will be no inconceivable thing. Indeed, it is singular how widely diffused, and under what different aspects, we meet with it among the most dissimilar classes of mankind. Our Bishop Berkeley seems to have adopted it from religious inducements: Father Boscovich was led to a very cognate result, in his '*Theoria Philosophiæ Naturalis*,' from merely mathematical considerations. Of the ancient Pyrrho or the modern Hume we do not speak; but in the opposite end of the earth, as Sir W. Jones informs us, a similar theory, of immemorial age, prevails among the theologians of Hindostan. Nay, Professor Stewart has declared his opinion, that whoever at some time of his life has not entertained this theory, may reckon that he has yet shown no talent for metaphysical research. Neither is it any argument against the Idealist to say that, since he denies the absolute existence of matter, he ought in conscience likewise to deny its relative existence; and plunge over precipices, and run himself through with swords, by way of recreation, since these, like all other material things, are only phantasms and spectra, and therefore of no consequence. If a man, corporeally taken, is but a phantasm and spectrum himself,

all this will ultimately amount to much the same as it did before. Yet herein lies Dr. Reid's grand triumph over the Sceptics; which is as good as no triumph whatever. For as to the argument which he and his followers insist on, under all possible variety of figures, it amounts only to this very plain consideration, that 'men naturally, and without reasoning, believe in the existence of matter,' and seems, philosophically speaking, not to have any value; nay, the introduction of it into Philosophy may be considered as an act of suicide on the part of that science, the life and business of which, that of 'interpreting appearances,' is hereby at an end. Curious it is, moreover, to observe how these Common-sense Philosophers, men who brag chiefly of their irrefragable logic, and keep watch and ward, as if this were their special trade, against 'Mysticism' and 'Visionary Theories,' are themselves obliged to base their whole system on Mysticism and a Theory; on Faith, in short, and that of a very comprehensive kind; the Faith, namely, either that man's senses are themselves divine, or that they afford not only an honest, but a *literal* representation of the workings of some Divinity. So true is it that for these men also, all knowledge of the visible rests on belief of the invisible, and derives its first meaning and certainty therefrom!

"The Idealist, again, boasts that his Philosophy is transcendental, that is, 'ascending beyond the senses;' which, he asserts, *all* Philosophy, properly so called, by its nature, is and must be: and in this way he is led to various unexpected conclusions. To a Transcendentalist, Matter has an existence, but only as a Phenomenon: were we not there, neither would it be there; it is a mere Relation, or rather the result of a Relation between our Living Souls and the great First Cause; and depends for its apparent qualities on our bodily and mental organs; having itself *no* intrinsic qualities, being, in the common sense of that word, Nothing. The tree is green and hard, not of its own natural virtue, but simply because my eye and my hand are fashioned so as to discern such and such appearances under such and such conditions. Nay, as an Idealist might say, even on the most popular grounds, *must* it not be so? Bring a sentient Being, with eyes a little different, with fingers ten times harder than mine; and to him that Thing which I call Tree shall be yellow and soft, as truly as to me it is green and hard. Form his Nervous-structure in all points the reverse of mine, and this same tree shall not be combustible, or heat-producing, but dissoluble and cold-producing, not high and convex, but deep and concave; shall simply have *all* properties exactly the reverse of those I attribute to it. There is, in fact, says Fichte, no tree there; but only a manifestation of Power from something which is *not* I. The same is true of material Nature at large, of the whole visible Universe, with all its movements, figures, accidents, and qualities; all are Impressions produced on me by something *different from me*. This, we suppose, may be the foundation of what Fichte means by his far-famed Ich and Nicht-Ich (I and not I); words which, taking lodging (to use the Hudibrastic phrase) in certain 'heads

that were to be let unfurnished,' occasioned a hollow echo, as of laughter, from the empty Apartments; though the words are in themselves quite harmless, and may represent the basis of a metaphysical Philosophy as fitly as any other words. But farther, and what is still stranger than such Idealism, according to these Kantian systems, the organs of the Mind too, what is called the Understanding, are of no less arbitrary, and, as it were, accidental character than those of the Body. Time and Space themselves are not external, but internal entities; they have no outward existence, there is no Time and no Space out of the mind; they are mere forms of man's spiritual being, *laws* under which his thinking nature is constituted to act. This seems the hardest conclusion of all; but it is an important one with Kant; and is not given forth as a dogma; but carefully deduced in his *Crük der Reinen Vernunft* with great precision, and the strictest form of argument."—*Essays*, ii., p. 219-222.

If the reader has gone through this extract attentively, and it deserve thus much at his hand, he will have observed the large concessions here made to skepticism. Our senses give us no real knowledge of things. Our understandings give us no real knowledge of things. By the senses, we only know how things *appear*—appear to us. By the understanding, we only know what the *laws* are by which the understanding *must* act. So that from these sources we really *know* nothing. Everything is phantasm—in nothing is there certainty.

Nor is this all. It is not enough that the whole range of things with which our senses and our understanding bring us into contact should be thus surrendered to the skeptic, and be left as things simply in doubt, of which we may not utter yea or nay—the senses are declared to be positively deceptive, and the understanding not less so. The report which the senses give in relation to the appearances of things is not true. The report which the understanding gives, even in reference to such elementary conceptions as the existence of matter, and time, and space, is not true. Things are not, cannot be, as they appear to our senses. Objects are not, cannot be, as they do appear and must appear to our understanding.

Now it will not be denied that what is thus said concerning the senses is in part true. The qualities of bodies, as color, form, and substance, are *to us*, as determined by our particular powers of perception in relation to such qualities. But this admission, while conceding that we do not know things *as themselves*, leaves the trustworthiness of what we know of them in their *relation to us* un-

disturbed—we *do* know them as they *appear to us*, and in this knowledge we possess all that is needful for us, or designed for us. But the Idealist goes beyond this, and leaves not to the senses, or to the understanding, the power to give us certainty of any kind. "Time and space themselves are not external, but internal entities; they have no outward existence." Of course, as it is with time and space, so must it be with all that is supposed to have place in them. So far the issues of this philosophy are in skepticism—skepticism the most scientific and rigid. Our necessary ideas in relation to things in themselves are not true. Our necessary ideas in relation to things as they appear to us are not true. These things have no existence, except as the mind of the individual, from a necessity of its own nature, calls them into existence. Our existence, accordingly, consists in the perpetual construction of a Great Lie—in the ceaseless weaving of an Eternal Falsehood. The mind itself creates all externality, and all externality is a Phantasm, an Appearance, not a Reality.

Men who invoke the spirit of skepticism after this manner, need be men of some forecast. To raise the Evil One and to lay him again have not been always the same thing. But thus far, as Mr. Carlyle justly observes, Hume and Kant go together. "Here, however," says our author, "occurs the most total diametrical divergence between them. We allude to the recognition, by the Transcendentalists, of a higher faculty in man than understanding; of Reason (*Vernunft*), the pure, ultimate light of our nature; wherein, as they assert, lies the foundation of all Poetry, Virtue, Religion; things which are properly beyond the province of the Understanding, of which the Understanding *can* take no cognizance, except a false one."—*Ibid.* p. 223. According to the terminology of Kant, the Reason which comes thus to the rescue of the human spirit, should be described as the "Practical Reason;" of which Sir William Hamilton says, "it is not essentially different from the *Moral Sense*, the *Moral Faculty* of Reid and Stewart."—(*Hamilton's Reid*, p. 592.) Thus the battle, after all, with German Transcendentalists, as with other people, lies very much between the common sense—the intuitive beliefs of men, on the one side, and skepticism on the other—with this difference only, that the ground ceded to the Skeptic by the Idealist, is ground which cannot fail, in the great majority of instances, to give the former a prodigious advantage

over the latter. It being once taught that everything external is illusive, that even the laws of the human understanding are a cheat, it may well go hard with the man who shall attempt to prove that the natural "insight" or "intuition" of the mind may be trusted. Everything up to this point having proved treacherous, the presumption would seem to be, that here also treachery awaits us. Nature has played the man false so long, that we scarcely dare blame him if he should be found slow to believe her, even when she seems to speak the truth. To dogmatize never so gravely in defence of the moral element in man, as bespeaking his moral destiny, will avail little with multitudes who have been so deeply schooled in skepticism before coming to this topic. The mischief, gentlemen, is done. You have thrown open the gates, and should have laid your account with finding the inundation irresistible. Mr. Carlyle, in common with Bishop Berkeley, may regard the Deity as the great sustaining power of the universe, in place of that imaginary thing called matter, and may flatter himself, as the good bishop did before him, that in so doing he has struck down the black sceptre of atheism, with "all its sickly dews;" but such a doctrine, though certainly fatal to atheism, leads by a sequence no less certain to pantheism. This we should predict as its necessary tendency, apart from experience, and the recent history of Germany furnishes abundant confirmation of this judgment. Idealism and Pantheism have always gone together in the East; it remained to be seen that the same relation would be demonstrated as natural to them in the West. The God thus realized, is either the unjust god of Proudhon; or the god of Spinoza and Hegel, who ceases to be unjust only by ceasing to be free.

If, as Mr. Carlyle somewhere says, our youth spend too much time in "questions about Destiny," we fear this is not the philosophy to shorten their labors in that direction. In fact, we much suspect that our author not only lacks the power, but even the inclination to do much towards making the difficult plain in such connections. There is a fitful, restless, impatient tendency in him, that does not allow of his looking at any abstract subject continuously enough to penetrate it thoroughly and cohesively. Rather than that, he turns from it in disgust, or takes it as it is, the light and darkness being commingled as they may, trusting to the next plunge into it to give him a better insight into its nature. As we shall pres-

ently see, his mind is not only more intuitional than logical, but is so governed by the former faculty, as to leave small space indeed for the play of the latter. Hence that hazy love of mystery which prevents his associating the idea of greatness with anything altogether intelligible. It is not enough to say with Burke, that obscurity is one source of the sublime, our author knows nothing of sublimity without it. Could we, from the stores of our own dullness, pour forth some rays of light on Mr. Carlyle's dark questions, we doubt much his being found disposed to thank us for our doings; and could we bring certain portions of our enlightened public over to the admiration of certain fancies of our author, in which the said public at present see no sort of beauty, we think it probable he would begin to regard such admiration, in this change of circumstances, as a very doubtful indication of wisdom. Certain it is, that in many an instance he seems to prefer the darkness to the light, and never gives vent to his sarcastic rhetoric with more merciless effect than when directed against the men who, from grinding hard at their logic-mill, are disposed to think themselves "vary knowing."

"In a lower sense," he writes, "the rudest mind has still some intimation of the greatness of Mystery. If Silence was made a God by the Ancients, he still continues a government clerk among the Moderns. As nothing that is wholly seen through has other than a trivial character, so anything professing to be great, and yet wholly to see through itself, is already known to be false, and a failure. Whatsoever can proclaim itself from the house-tops may be fit for the hawker, and for those multitudes that must needs buy of him; but for any deeper sense may as well continue unproclaimed."—*Essays*, iii. p. 294.

This is not exactly the style of writing to be expected from one who must know that the last thing to be feared in a condition like ours, is the absence of the mysterious. Every man who puts knowledge into the place of ignorance, puts something into the place of mystery. For ourselves, we greatly prefer the knowledge which speaks, to the mystery that speaks not, or whose supposed speaking proves too often to be a misinterpretation and a falsehood. There is "something rotten in the state of Denmark," when ignorance is bepraised as though it might be the mother of devotion, or of any other good thing on God's earth; and we cannot avoid the impression that the secret of Mr. Carlyle's philippics against the "doubtings,"

the "introspections," and the "questionings," by which the forces of modern mind are said to be so much consumed, and to no purpose, will be found in an unavowed conviction that, for the benefit of minds in that mood, he has himself very little to offer. His recipe for all evils goes within a small compass—it is to believe, and to work, and to be assured that this must end well. If you ask *what* you should believe, the answer is—what man believes. If you ask what man believes, the answer is—what you believe. Nor do you get anything much more definite than this, interrogate as you may. All beyond is mystery—impenetrable, irremovable mystery. The terms, God, Truth, Faithfulness, Nobleness, often occur, but a singular vagueness rests upon their meaning, and beyond the undefined gleams of light towards which these terms point, all is darkness, a darkness to be felt. Often does he assert that his great, if not his only hope of the world, is in the imperishable tendency of men towards hero-worship. For knowledge in relation to the future, they must be content to wait. For any solution of the mysteries of the present, they will labor in vain. But the excellence of human virtue they may comprehend, and to live to that is—to live. Mr. Carlyle may bear with this dimness of knowledge—this depth of mystery—as something poetical and grand; to ourselves, it would be all but unendurable.

IV. But, as we have intimated, Mr. Carlyle has his theory on the capacities of the human mind in relation to such subjects, and one which disposes him to attach great importance to the mind's supposed *Insight* or *Intuition*, and very little importance to its supposed logical power. He has seen that a man may be very logical without being very wise; and that the articles of a man's creed may be defined to the utmost possible nicety, while the influence of that creed upon his life may not be very perceptible. That this is not a state of things to admire, all men will admit; but in place of being observant of the limits to which this evil is restricted, and endeavoring to bring the faith and feeling of men into better keeping, Mr. Carlyle breaks off into declamations like the following, on the uselessness of Logic, and the impotence of the human Understanding:—

"The healthy understanding, we should say, is not the Logical, argumentative, but the In-

truitive; for the end of Understanding is not to prove, and find reasons, but to know and believe. Of logic, and its limits, and uses and abuses, there were much to be said and examined; one fact, however, which chiefly concerns us here, has long been familiar; that the man of logic and the man of insight, the Reasoner and the Discoverer, or even Knower, are quite separable,—indeed, for the most part, quite separate characters. In practical matters, for example, has it not become almost proverbial that the man of logic cannot prosper? This is he whom business people call Systematic, and Theorizer, and Word-monger; his *rital* intellectual force lies dormant or extinct, his whole force is mechanical, conscious; of such a one it is foreseen that, when once confronted with the infinite complexities of the real world, his little compact theorem of the world will be found wanting; that unless he can throw it overboard, and become a new creature, he will necessarily founder. Nay, in mere Speculation itself, the most ineffectual of all characters, generally speaking, is your dialectic man-at-arms; were he armed *cap-a-pie* in syllogistic mail of proof, and perfect master of logic-fence, how little does it avail him! Consider the old Schoolmen, and their pilgrimage towards Truth: the faithfullest endeavor, incessant, unwearied motion, often great natural vigor, only no progress; nothing but antic feats of one limb poised against the other; there they balanced, somerseted, and made postures; at best gyrated swiftly, with some pleasure, like Spinning Dervishes, and ended where they began. So is it, so will it always be, with all System-makers and builders of logical card-castles; of which class a certain remnant must, in every age, as they do in our own, survive and build."—*Essays*, iii. 280.

In reply to all this, it will be at once admitted that logic is a mere implement—the mere tool by which a man works. It will be admitted, also, that the use of this implement belongs mainly to one faculty of the mind, and that the man who is a man of one faculty will be sure to be a man of small achievement. But it does not follow because the mere logician is likely to be somewhat of a pedant, that the man who is a logician and something more, will so be. No, nor does it follow because men of genius often reason logically without the smallest aid from the technical forms of logic, that logic itself is not a science, and one admitting of being reduced to form with great advantage, in common with all other sciences. But the course generally pursued by the school of polemics with which Mr. Carlyle must be classed is, to confound logic, as a mere implement, with the logical faculty; and to describe that faculty itself as aiming at achievements admitted to be beyond its province; and this done, the *passers-by* are called upon to join

in a loud laugh at the overthrow of the paper constructions with which logicians can allow themselves to be beguiled. But, in fact, to laugh at the logical doings of the understanding, because they are defective if taken alone, is about as rational as that Mr. Carlyle should call upon the good people at Chelsea to laugh at his one leg, because it does not enable him to walk without assistance from the other. All the merriment of the above extract resolves itself into a fit of mirth over a supposition so truly ridiculous as that the action of the mind to be healthy and complete must embrace the exercise of more than a single faculty! The logical faculty is one, the intuitive faculty is another, and no man ever realized a sound mental progress without the joint aid of both. The natural issue of the logical faculty, *without* the aid of the intuitional, is *skepticism*; the natural issue of the intuitional faculty, *without* the aid of the logical, is *mysticism*.

It is true, the intuitional faculty can see further than the logical, but it is only by getting upon its shoulders. Insight, without help from the understanding, would be like physical sight without memory—it would be left to act upon blank ignorance, and could produce no effect beyond the glare of a vacant wonder. In fact, it is the understanding—in other words, experience, that gives sight to intuition, and which, if the man is not to become a dreamy maniac, must do much, even to the last, towards regulating its exercise. We are quite aware that some of the loftiest achievements of genius and religion have been realized as by a glance, or in a manner which has left the mind wholly unconscious at the time as to any act of reasoning. In this manner, the intellect of a Cromwell and a Napoleon, of a Shakspeare and a Burns, often performed their operations. Still the thing done was the doing of the intellect—and was done for a reason. The action of the understanding in such cases, dull as that power is supposed to be, may have been subtle and instantaneous as the lightning; and not a whit the less real because there was no reflex act of the mind present at the moment to take cognizance of it. We know that in expressing himself as he has done on this subject, Mr. Carlyle may plead the authority of Jacobi, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and many more; but we have long ceased to think that everything which happens to come to us clothed in German text must be full of the wise and wonderful.

The effect of long converse with German

writers, on a mind too much disposed of itself towards a certain tone of mysticism, has been to give a considerable tincture of this sort to Mr. Carlyle's speculations. Not that he is of the soft, passive, almost helpless temperament to which mysticism is so congenial. On the contrary, there is a self-sustained bravery—an "up and at 'em" spirit in him, which, at first sight, looks like anything rather than the stuff from which you might hope to form a good mystic. But this very energy, this passion to be doing, is itself little favorable to patience of thought, and when allied with an active imagination, may often end in something not remarkable for its wisdom. It is a fact, accordingly, that the most ardent natures, even when possessed of the loftiest intellect, have not unfrequently taken with them remnants of prejudices, superstitions, mysticisms, hardly to be looked for in such fellowship. The culture of men of great force has been often thus unequal, and the strength which makes them what they are, acts, in such cases, as a light to render the weakness that still lingers in them only the more conspicuous. The invective and sarcasm so often directed by Mr. Carlyle against logic and logicians, do much to betray, to all men of sense, the weak side of his own genius. Every man of this sort, on reading such a passage as we have last quoted, will be ready to say—"This is all amusing enough, but be sure of it, my good friend, a little more of the breadth and compactness which the logician so much values, would be to yourself a very profitable acquisition." The same inference is deducible from the cloudy and rambling style in which our author throws off his thoughts. Clearness and relativeness of ideas the mystic covets not. The more his thoughts resemble wandering stars—beautiful, but dim and relationless—the better. It belongs equally to oracles and to mystics to express themselves in sententious terms, with a meaning carefully loose, and often in a manner to leave the question more in darkness than they found it. We must leave our readers to say if this be not very much the character of Mr. Carlyle's writings, especially in relation to those more profound matters of speculation, towards which, by the bent of his genius, he is so much disposed. Even his metaphysics are pictures, but they are all of the *Salvator Rosa* school, wild and dark, everywhere more suggestive than complete.

Mystics, indeed, have been, in some rare instances, mathematicians and logicians; but they have known how to restrict these

sciences to a particular class of objects, and have always bidden them tarry below, when they have felt disposed to ascend into the clouds in search of their elysium. In the manner of Mr. Carlyle, they have allied the logical and mathematical to the understanding, and to insight they have given a world of its own. The two faculties are treated as having nothing in common, and the two worlds to which they respectively have reference are viewed as the diverse of each other. This partition once admitted, it is easy to conceive how something of a *La Place* and a *Swedenborg*, of a *Newton* and a *Jacob Böhme*, may be united in the same person. In the case of Mr. Carlyle, however, there is little need of this partition. The two provinces do not so exist in him as to make it indispensable. So strong in his leaning to the side of what may be done by insight in all the higher regions of thought, that he does not, *will* not reason, in any continuous manner, in relation to matters of any kind. It is hardly too much to say of him, that what he may not do by a few rapid touches, he is content to leave undone—that what he may not know by simply gazing at it, he is content to be without knowing. In such habits we recognize some of the most characteristic elements of mysticism. It is of the nature of mysticism that its inward tendencies should be to it as a revelation, and that its truth, derived even from that source, should be something suggested by the feeling and imagination, more than something wrought out by the understanding. We say not that Mr. Carlyle does not think—does not fix his thoughts steadily on particular truths, or particular aspects of character. Our statement is, that his meditateness is converged on points; that these points, from being viewed in isolation, often swell into undue proportions, and come up before you too much in the phantasmagoria style, as artificial lights amidst a wide surrounding darkness. Nothing, we conceive, could be a sorer trial to his patience than an argument on a moral subject, that should be at once formal, consecutive, and of wide compass, whatever might be its excellence. Hard would it be to persuade him that the same point might not be reached by a route not a tenth part so long or so laborious; yea, hard would it be to prevent his thinking that there must be something sinister in a mode of approach so fox-like in its caution.

V. If our readers have been in agreement with us thus far in our estimate of Mr. Car-

lyle's writings, they will be prepared for our next statement in relation to them—viz., that viewed in reference to instruction, the knowledge conveyed by them does not often rise above the level of *Half-truths*.

Of this fact, illustration has been furnished by each of the topics that have passed under our review. That faith should be described as of such moment, and that so much should be said tending to show that the nature of the things believed is of little significance; that the truth in all religions should be so well appreciated, but in such a manner as to leave scarcely anything of special value to any one religion; that a disposition to meditate on the deeper questions of being should be so far indicated, but in such mode as to end in a sort of worship of the obscure and mysterious; and that seeing the logical faculty in man cannot do everything, it should be henceforth derided as a presumptuous pedant who can do nothing—all these are instances of the tendency in the mind of our author to push particular aspects of truth to an extreme, so as not only to give a part of the truth merely in place of the whole, but to present that part considerably distorted. As this peculiarity in the thinking of Mr. Carlyle is one deeply affecting his pretensions as a "teacher" of his generation, it will be proper to glance at a few further instances. One of his often-repeated lamentations is, as we have in part seen, to the effect of the old saying, "The former times were better than these." Take the following as a specimen:—

"Truly it may be said the Divinity has withdrawn from the earth; or veils himself in that wide-wasting whirlwind of a departing era, wherein the fewest can discern his goings. Not Godhead, but an iron, ignoble circle of necessity embraces all things; binds the youth of these times into a sluggish thrall, or else exasperates him into a rebel. Heroic action is paralyzed; for what worth now remains unquestionable with him? At the fervid period, when his whole nature cries aloud for action, there is nothing sacred under whose banner he can act; the course, and kind, and conditions of free action are all but undiscoverable. Doubt storms in on him through every avenue; inquiries of the deepest, painfullest sort must be engaged with; and the invincible energy of young years waste itself in skeptical, suicidal cavilings; in passionate 'questionings on destiny,' whereto no answer will be returned."—*Essays*, iii. 310.

To this effect is the language of our author nearly everywhere, when comparison is to be made between "past and present." His

grief is, that "heroic action is paralyzed—nothing remains unquestionable—the godlike has vanished from the earth!" But is it true that the godlike was really a very conspicuous thing in those bygone times? Did they, indeed, set such pattern in civil affairs as the moderns would do well to follow?—such pattern in religion? It must be confessed that in those days the presence of the rough—and, we suppose we must say, the strong hand, was more visible than now. Men were hung, emboweled, and quartered in a style to which our deteriorated nerves are little accustomed. Scarcely a market-cross was there, in an obscure town, that could not boast of the times it had been adorned with traitor-limbs. Our prisons, too, in those truly earnest ages, bore a much nearer resemblance to the home of the infernals naturally awaiting all culprits, than anything that could find tolerance amidst the mawkish sentimentalisms of these degenerate days. The things, moreover, as said or done, which might give a man the chance of being thus provided for by the public liberality, were felicitously numerous; while the evidence which sufficed to secure conviction was the most convenient imaginable to that end. It is true the people who died of pestilence, from filth, discomfort, and bad ventilation, were as twenty to one compared with the surplusage of that sort so dispensed with at present; but then, the comfort was, men were not bored with the endless quackeries familiar to us under the name of Factory bills, Poor-law bills, Health-of-towns bills, Aldermanic soup-kitchens, and Charity-mongering of all sorts.

Then, as to the mental condition of those times, when nobles signed with the cross, and when clerks only could read their mother tongue, who can doubt the intelligence—the fine feeling which must then have pervaded the body politic? In respect to religion, the blessedness is said to be—"There is no Methodism; Religion is not yet a horrible wrestling Doubt; still less a far horribler composed Cant, but a great, heaven-high Unquestionability."—*Past and Present*, p. 90. Yes, good reader, mark that! no Cant—nothing of that in all those "cantos," "cantings," or "chauntings," as the word now is, which were then so much like the beginning and the end of everything religious. No "Doubt" either, religion a great "Unquestionability!" Happy times, when to be great in the virtue of believing was not to believe in the face of doubt, but because to do other than believe was not

possible! Fortunate era, when religion came to men, not as a something to be studied, thought out, and to be believed for a reason, but as a smooth, pudding-faced "unquestionability," and when it rose thereby to the palmy state that may be fittingly described as godlike! Envious times, moreover, must they have been, when men who themselves believed at such small cost, could send the man or woman showing signs of inability to do likewise, to the dungeon, the rack—burning the flesh of the doubter, and sending the horrors of many deaths through the heart of all his kindred!

But in sober seriousness this is too bad, and Mr. Carlyle should know that if there were nothing beside to prevent the great majority of men of matured thinking in this country from placing more than a very limited confidence in his judgment, his ill-founded declamation on this topic would be enough to force such distrust upon them. We wish to look to the past with all the worshipful feeling it may claim from us, but whether looking to past or present, we are concerned to do so with discrimination and fairness. Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society" did well enough as a joke, but that Mr. Carlyle should attempt something so much like it as no joke at all, is a little astounding.

How to account for it in the case of such a man we know not, unless it be that the understanding, that it may avenge itself upon him for the many sad libels he has cast upon that faculty, does sometimes leave him to do his best wholly without its assistance. That there are certain capabilities of our nature which have been otherwise, and it may be more forcibly directed, among our rude progenitors than among ourselves, no man will deny—it being strictly natural that your North American Indian should evince a sharpness of perception in some respects which you will seek in vain among the dwellers in Threadneedle street. But it has been left to Mr. Carlyle to seem to say that, for this reason, it would be well to see the banks of the Thames again overshadowed with their primeval forests; and that to free the country from the cockneyism of Epsom on the Derby-day, it would be good to reduce it once more to the dominion of such naked sentimentalists as were addressed by Queen Boadicea. It is a truth that our civilization is far from what it should be, but it is not true that the civilization of the present is, in reality, a deterioration from the rudeness of the past.

We are aware that passages might be extracted from Mr. Carlyle's works of a showing somewhat different from the passage just cited. But our answer is, that if such more rational statements are to be taken as meaning what they seem to mean, then some nine-tenths of what the author has written on the same subject should never have been written. In the great majority of cases, when such comparative references to the past are made, the only reasonable inference is, that Mr. Carlyle regards the civilization of the present as being *in the main* a lamentable deterioration from the general state of things in remote times. That our civilization is not all that it should be, is *half* the truth on this question; but that the barbarism of the past is something better is *not* the other half—it is an error.

Similar is the tone of onesidedness and exaggeration of our author in reference to another favorite topic—the mission of the "Worker." On this theme his utterances, up to a certain point, are most truthful, healthy, breathing the soul of manhood. He is no admirer of the "greatest happiness" principle; he would substitute for it the greatest "doing" principle. He believes in the happiness of the doer, not at all in the happiness of the non-doer. Men he regards as sent into the world to devise schemes of labor, and by every true laborer happiness is left to come in the wake of labor or not, as the case may be.

"Work is Religion, and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor. Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever enduring, Gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to the sweat of brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine. O brother, if this is not 'worship,' then I say the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky."—*Past and Present*, pp. 271, 272.

Work, then, is both worship and well-being. True—unquestionably true, certain other things being understood. But it will be seen that it is not enough that our author should thus stoutly rebuke the people, who trust more to the articles they have believed,

or to the prayers they have repeated, than to the works they have done. It does not satisfy him that a man's work should be declared to be good, or even a great good, it must be the only good. To place it abreast with the direct acts of worship will not suffice—it must supplant such worship—it must be all that such worship can be only in semblance. "Work, never so Mammonish, mean," is described as the great purifier of humanity, as having a "divineness in it;" while worship in the ordinary and formal sense drops wholly out of sight, as possessing nothing beyond a fictitious value. The more heroic, the more godlike men are in their labors, the better; but the fair conclusion from the general language of our author on this subject is, that the man whose course has never risen above that of honest industry, has therein lived the life of a true worshiper, and that from the review of such a life he may look with confidence to that which is to follow. Thus, from being in danger of supposing ourselves religious in proportion to the number of beads we have counted, we come to be in danger of supposing ourselves religious in proportion to the self we have realized. That religious formalism may cease to be mischievous, a worldly formalism is so belauded, that in effect the counting-house comes into the place of the church-pew, the ledger into the place of the Bible; it being clear that these, in common with the plough and the loom, must have a "divineness" in them. In language conducting us to such results, every dispassionate man must see a spirit of exaggeration, bespeaking great confusion of thought, and tending strongly to beget such confusion. That all the lawful work of man is a kind of worship, is a truth never denied; but that many actions not usually comprehended under that term are also worship, is no less a truth; and by restricting the meaning of the term worship, as he has done, Mr. Carlyle has again given us half a truth in the place of the whole truth. Nor is the error here one of mere negation. As usual, it leads to mischiefs sufficiently positive. For one of its effects is, that men are virtually taught to think that the only preparation really necessary to fit them for the next world, is that they should have acquitted themselves with a fair degree of honesty and industry in the labor or traffic of the present. Whatever Mr. Carlyle may intend by his discourses on this subject, it is within our own knowledge that this is the interpretation put upon his teaching by not a few of his disci-

ples. The heaven they expect—certainly the only heaven for which they make any preparation, is one in which all reputable people, accustomed to the earnest and thrifty occupations of the present life, will be sure to find congenial occupation. In vain does he rail at mere mammonism so long as scorn like the following is put on the self-knowledge and self-culture, which can alone lead to a higher worship:—

"The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it, 'Know thyself;' long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! *Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself;* thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better part."—*Past and Present*, p. 264.

We could multiply illustrations of this tendency very largely, did our limits permit. The work at the head of this article, entitled "Chartism," for example, would furnish rich material for this purpose. We can imagine Mr. Carlyle as dealing with such a book, so as to furnish from the resources of his sarcasm no little merriment to a large class of his admirers, by contrasting the promise of such a publication with the performance. In the course of this argument, the reader finds that here, as elsewhere, he

"—never is, but always to be blest."

Everybody in turn is censured as not understanding this subject, and as not dealing with it aright; while from the author himself, nothing comes beyond the slightest hints and vestiges of thought in relation to it, leaving the main facts in the vast and complex problem as far from solution as ever. Everywhere you see him sorely tried by the stupidity of the people about him, by the stupidity of parliamentary people among the rest; and everywhere you see him as if conscious that he is himself well supplied with the sort of wisdom which these dullards so greatly need, but somehow his wisdom is slow in getting utterance, and you reach the end of the book without discovering it. To the most urgent demand made upon him by the "practical man," who at length entreats him to descend from the clouds, and to deign to be intelligible, his answer is—Tell your parliament folk to send the people you cannot employ as emigrants where they may find employment; and tell them to see to it that the rest learn reading, writing, and summing! Some fresh sunny bits of truth, and

some good artistic sketches may be found even in this treatise ; but had a book of the same substance, purporting to be an exposition of Chartism, proceeded from another man, we think we know the kind of designation our author would have given it.

On the whole, from this peculiarity in the manner of Mr. Carlyle, he is by no means a safe author to put into the hands of young men who do not bring some power of independent thinking to what they read. His half-truths, and his truths exaggerated so as to become untruths, are thrust upon you so capriciously, that the uninitiated, and such as consult him only by snatches, are in danger of carrying away some new crudity at every new reading.

VI. The *Politics* of Mr. Carlyle are somewhat peculiar. In fact, they are no politics at all ; they consist only of the raw material from which politics are made. Judging from the language in which "the powers that be" are commonly described by him, you would class him with the most ferocious of Radicals. That such a man should write a book about Chartism, will appear to you as one of the most natural things in the world. In reality, however, there is hardly a man in the three kingdoms at a further remove from Chartism, Radicalism, or any thing of that sort, than our brave author. In his view, "the five points" would be no remedy, but an implement of destruction—of destruction to the hands that should wield them. The need of this multitude is, that they should be well governed by their betters, not that they should be allowed to try their "prentice hand" at the work of governing themselves. Of the competency of the multitude anywhere to such a work, Mr. Carlyle has the meanest possible opinion. On the contrary, in the virtues of aristocratic and monarchical authority, he believes with a firmness not second to that of Burke or Pitt, of Eldon or Lyndhurst. Before an aristocracy of iron, or before a despotism wrought up from material still more irresistible, he would, upon occasion, bow down and worship, saying, Thou, too, art from Heaven ! The good for which he calls, and for which his calls are earnest and unceasing, is good government. Whether this government shall come from the individual, the few, or the many, is a mere circumstance ; his concern is that it should come—come in such power as to compel the fools to obey the wise, the bad to stand in awe of the good. His wrath against kings is not that each of

them is the first man in his dominions, but that he is this by institution and accident, not by certain essentials of manhood lifting him thus high above his fellows. So of nobles ; by all means let there be nobles, but let them be natural nobles, not beings to whom artificial usage may give the mere clothing of nobility. Have the reality, brethren, is the entreaty of our author, not some piece of law-made imbecility or knavery thrust into its room. He has no quarrel with leadership, when it happens to fall to such men as King Alfred or Senator Hampden. His only fear about men of this order is, lest they should not impress their own will sufficiently on the subject wills about them. He is for a government everywhere by heroic qualities, as far as may be by heroes. He demands obedience to such rule in the spirit of an Eastern despot, and in the spirit of such a despot would he sweep away the base and refuse herd that should dare to rebel against it. A purely democratic government he regards as the impossible in politics ; or as that which, if possible, would be, not as some wise people think, a paradise restored, so much as pandemonium made visible. Of all follies in this shape, the idea of the government of the many by the many he accounts the most unsocial, the most irreligious, the most like Bedlam. This is a somewhat curious creed to be broached in this England of ours, in the year of grace 1849.

"The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, 'Behold now, I, too, have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver ; will not all the gods be good to me ?' is one of the pleasantest ! Nature, nevertheless, is kind at present, and puts it into the heads of many, almost of all. The liberty, especially, which has to purchase itself by social isolation, and each man standing separate from the other, having 'no business with him' but a cash account, this is such a liberty as the Earth seldom saw ;—as the Earth will not long put up with, recommend it how you may. This liberty turns out, before it have long continued in action, with all men flinging up their caps round it, to be, for the Working Millions, a liberty to die by want of food ; for the Idle Thousands and Units, alas, a still more fatal liberty to live in want of work ; to have no earnest duty to do in this God's-World any more. What becomes of a man in such a predicament ? Earth's Laws are silent ; and Heaven's speak in a voice which is not heard. No work, and the ineradicable need of work, give rise to new, very wondrous life-philosophies, new, very wondrous life-practices ! Democracy, the chase of Liberty in that direction, shall go its full

course; unrestrainable by him of *Pferdefuss-Quacksalber*, or any of his household. The Toiling Millions of Mankind, in most vital need and passionate instinctive desire of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them: but it can be for an hour only. The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of man by his Mock-Superiors; the palpiest, but I say at bottom, the smallest. Let him shake off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet; I blame him not, I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-Superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: That of finding government by your Real-Superiors! Alas, how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sniffing, sneering, God-forgetting unfortunates as we are? It is a work for centuries; to be taught us by tribulations, confusions, insurrections, obstructions; who knows if not by conflagration and despair! It is a lesson inclusive of all other lessons; the hardest of all lessons to learn."—*Past and Present*, pp. 293–295.

We know not what some of our ultra friends, in things civil and ecclesiastical, will say to this. To distrust, depreciate, and check the impulsive spirit of the age after this manner! To doubt—to dare to doubt the competency of the people to put Realities into the place of the Mockeries which now befool and oppress them! Of course every unit in every great community must see that in such sneers he is himself sniffed at, and will feel like the old prophet, that he "doth well to be angry." We ourselves, non-democratic as we are sometimes thought to be, share in some degree in this virtuous indignation. For, strange to say, our own views are much more radical than those of Mr. Carlyle. There is much truth in his sayings, of which some awkward illustrations have come up on the Continent during the last twelve months, but it is truth in profile, not truth fronting us with its own full aspect. We protest, once for all, against this idolatry of great men, and against this handing over the world as a perpetual heirloom to such men. We hold it to be the great duty of every true friend of his species to diminish the power of great men as far as possible, by endeavoring to diffuse as much greatness as may be through society at large. Let the power of government be restricted to an individual, or to a few, in the body politic, and in that degree you restrict the life proper to the said body to parts of the system, in place of giving it healthy diffusion through the whole. There is a sickness at the core of this hero-worship. It is just the opposite of the good old proverb,

"The man's best helped who helps himself." Its tendency is to perpetuate in humanity generally a feeling of dependence, helplessness, and despair. It dooms the multitude to passiveness, it gives warrant to the few above them in lording it over them. Some of our eloquent advocates of democracy, who make their own use of Mr. Carlyle's invectives against the "sham" aristocracies of the past and present times, would perhaps find the new order of aristocrats, for which our author pleads, quite as little to their mind, were these self-willed gentry to make their appearance among us in great numbers. It is a little alarming, too, that Mr. Carlyle should be found so ingenious in giving a plausible aspect to the "tyrant's plea" in favor of the autocratic doings of his heroes. It would be easy to show that his casuistry in such cases becomes dangerously flexible. Be sure of it, our good democratic friends, Mr. Carlyle is not with you. The only thing you may expect from his hands is a change of masters.

VII. With regard to Mr. Carlyle's *Style*, no man can pretend that it is either original or natural. Nevertheless, in his hands, it is not without its attractions, and to some of the peculiarities of his genius it is very convenient.

Hume has somewhere said, that when any language has been well worked, so that the finished use of it becomes an easy attainment, it is to be expected that some men will break away from the received standard, and will aim to arrest attention by extravagance and oddity. That the style of Mr. Carlyle is a reaction somewhat of this nature is obvious, but it is a reaction not wholly without reason. In common with John Foster, it belongs not to the cast of his intellect to be taken with the platitudes which, during the last century, and even later, have been so often set forth in high-sounding Ciceronian rhetoric. The fastidiousness of this class of writers, about the nice selection of words, and the artificial structure of sentences, ending, for the most part, in a mouthy nothingness, could not fail greatly to offend the more masculine sense of such men. Better, in their view, almost anything, than the everlasting round of these mawkish euphonies. With this feeling we can sympathize. So we presume felt Edmund Burke and Junius, Sydney Smith and Hazlitt; and so we presume feels Mr. Macaulay, and more we could name. With these writers, language is not an affair of music, but of mean-

ing; not an adjustment of sounds, but an instrument for the clear, keen, and forcible conveyance of thought. They retain much of the smoothness of their predecessors, but it is with a point and vigor of their own. Every sentence they utter is transparent, but at the same time seems to strike and ring as it passes you. This does not content Mr. Carlyle. In aiming to avoid the pompous mannerism of the moderns, he has fallen back upon the quaint mannerism of his predecessors. His alternative seems to lie between a smooth weakness or a rugged strength. The middle ground, which so many gifted men among his contemporaries have chosen, is not to his mind. Hooker is much more to his taste than Burke, Thomas Brown than Babington Macaulay. That he is wrong in this decision is a point on which we have no doubt. The principles of taste, or, we would rather say, the laws of language in composition, are not so indeterminate as our author appears to assume. On this subject, the decisions practically given by the most cultivated mind, in the most favored periods of history, should count for something. These decisions should have sufficed to suggest, that it would be possible to give a graphic force to our modern English without attempting to resuscitate the half-formed English of two centuries since for that purpose. It betrays weakness, and not strength, thus to borrow from the past when we should be giving to the present. With less eccentricity in this shape, Mr. Carlyle's writings would have found more readers among his contemporaries, and would have stood a better chance of being read by posterity. His gains from the grotesque oddness in which he indulges, have to be put over against his losses. The same effort to be natural, would have yielded him much more than the same return.

We are far, however, from meaning to say that this terse, antique style is without its charm. When not so overcharged with affectations and uncouthness as to become absurd, and, except in the pages of Mr. Carlyle, unprecedented, there is in it a force and beauty which we feel to be genuine. In our old writers it harmonizes well with the grave and elaborate architecture, furniture, and costume we are wont to associate with the men and women of England some two or three centuries since. As spoken and written in those days, this fine old speech of ours is often laden with thought, deep in pathos, and rich in humor. Nothing could exceed the condensation, the precision, and

the picturesqueness of which our language was shown to be susceptible by some of our best writers in the days of Elizabeth and James the First. The tongue which gave such full and flexible conveyance to the fine conceptions of Ascham and Hooker, Spenser and Shakspeare, is not itself at fault if readers ever sleep under it. It is manifest to us that Mr. Carlyle, with all his faults, shares in no mean degree in the genius of such men; and it is only when even such obsolete forms of utterance are not remote and strange enough to satisfy his passion for the unconventional, or more properly—to use a term of his own sort—*unmodern*, that he ever ceases to be interesting. So far as regards the topic in hand, you may feel at every step that little steady light is likely to be thrown upon it, and that to almost every second statement you have modification to propose, or exception to take; but with all this sense of failure in respect to what is, or should be, the main object of the writer, you come upon separate thoughts deserving note, or old thoughts presented with new vividness—upon touches of feeling, sallies of imagination, a play of humor, and a power of painting both scenes and characters, which beguile you from page to page with an interest that rarely falters.

Take the following sketch of some of our Milesian visitors as a specimen of artistic power. It is from the volume on *Chartism*, of which, as regards its main purport, we have spoken so little favorably:—

"Crowds of miserable Irish darken all our towns. The wild Milesian features, looking false ingenuity, restlessness, unreason, misery, and mockery, salute you on all highways and byways. The English coachman, as he whirls past, lashes the Milesian with his whip, curses him with his tongue; the Milesian is holding out his hat to beg. He is the sorest evil this country has to strive with. In his rags and laughing savagery he is there to undertake all work that can be done, by mere strength of hand and back, for wages that will purchase him potatoes. He needs only salt for condiment; he lodges to his mind in any pighutch or doghutch, roosts in out-houses; and wears a suit of tatters, the getting off and on of which is said to be a difficult operation, transacted only in festivals and the hightides of the calendar. The Saxon man, if he cannot work on these terms, finds no work. He, too, may be ignorant; but he has not sunk from decent manhood to squalid apethood: he cannot continue there. American forests lie untilled across the ocean; the uncivilized Irishman, not by his strength, but by the opposite of strength, drives out the Saxon native, takes possession in his room. There abides he in his squalor and unrea-

son, in his falsity and drunken violence, as the ready-made nucleus of degradation and disorder. Whosoever struggles, swimming with difficulty, may now find an example how the human being can exist, not swimming, but sunk. Let him sink, he is not the worst of men; not worse than this man. We have quarantines against pestilence, but there is no pestilence like that; and against it what quarantine is possible? It is lamentable to look upon."—p. 28.

The next specimen we select almost at random. It is a note on the dispatch of Cromwell, written from the field of battle, after "Naseby Fight;" and, short as it is, may suffice to show the pictorial vividness with which the writer can give, not only historical facts, but thoughts of such abstraction and depth, as to seem little susceptible of such management, though greatly needing it:—

"John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester—not yet writing his 'Pilgrim's Progress' on paper, but acting it on the face of the earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather, *without* the matchlock, just at present; Leicester and he having been taken the other day. 'Harborough Church' is getting 'filled with prisoners' while Oliver writes—and an immense contemporaneous tumult everywhere going on!

"The 'honest men who served you faithfully on this occasion,' are the considerable portion of the army who have not yet succeeded in bringing themselves to take the Covenant. Whom the Presbyterian party, rigorous for their own formula, call 'schismatics,' 'sectaries,' 'anabaptists,' and other hard names; whom Cromwell, here and elsewhere, earnestly pleads for. To Cromwell, perhaps, as much as to another, order was lovely, and disorder hateful; but he discerned better than some others, what order and disorder really were. The forest-trees are not in 'order' because they are all clipt into the same shape of Dutch dragons, and forced to die or grow in that way; but because in each of them there is the same genuine unity of life, from the inmost pith to the outmost leaf, and they do grow according to that! Cromwell naturally became the head of this schismatic party; intent to grow, not as Dutch dragons, but as real trees; a party which naturally increased with the increasing earnestness of events and of men."—*Cromwell's Letters*, i. pp. 215, 216.

Our next passage is of another sort, of the sort too frequent in the later writings of our author, in which the ordinary rules of language are set strangely at defiance, and names and phrases are driven with such pell-mell intenseness one over the other, that the object of the writer seems to be, not so much to make himself intelligible, as to conceal his meaning—not to give clearness and projectiveness, if we may so speak, to

thought, so much as to overlay it with a hurly-burly of names, innuendoes, and we know not what.

"Man of Genius? Thou hast small notion, meseems, O Mæcenas Twiddledee, of what a Man of Genius is. Read in thy New Testament and elsewhere—if, with floods of mealy-mouthed inanity, with miserable froth-vortices of cant, now several centuries old, thy New Testament is not all bedimmed for thee. *Canst* thou read in thy New Testament at all? The Highest Man of Genius, knowest thou him; Godlike and a God to this hour? His crown a Crown of Thorns? Thou fool, with *thy* empty godhoods, Apotheoses *edge-gill*; the Crown of Thorns made into a poor jewel-room crown, fit for the head of blockheads; the bearing of the Cross changed to a riding in the Long-Acre Gig! Pause in thy mass-chantings, in thy litanies, and Calmuck prayings by machinery; and pray, if noisily, at least in a more human manner. How with thy rubrics and dalmatics, and clothwebs and cobwebs, and with thy stupidities and groveling baseheartedness, hast thou hidden the Holiest into all but invisibility."—*Past and Present*, p. 390.

An author who treats his reader with some such tirade as this at the interval of every two or three pages, needs have his redeeming qualities somewhere. Few readers would be found consenting to be pelted to death with such a jargon—to bear it at bearable distances is bad enough. It is obvious that a mannerism of this sort once adopted must soon become mechanical and easy. Its wild Orson strength depends less on the brilliancy of a man's genius than on the ardor of his passions, and some other equally subordinate peculiarities. Even the calmer and less exceptionable style of our author is of a sort to become easy by practice; and in its abruptness, brevity, and indefiniteness, it possesses many advantages. With reference to all subjects on which to express yourself with fullness and precision might occasion trouble, and expose you to trouble, the *conveniences* of such a style are considerable. It is a blessed saving of expenditure in this way, when a man is allowed to be as clear, or just as curt and misty, as he pleases. Mr. Carlyle avails himself freely of this privilege. His sentences often seem to drop into nonentity at about the middle, giving you hints only as to the remainder. Very often, accordingly, you find that you have been disposed to give the writer credit for knowing much more than he has communicated; and for much more, we may suppose, in many cases, than he really does know. It is only courteous to conclude that the man

who intimates significantly that a subject is profound, is a person who could fathom that profundity for you, if in the humor to attempt it. But it is when Mr. Carlyle becomes somewhat mystical in his cogitations, that this half-way hinting and cloudy style is especially serviceable. On such occasions it becomes all that the hocus-pocus of the magician could desire. Nor is even this the extent of its serviceableness. By this means, beyond doubt, he often obtains the credit of having uttered something very novel or profound, when nothing of the sort has proceeded from him. We have sometimes thought that no little amusement might be furnished to parties who like to be made merry, were another Sydney Smith to take up a series of passages overlaid by the obscurity and verbal jumble by which our author's style is so often distinguished, and to translate such passages into a little plain English, in parallel columns. The result would be a humorous exhibition of the possibility of so disguising thought by a little legerdemain of this sort, as to prevent our seeing at once that it is a very old acquaintance that has put on this new garb, or some very shallow personage that has given himself this air of wisdom. We do not of course say that Mr. Carlyle intends playing off any such bit of roguery upon his readers, but the thing follows naturally from the mannerism that is so much to his taste. Of course the imitators of Mr. Carlyle aim not so much at appropriating the higher qualities of his style, as at its pure oddities and willfulness, and it must suffice to say of such self-reliant gentlemen, they have their reward.

Many, then, are the excellencies that should be conceded to the writings of Mr. Carlyle. His literary criticisms, if viewed as a whole, are second to none that our age has produced. The great moral end contemplated in all his labors deserves our warm commendation. His life is the result of his own grave maxims—he works, works earnestly, and as in the sight “of the eternities.” His virtue is the virtue of a lofty stoicism, as regards himself, but blended often with a kindliness not of stoic origin when bearing upon his fellow-men. His sympathies with humanity are enlightened, thorough, and generous. Even his not infrequent outbursts of wrath spring from that source. It is, for the most part, the contrary of the humane and the noble that he hates. His homage to sincerity—to this, not in the superficial and commonplace form generally noticeable in the world, but in a larger and deeper sense—

is such as should command respect from the men of all creeds. His great business is with the spiritualities of men. It is with a view to these mainly that he meddles with temporalities. His great solicitude is, that each man may be made to see that he himself has a soul, that all the men about him have souls, and that beyond this hubbub life there are moral retributions awaiting souls. To the great object of conveying such truth to men, he has brought genius, learning, culture—all of a high order. It is to us a sorrowful fact, that a life so far directed to noble purposes should not be more wisely regulated, so as to better secure them.

In reviewing the ground we have traversed, it will not be difficult to discover the causes of the probable—we may say of the certain failure of the mission to which he has committed himself. We have seen that the grand fault in nearly all his investigations is their one-sidedness; a fault which is inseparable from its twin-brother—exaggeration. We know not a single truth embraced by him that has not been so adopted as to confirm this statement. All his errors come from his truths. All his truths, accordingly, are more or less corrupted truths. No one of them has been retained within its due limits, and exhibited in its strict integrity and purity. His favorite dogmas are so petted, that they become dreadfully impatient of rivals. Like all despots, they acquire a sharp scent of treason, and are bent upon sending competitors to the bowstring, especially those nearest of kin. The truth he defends is generally some neglected truth, and his tendency is to magnify it beyond all bounds. We may say of him as of Prince Rupert, that he is good at a charge; but his soul, commanding as it is, lacks that fine balancing of the forces of the human spirit which is seen in Cromwell. His strength is converged on points, is pushed to excess, and through an ill-regulated impetuosity ends in disaster. It is not the broad and steady power that has reference to the whole field, which can deem it manly to take counsel of discretion, and which, in consequence, deserves to succeed. Hence the mischief he has brought upon interests which he really means to serve has been at least as conspicuous as the good. Almost everywhere he has done more to disturb the old landmarks of truth than to settle them. As it has been, in this respect, so we fear it will continue to be. The error of your men who would be accounted more earnest and thorough than their fellows is almost uniformly in this direction. Some truths so absorb

their conscientiousness as to leave them no conscience for other truths.

One natural consequence of this tendency in the mind of Mr. Carlyle is seen in the frequency of the real or apparent contradictions in his writings. It is thus, for example, with what he says about modern industry. At one moment it is godlike—at another, the meanest grade of mammon worship. It is thus with his doctrine concerning truth, as opposed to falsehood. Here, it is of the greatest worth imaginable; there, it seems to drop into a strange insignificance. It is thus with the past compared with the present; with the human nature delineated in one chapter, compared with the same nature delineated in another. Hence, as we have said, the kind of favoritism to which our author has attained with sections of men in parties the most widely severed from each other. All these seeming contradictions Mr. Carlyle could no doubt in some measure explain. Our complaint is that the explanation should be needed, especially on so large a scale. Some of these contradictions do not admit of explanation at all, without giving up all the certainties of language. But though to reconcile such passages is not possible, it is quite possible to see how they have originated. Mr. Carlyle's writing must be of the strong—the intense cast. Every truth exaggerated, however, is a truth exaggerated at the cost of what is due to some other truth; and as the truth thus wronged to-day, is seen in the calmer retrospect of to-morrow to have been so dealt with, some attempt is made at reparation, and as everything our author does must be done with intenseness, this attempt at reparation becomes in its turn exaggeration. The result is, that perplexing degree of see-saw, say and unsay, of which we speak.

In short, we must say of Mr. Carlyle that he is in all things too subjective. It is in a large degree his own temperament that gives complexion and color to everything about him. He discriminates, but it is always with a strong bias derived from what is personal. All things take their place and shade with him from impulse and imagination, more than from the understanding, or from the reason rightly understood. This is eminently the case with regard to religion. Christianity, according to the general estimate formed of it, is no resting-place to himself; and from this fact he too readily passes to the conclusion, that the time for its being the resting-place to minds of earnest and independent thought has nearly passed away. He has

his own ideas, moreover, of moral obligation, which, in the manner of Kant, bring with them as corollaries the ideas of a moral ruler and of a moral retribution. With these simple elements in ethics and theology, as faint rays of light amidst a deep environment of darkness, he finds that he can himself manage to live, to be strong-hearted, and to meet death; and here again the inference is of the same order—the faith which suffices for me may suffice for all men.

But in respect to the first of these points it is to be observed, that Mr. Carlyle's insensibility to the force of evidence in the shape of fact and history is not in accordance with the more general laws of mind as hitherto developed in the world's history—but the reverse. In this respect, he is the exception more than the rule. So with reference to the second point: in his own case this simple moral consciousness may suffice to give him a moral law and a moral government; but to cast the minds of men in general on that one element for guidance, would be to deal with a world possessing much more of the weakness and perverseness, than of the simplicity of childhood, in a manner that would be scarcely expedient were it filled with a race of philosophers. It is within small limits only that the mind of Mr. Carlyle can be taken as a counterpart to the mind of the species, but his reasoning often proceeds on the assumption that the two are identical. We are aware he expects much from the influence of heroes, who are to embody the philosophical for the benefit of the crowd; but he has himself admonished us that heroes can accomplish little so long as the people themselves possess little sympathy with the heroic.

By such steps, however, Mr. Carlyle has passed to the responsibility—the serious responsibility, of leadership in the half-literary, half-philosophical crusade now carried on against the claims of the Christian revelation in this country. The aim of the parties engaged in this enterprise is to reduce all historical creeds to the same level, as varying indeed in the degrees of their goodness or badness, but as being alike of merely human origin—leaving our race to such moral intelligence as it may possess, as its only guide in all time to come. Because an external revelation is not necessary to *awaken* the religious sentiment in man, or to give him his *capacity* for becoming a religious being, it is concluded that such a revelation cannot be needed to give a *wiser culture* to that sentiment, a *nobler elevation* to man's religion

Against this widely-prevalent, but most pernicious of all possible delusions, we enter our solemn protest. Nor do we know of any work by which sound-hearted Christian men may better serve their generation than by exposing and resisting this error to the utmost. So far from "Discourses on the Evidences" having lost all aptitude and value, as Mr. Carlyle and his disciples intimate—it is by demonstrating that the sacred Scriptures are historically truthful, and that the doctrine set forth in them is worthy of the origin they claim, that the great need of the age must be met. For the battle now is,

not so much with the bald atheism of the first French Revolution, as with an ethical theism, allied with all the trappings of philosophy and taste, and which can only be met by showing that the results of this theism do not meet the need of humanity, and that the adaptation of the contents of the New Testament combine, with its historical proofs, to settle its divine origin. It is only as this shall be done that we may confide in the stability of our Christianity; and to prevent the doing of this is, accordingly, the great aim of the anti-Christianism of the times.

LOLA MONTES.—The recent disclosures regarding this notorious lady have made the public aware that, before her marriage with Captain James, in the summer of 1837, she was known by the name of Eliza Rosanna Gilbert. The circumstances under which she subsequently assumed the title of "Lola Montes" have not yet been very clearly explained; but it appears that she occasionally called herself also "Marie Parris y Montes." It is under this name that she figures in the Letters Patent by which the late King of Bavaria created her Countess of Lansfeldt. Notwithstanding the King's Letters Patent, and a grant by the Queen of Bavaria of the insignia of the order of Maria Theresa, entitling the bearer to "*les grandes et les petites entrées*," the high noblesse of Munich openly manifested their indignation at the scandalous creation; and the families of Arco, Schoenborn, and Basseinheim, the oldest and most illustrious in Bavaria, suddenly quitted the capital, declaring that they would never return. There is reason to believe that Lola Montes was born in India, but of Irish parents, her father being a Captain Gilbert in the Company's service. After the death of that gentleman, his widow married, in India, Major Craigie, Deputy-Adjutant-General; and Miss Gilbert was sent to Scotland to be educated under the eye of some of her step-father's relatives in Montrose. Here she showed an uncontrollable love of fun and mischief; and one of her girlish exploits in sticking flowers into the wig of an old gentleman who sat before her in the church is still freshly remembered. From Montrose she was sent to a boarding school in England. Meanwhile

her mother returned from India, having for her fellow-passenger a young countryman, Lieutenant James, with whom she proposed to visit Ireland. Miss Gilbert was summoned to Liverpool to meet her mother, whom it was intended she should accompany on the Irish tour; but when the party was on the eve of departure, one morning Lieutenant James and Miss Gilbert were missing, and soon afterwards they presented themselves to Mrs. Craigie as having been clandestinely married. The nuptials were subsequently formally celebrated in Ireland, and the pair proceeded to India. What followed on the lady's return from that country has been made matter of notoriety. It is less generally known that after the affair with Captain Lennox, Mrs. James came down to Edinburgh, where she resided for some time with a relative of her step-father, in Nelson street. During her sojourn here, she was an unsuccessful petitioner to Mr. Murray for leave to try her fortune as a performer on the boards of the Edinburgh theatre. Her subsequent adventures in London, Paris, and Munich, are too well known to need recapitulation. The infatuated youth, Lieutenant Heald, who figures as the husband of Betsey Watson, *alias* Rosa Anna Gilbert, *alias* Mrs. Captain James, *alias* Lola Montes, *alias* the Countess of Lansfeldt, in addition to estates which he holds in Lincolnshire, has considerable landed property in the district of Freebridge Marshland, Norfolk, and particularly in the neighborhood of Walpole St. Peter's. Lola Montes and her present husband have left Paris for Germany.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

NO. VIII.—THE BATTLE OF CHALONS, A. D. 451.

"Those few battles, of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world, in all its subsequent scenes,—Marathon, Arbela, the Metanrus, CHALONS, and Leipsic."—HALLAM.

"The discomfiture of the mighty attempt of Attila to found a new Anti-Christian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome, at the end of the term of twelve hundred years, to which its duration had been limited by the forebodings of the heathen."—HERBERT.

A BROAD expanse of plains, the Campi Catalaunici of the ancients, spreads far and wide around the city of Châlons, in the northeast of France. The long rows of poplars through which the river Marne winds its way, and a few thinly-scattered villages, are almost the only objects that vary the monotonous aspect of the greater part of this region. But about five miles from Châlons, near the little hamlets of Chape and Cuperly, the ground is indented and heaped up in ranges of grassy mounds and trenches, which attest the work of man's hands in ages past; and which, to the practiced eye, demonstrate that this quiet spot has once been the fortified position of a huge military host.

Local tradition gives to these ancient earth-works the name of Attila's Camp. Nor is there any reason to question the correctness of the title, or to doubt that behind these very ramparts it was that, 1398 years ago, the most powerful Heathen king that ever ruled in Europe mustered the remnants of his vast army, which had striven on these plains against the Christian soldiery of Thoulouse and Rome. Here it was that Attila prepared to resist to the death his victors in the field; and here he heaped up the treasures of his camp in one vast pile, which was to be his funeral pyre should his camp be stormed. It was here that the Gothic and Italian forces watched, but dared not assail, their enemy in his despair, after that great and terrible day of battle.

The victory which the Roman general, Aetius, with his Gothic allies, then gained over the Huns, was the last victory of Imperial Rome. But among the long Fasti of her triumphs, few can be found that, for their importance and ultimate benefit to mankind, are comparable with this expiring effort of her arms. It did not, indeed, open to her any new career of conquest—it did not consolidate the relics of her power—it did not turn the rapid ebb of her fortunes. The mission of Imperial Rome was, in truth, already accomplished. She had received and transmitted through her once ample dominion the civilization of Greece. She had broken up the barriers of narrow nationalities among the various states and tribes that dwelt around the coasts of the Mediterranean. She had fused these and many other races into one organized empire, bound together by a community of laws, of government, and institutions. Under the shelter of her full power, the True Faith had arisen in the earth, and during the years of her decline, it had been nourished to maturity, it had overspread all the provinces that ever obeyed her sway. For no beneficial purpose to mankind could the dominion of the seven-hilled city have been restored or prolonged. But it was all-important to mankind what nations should divide among them Rome's rich inheritance of empire; whether the Germanic races should form states and kingdoms out of the fragments of her domain, and become the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe; or

whether pagan savages, from the wilds of Central Asia, should crush the relics of classic civilization, and the early institutions of the Christianized Germans, in one hopeless chaos of barbaric conquest. The Christian Visigoths of King Theodoric fought and triumphed at Châlons side by side with the legions of Aetius. Their joint victory over the Hunnish host not only rescued for a time from destruction the old age of Rome, but preserved for centuries of power and glory the Germanic element in the civilization of modern Europe.

By the middle of the fifth century, Germanic nations had settled themselves in many of the fairest regions of the Roman Empire, had imposed their yoke on the provincials, and had undergone, to a considerable extent, that moral conquest which the arts and refinements of the vanquished in arms have so often achieved over the rough victor. The Visigoths held the north of Spain, and Gaul south of the Loire. Franks, Allemanni, Alans, and Burgundians, had established themselves in other Gallic provinces, and the Suevi were masters of a large southern portion of the Spanish peninsula. A king of the Vandals reigned in North Africa; and the Ostrogoths had firmly planted themselves in the provinces north of Italy. Of these powers and principalities, that of the Visigoths, under their King Theodoric, son of Alaric, was by far the first in power and in civilization.

The pressure of the Huns upon Europe had first been felt in the fourth century of our era. They had long been formidable to the Chinese Empire; but the ascendancy in arms which another Nomadic tribe of Central Asia, the Sienpi, gained over them, drove the Huns from their Chinese conquest westward; and this movement once being communicated to the whole chain of barbaric nations that dwelt northward of the Black Sea and the Roman Empire, tribe after tribe of savage warriors broke in upon the barriers of civilized Europe, "*Velut unda supervenit undam.*" The Huns crossed the Tanais into Europe in 375, and soon reduced to subjection the Alans, the Ostrogoths, and other tribes, that were then dwelling along the course of the Danube. The armies of the Roman Emperors that tried to check their progress were cut to pieces by them, and Pannonia and other provinces south of the Danube were occupied by the victorious cavalry of these new invaders. Not merely the degenerate Romans, but the bold and hardy warriors of Germany and Scandinavia,

were appalled at the numbers, the ferocity, the ghastly appearance, and the lightning-like rapidity of the Huns. Strange and loathsome legends were coined and credited, which attributed their origin to the union of

"Midnight foul and hideous hags"

with the evil spirits of the wilderness. Tribe after tribe and city after city fell before them. Then came a pause in their career of conquest in Southwestern Europe, caused probably by dissensions among their chiefs, and also by their arms being employed in attacks upon the Scandinavian nations. But when Attila (or Atzel, as he is called in the Hungarian language) became their ruler, the torrent of their arms was directed with augmented terrors upon the West and South; and their myriads marched beneath the guidance of one master-mind to the overthrow both of the new and the old powers of the earth.

Recent events have thrown such a strong interest over everything connected with the Hungarian name, that even the terrible renown of Attila now impresses us the more vividly while we are watching the exploits of those who claim to be descended from his warriors, and "ambitiously insert the name of Attila among their native kings." The authenticity of this martial genealogy is denied by some writers, and questioned by more. But it is at least certain that the Magyars of Arpad, who are the immediate ancestors of the bulk of the modern Hungarians, and who conquered the country which bears the name of Hungary, in A. D. 889, were of the same stock of mankind as the Huns of Attila were, even if they did not belong to the same subdivision of that stock. Nor is there any improbability in the tradition, that after Attila's death many of his warriors remained in Hungary, and that their descendants afterwards joined the Huns of Arpad in their career of conquest. It is certain that Attila made Hungary the seat of his empire. It seems also susceptible of clear proof that the territory was then called Hungvar, and Attila's soldiers Hungvari. Both the Huns of Attila and those of Arpad came from the family of Nomadic nations, whose primitive regions were those vast wildernesses of High Asia, which are included between the Altaic and the Himalayan mountain-chains. The inroads of these tribes upon the lower regions of Asia and into Europe have caused many of the most remarkable revolutions in the history of the

world. There is every reason to believe that swarms of these nations made their way into distant parts of the earth at periods long before the date of the Scythian invasion of Asia, which is the earliest inroad of the Nomadic race that history records. The first, as far as we can conjecture, in respect to the time of their descent, were the Finnish and Ugrian tribes, who appear to have come down from the Altaic border of High Asia towards the northwest, in which direction they advanced to the Uralian mountains. There they established themselves, and that mountain-chain, with its valleys and pasture-lands, became to them a new country, whence they sent out colonies on every side; but the Ugrian colony which, under Arpad, occupied Hungary, and became the ancestors of the bulk of the present Hungarian nation, did not quit their settlements in the Uralian mountains till a very late period, and not until four centuries after the time when Attila led, from the primary seats of the Nomadic races in High Asia, the host with which he advanced into the heart of France.*

Attila was not one of the vulgar herd of barbaric conquerors. Consummate military skill may be traced in his campaigns; and he relied far less on the brute force of armies for the aggrandizement of his empire, than on the unbounded influence over the affections and the fears of friends and foes, which his genius enabled him to acquire. Austerely sober in his private life—severely just on the judgment-seat—conspicuous among a nation of warriors for hardihood, strength, and skill in every martial exercise—grave and deliberate in counsel, but rapid and remorseless in execution—he gave safety and security to all who were under his dominion, while he waged a warfare of extermination against all who opposed or sought to escape from it. He watched the national passions, the prejudices, the creeds, and the superstitions of the varied nations over which he ruled, and of those which he sought to reduce beneath his sway. All these feelings he had the skill to turn to his own account. His own warriors believed him to be the inspired favorite of their deities, and followed him with fanatic zeal; his enemies looked on him as the pre-appointed minister of heaven's wrath against themselves; and though they believed not in his creed, their own made them tremble before him.

In one of his early campaigns he appeared

before his troops with an ancient iron sword in his grasp, which he told them was the god of war whom their ancestors had worshiped. It is certain that the nomadic tribes of Northern Asia, whom Herodotus described under the name of Scythians, from the earliest times worshiped as their god a bare sword. That sword-god was supposed, in Attila's time, to have disappeared from earth; but the Hunnish king now claimed to have received it by special revelation. It was said that a herdsman, who was tracking in the desert a wounded heifer by the drops of blood, found the mysterious sword standing fixed in the ground, as if it had darted down from heaven. The herdsman bore it to Attila, who thenceforth was believed by the Huns to wield the Spirit of Death in battle; and their seers prophesied that this sword was to destroy the world. A Roman,* who was on an embassy to the Hunnish camp, recorded in his memoirs Attila's acquisition of this supernatural weapon, and the immense influence over the minds of the barbaric tribes which its possession gave him. In the title which he assumed, we shall see the skill with which he availed himself of the legends and creeds of other nations as well as of his own. He designated himself "ATTILA, Descendant of the Great Nimrod. Nurtured in Engaddi. By the Grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, and the Medes. The Dread of the World."

Herbert states that Attila is represented on an old medallion with a Teraphim, or a head, on his breast; and the same writer adds: "We know, from the 'Hamartigenea' of Prudentius, that Nimrod, with a snake-haired head, was the object of adoration of the heretical followers of Marcion; and the same head was the palladium set up by Antiochus Epiphanes over the gates of Antioch, though it has been called the visage of Charon. The memory of Nimrod was certainly regarded with mystic veneration by many, and by asserting himself to be the heir of that mighty hunter before the Lord, he vindicated to himself at least the whole Babylonian kingdom.

"The singular assertion in his style that he was nurtured in Engaddi, where he certainly had never been, will be more easily understood on reference to the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelations, concerning the woman clothed with the sun, who was to bring forth in the wilderness—'where she

* See Pritchard's Researches.

* Priscus apud Jornandem.

hath a place prepared of God"—a man-child, who was to contend with the dragon having seven heads and ten horns, and rule all nations with a rod of iron. This prophecy was at that time understood universally by the sincere Christians to refer to the birth of Constantine, who was to overwhelm the paganism of the city on the seven hills, and it is still so explained; but it is evident that the heathens must have looked on it in a different light, and have regarded it as a foretelling of the birth of that Great One who should master the temporal power of Rome. The assertion, therefore, that he was nurtured in Engaddi, is a claim to be looked upon as that man-child who was to be brought forth in a place prepared of God in the wilderness. Engaddi means a place of palms and vines in the desert; it was hard by Zoar, the city of refuge, which was saved in the vale of Siddim, or Demons, when the rest were destroyed by fire and brimstone from the Lord in heaven, and might, therefore, be especially called a place prepared of God in the wilderness.*

It is obvious enough why he styled himself "By the Grace of God, King of the Huns and Goths;" and it seems far from difficult to see why he added the names of the Medes and the Danes. His armies had been engaged in warfare against the Persian kingdom of the Sassanidæ, and it is certain† that he meditated the invasion and overthrow of the Medo-Persian power. Probably some of the northern provinces of that kingdom had been compelled to pay him tribute; and this would account for his styling himself King of the Medes, they being his remotest subjects to the South. From a similar cause he may have called himself King of the Danes, as his power may well have extended northwards as far as the nearest of the Scandinavian nations; and this mention of Medes and Danes as his subjects, would serve at once to indicate the vast extent of his dominion.‡

The immense territory north of the Danube and Black Sea, and eastward of Caucasus, over which Attila ruled, first in conjunction with his brother Bleda, and afterwards alone, cannot be very accurately defined, but it must have comprised within it, besides

the Huns, many nations of Slavic, Gothic, Teutonic, and Finnish origin. South also of the Danube, the country, from the river Sau as far as Novi in Thrace, was a Hunnish province. Such was the empire of the Huns in A. D. 445; a memorable year in which Attila founded Buda on the Danube, as his capital city, and ridded himself of his brother by a crime which seems to have been prompted not only by selfish ambition, but also by a desire of turning to his purpose the legends and forebodings which then were universally spread throughout the Roman Empire, and must have been well known to the watchful and ruthless Hun.

The year 445 of our era completed the twelfth century from the foundation of Rome, according to the best chronologers. It had always been believed among the Romans that the twelve vultures which were said to have appeared to Romulus, when he founded the city, signified the time during which the Roman power should endure. The twelve vultures denoted twelve centuries. This interpretation of the vision of the birds of destiny was current among learned Romans, even when there were yet many of the twelve centuries to run, and while the imperial city was at the zenith of its power. But as the allotted time drew nearer and nearer to its conclusion, and as Rome grew weaker and weaker beneath the blows of barbaric invaders, the terrible omen was more and more talked and thought of; and in Attila's time, men watched for the momentary extinction of the Roman State with the last beat of the last vulture's wing. Moreover, among the numerous legends connected with the foundation of the city, and the fratricidal death of Remus, there was one most terrible one, which told that Romulus did not put his brother to death in accident, or in hasty quarrel, but that

"He slew his gallant twin
With inexorable sin,"

deliberately, and in compliance with the warnings of supernatural powers. The shedding of a brother's blood was believed to have been the price at which the founder of Rome had purchased from destiny her twelve centuries of existence.*

We may imagine, therefore, with what

* See the Notes to Herbert's Attila.

† See the narrative of Priscus.

‡ In the "Nibelungen-Lied," the old poet who describes the reception of the heroine Chrimhild by Attila [Etzel], says that Attila's dominions were so vast, that among his subject-warriors there were Russian, Greek, Wallachian, Polish, and even Danish knights.

* See a curious justification of Attila for murdering his brother, by a zealous Hungarian advocate, in the note to Pray's "Annales Hungarum," p. 117. The example of Romulus is the main authority quoted.

terror in this, the twelve hundredth year after the foundation of Rome, the inhabitants of the Roman Empire must have heard the tidings, that the royal brethren Attila and Bleda had founded a new Capitol on the Danube, which was designed to rule over the ancient Capitol on the Tiber; and that Attila, like Romulus, had consecrated the foundation of his new city by murdering his brother, so that for the new cycle of centuries then about to commence, dominion had been bought from the gloomy spirits of destiny in favor of the Hun, by a sacrifice of equal awe and value with that which had formerly obtained it for the Roman.

It is to be remembered that not only the pagans, but also the Christians of that age, knew and believed in these legends and omens, however they might differ as to the nature of the superhuman agency by which such mysteries had been made known to mankind. And we may observe, with Herbert, a modern learned dignitary of our church, how remarkably this augury was fulfilled. For, "if to the twelve centuries denoted by the twelve vultures that appeared to Romulus we add for the six birds that appeared to Remus six lustra, or periods of five years each, by which the Romans were wont to number their time, it brings us precisely to the year 476, in which the Roman Empire was finally extinguished by Odoacer."

An attempt to assassinate Attila, made, or supposed to have been made, at the instigation of Theodoric the younger, the Emperor of Constantinople, drew the Hunnish armies, in 445, upon the Eastern Empire, and delayed for a time the destined blow against Rome. Probably a more important cause of delay was the revolt of some of the Hunnish tribes to the north of the Black Sea against Attila, which broke out about this period, and is cursorily mentioned by the Byzantine writers. Attila quelled this revolt, and having thus consolidated his power, and having punished the presumption of the Eastern Roman Emperor by fearful ravages of his fairest provinces, Attila, in 450 B. C., prepared to set his vast forces in motion for the Conquest of Western Europe. He sought unsuccessfully by diplomatic intrigues to detach the King of the Visigoths from his alliance with Rome, and he resolved first to crush the power of Theodoric, and then to advance with overwhelming power to trample out the last sparks of the doomed Roman Empire.

A strange invitation from a Roman prin-

cess gave him a pretext for the war, and threw an air of chivalric enterprise over his invasion. Honoria, sister of Valentinian III., the Emperor of the West, had sent to Attila to offer him her hand and her supposed right to share in the imperial power. This had been discovered by the Romans, and Honoria had been forthwith closely imprisoned. Attila now pretended to take up arms in behalf of his self-promised bride, and proclaimed that he was about to march to Rome to redress Honoria's wrongs. Ambition and spite against her brother must have been the sole motives that led the lady to woo the royal Hun; for Attila's face and person had all the natural ugliness of his race, and the description given of him by a Byzantine ambassador must have been well known in the imperial courts. Herbert has well versified the portrait drawn by Priscus of the great enemy of both Byzantium and Rome:—

"Terrific was his semblance, in no mould
Of beautiful proportion cast; his limbs
Nothing exalted, but with sinews braced
Of Chalybæan temper, agile, lithe,
And swifter than the roe; his ample chest
Was over-brow'd by a gigantic head,
With eyes keen, deeply sunk, and small, that
gleam'd
Strangely in wrath, as though some spirit un-
clean

Within that corporal tenement install'd
Look'd from its windows, but with temper'd fire
Beam'd mildly on the unresisting. Thin
His beard and hoary; his flat nostrils crown'd
A cicatrized, swart visage,—but withal
That questionable shape such glory wore
That mortals quail'd beneath him."

Two chiefs of the Franks, who were then settled on the Lower Rhine, were at this period engaged in a feud with each other; and while one of them appealed to the Romans for aid, the other invoked the assistance and protection of the Huns. Attila thus obtained an ally, whose co-operation secured for him the passage of the Rhine; and it was this circumstance which caused him to take a northward route from Hungary for his attack upon Gaul. The muster of the Hunnish hosts was swollen by warriors of every tribe that they had subjugated; nor is there any reason to suspect the old chroniclers of willful exaggeration in estimating Attila's army at seven hundred thousand strong. Having crossed the Rhine, probably a little below Coblenz, he defeated the King of the Burgundians, who endeavored to bar his progress. He then divided his vast forces into two armies,—one of which march-

ed northwest upon Tongres and Arras, and the other cities of that part of France; while the main body, under Attila himself, marched up the Moselle, and destroyed Besançon, and other towns in the country of the Burgundians. One of the latest and best biographers of Attila* well observes, that "having thus conquered the eastern part of France, Attila prepared for an invasion of the West Gothic territories beyond the Loire. He marched upon Orléans, where he intended to force the passage of that river, and only a little attention is requisite to enable us to perceive that he proceeded on a systematic plan: he had his right wing on the north for the protection of his Frank allies; his left wing on the south for the purpose of preventing the Burgundians from rallying, and of menacing the passes of the Alps from Italy; and he led his centre towards the chief object of the campaign—the conquest of Orléans, and an easy passage into the West Gothic dominion. The whole plan is very like that of the allied powers in 1814, with this difference, that their left wing entered France through the defiles of the Jura, in the direction of Lyons, and that the military object of the campaign was the capture of Paris."

It was not until the year 451 that the Huns commenced the siege of Orléans; and during their campaign in Eastern Gaul, the Roman General Aetius had strenuously exerted himself in collecting and organizing such an army as might, when united to the soldiery of the Visigoths, be fit to face the Huns in the field. He enlisted every subject of the Roman Empire whose patriotism, courage, or compulsion could collect beneath the standards; and around these troops, which assumed the once proud title of the legions of Rome, he arrayed the large forces of barbaric auxiliaries, whom pay, persuasion, or the general hate and dread of the Huns, brought to the camp of the last of the Roman generals. King Theodoric exerted himself with equal energy. Orléans resisted her besiegers bravely as in after times. The passage of the Loire was skillfully defended against the Huns; and Aetius and Theodoric, after much manœuvring and difficulty, effected a junction of their armies to the south of that important river.

On the advance of the allies upon Orléans, Attila instantly broke up the siege of that city, and retreated towards the Marne.

He did not choose to risk a decisive battle with only the central corps of his army against the combined power of his enemies; and he therefore fell back upon his base of operations; calling in his wings from Arras and Besançon, and concentrating the whole of the Hunnish forces on the vast plains of Châlons-sur-Marne. A glance at the map will show how scientifically this place was chosen by the Hunnish general, as the point for his scattered forces to converge upon; and the nature of the ground was eminently favorable for the operations of cavalry, the arm in which Attila's strength peculiarly lay.

It was during the retreat from Orléans that a Christian hermit is reported to have approached the Hunnish king, and said to him, "Thou art the Scourge of God for the chastisement of the Christians." Attila instantly assumed this new title of terror, which thenceforth became the appellation by which he was most widely and most fearfully known.

The confederate armies of Romans and Visigoths at last met their great adversary face to face, on the ample battle-ground of the Châlons plains. Aetius commanded on the right of the allies; King Theodoric on the left; and Sangipan, King of the Alans, whose fidelity was suspected, was placed purposely in the centre, and in the very front of the battle. Attila commanded his centre in person, at the head of his own countrymen, while the Ostrogoths, the Gepidæ, and the other subject allies of the Huns, were drawn up on the wings. Some manœuvring appears to have occurred before the engagement, in which Aetius had the advantage, inasmuch as he succeeded in occupying a sloping hill, which commanded the left flank of the Huns. Attila saw the importance of the position taken by Aetius on the high ground, and commenced the battle by a furious attack on this part of the Roman line, in which he seems to have detached some of his best troops from his centre to aid his left. The Romans, having the advantage of the ground, repulsed the Huns, and while the allies gained this advantage on their right, their left, under King Theodoric, assailed the Ostrogoths, who formed the right of Attila's army. The gallant king was himself struck down by a javelin, as he rode onward at the head of his men, and his own cavalry charging over him, trampled him to death in the confusion. But the Visigoths, infuriated, not dispirited, by their monarch's fall, routed the enemies op-

* Biographical Dictionary commenced by the Useful Knowledge Society in 1844.

posed to them, and then wheeled upon the flank of the Hunnish centre, which had been engaged in a sanguinary and indecisive contest with the Alans.

In this peril Attila made his centre fall back upon his camp; and when the shelter of its intrenchments and wagons had once been gained, the Hunnish archers repulsed without difficulty the charges of the vengeful Gothic cavalry. Aetius had not pressed the advantage which he gained on his side of the field, and when night fell over the wild scene of havoc, Attila's left was still undefeated, but his right had been routed, and his centre forced back upon his camp.

Expecting an assault on the morrow, Attila stationed his best archers in front of the cars and wagons, which were drawn up as a fortification along his lines, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance. But the "Scourge of God" resolved that no man should boast of the honor of having either captured or slain him; and he caused to be raised in the centre of his encampment a huge pyramid of the wooden saddles of his cavalry: round it he heaped the spoils and the wealth that he had won; on it he stationed his wives who had accompanied him in the campaign; and on the summit Attila placed himself, ready to perish in the flames, and bask the victorious foe of their choicest booty, should they succeed in storming his defences.

But when the morning broke and revealed the extent of the carnage, with which the

plains were heaped for miles, the successful allies saw also and respected the resolute attitude of their antagonist. Neither were any measures taken to blockade him in his camp, and so to extort by famine that submission which it was too plainly perilous to enforce with the sword. Attila was allowed to march back the remnants of his army without molestation, and even with the semblance of success.

It is probable that the crafty Aetius was unwilling to be too victorious. He dreaded the glory which his allies the Visigoths had acquired; and feared that Rome might find a second Alaric in Prince Thorismund, who had signalized himself in the battle, and had been chosen on the field to succeed his father, Theodoric. He persuaded the young king to return at once to his capital; and thus relieved himself at the same time of the presence of a dangerous friend, as well as of a formidable though beaten foe.

Attila's attacks on the Western Empire were soon renewed; but never with such peril to the civilized world as had menaced it before his defeat at Châlons. And on his death two years after that battle, the vast empire which his genius had founded was soon dismembered by the successful revolts of the subject nations. The name of the Huns ceased for some centuries to inspire terror in Western Europe, and their ascendancy passed away with the life of the great king by whom it had been so fearfully augmented.

NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.—In the Sabbath cause, when anything new occurs, people oppress themselves by writing numberless letters to impart the intelligence. They do well, for in this way they reach a little circle. But were they, for their many letters, to substitute one well-considered "paragraph," they would do better, for they would at once inform a thousand correspondents; and not only so, but secure the publication of their tale in newspapers by dozens, each of which might have its thousand readers. A letter slays its thousands, but a paragraph slays its tens of thousands. "Paragraph! paragraph! paragraph!" then, say we, to all the friends. In an arduous Edinburgh struggle, some years ago, the author knows that three gentlemen, in a manner, beat the town, by meeting every day, with

every newspaper laid before them, and following up every statement with an instant answer and exposure—a sort of incessant battery, against which nothing can stand. The power of the newspaper press is infinite. It is like the caloric of nature; it overspreads the whole face of society; it insinuates itself into the darkest and coldest, and penetrates the most obtuse regions. The ever-recurring "article" is like the water-drop, which, small and light in look, will, oft repeated, pierce the hardest rock. To the religious press, the obligations of the friends of this cause are unspeakable; and the irreligious helps it too, if not by its violence, at least by its constrained spreading of intelligence; for, with exceptions, the newspaper press at large is fair.—*J. Bridges, Esq.*

From the North British Review.

THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

1. *Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea.* By W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. London, 1849.
2. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Dead Sea.* From a Diary, by one JOHN PASTY. Edited by EDWARD P. MONTAGUE, attached to the United States Expedition Ship "Supply." Philadelphia, 1849.

So, the disenchantment of the world goes on! The world's gray fathers were content with seven wonders. Thirty years ago, we might learn by books that there were at least a hundred wonders of the world; but where now is there *one* to be found? No sooner did the phrenologists find out the whereabouts of our faculty of "wonder," or "marvelousness," than straightway there ceased to be anything in the world to wonder at. About a hundred years ago, almost everything beyond our own islands, and even much that was in them, was wonderful to us. The world was so unknown—men and nature were so little understood—that all things beyond the range of every-day experience were marvelous; and where so much regarded as strange was known to be true, unthought-of and endless wonders were supposed to lie hid in the unascertained portions of the world. Hence the imaginary voyages of Robinson Crusoe, of Philip Quarll, of Richard Davis, of Peter Wilkins, and of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, were scarcely beyond the bounds of human credulity, and were by not a few received as true accounts of true voyages. Indeed, it might have been thought to require some hardihood to distrust even the immortal Captain, seeing that his "true effigies," in a very respectable peruke, were, as we happened lately to notice, prefixed to the early editions of his work. Who shall indeed set bounds to the possibilities of pleasant wonder, when the learned of the land were convinced by the daring impudence of George Psalmanazar, and were eager to send missionaries and Bibles to the interesting people to whom he professed to belong, and for whom he invented a language, the grammar of which seems to us the most daring attempt

ever made to throw dust into learned eyes. But, that learned eyes are not always the keenest, seems to be shown by the temporary success of that most astonishing experiment upon human credulity. O! happy people, who lived in days when there was something to wonder at—when the fountains of marvelousness, now, in these latter days, dried up, played in full stream, and sprinkled some refreshing excitements over this dreary life. But what have we now left? All the world has been disenchanted; every creek and cranny has been explored; and we have long ceased to expect the accounts of newly-discovered islands and continents, which ever and anon gladdened the hearts of our ancestors with something new and marvelous. Even if we had that expectation, it would cease to be exciting. We should be sure that the unknown would be like something we know. There is really nothing new under the sun—nothing even in expectation. Even the interior of Africa, still unexplored—and from whose gates Dr. Bi-alloblotzky now returns bootless home—is regarded with but languid interest by all but the one in ten thousand who has some zeal for geographical discovery. There is sure to be some sand: But what do we want to know of more sands, and sand-storms, and camels, and all that sort of thing? There is, perhaps, a lake: Well, there is nothing wonderful in that—we know all about lakes. There are, perhaps, new tribes of blacks: Nay, spare us—what do we want of any more blacks? We know all about them through and through; and what signifies some trifling addition to their variety—a darker or lighter shade—a stronger or laxer twist of wool—a somewhat less utterable

jargon—a somewhat more hideous buggaboo? There is no bracing wonder here. We do not expect a new animal—scarcely a new plant; and when lately we were authentically told of a real wonder, in the shape of a sea-serpent, one half the world rose in its wrath at the attempt upon its organ of wonder, and at the assault upon its firm purpose not to wonder at anything the world contains; and the other half turned lazily upon its side, grunting—"Phsaw, what is there wonderful in a sea-serpent? An eel is a sea-serpent—a conger is a sea-serpent—and one somewhat bigger than a conger-eel is no great matter."

Now-a-days, we know the Persians, the Turks, the Arabs, the Hindoos, better than our grandfathers knew the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Germans. The North American Indians, the South-Sea Islanders, the Esquimaux, we know far better than the Russians, Danes, and Swedes were known a hundred years ago. Even the Chinese have ceased to amaze us. Their tails—why, fifty years ago we were ourselves not tailless;—their edible bird-nests turn out, when seen and explained, to be nothing *very* strange. Cats may be, after all, not bad eating;—and the small feet of the ladies may, for aught we know, be a salutary domestic institution.

Then, look at the results which the existing facilities of intercourse have produced upon our estimate of places which it was once an untiring wonder to talk of, and a life-adventure to visit. Rome and Naples are as well known to us as Paris was some fifty years ago. Constantinople is better known to us than Rome was then; and with Jerusalem, Cairo, Damascus, we have now a far better acquaintance than we had twenty years ago with Petersburg, Lisbon, or Madrid. Palestine once afforded rich material for the play of the associative faculty upon the organ of wonder; but presently came that great iconoclast, Dr. Robinson of New York, who, by disproving one thing and doubting another, has left but little even there, in that cherished corner of the world, for the wonder of which entire belief is a most essential condition.

Wonder belongs to a time of ignorance, and we say that the days of ignorance have passed. What is there to wonder at? We know everything; and that which we understand ceases to be wonderful. Look at the map of the world. There is not a spot on which we can lay the finger whose inhabitants are *not well known* to us. They are differenced

by small matters—dress, habits of life, shades of color, climatic influences. Strip them of these, and we come by a swift process to our brothers—the sons of a common father—like ourselves in all that is essentially the man; moved by the same impulses, subject to the same pains and the same pleasures, subdued by the same dreads, and nourished by the same hopes. The psychologist who dissects their souls finds them all as like to one another, and all as like to us, as does the anatomist who explores their bodily frame. So with animals. All the most remarkable creatures of the world have been brought to us from the uttermost parts of the earth; and existences which to our grandfathers were all but fabulous, we now regard as familiar things. Our zoological gardens and menageries; our "Penny Magazines" and "Museums of Animated Nature," have quite disenchanted this branch of the world's life. Its strangest things have passed from the realm of wonder; and the discovery of a really new beast, or bird, or reptile, would now awaken but a languid interest in the general mind. So of plants. Where are their wonders now? Within thirty years, thousands of plants from all parts of the globe, most of which had not even been heard of, and many of which were examined with wonder, have become the well-known inmates of our stoves, our greenhouses, and even our gardens. A morning's walk, or a short ride, will take any inhabitant of London and other large towns among the most remarkable forms of transmarine vegetation. Here are the palms and bananas of tropical climes, breathing an atmosphere by which you are almost suffocated; there a thousand whimsical shapes of the cacti and of the unearthly orchids meet the view; and here the singular pitcher-plants distill their waters. Depart now, wonder-proof! Travel where you will, you will see, you can see, nothing to astonish—nothing more wonderful than that which you have seen with your own eyes at home.

And even in the phenomena of nature, the age of wonder has passed. We know everything; we can account for everything. Gases, vapors, and electric fluids are familiar things. We not long ago looked upon their spontaneous operations in nature with awe and wonder. But by and bye we grew bold in the presence of those awful powers. We ventured to lay our hands upon their manes, we vaulted upon their backs, and soon bowed down their terrible strength to our service.

Besides, this in which we have lived has been in all respects a most extraordinary age.

It has been full of all kinds of wonders—social, moral, historical, physical, scientific—so vast, so prodigious, as to render familiar to us, as matters of present interest and daily thought, results and facts, greater, intrinsically more strange, than any that past ages, or any that distant countries offer to our notice. This has tamed down the sense of wonder. We can wonder at nothing; for nothing is so wonderful as the things that have become our daily food. Even history is disenchanted. The strangest things have become comprehensible, possible, commonplace. The great conquerors of ancient days have in our own times been surpassed. The revolutions—the changes of past times—each one of which was a subject of curious speculation, have been exceeded in our own days. Subversions, any one of which was erewhile good talk for a century, have been crowded upon us by the dozen within the space of a few weeks. If the sense of wonder in civilized man has not been wholly destroyed, we cannot doubt that this age in which we live will be looked back upon by our children's children as more replete with wonders than any which the world's history has hitherto recorded.

But what has all this to do with the Dead Sea? it may be asked. Much every way. Amid the general diswonderment of the world, we could feel that at least the Dead Sea, with all its mysteries, its horrors and marvels, was left to us. It became a sort of safety-valve for the fine old faculty—the source of so much innocent excitement, which was smothered everywhere else under heavy masses of dull facts and circumstances. But gradually, and with aching hearts, we have seen this retreat cut off from us. One traveler after another has stripped off some one of the horrors which overhung its deeps, or rested on its shores; and now at last it stands naked before us—a monument, indeed, of God's wrath against the sins of man, but invested with none of the supernatural horrors ascribed to it, or exhibiting any of the features which are not the natural and inevitable effect of the peculiar condition into which it has been brought.

As the books now before us bring all the questions with respect to this Lake into their final condition, they afford us a favorable opportunity of stating the question as regards the past history of the Dead Sea horrors, and of showing what has been really done by the Expedition in advancement of our knowledge. In this we must rely chiefly upon our own resources; for the Commander of the Expedition helps us very little further than by

stating what he saw, and what he did. He appears to have had a sincere zeal in the enterprise, which originated in his suggestions, and he exhibited much energy and considerable tact in carrying out his objects in spite of the obstacles he encountered. He also knew *how* to observe, at least as a sailor, and he states well and clearly the process and results of his observation; but he scarcely knew *what* to observe, and certainly has not turned the rare advantages committed to him to all the account of which they would have been susceptible in the hands of a more literate traveler. Oh, that Dr. Robinson or Eli Smith had been of the party! Between their learning and deep studies in Palestine geography, and Lieutenant Lynch's practical energies, we might have had something far more worthy than the book before us of being set forth as the result of this most praiseworthy and liberal enterprise, which is in every way most creditable to the United States Government, and contrasts advantageously with the unutterable meanness of our own Government in all things of the sort. What is there in our position which places the inevitable mark of shabbiness, procrastination, and futility upon whatever our rulers do for the encouragement (!) of literature, art, and scientific investigation? Despotism powers act handsomely in such matters. So, as we now see, in this and other instances, can a Republican Government, quite as amenable as our own to the people for the employment of public money. Whence this unhappy *peculiarity*, for it is no less, of *our* position among the nations of the earth—with wealth more abundant—dominions more widely spread—and advantages far greater than any other nation ever possessed? We hope to look into this matter some day; but must now keep to our text.

Before proceeding to state the results which have been promised, we may give the reader some notion of the books before us. The second and smaller of them has been procured with difficulty; and the accounts which fell under our notice in American papers might have been sufficient to prevent the desire to see it; but it occurred to us that the different position and point of view of the writer would induce him to state some particulars which might throw light on the other account, or furnish some points of comparison with, or of contrast to it. We are bound to say, that in this case there has been discreditable haste even in the authentic account by the Commander of the Expedition, in taking advantage of the public curiosity, without propor-

tionate regard to the real advantage of the public and the interests of science, by the preparation of a well-digested account of the explorations. The writer actually apologizes for the manifest defects of his book on that very ground.

"As soon as possible after our return, I handed in my official report, and, at the same time, asked permission to publish a narrative or diary, of course embracing much, necessarily elicited by visiting such interesting scenes, that would be unfit for an official paper. To this application I was induced by hearing of the proposed publication of a Narrative of the Expedition, said to be by a member of the party. The permission asked was granted by the Hon. J. G. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, with the remark—'I give this assent with the more pleasure, because I do not think that you should be anticipated by any other who had not the responsibility of the enterprise.'

"Feeling that what may be said on the subject had better be rendered imperfectly by myself than by another, I have been necessarily hurried; and the reader will decide whether the narrative which follows was elaborately prepared, or written 'currente calamo.'"—Pp. v. vi.

It would, however, have been much better that it should not have been so written. The object was not adequate to justify the production of a very crude account—which this certainly is—of an Expedition to which the public funds had been applied, and in the results of which all Christendom was interested. After all, the rival account was produced before the authentic statement appeared; and the object of haste being thus frustrated by a work which could satisfy no cultivated mind, more time might have been safely taken. Perhaps, indeed, our worthy sailor could not, with any amount of time, have produced a much better book; and we regret that he had not been advised to put his materials into hands better qualified than his own to do them justice. Dr. Robinson might have made something of them. The lesser book, however, appeared before the other, and was an obvious and gross attempt to forestall the market. On its appearance it was disavowed by Lieutenant Lynch; and from the explanations which passed on both sides in the American papers, but which do not appear in either of these volumes, it seems that Mr. Montague is an Englishman, who held a petty officer's berth on board the "Supply." He was left ill of the small-pox at Port Mahon on the outward passage, and saw nothing of the Expedition from the 1st of February, 1848, two months before it landed in Syria, until it re-embarked at Mal-

ta on the 12th September following. It is evident, therefore, that he has no responsibility save of literary execution for that part which relates to this long interval, and which, he alleges, (but not in the book) was prepared from the diary of one of the men. His claim to any peculiar qualification for this task is not very clear, unless it be that he performed part of the outward voyage with those who afterwards formed the exploring party—and to which very common run he devotes no less than ninety pages. Again, he was with them for several weeks on the homeward voyage, and might have picked up by questioning the men all that he here states. But we believe, from internal evidence, that he had, as he states, the diary of one of the men for his guidance. There is, indeed, in the part Montague might have furnished for his own observations, the same vile taste, the same school-boy balderdash, and the same wretched forecastle slang as in the rest; but it is only afterwards that we encounter the peculiar American crow which pervades the rest of the volume, and continually starts up in such delicious phrases as, "We Yankee boys flinch not; we fear neither the wandering Arab nor the withering influence of disease; we fear neither the heat of the sun nor the suffocating sirocco. We have determined souls, enduring constitutions, plenty of provisions, lots of ammunition, swords, bowie knife, pistols, Colt's revolvers, and a blunderbuss which is capable to scatter (*sic*) some fatal doses among any hostile tribe; we have officers as determined, cool, and brave as—ourselves (!); and for a commander, one of the best, most humane, thoughtful, and generous men in the world, who lacks nothing in the sense of "bravery," and the resolute "go-a-head" spirit of a real, true-born American." Again—"We Yankee boys can perform wonders, and are not yet out of spirits." Again—"Such an accumulation of difficulties and disappointments are sufficient to cause any other than *Americans* to give up to despair." Again—"However, the true-born, undaunted American never flinches from his duty," and so on, "cock-a-doodle doo!" after the manner of Captain Ralph Stackpole, throughout. From this and other signs, we have no doubt that *this* account of the Expedition was drawn from the notes of one of the American sailors (they were all picked native-born Americans) of the Expedition; and though upon the whole a worthless, trashy book, one may pick up a notion or two out of it, seeing that it is at least real, when we

are enabled to view the same object through the eyes of *both* the commander and of one of his men.

The larger and authoritative work will considerably disappoint expectation on the grounds at which we have already hinted. Notwithstanding the gallant author's disavowal of "author craft," the work has most visible signs of book-making. The information respecting the proceedings of the Expedition is not advantageously exhibited, for want of adequate information in the writer; and taking it as it is, it might, with great advantage, have been compressed within half the space over which it is spread; for there is much in the volume on common and exhausted topics and places before we come to the Jordan and after we leave the Dead Sea. It may also be added that the book is disfigured by much of a kind of uncouth and very commonplace sentimentality, which is fearfully out of keeping in the account of a scientific Exhibition. Perhaps, however, the very qualities which detract from the value of the work in the eyes of serious philosophers may help it much in the circulating libraries—and it is certainly a sufficiently readable book. In our esteem the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the engravings. These are from drawings by Lieutenant Dale, the second in command of the Expedition, and who appears to have well merited the designation of a "skillful draughtsman," which is given to him. The interest of these lies in their representing subjects mostly new to the eyes of those who have been wearied with the five-hundredth repetition of the same scenes and objects. The views on the Dead Sea are of special and remarkable interest, and the costume figures are also striking and suggestive, although with one or two exceptions very wretchedly engraved; and the effect of the Arabian figures is spoiled by the stiff cable ropes which are twined around the *koofeyehs*, or head-shawls, in place of the soft twists of wool or camels' hair of which this head-band is really composed. But the sketch-map of the whole course of the Jordan between the lakes of Tiberias and Asphaltites, with its rapids and innumerable bends, and that of the Dead Sea, through its whole extent and in its true shape and proportions, are both invaluable; and their production, without a word of letterpress, were well worth the whole cost and labor of the Expedition.

The history of that Expedition we may now state, before examining the results which it has realized.

After the surrender of Vera Cruz in May, 1847, when there was no more work for the United States navy in these parts, Lieutenant Lynch applied to his government for leave to circumnavigate and thoroughly explore the Dead Sea. After some consideration, a favorable decision was given, and he was directed to make the requisite preparations. At the beginning of October the lieutenant was ordered to take the command of the store ship "Supply," formerly the "Crusader." This vessel was to be laden with stores for the squadron in the Mediterranean; and while preparing for this regular duty, the commander made the arrangements that appeared needful for the more special service. He had constructed, by special authority, two metallic boats, one of copper and the other of galvanized iron. These boats were so constructed as to be taken to pieces for convenience of transport across the land; but, as the taking the boats apart was a novel experiment, and might prove unsuccessful, two low trucks (or carriages without bodies) were provided, for the purpose of endeavoring to transport the boats entire from the Mediterranean to the Sea of Galilee. The trucks, when fitted, were taken apart, and compactly stowed in the hold, together with two sets of harness for horses. The boats, when complete, were hoisted in, and laid keel-up on a frame prepared for them; and with arms, ammunition, instruments, tents, flags, sails, oars, preserved meats, cooking utensils, the preparations were complete. Nothing that could conduce to the safety or success of the Expedition seems to have been overlooked. Air-tight gum-elastic water-bags were even procured, to be inflated when empty, for the purpose of serving as life-preservers to the crew in case of the destruction of the boats. Great care was also taken in the selection of the crew intended for the special service. Ten "young, muscular, native-born Americans, of sober habits," were chosen, and from each of them was exacted a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks. "To this stipulation," says the commander, "under Providence, is principally to be ascribed their final recovery from the extreme prostration consequent on the severe privations and great exposure to which they were unavoidably subjected." Besides these few men, Lieutenant Dale and Midshipman Aulick were attached to the Expedition; and the commander had with him his son, who took charge of the herbarium. Thus the party consisted in all of fourteen persons, to whom were subsequently

added, as volunteers, Mr. Bedlow and Dr. Anderson, the former at Constantinople, and the latter at Beirut, where also an interpreter was acquired in the person of an intelligent native Syrian, called Ameuny. We should like to know whether this was the person of the same name who, a few years back, studied in King's College, London. We feel almost sure that this is the same person; and, in that case, we know that he was qualified to render far greater services to the Expedition than he has credit for on the face of the narrative.

The Supply sailed from New York on the 21st November, 1847, and reached Smyrna on the 18th February, 1848. From Smyrna the officers of the Expedition proceeded to Constantinople in the Austrian steamer, with the view of obtaining from the Sultan, through the American minister, permission to pass through a part of his dominions in Syria, for the purpose of exploring the Dead Sea, and of tracing the Jordan to its source. The account of this journey occupies too much space; and even the writer of the lesser account, although avowedly remaining behind at Smyrna, treats us to an account of Constantinople, prepared, it would seem—like the other notices of places which he is fond of thrusting in—from those invaluable authorities, the geography books for the use of schools.

The commander had the honor of an audience of the young Sultan, and manifests some disposition to plume himself upon the republican freedom of his demeanor. There is, we must say, much bad taste of this sort throughout the book. We are also indulged with some rather twaddling observations upon the character of the Sultan, and the impending downfall of the Turkish empire. The latter is a subject on which we are sorely tempted to have our say too; but we will not at this time allow even Lieutenant Lynch to seduce us from our proper theme. The desired authorization was granted; and the Sultan even appeared to manifest some interest in the undertaking, and requested to be informed of the results.

Thus armed with all necessary powers, the officers returned to Smyrna, rejoining the Supply, which sailed the next day (March 10) for the coast of Syria, and, after touching at Beirut and other places, came to anchor in the Bay of Acre, under Mount Carmel, on the 28th.

The Expedition men, with the stores, the tents, and the boats, having landed, an encampment was formed on the beach, and

the Supply departed to deliver to the American squadron the stores with which it was charged, with orders to be back in time for the re-embarkation of the exploring party. "With conflicting emotions," writes Lieutenant Lynch, "we saw the Supply stand out to sea. Shall any of us live to tread again her clean, familiar deck? What matters it! We are in the hands of God, and, fall early or fall late, we fall with his consent." There was certainly room for serious reflection. The fates of the unhappy Costigan, and more recently of Lieutenant Molyneux, both of whom perished of fever caught on the Dead Sea, were but too well calculated to damp the spirits of the adventurers. Even the thoughtless sailors felt this influence:—

"We had been told," it is stated in the Montague book, "that there never was an expedition planned to explore the Dead Sea which had prospered; some fatality, like the unerring dart of an eagle, had always pounced upon its brave fellows: they had been sick, and lingered but a short while, and had died in this unfriendly climate; or had been attacked by the bloodthirsty Arabs, plundered, and then murdered. These things had taken place so recently, that the murderer has scarce sheathed his sword—the smoke from his pistol has scarce died away in the atmosphere—the unerring spear has scarce stayed from its quivering—and the blood of the murdered has scarcely yet been dried up by the prevailing heat, or absorbed by the surrounding earth. But we Yankee boys," &c.

The first difficulty of a practical nature was how to get the boats across to the Sea of Tiberias. The copper boat, we should have noticed, was named Fanny Mason, and the other Fanny Skinner—two very pretty and appropriate names for the navigation of the Sea of Death. The boats, mounted on the trucks, were laden with the stores and baggage of the party, and all was arranged most conveniently—only the horses could not be persuaded to draw. The harness was also found to be much too large for the small Syrian horses; and although they manifestly gloried in the strange equipment, and they voluntarily performed sundry gay and fantastic movements, the operation of pulling was altogether averse to their habits and inclination. What was to be done? Oxen might have been tried, and we have no doubt that they would have performed the task well; but they were all engaged in the labors of the field, it being now "the height of *seed-time*," (which must be a mistake for *harvest*), and Lieutenant Lynch gen-

erously hesitated to withdraw them from that essential labor. He was thinking of taking the boats to pieces, though most reluctant to adopt that course, when the idea of trying whether camels might not be made to draw in harness crossed his mind. The experiment was tried; and all hearts throbbed with gratitude as the huge animals, three to each, marched off with the trucks, the boats upon them, with perfect ease. It was a novel sight, witnessed by an eager crowd of the natives, to whom the successful result disclosed an unknown accomplishment in the patient and powerful animal, which they had before thought fit only to plod along with a heavy load upon his back.

This difficulty, and some others, thrown in their way by the Governor of Acre, being removed, the party at length set forth from the coast on the 4th of April. They were accompanied by "a fine old man, an Arab nobleman, called Sherif Hazza of Mecca, the thirty-third lineal descendant of the prophet." As he appeared to be highly venerated by the Arabs, Lieutenant Lynch thought it would be a good measure to induce him to join the party; and he was prevailed upon to do so with less difficulty than had been anticipated. Another addition to the party was made next day in the person of a Bedouin sheikh of the name of Akil, with ten well-armed Arabs. This person, described as a powerful border sheikh, had become known to them at Acre, and on now visiting him at his village of Abelin, he was induced to attend the Expedition with "ten spears," which, with the sheikh and Sherif, and the servants of the latter, made fifteen Arabs in all. The exploring party itself amounted to sixteen, with the interpreter and cook; so that altogether, with the Arabs gallantly mounted, with their long tufted spears, the mounted seamen in single file, the laden camels, and the metal boats, with flags flying, mounted on carriages, drawn by huge camels, the party presented rather an imposing aspect. "It looked," says the commander, proudly, "like a triumphal march."

Some difficulty was experienced in getting the boats over the broken and rocky upper country, the roads being no better than mule tracks; but by breaking off a crag here, and filling up a hollow there, and by sometimes abandoning the road altogether, difficulties were overpassed, and the whole equipage reached the brink of the slopes overlooking the basin of the Galilee lake. How to get them down into the water was still some question.

"Took all hands up the mountain to get the boats down. Many times we thought that, like the herd of swine, they would rush precipitately into the sea. Every one did his best, and at length success crowned our efforts. With their flags flying we carried them triumphantly beyond the walls [of Tiberias] uninjured, and amid a crowd of spectators, launched them upon the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee—the Arabs singing, clapping their hands to the time, and crying for *backshish*—but we neither shouted nor cheered. From Christian lips it would have sounded like profanation. A look upon that consecrated lake ever brought to remembrance the words, 'Peace, be still!' which not only repressed all noisy exhibition, but soothed for a time all worldly care. Buoyantly floated the two 'Fannies,' bearing the stars and stripes—the noblest flag of freedom now waving in the world. Since the time of Josephus and the Romans, no vessel of any size has sailed upon this sea; and for many, many years but a solitary keel has furrowed its surface."—P. 162.

This "solitary keel" is, it appears, the same that the party bought for six pounds, and put in repair to relieve the other boats in transporting the baggage. It was called "Uncle Sam;" and on the 10th of April the boats were pushed off from the shelving beach, and sought the outlet of the Jordan; Uncle Sam, rowed by Arabs, being preceded by his two fair daughters—Fanny Mason leading the way, closely followed by Fanny Skinner; the allied Bedouins, with the cattle, proceeding along the shore, under the command of Lieutenant Dale. The real business of the Expedition here commenced, and, aware of this, the commander made a division of labor, assigning to each officer and volunteer his appropriate duty. Mr. Dale was to make topographical sketches of the country; Dr. Anderson was to make geological observations and collect specimens; Mr. Bedlow was to note the aspect of the country on the land route, and the incidents that occurred on the march; Mr. F. Lynch was to collect plants and flowers for the herbarium; to Mr. Aulick, who had charge of the Fanny Skinner, was assigned the topographical sketch of the river and its shores; and Lieutenant Lynch himself, in the Fanny Mason, undertook to take notes of the course, rapidity, color, and depth of the river and its tributaries, the nature of its banks, and of the country through which it flowed—the vegetable productions, and the birds and animals which might be seen, and also to keep a journal of events.

The descent of the river occupied above a week, as the bathing-place of the pilgrims, somewhat above the Dead Sea, was not

reached until the night of the 17th. During this time the water party had generally, in the evening, joined the land party on the shore, and remained encamped until the morning. But little information concerning the river could be obtained at Tiberias, and it was therefore with considerable consternation that the course of the Jordan was soon found to be interrupted by frequent and most fearful rapids. Thus, to proceed at all, it often became necessary to plunge with headlong velocity down the most appalling descents. So great were the difficulties, that on the second evening the boats were not more than twelve miles in direct distance from Tiberias. On the third morning it became necessary to abandon poor Uncle Sam, from its shattered condition. It was seen that no other kind of boats in the world, but such as those which had been brought from America, combining great strength with buoyancy, could have sustained the shocks they encountered. The boats were indeed sorely bruised, but not materially injured, and a few hours sufficed to repair all damages.

The immense difference between the levels of the Lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea—the latter having been, by the best observations hitherto obtained, ascertained to be no less than 984 feet lower than the former—had recently been called in question both by Dr. Robinson and Carl Ritter. In the "*Bibliotheca Sacra*" for August, 1848, Dr. Robinson has a statement on the subject, which may be thus summed up:—

The result of the survey made by Lieutenant Symonds of the Royal Engineers gives 1311·9 feet for the depression of the Dead Sea, and 328 for that of the Lake of Tiberias below the sea-level of the Mediterranean. Seeing that the distance between the two lakes does not exceed one degree, this would give to the river Jordan, which passes from the one to the other, a descent of 16·4 feet per mile. Of several rapid rivers, whose course is stated, the lower part of the Orontes, "roaring over its rocky bed," and unnavigable, and the Missouri at the Great Falls, are the only ones whose rapidity of descent can compare with this. "But the Jordan, so far as known, has neither cataracts nor rapids, and its flow, though swift, is silent. Yet, of the 984 feet of its descent in 60 geographical miles, there is room for three cataracts, each equal in descent to Niagara: and there would still be left to the river an average fall equal to the swiftest portion of the Rhine, including the cataract of Schaffhausen." On these grounds Dr.

Robinson hinted there might probably be some error in the calculation, affecting the results. We must admit there was ample ground for the doubt thus expressed, and which the great Prussian geographer declared that he shared—but seeing that a few weeks were destined signally to subvert the whole reasoning, and the doubt that rested on it, there is a striking resemblance between this and Mr. Cobden's famous declaration respecting the unchangeable peacefulness of Europe. The great secret of this depression is solved by our explorers on the basis of the very facts whose non-existence Dr. Robinson too hastily assumed. First, there *are* rapids. The boats plunged down no less than twenty-seven very threatening ones, besides a great number of lesser magnitude; and then, although the direct distance between the two lakes does not exceed sixty miles, yet the distance actually traversed by the stream in its course—found to be exceedingly tortuous—is at least 200 miles, reducing the average fall to not more than six feet in each mile, which the numerous rapids in that distance render very comprehensible. Thus the great depression of the Dead Sea below the Lake of Tiberias is established both by scientific calculation and by actual observation—by two independent lines of proof, which support and corroborate each other.

The larger narrative traces with great and proper minuteness the changing aspects and circumstances of the river at the successive stages of progress. These details are so numerous and so various that it is difficult to generalize them. We are, therefore, glad that Montague's sailor, in his more general and less responsible view, supplies a few lines, which, corroborated as they are by the Commander, will serve our purpose well. He says,—

"The banks of the Jordan are beautifully studded with vegetation. The cultivation of the ground is not so extensive as it might be, and as it would be, if the crops were secured to the cultivator from the desperadoes who scour the region. The waters of the Jordan are clear and transparent, except in the immediate vicinity of the rapids and falls. It is well calculated for fertilizing the valleys of its course. There are often plenty of fish seen in its deep and shady course; but we see no trace of the lions and bears which once inhabited its thickets: now and then are to be seen footsteps of the wild boar, which sometimes visits the neighborhood."

The wide and deeply depressed plain through which the river flows, is generally barren, treeless, and verdureless; and the

mountains, or rather, the cliffs and slopes of the risen uplands, present, for the most part, a wild and cheerless aspect. The verdure—such as it is—may only be sought on and near the lower valley or immediate channel of the Jordan. No one statement can apply to the scenery of its entire course; but the following picture, which refers to nearly the central part of the river's course, some distance below Wady Adjilun, is a good specimen of the kind of scenery which the passage of the river offers. It is also a very fair example of the style in which Lieutenant Lynch works up the passages he wishes to be most impressive:—

"The character of the whole scene of this dreary waste was singularly wild and impressive. Looking out upon the desert, bright with reverberated light and heat, was like beholding a conflagration from a window at twilight. Each detail of the strange and solemn scene could be examined as through a lens.

"The mountains towards the west rose up like islands from the sea, with the billows heaving at their bases. The rough peaks caught the slanting sunlight, while sharp black shadows marked the sides turned from the rays. Deep-rooted in the plain, the bases of the mountains heaved the garment of the earth away, and rose abruptly in naked pyramidal crags, each scar and fissure as palpably distinct as though within reach, and yet we were hours away; the laminations of their strata resembling the leaves of some gigantic volume, wherein is written, by the hand of God, the history of the changes he has wrought.

"Towards the south, the ridges and higher masses of the range, as they swept away in the distance, were aerial and faint, and softened into dimness by a pale transparent mist.

"The plain that sloped away from the bases of the hills was broken into ridges and multitudinous, cone-like mounds, resembling tumultuous water at 'the meeting of two adverse tides;' and presented a wild and chequered tract of land, with spots of vegetation flourishing upon the frontiers of irreclaimable sterility.

"A low, pale, and yellow ridge of conical hills marked the termination of the higher terrace, beneath which swept gently this lower plain with a similar undulating surface, half redeemed from barrenness by sparse verdure and thistle-covered hillocks.

"Still lower was the valley of the Jordan—the sacred river!—its banks fringed with perpetual verdure; winding in a thousand graceful mazes; the pathway cheered with songs of birds, and its own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy; its course a bright line in this cheerless waste. Yet beautiful as it is, it is only rendered so by contrast with the harsh, calcined earth around."—Pp. 232, 233.

Of the manner in which the rapids were

passed, the following passage will afford an adequate notice:—

"At 10. 15 A. M., cast off and shot down the first rapid, and stopped to examine more closely a desperate-looking cascade of eleven feet. In the middle of the channel was a shoot at an angle of about sixty degrees, with a bold, bluff, threatening rock at its foot, exactly in the passage. It would therefore be necessary to turn almost at a sharp angle in descending, to avoid being dashed in pieces. This rock was on the outer edge of the whirlpool, which a caldron of foam swept round and round in circling eddies. Yet below were two fierce rapids, each about 150 yards in length, with the points of black rocks peering above the white and agitated surface. Below them, again, within a mile, were two other rapids—longer, but more shelving, and less difficult.

"Fortunately, a large bush was growing upon the left bank, about five feet up where the rush of the water from above had formed a kind of promontory. By swimming across some distance up the stream, one of the men had carried over the end of a rope, and made it fast around the roots of the bush. The great doubt was, whether the hold of the roots would be sufficient to withstand the strain, but there was no alternative. In order not to risk the men, I employed some of the most vigorous Arabs in the camp to swim by the side of the boats, and guide them, if possible, clear of danger. Landing the men, therefore, and tracking the Fanny Mason up stream, we shot her across; and gathering in the slack of the rope, let her drop to the brink of the cascade, where she fairly trembled and bent in the fierce strength of the sweeping current. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The sailors had now clambered along the banks, and stood at intervals below, ready to assist us, if thrown from the boat and swept towards them. One man with me in the boat stood by the line; a number of Arabs were upon the rocks and in the foaming water, gesticulating wildly, their shouts mingling with the roaring of the boisterous rapids, and their dusky forms contrasting strangely with the effervescing flood, and five on each side, in the water, were clinging to the boat, ready to guide her clear of the threatening rock if possible.

"The Fanny Mason, in the meanwhile, swayed from side to side of the mad torrent like a frightened bird, straining the line which held her. Watching the moment when her bows were in the right direction, I gave the signal to let go the rope. There was a rush—a plunge—an upward leap, and the rock was cleared—the pool was passed! and, half full of water, with breathless velocity, we were swept safely down the rapids. Such screaming and shouting! The Arabs seemed to exult more than ourselves. It was in seeming only. They were glad—we were grateful. Two of the Arabs lost their hold, and were carried far below us, but were rescued with a slight injury to one of them."—Pp. 189, 190.

The following, which is one of the best

descriptions, has reference to an earlier portion of the river's course, about one-third from the Lake of Tiberias :—

"For hours in their swift descent the boats floated down in silence—the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream like tresses, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own will, darting through the arched vistas, and shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals. There was little variety in the scenery of the river; to-day the streams sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees, and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque—the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage and glimpse of the mountains far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan; the western shore was peculiar from the high calcareous limestone hills which form a barrier to the stream when swollen by the efflux of the Sea of Galilee during the winter and early spring; while the left and eastern bank was low and fringed with tamarisk and willow, and occasionally a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, gave it the appearance of a jungle. At one place we saw the fresh track of a tiger [leopard?] on the low, clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the thicket; but for some moments we tracked his pathway by the shaking cane, and the crashing sound of broken branches.

"The birds were numerous; and at times, when we issued from the shadow and silence of a narrow and verdure-tinted part of the stream into an open bend where the rapids rattled and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wilderness song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold, dull-lighted hall, where gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings, and the dance goes on."—Pp. 212, 213.

The passage of the river was accomplished without any real opposition from the neighboring Arabs—all hostile demonstration being apparently held in check by the manifest strength of the party. Some friendly intercourse, indeed, took place at different points. We observe generally that the explorers, with their minds preoccupied with ideas of North American Indians, greatly

underrate the position, character, and knowledge of the Arabs. Indeed, they are plainly called "savages;" but they are not savages, unless the patriarchal fathers of Scripture history were savages, which no one ever thought. This misapprehension of the Arabs is, of course, exhibited in a still more exaggerated form in the narrative of Montague's sailor, whose less cultivated perceptions are still more obtuse. He ventures to say, in one place, that the Arabs wondered how the boats could walk the waters without legs!

All this that relates to the Jordan is new, valuable, and important. It is the real, great work of the Expedition. We absolutely knew next to nothing about the river between the two lakes before, except just below where it leaves the upper lake, and just above where it enters the lower; but here the whole river is set forth before us, and all the mysteries connected with its course are completely solved. For this, the commander is well entitled to the gold medal by the Royal Geographical Society, which we should hope will be awarded to him. In the Dead Sea, the additions to our knowledge are less striking and important. The lake had been viewed at nearly all points by different travelers; the comparison of whose statements furnished a sufficiently correct idea of the figure and directions of the lake, and of the peculiar phenomena which it offers. In most respects, therefore, the business here was not to discover anything new, but to verify previous accounts; and in most respects, all the accounts given by the best of former travelers—especially such as subvert the old traditions of the lake—are abundantly confirmed, and settled beyond all further doubt or question. In fact, the navigation of the lake in boats is not a new thing—it having been previously done by an Irishman, Costigan, and more recently by an Englishman, Lieutenant Molyneux, of H. M. S. *Spartan*. Indeed, the latter officer had also performed the same passage down the Jordan; and had he lived to impart to the public the fruit of his observations, the interest of the present Expedition would have been forestalled, and its facts anticipated at all points. It is to the credit of Lieutenant Lynch that he manifests a full consciousness of the claims of his predecessors. He even gives the name of Point Costigan to one of the points of the peninsula, towards the south of the Dead Sea, and of Point Molyneux to the other; and it is certainly not the least of our obligations to these officers, that their prior claims, in

all probability, prevented these spots from being ornamented with the names of Fanny Mason and Fanny Skinner, if not of Uncle Sam. It is bad enough as it is, to see an ancient and a sacred soil thus desecrated with any modern and Frankish names. Dr. Robinson would have ascertained the native names of those places; and our explorers might, if they had chosen, have done the same, by the aid of so accomplished and excellent an interpreter as Mr. Ameuny. We hope this sort of folly will end here. It is quite enough that the geographical nomenclature of half the world is ruined by this frightful bad taste, without the sacred land itself being exposed to the same deep abasement.

The Expedition spent no less than twenty-two nights upon the lake. During this time the whole circuit of it was made, including the back-water at the southern extremity, which had never before been explored in boats. Every object of interest upon the banks was examined; and the lake was crossed and recrossed in a zigzag direction through its whole extent, for the purpose of sounding. The figure of the lake, as laid down in the sketch-map, is somewhat different from that usually given to it. The breadth is more uniform throughout; it is less narrowed at the northern extremity, and less widened on approaching the peninsula in the south. In its general dimensions it is longer, but is not so wide as usually represented. Its length by the map is forty miles, by an average breadth of about nine miles. The observations and facts from day to day are recorded in Lieutenant Lynch's book; and it is by reading them that the reader must realize the impressions which the survey is designed to produce, for the author does not take the trouble to combine his results in one clear and connected statement; indeed, the want of these occasional generalizations of details, which the reader of such a work is entitled to expect, and which, it might be thought, might have been easily given as a general retrospect of the whole, is the great defect of the book. Dr. Robinson, in his really great work on Palestine, after giving the details of his explorations, pauses on every vantage-ground to survey the scene, and to state the general effect and character of the whole. But nothing of the kind is attempted by our author, who seems to have been either ignorant of this necessity, or to have lacked the skill to supply it. The sea-custom of keeping an account of minute particulars and observations from day to day in

the log-book, tends to create a habit of correctly observing and registering small details, but is perhaps unfavorable to the formation or cultivation of the faculty of generalization. On the other hand, there are men who can only

"See things in the gross,
Being much too gross to see them in detail."

One of this sort is Montague's sailor, who, being incapable of following the observations of his commander, and being, as it seems, only partially acquainted with other than the most obvious results, states general impressions rather than particulars; and we are not sure but that in this way he renders to the common reader the general effect of the whole much more effectively than his commander, whose account alone is, however, here of any scientific value. It has seemed to us, indeed, that this part of Montague's book is better done than any other. He here makes a most distinct impression, and, but for the egregious blunders into which he falls whenever stating what men know from *reading*, we might suppose that in this portion of the work he had access to better information than in other parts. This writer does not lack power of observation; and his errors are mostly in those allusions to "things in general," in which only a man possessed of assured knowledge from reading and study can be always correct. We are not sure that the blunders made in allusions of this sort—which are as plenty as blackberries—and the disgust one feels at the vile slang which turns up every now and then, tends to create an under-estimate of the truthfulness of many observations on matters that fall within the fair scope of an intelligent seaman's knowledge.

The only passage in which Lieutenant Lynch attempts to furnish us with something like the result of his exploration is this:—

"We have carefully sounded the sea, determined its geographical position, taken the exact topography of its shores, ascertained the temperature, width, depth, and velocity of its tributaries, collected specimens of every kind, and noted the winds, currents, changes of the weather, and all atmospheric phenomena. These, with a faithful narrative of events, will give a correct idea of this wonderful body of water as it appeared to us.

"From the summit of these cliffs, in a line a little north of west, about sixteen miles distant, is Hebron, a short distance from which Dr. Robinson found the dividing ridge between the Mediterranean and this sea. From Beni Na'im, the reputed tomb of Lot, upon that ridge, it is

supposed that Abraham looked 'towards all the land of the plain,' and beheld the smoke 'as the smoke of a furnace.' The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and 'overwhelmed' by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the last averaging thirteen, the former about *thirteen hundred* feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el-Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea.

"Between the Jabok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a sudden break-down in the bed of the Jordan. If there be a similar break in the water-courses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can scarce be a doubt that the whole Ghor has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion, preceded, most probably, by an eruption of fire, and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain. I shall ever regret that we were not authorized to explore the southern Ghor to the Red Sea.

"All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too—as reference to the map will show—have a southward inclination near their outlets; that of Zirka Main or Callirohoe especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this supposition would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities, without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course.

"There are many other things tending to the same conclusion; among them the isolation of the mountain of Usdum; its difference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product.

"But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was skeptical, and another, I believe, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. I

record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of would-be unbelievers."—Pp. 378–380.

As we have chosen a way of our own in which to state some of the other results of this exploration, we must hasten to complete the historical notice of its incidents, by stating, that before quitting the shores of the Dead Sea, the party made an excursion to Kerak, with the view principally of affording the men an intermediate refreshment from the close atmosphere of the lake. Here there are about 1000 Christians kept in most oppressive subjection by about one-third of the number of Moslem Arabs, who live mostly in tents outside the town. They have commenced building a church, in the hope of keeping all together, and as a safe place of refuge for their wives and children in times of trouble; but the locusts and the sirocco have for the last seven years blasted the fields, and nearly all spared by these distractions has been swept away by the Arabs. They furnished the party with the subjoined appeal to the Christians in America, and which deserves to be known in this country.

"By God's favor!

"May it, God willing, reach America, and be presented to our Christian brothers, whose happiness may the Almighty God preserve! Amen. 8642. "BEDUAH.

"We are, in Kerak, a few very poor Christians, and are building a church.

"We beg your excellency to help us in this undertaking, for we are very weak.

"The land has been unproductive, and visited by the locust for the last seven years.

"The church is delayed in not being accomplished for want of funds, for we are a few Christians surrounded by Muslims.

"This being all that is necessary to write to you, Christian brothers of America, we need say no more.

"The trustees in your bounty.

"ABD' ALLAH EN NAHAS, Sheikh.

"YAKOB EN NAHAS, Sheikh's brother.

"Kerak, Jamâd Awâh, 1264."

These poor people behaved very well, as they always do, to our travelers; but from the Arabs of Kerak they were, on their return, threatened with much danger—with greater danger, indeed, than had previously been known. But this and all dangers passed, and the survey of the lake being soon after completed, the boats, no longer needed, were taken to pieces, and sent, with two camels' load of specimens, to Jerusalem

whither the party itself followed by the route of Santa Saba. After some stay there, they crossed the country to Jaffa. Nor was this without object or labor, a line of levels having to be carried, with the spirit level of the most recent and improved construction (Troughton's,) from the chasm of the Dead Sea, through the desert of Jordan, "over precipices and mountain ridges, and down and across yawning ravines, and for much of the time under a scorching sun." The merit of this operation is assigned to Lieutenant Dale. The results are not stated, but are said to be confirmatory of the skill and extraordinary accuracy of the triangulation by Lieutenant Symonds.

At Acre the party divided, one portion proceeding in a Turkish brig to Beirut, and the other returning across the country to Tiberias, by way of Nazareth. The object being from hence to follow the Upper Jordan to its source, our interest in the special objects of the Expedition is revived. This part of the business is, however, passed but lightly over, there being no very new or very adventurous work to execute, and, as it seems to us, the officers being but ill-informed as to the points which in this part specially demanded attention.

In his way up the shore of the lake of Galilee, Lieutenant Lynch very modestly expresses an opinion in favor of Tell Hum as the probable site of Capernaum, in preference to Dr. Robinson's Khan Minryeh; and his return to the old ways we hail as a proof of his sound judgment. In respect to Bethsaida he is less fortunate, confounding the northeast Bethsaida with the western Bethsaida, as the city of Andrew and Peter. But mistakes of this sort swarm throughout the work. The chances being only a degree or two less in this work than in Montague's that we encounter a blunder in connection with every proper name that turns up.*

* We note a few specimens. It is "Collingwood," and not Jervis, who is described as breaking the enemy's line at Cape St. Vincent. The prophet "Isaiah," and not Elijah, as resting under the juniper tree in the wilderness. Reland is throughout "Keyland." "The Arab has no name for wine, the original Arabic word for which is now applied to coffee!" The truth being, that one of many Arabic words for wine is so applied. "J. Robinson, D.D., of New York," for E. Robinson, D.D. "The Chinese Kotan" for "Kotou." "Almeidan" for Atmaidan. "We saw the river Cayster (*modern Meander*!)" "Acre derived its name from the church of St. Jean d'Acre." "Saul and his three sons threw themselves upon their swords." "Near the palace [of Beschiktasche on the Bosphorus] stood the column of Simeon and Daniel Stylites,

Between the two lakes the river hastens—a rapid and foaming stream, between a thick border of willows, oleanders, and ghurrah. Of the lake Huleh, nothing is added to our previous information, indeed, scarcely anything is said; and we are quite distressed to say that the commander does not seem to have been at all aware that it was an object of interest to ascertain whether the river from Hasbeiya, which, as the remoter source, must be regarded as the true Jordan, unites with the river from Banias before it enters the lake Huleh, or else reaches it as a separate and parallel stream. Not a word is said on this point, and there is no map or plan that might indicate the view taken of the matter.

The sources of the Jordan have been so often visited, and are so well known, that we could hardly expect much that is new on the subject. We certainly do not find anything that was not previously well known. Upon the whole, this exploration of the Upper Jordan is a failure altogether. But this is excusable, from the unbent attention of men whose energies had of late been greatly overtasked, and who regarded the great objects of their undertaking as already accomplished.

The party proceeded to Damascus, and returned by way of Baalbek to Beirut. It was with dismay that it was found the Supply had not, according to appointment, arrived there to receive them—the rather as Mr. Dale and some of the men became sick, and needed medical assistance. In a few days, however, they all recovered, except that able officer, who, after lingering a few weeks, died of the same low nervous fever which had carried off Costigan and Molyneux—the former explorers of the Dead Sea. He died at a village twelve miles up the Lebanon, to which he had withdrawn, in the hope of being invigorated by the mountain air. The afflicted commander, determined to take the body home, if possible, immediately started with it to Beirut. "It was a slow, dreary ride, down the rugged mountain by twilight. As I followed the body of my late companion, accompanied only by worthy Arabs, and thought of his young and helpless children, I could scarce repress the wish that I had been taken and he been spared." The body was, however, not taken home, but was deposited, "amid unhidden tears and stifled sobs," in the Frank cemetery at Beirut.

two saintly fools, who spent most of their lives upon its summit." Simeon was never near the Bosphorus. But enough of this.

There is much reason to apprehend that the report of the results of this Expedition has suffered much from the loss of this accomplished officer. We see from a paper by Dr. Robinson in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for November, 1848, that he anticipated this would be the case. He states,—

"Lieutenant Dale had reached the age of thirty-five; he was a man of fine appearance and elegant manners, and was selected by Lieutenant Lynch to be his companion because of his experience in the exploring expedition under Capt. Wilkes, and as an engineer, first in connection with the coast survey, and afterwards in Florida. His loss will doubtless be greatly felt in making up the report of the Expedition, the end of which he was permitted to behold, but not to participate its fruits, nor to enjoy its rewards."

We grieve to add, from the Preface of the volume before us,—“His wife has since followed him to the grave; but in his name he has left a rich inheritance to his children.” These are sad words, when we recollect the shortness of the interval between the return of the Expedition and the appearance of this statement.

About a week after, being a full month after the return to Beirut, the party embarked on board a French brig for Malta, being tired of waiting longer for the Supply. At Malta they were joined by that vessel on the 12th September, and re-embarking in her, sped homeward, reaching New York early in December, after an absence of something above one year.

Having thus traced the course of the Expedition, we must return to offer the reader some remarks upon the Dead Sea, in connection with those researches concerning it which this American Expedition may be regarded as having consummated.

The name of “Dead Sea” is not known in Scripture, in which it is mentioned by the various names of the East Sea, the Sea of Sodom, the Sea of the Desert, and the Salt Sea. In Josephus and the classical writers, it is known by the name of the Lake of Asphaltites, from the great quantities of bitumen it produced. Its current name doubtless originated in the belief that no living thing could subsist in its waters. In the incidental allusions to it in the Old Testament—for it is not named in the New—there is nothing to suggest a foundation for the statements which have since been disproved; and all recent research confirms the Scriptural intimations. We no sooner, however, get out of the Bible into the Apocrypha,

than we are in the region of exaggeration and tradition. The author of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, speaking of the cities of the plain, says—“Of whose wickedness even to this day the waste land that smoketh is a testimony, and plants bearing fruits that never come to ripeness; and a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul.”—x. 7. Here are three points,—smoke rising from the lake; plants whose fruits will not ripen in this atmosphere; and the pillar of salt into which Lot’s wife was turned.

Now it must be confessed that this smoke was a very suitable incident for the imagination to rest upon. It was in keeping. It agreed with the doom in which at least the southern gulf of the lake originated, and suggested that the fires then kindled, and by which the guilty cities were consumed, still smouldered in the depths or upon the shores of the Asphaltic Lake. This smoke, however, turns out to be no other than the dense mist from the active evaporation going on upon the surface, which often overhangs the lake in the morning, and is only dissipated as the sun waxes hot. This is frequently mentioned by our expeditionists. It is seen not exclusively in the morning:—

“At one time to-day, the sea assumed an aspect peculiarly sombre. Unstirred by the wind, it lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. The great evaporation enclosed it in a thin transparent vapor, its purple tinge contrasting strongly with the extraordinary color of the sea beneath, and where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast caldron of metal, fused but motionless.”—P. 324.

The idea of fire, which is connected with that of smoke, may in part also have originated in the intensely phosphorescent character of these heavy waters by night. We are not certain that this has been noticed by any other than the present travelers.

“The surface of the sea,” says Lieutenant Lynch, “was one wide sheet of phosphorescent foam, and the waves, as they broke upon the shore, threw a sepulchral light upon the dead bushes and scattered fragments of rock.”

Then there are the fruits which will not ripen. It is evident that there are many plants to which the saline exhalations and intense heat of the deep basin of the Dead Sea must be uncongenial, and which will therefore scarcely bring forth fruit to perfection; but there are others with which these conditions agree well, and which will

there yield their fruits. There is not much evidence on this subject to be found in travelers, who have seldom been there in the season of fruit. But our expeditionists found divers kinds of plants and shrubs in vigorous blossom, and which might therefore be expected to yield their fruits in due season. However, the general character of the shores is dismal, from the general absence of vegetation except at particular spots; and it must be admitted that the exhalations and saline deposits are as unfriendly to vegetable life as the waters are to animal existence.

We suspect, however, that the writer of Wisdom had in view those same famous apples of Sodom, of which Josephus speaks as of a peculiar product of the shores of this lake. "These fruits," says Josephus, "have a color as if they were fit to be eaten; but if you pluck them with your hands, they dissolve into smoke and ashes." So Tacitus: "The herbage may spring up, and the trees may put forth their blossoms, they may even attain the usual appearance of maturity, but with this florid outside, all within turns black, and moulders into dust." This plant has of course been much sought after by travelers. Hasselquist and others thought it the fruit of the *Solanum melongena*, or egg-plant, which is abundant in this quarter, but which only exhibits the required characteristics when attacked by insects. But since Seetzen, and Irby, and Mangles, there has been no question that the renowned "apple of Sodom" is no other than the *Osher* of the Arabs, the *Asclepias procera* of the early writers, but now forming part of the genus *Callotropis*. Dr. Robinson gives a good account of it; and our expeditionists add nothing to the information already possessed concerning it. The plant is a perennial, specimens of which have been found from ten to fifteen feet high, and seven or eight feet in girth. It is a gray, cork-like bark, with long oval leaves. The fruit resembles a large smooth apple or orange, and when ripe is of a yellow color. It is even fair to the eye, and soft to the touch, but when pressed, it explodes with a puff, leaving in the hand only the shreds of the rind and a few fibres. It is indeed chiefly filled with air like a bladder, which gives it the round form, while in the centre is a pod, containing a quantity of fine silk with seeds. When green, the fruit, like the leaves and the bark, affords, when cut or broken, a viscous, white milky fluid, called by the Arabs *Osher-milk*, (*Leben-oshher*), and regarded by them as a cure for barrenness. This plant, however, which

from being in Palestine found only on the shores of the Dead Sea, was locally regarded as being the special and characteristic product of that lake, is produced also in Nubia, Arabia, and Persia; which at once breaks up this one of the mysteries of the Dead Sea. It is no doubt found on those shores from the climate being here warmer, and therefore more congenial to it than in any other part of Palestine.

As to the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned, the existence of which has been recorded by many traditions, and of which so many travelers have heard vague reports from the natives, it is one of the most remarkable discoveries of our Expedition, that a pillar of salt does exist, which is, without doubt, that to which the native reports refer, and which, or one like which, may have formed the basis of the old traditions. That this pillar, or any like it, is or was that into which Lot's wife was turned, is another question, which it is not needful here to discuss. The word rendered "a pillar," denotes generally any fixed object; and that rendered "salt," denotes also bitumen; and the plain significance of the text would therefore seem to be, that she was slain by the fire and smoke, and sulphureous vapor; and her body being pervaded and enveloped by the bituminous and saline particles, lay there a stiffened and shapeless mass. The text appears to mean no more; but whether this mass may not have formed the nucleus of a mound, or even of a pillar of the same substance, forming as it were the unhonored grave of this unbelieving woman, is a question we are not called upon to consider. If the text required us to understand literally "a pillar of salt," we should know that it existed, and should think it likely that it exists still, and the question would be whether this, which our travelers have found, is that pillar or not. We should probably think *not*; for although its place is in what must have been the general locality of this visitation, yet if Zoar, to which the fugitives were escaping, has been correctly identified (as we doubt not) in Zuweirah, it is difficult to find *this* place for the pillar, upon the route thereto, from any spot which Sodom can be supposed to have occupied. Besides, this pillar is upon a hill, whereas the visitation evidently befell Lot's wife in the plain. The following is the account of it which Lieutenant Lynch gives:—

"To our astonishment, we saw, on the eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its

north extreme, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud, encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments, and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystalization. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone color. Its peculiar shape is attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms, that there was to be a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea, but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance on them."

Not a word is here said respecting the connection of this pillar with Lot's wife; but in a note it is pointed out that "a smaller pillar is mentioned by Josephus, who expresses his belief of its being the identical one into which Lot's wife had been transformed." This is cautious and judicious. Montague's sailor, however, to whom this sort of thing was specially suited, speaks with less reserve; and we remember that this portion of his book had a run through the press in the United States, having been communicated by the publishers before the work appeared. It was well chosen for the purpose of exciting the curiosity of the public for the disclosures the book was to contain. After a somewhat bald description of the pillar, the writer proceeds, and informs us that it was sixty feet high and forty feet in circumference. He then goes on:—

"We cannot suppose that Lot's wife was a person so large that her dimensions equaled that of the column. Many think that the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of, let that pillar be whatever it may, and whatever its size. They will not probably credit that this is the pillar; their preconceived notions have much to do with the matter; and they would have everybody—Americans and Syrians alike—think she was at once transformed into a column of very fine-grained, beautifully white salt, about five feet or a few inches in height, and in circumference that of a middle-aged woman of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have, perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on this matter who have not visited the spot. But here we are, around this immense column, and we find that it is really of solid rock-salt, one mass of crystalization. It is in the vicinity which is

pointed out in the Bible in relation to the matter in question, and it appears to be the only one of its kind here; and the Arabs of the district, to [by] whom this pillar is pointed out as being that of Lot's wife, [must believe this to be] the identical pillar of salt to which the Bible has reference; the tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation to their children, as the Americans will hand down to succeeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument in Boston. My own opinion on the matter is, that Lot's wife having lingered behind, in disobedience to God's express command, given in order to ensure her safety; that, while so lingering, she became overwhelmed in the descending fluid, and formed the model or foundation for this extraordinary column. If it be produced by common, by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found of a similar description. One is scarcely able to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience, committed at a time when he was about to show distinguishing regard for the very person."—Pp. 201, 202.

We were almost prepared to expect that this writer would shine among those who profess to have seen below the waters the ruins of the submerged cities. Even he, however, does not go to this extent; but, instead, he treats us with a very elaborate picture of the great scene of their destruction, all the outlines of which are amusingly filled up with details which could only be true of New York, or of some other great cities invested with all the circumstances of modern art and civilization.

Among the other traditions of the lake are those which speak of the peculiar density and saline qualities of the waters; that, from the buoyancy imparted to them by this density, bodies could not sink in them; that, from the ingredients they hold in solution, no animal life could exist in these waters; and that, from the pestiferous effluvia, no birds are found near the lake, and that such as attempt to fly across fall dead upon the surface.

As to the density of the waters, it is said by Josephus that Vespasian tried the experiment of tying the hands of some criminals behind their backs, and throwing them into the lake, when they floated like corks upon the surface. This was, it must be admitted, not a very sagacious experiment, the position of the hands behind the back, whereby the dangerous weight of the arms is supported by the water, being the most favorable to floating safely in any waters. This, therefore, could not prove that bodies would not sink; yet being thought to prove that, or to have been intended to prove it, Dr. Pococke's assurance that he not only swam but dived

in the water, was thought to show either that the experiment had not been correctly stated, or that the water had, in the course of ages, become more diluted than at the time the experiment was made. This, indeed, is one of the points in which tradition has not erred. From the impregnation of saline and bituminous matters, this water is greatly heavier than that of the ocean. This has been shown by many travelers for a hundred and fifty years past, and scarcely needs the confirmation which our explorers afford. Their long stay on the lake enabled them, however, to put together a greater number of practical illustrations of the fact. We will put a few of them together from both books. Some of the particulars almost suggest the idea of a sea of molten metal, still fluid, though cold. The sailor, who took his share in rowing, is most sensible of one of the effects which his commander less notices—the unusual resistance of the waves to the progress of the boat, and the force of their concussion against it. There was a storm of wind when the lake was first entered; and, says this writer, “the waves, dashing with fury against the boat, reminded its bold navigators of the sound and force of some immense sledgehammers, when wielded by a Herculean power.” Again, he dwells on “the extraordinary buoyancy of the waters, from the fact of our boats floating considerably higher than on the Jordan, with the same weight in them; and the greater weightiness of the water, from the terrible blows which the opposing waves dealt upon the advancing prows of the boat.” There was another circumstance resulting from this density, noticed by the commander, that when the sea rolled, the boats took in much water from the crests of the waves circling over the sides. Before quitting the lake, Lieutenant Lynch

“Tried the relative density of the water of this sea and of the Atlantic; the latter from 25 deg. N. latitude and 52 deg. W. longitude; distilled water being as 1. The water of the Atlantic was 1.02, and of this sea 1.13. The last dissolved 1-11; the water of the Atlantic 1-6; and distilled water 5-17 of its weight of salt; the salt used was a little damp. On leaving the Jordan, we carefully noted the draught of the boats. With the same loads they drew one inch less water when afloat upon this sea than in the river.”—P. 377.

Of the experiments in bathing, little is added to those erewhile so graphically recorded by Mr. Stephens in his *Incidents of Travels*. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Montague has drawn somewhat upon the

pages of that lively traveler. Stephens says, “It was ludicrous to see one of the horses. As soon as his body touched the water he was afloat, and turned over on his side; he struggled with all his force to preserve his equilibrium, but the moment he stopped moving he turned over on his side, and almost on his back, kicking his feet out of water, and snorting with terror.” This is closely imitated by Montague, who writes, “An experiment with an ass and a horse was also made. They were separately led into the sea, and when the water came in contact with the body of the animals, it was found heavier than the body itself, and consequently supported it upon the surface. The legs of the animals being rendered useless, were brought upon the surface, and they were thrown upon their side, plunging and snorting, puzzled by their novel position.”—P. 219. Now, Lieutenant Lynch, in reporting the same experiment, expressly says, that the animals were *not* turned on their sides; and he is at a loss to account for Stephens’ statement, but by supposing that the animal was in *that* case unusually weak. He admits, indeed, “that the animals turned a little on one side,” but adds, that “they did not lose their balance.” A similar experiment was made at another time with a horse, which “could with difficulty keep itself upright.” In bathing himself, the commander says, “With great difficulty I kept my feet down; and when I laid [lay] upon my back, and drawing up my knees placed my hands upon them, I rolled immediately over.” We fancy that we should have “rolled over” in any water, or even on land, in making that experiment. But, however, the buoyancy of this water is unquestionable; and it is clear that both man and beast may not only roll over, but roll over with impunity upon it. So in Montague’s book we read—

“Most of the men have bathed in its waters, and found them remarkably buoyant, so that they float with perfect ease upon it, and could pick a chicken, or read a newspaper at pleasure while so floating; in fact, it was difficult to get below the surface.”

These, certainly, are rather luxurious ideas for the Dead Sea—floating at ease, without fear of drowning, upon a soft water-bed, picking a chicken and reading a newspaper. Nevertheless, this, like other luxuries, has its penalties—for afterwards we read, “After being in it some few hours it takes off all the skin, and gives one the ‘miserables;’ on wash-

ing in it, it spreads over the body a disagreeable oily substance, with a prickly, smarting sensation." Again—"Another peculiarity was, that when the men's hands became wet with it in rowing, it produced a continual lather, and even the skin is oily and stiff, having a prickly sensation all over it." Hence they washed with delight, when opportunities offered, in the fresh-water streams that came down to the sea.—P. 181.

"We had quite a task to wash from our skin all the uncomfortable substances which had clung to us from the Dead Sea, for our clothes and skin had become positively saturated with the salt water."—P. 189.

But although thus unpleasant, acrid, and greasy, we are assured by Captain Lynch that the water is perfectly inodorous. And he ascribes the noxious smells which pervade the shores, not, as Molyneux supposed, to the lake itself, but to the foetid springs and marshes along the shore, increased, perhaps, by exhalations from the stagnant pools upon the flat plain, which bounds the lake to the north. Elsewhere, he contends, that the saline and inodorous exhalations from the lake itself must be rather wholesome than otherwise; and as there is but little verdure upon the shores, there can be no vegetable exhalations to render the air impure. The evil is in the dangerous and depressing influence from the intense heat, and from the acrid and clammy quality of the waters producing a most irritated state of the skin, and eventually febrile symptoms and great prostration of strength. Under these influences, in a fortnight, although the health of the men seemed substantially sound,

"The figure of each had assumed a dropsical appearance. The lean had become stout, and the stout almost corpulent; the pale faces had become florid, and those which were florid, ruddy; moreover, the slightest scratch festered, and the bodies of many of us were covered with small pustules. The men complained bitterly of the irritation of their sores, whenever the acrid water of the sea touched them. Still, all had good appetites, and I hoped for the best."—*Lynch*, p. 336.

Remarkable effects are afforded by the saline deposits upon the shores. On the peninsula towards the south end,

"There are few bushes, their stems partly buried in the water, and their leafless branches incrustated with salt, which sparkled as trees do at home when the sun shines upon them after a heavy sleet."—*Lynch*, p. 298.

"Overhauled the copper boat, which wore away rapidly in this living sea. Such was the action of the fluid upon the metal, that the latter, so long as it was exposed to its immediate friction, was as bright as burnished gold, but when it came in contact with the air, it corroded immediately."—*Lynch*, p. 344.

"The shores of the beach before me, as I write, are incrustated with salt, and looked exactly as if whitewashed."—*Lynch*, p. 344.

"The sands are not so bright as those of the Mediterranean and Atlantic Oceans, but of a darkish-brown color, and have the same taste as the sea-water, although it seldom distributes its waves over them."—*Montague*, p. 186.

"We noticed, after landing at Usdum, that, in the space of an hour, our very foot-prints upon the beach were coated with crystalization."—*Montague*, p. 207.

"A book of a large octavo size, being dipped in the water, either by accident or otherwise, resisted every attempt made to dry it. I have subsequently seen it in the oven of the ship's galley on several occasions, but without any permanent effect."—*Montague*, p. 224.

Now, as to the non-existence of living things in the water. This tradition, and that respecting the buoyancy of the water, seem to be those alone that are fully true. That creatures from the fresh-water streams that pour into the lake should die in water so essentially different—so salt, so dense, so bitter—was to be expected; but that this condition of the water should be fatal to all animal existence—that it harbored no peculiar forms of life—seemed to require strong proof; and this has, we think, been now sufficiently afforded. This had been stated by other travelers; and being now confirmed by those who were three weeks upon the lake, may be treated as an established fact. No trace of piscatory or lower forms of aquatic life was in all that time seen in these waters. Some of the streams that run into the lake are salt.

"In the salt-water streams there are plenty of fish, which, when they are unfortunately carried into the Dead Sea by the stream, or caught in their own element by the experimentalist, and thrown into it, at once expire and float. The same experiment was made and repeated at the mouth of the Jordan, with ourselves, of fish which we caught there, and cast into the sea; and nature, alike in both instances, immediately refused her life-supporting influence."—*Montague*, p. 223.

The commander himself cites a still more extraordinary fact. In a note at p. 377, he says:—

"Since our return, some of the water of the

Dead Sea has been subjected to a powerful microscope, and no animalculæ or vestige of animal matter could be detected."

This experiment, and proper care to secure some of the water of the lake, reminds us of a curious passage in our favorite old French traveler, Nau, who seems to regard this interest in the lake as a characteristic of Protestantism :—

"Before I finish this chapter, I must not omit to mention one thing that surprised me much in my two journeys. In both there were in the company some heretic merchants, who all manifested a marked devotion for this Sea of Sodom, testifying an extraordinary gladness in beholding it, and filling a large number of bottles with its water, to carry home with them, as if it had been some precious relic. I am not well able to understand the reasons of their devotion, or why they burdened themselves with so much of this water, which is of wrath and vengeance, rather than with that of the Jordan, which is a water of mercy and salvation. In fact, these men declared that there was nothing in all the Holy Land which they had seen with so much gratification."
— *Voyage Nouveau*, p. 384.

The scarcity of vegetation upon the bushes would account for the comparative absence of land birds from the lake; and the absence of fishes and other aquatic creatures from the waters would sufficiently explain the absence of aquatic fowl. There is no doubt, for these causes, some scarcity of birds here as compared with other lakes. But the notion that the effluvia of the waters were fatal to birds that attempted to pass, has been disproved during the present century by a great accumulation of evidence, which our explorers have been enabled largely to confirm. In fact, though we have long ceased to have any doubts on this point, we feel somewhat surprised at the number and variety of birds that are mentioned as found upon the borders of the lake, as flying

over it, or as skimming its surface. It is scarcely worth while to multiply instances of what almost every recent traveler has noticed. One instance is sufficient and conclusive, which is, that wild ducks were more than once seen floating at their ease on the surface of the lake. The tradition, now to be treated as obsolete, probably originated in the bodies of dead birds being found on the shore or upon the water. Such were indeed three times picked up by our travelers; but Lieutenant Lynch feels assured that they had perished from exhaustion, and not from any malaria of the sea. Montague thinks they had rather been shot in their flight, and adds the interesting fact, that they were in a good state of preservation, though they appeared to have been for some time in the water. The water, he adds, seems to have the quality of preserving whatever is cast into it. Specimens of wood found there were in an excellent state of preservation.

We now quit with reluctance a subject in which we feel very much interest. Lieutenant Lynch's book must be pronounced of great value, not only for the additions which it makes to our knowledge, but as the authentic record of an enterprise in the highest degree honorable to all the parties concerned. Our only regret is, that the author's avowed anxiety to occupy the book-market has prevented him from digesting his materials so carefully as the importance of the subject demanded, and has left inexcusable marks of haste, which should in any future edition be removed. Mr. Bentley is not, in this matter, altogether free from blame; for there are numerous persons in this country whose services would have removed most of the grosser errors by which the work is disfigured. As for the other book, what we have already said, we say once more: it is a bushel of chaff, from which those who think it worth their while, and who have sufficient patience and skill, may contrive to extract a few grains of wheat.

SONNET, TO ELIHU BURRITT.

GREAT man! iconoclast, whose deeds betray
The spirit of the God of peace and love,
All hail to thee! the nations yet shall prove
They love thee more than those who slay,
And with war's thunderbolts destroy
Cities, and fields, and homes, where erst abode
The virtues which bring man near unto God,

And give him the first taste of Heaven's pure joy.
Go on, enubilitating senses that are dim,
Lifting the veil they cannot pierce, to view
The misery, the wretchedness and crime
War generates, and will, till peace renew
Her reign millennial; go on, and fame
Shall give to thee a wreath deserved by few.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

European Life and Manners ; in Familiar Letters to Friends. By HENRY COLMAN, Author of "European Agriculture, and the Agriculture of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland." 2 vols. Boston and London. 1849.

WHEN the famous Baron Munchausen fastened his horse, one dark winter's night, after a deep fall of snow, to what he supposed was the stump of a tree, and waking next morning saw his steed dangling from the village steeple, his surprise, as he avouches, was extreme. Apparently, however, the veracious baron's astonishment was scarcely greater than that of the author of the "Familiar Letters" on "European Life and Manners," when he found that his friends had actually preserved the numerous epistles which he wrote to them from this side of the Atlantic during a sojourn in Europe of something more than five years. This being the case, our readers do not require to be told that "the letters were not designed for publication." Yet, after all, such was their destiny. Fate proved stronger than free-will. Their extraordinary merit had somehow got bruited abroad ; "many friends expressed a strong wish to possess them, and that," adds Mr. Colman, "is the reason of their publication."

We cannot but think that Mr. Colman was right in yielding to the widely-extended solicitation ; for, though he might have satisfied his friends by a manifold process on a large scale, or even by lithographic aid, the object which those who do *not* write for publication have generally in view, would hardly have been answered ; the letters would not have obtained the popularity which now that they are in print seems likely to attend them ; neither would the world have experienced the gratification which must necessarily follow their perusal. We learn from his preface, that Mr. Colman "had proposed a graver work than this upon European society," that he has actually begun it, and that he designs "presently to give it to the public." But, *en attendant* the fulfillment of this purpose, let us gratefully receive what we have got, and

try to make the most of it. It is not often that we have the opportunity of gazing upon such a "picture of private and domestic life."

In painting this picture, however, Mr. Colman says that his greatest difficulty has been that his letters "may be deemed too personal ;" and his principal anxiety, "lest they should be thought to approach a violation of private confidence." He certainly does make some revelations which border closely on personality, but how far he is obnoxious to the charge of violating private confidence our readers shall form their own opinion. It was, at first, Mr. Colman's determination not to publish a single name ; but he "found this an idle attempt, and that individuals would be traced by circumstances, as certainly as if distinctly announced." To this account, therefore, must be placed the greater part of the startling discoveries which his volumes have made public ; and all we can hope is, that the individuals whose "style of living" he has sketched with the minute pencil of a Gerard Douw, will be as lenient to him as ourselves. They ought to be so, for, according to Mr. Colman's showing, "pains were most kindly taken to initiate me into those particulars ; the information was, though entirely without ostentation, most kindly given ; written lists of servants, and written and printed rules of domestic management, were repeatedly placed in my hands, with a full and expressed liberty to use them as I pleased." To violate private confidence, as far as these things are concerned, is consequently a difficult matter ; but we will not prejudge the question. Mr. Colman gives an equally good reason for turning the knowledge thus obtained to account. The style of living is so "wholly different from that which prevails" in the United States (of which country Mr. Colman is a citizen), and "the interest in these minute details" is so

intense at Boston, New York, and other great cities of the Union, that not to have emptied the vials of his information for the benefit of the American *coteries* (of which Mr. Colman is now, without doubt, the idol) would have been looked upon by his countrymen—and countrywomen—as an act of *leze-majesté* against the laws of politeness and good manners, which, we gather from the context of his book, appear rather to require extension in his native land. We have, ourselves, implied our obligations to Mr. Colman; but before we proceed to show why, we feel bound to mention that he states in a *second* preface—as a matter deserving to stand apart—that the letters record “only a small portion of the kindness” shown him. What would have been their effect upon the public if the whole had been narrated, we almost tremble to think of.

We shall now, following Mr. Colman's example, plunge in *medias res*.

In the month of May, in the year 1843, he finds himself wandering through the streets of London, in a state of utter amazement at “the wilderness of houses, streets, lanes, courts, and kennels,” in which he is suddenly located. From the particularity of his description, “where seven streets all radiated from one centre,” we suspect he must have made his *début* in the Seven Dials; but it is no matter where, for all he meets enchants and astonishes him. He thus describes the effect produced by the vast extent of London:—

I have walked until I have had to sit down on some door-steps out of pure weariness, and yet have not got at all out of the rushing tide of population. I have rode [ridden] on the driver's seat on an omnibus, and there has been a constant succession of squares, parks, terraces, and long lines of single houses for miles, and continuous blocks and single palaces in the very heart of London, occupying acres of ground. I do not speak, of course, of the large parks, which, for their trees, their verdure, their neatness, their embellishments, their lakes and *cascades*, their waters *swarming with fish*, and covered with a great variety of *water-fowl*, which they have been able to domesticate, and their *grazing flocks of sheep and cattle*, and their national monuments, and the multitude of well-dressed pedestrians, and of elegantly-mounted horsemen and horsewomen, and of carriages and equipages as splendid as gold and silver can make them, are beautiful beyond even my most romantic dreams. I do not exaggerate; I cannot go beyond the reality.

This is making the most of the ducks and geese in St. James's Park; but our national vanity will not suffer us to quarrel with Mr.

Colman for slightly overcharging the picture. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, “When affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style;” and the *couleur de rose* of Mr. Colman is of so tender a tint, that we may be pardoned if we see in it the warmth of a stronger sentiment. Was it owing to this amiable feeling, or to “the malady of not listening”—as Falstaff calls premeditated deafness—that Mr. Colman is enabled to say: “Though I have been a great deal in the streets, and in crowds without number, and have seen vexation enough in passing, *I do not think I have heard a single oath since I have been in the city.*” (?) This is something worth noting, even although Mr. Colman had been only ten days in London when he wrote the sentence. The population of London, unless it was then very differently composed, could certainly have furnished no quota of the armies which in my Uncle Toby's time swore so terribly in Flanders. We have a faint idea that the accomplishment is not altogether forgotten at the present day, but we may be mistaken; indeed, on second thoughts, we feel we must be so, for Mr. Colman tells us, a little further on, that “good manners are here evidently a universal study.”

But although an outward decorum is preserved, dissipation has taken deep root in the soil. “The business-shops close at ten, in general; but the ale and wine shops, the saloons, and the *druggists' shops*, I believe, are open all night; and the fire of intemperance, I should infer, was nourished as faithfully as the vestal fire at Rome, and never permitted to go out or to slacken.” Our inference from this passage is, that those who don't or won't drink malt or sherry, indulge in intemperate draughts of spirits of wine at the druggists' shops, or they would hardly be included in the same category with the ale and wine shops. Yet again Mr. Colman finds an opportunity of excepting in favor of the Londoners: “*I have scarcely seen a smoker*, and as to a tobacco-chewer, not one.” It is possible, we conceive, for a person to chew tobacco without being discovered—unless he is an American; but we will not insist on this point, as we are not acquainted with any one who indulges in this luxury; but we had fancied that the “smokers” of London were “as plenty as blackberries.” But in this also, it seems, we are wrong, or Mr. Colman's eyesight is on a par with his faculty of hearing. What he says of the ladies is, without doubt, equally true:—

"They have another practice which I equally admire. *They seldom wear false curls.*" We have heard of "fronts" as a not very uncommon article of feminine *coiffure*; but Mr. Colman has of course tested his opinion by a closer inspection than we have been able to bestow, and therefore we yield in this point, as in all others, most willingly. When he speaks of the costume of the bench and the bar, the Blue-coat boys and the court, our doubts for a moment have the mastery over our belief, but they presently subside before Mr. Colman's better knowledge.

"The judges and the lawyers wear wigs, as they did centuries ago. The *charity boys* wear leather-breeches, blue or yellow yarn stockings, shoes with buckles, long coats and bands, which I presume was the dress of two hundred years ago. So the court-dress in which you are to be presented at the levees, is the same that was worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth."

We had a notion—an erroneous one, of course—that the court-dress of the present day rather resembled the age of George the Second than that of Elizabeth; and had no idea, until we read the above passage, of the antediluvian antiquity of the lawyers' wigs. Historical accuracy is evidently one of the strong points of our traveled American; he rarely allows an opportunity to escape without adding something to our previous impressions. As, for instance, when speaking of Melrose Abbey, he tells us that it contains the tomb of "Michael Bruce, the celebrated wizard," (a fact which Walter Scott would have given a great deal to know;) and that the "marks of the balls from Cromwell's guns—the first Cromwell, who destroyed the Abbeys in England—are shown upon the walls." By "the first Cromwell" we presume is meant the vicar-general of Henry the Eighth, under whose authority the *English monasteries were suppressed*, but we were not aware, till Mr. Colman told us, that he used cannon for the purpose; or, if he did, that Melrose Abbey, in Scotland, came under his jurisdiction. But there is nothing like information picked up on the spot. The broken walls of Melrose were there to attest that somebody battered them; and as the merit of the act was to be given to a Cromwell, the first, perhaps, has as good a claim to it as the second. Mr. Colman, however, is not a person to take everything upon trust that he is told, for when he visited Abbotsford he was shown "a Roman kettle, said to be 2000 years old, quite like our modern cast-iron pots. *This age struck me as apocryphal.*"

We cannot sufficiently commend our author's caution. He would make an excellent commentator on Layard.

But to return from these generalities, and describe what is far more interesting—the particular experiences of Mr. Colman in that domestic intercourse which has given him so clear an insight into "European life and manners;" though, in doing so, our course must be as erratic as his.

Ostensibly bent on an agricultural mission, and armed with "piles of letters of introduction," which make him acquainted at once with Earl Spencer, who told him that "it was not necessary to have brought any credentials;" with Lord Ashburton, who "writes a civil note," saying he is anxious to serve him "in any practicable way;" with Lord Morpeth, who "is very attentive;" with Mr. Bates, who takes him to "his beautiful villa six miles from London, to pass Sunday with him;" with the Earl of Hardwicke, who is anxious to render him "every attention;" and with a host of gentlemen, "members of Parliament, and others, who have been polite" to him;—having all these facilities, and many more in the background, which are brought forward in due course, he sets out on his voyage of discovery to the new Society Islands.

Mr. Colman's first visit was to Earl Spencer, at Althorpe, where, he says, he "received every polite attention." As this is a favorite phrase with Mr. Colman, we may as well define it at once in his own words.

You will (he says) be glad to hear something of the manner of living in these places; and in this rambling letter I will tell you that, in respect to convenience, comfort, and ease, it is near perfection. As soon as you arrive at the house, your name is announced, your portmanteau is immediately taken to your chamber, which the servant shows you, with every requisite convenience and comfort. At Lord Spencer's the watch opens your door in the night to see if all is safe [How if the door is bolted?], as his house was once endangered by a gentleman's reading in bed; and if he should find your light burning after you had retired, excepting the night-taper, or you reading in bed, without a single word he would stretch out a long extinguisher and put it out.

A very ghostly visitation this, and fit for the Castle of Otranto.

In the morning, a servant comes in to let you know the time, in season for you to dress for breakfast. At half past nine you go in to family prayers, if you find out the time. They are happy to have the guests attend, but they are never asked.

The servants are all assembled in the room fitted for a chapel. They all kneel, and the master of the house or a chaplain reads the morning service. As soon as it is over they all wait until he and his guests retire, and then the breakfast is served. At breakfast there is no ceremony whatever. You are asked by the servant what you will have, tea or coffee; or you get up and help yourself. Dry toast, boiled eggs, and bread-and-butter are on the table; and on the sideboard you will find cold ham, tongue, beef, &c., to which you carry your own plate and help yourself, and come back to the breakfast-table and sit as long as you please. All letters or notes addressed to you are laid by your plate; and letters to be sent by mail are put in the post-box in the entry, and are sure to go. The arrangements for the day are then made, and parties are formed; horses and carriages for all the guests are found at the stables, and each one follows the bent of his inclination. When he returns at noon, he finds a side-table with an abundant lunch upon it, if he chooses; and when he goes to his chamber for preparation for dinner, he finds his dress clothes brushed and folded in the nicest manner, and cold water, and hot water, and clean napkins, in the greatest abundance.

We have no disposition to question the truth of a word of this elaborate statement; not even of the existence of that mysterious place "the entry," to which Mr. Colman is so fond of referring: like the rest of his revelations, it is too circumstantial to admit of a doubt; but what we want to know is, How many of these "polite attentions" are omitted in American country houses? Do the servants there—we beg pardon, we mean the "helps"—not announce your arrival? do they not carry your portmanteau up stairs for you, call you in the morning, bring your letters, brush your clothes, and supply you with cold water, hot water, and clean napkins? We should imagine not, or Mr. Colman would scarcely have been at the pains to tell his countrymen what English servants do; and the conclusion we are compelled to arrive at is, that when a stranger pays a visit in the United States, he is necessarily his own porter, his own watchman, and his own shoeblick, and that if he washes his face at all he does it at his own cost and contrivance. Nothing in England seems to have impressed Mr. Colman more forcibly than the manners and proceedings of that useful class of persons whom the Scotch call "flunkies." He says:

Servants are without number. I have never dined out yet, even in a private untitled family, with less than three or four, and at several places eight or nine even, for a party hardly as numerous; but each knows his place; all are in full dress—the liveried servants in livery, and the upper

servants in plain gentlemanly dress, but all with white cravats, which are likewise mostly worn by the gentlemen in dress. The servants not in livery are a higher rank than those in livery, never even associating with them. The livery is of such a description as the master chooses: the Duke of Richmond's were all in black, on account of mourning in the family; the others various, of the most grotesque description, sometimes with and sometimes without wigs, and always in shorts and white silk or white cotton stockings. [We foresee a tremendous social revolution in Boston after this.] Many persons request you not to give any gratuity to the servants; others forbid them accepting any, under pain of dismissal; and at the house of a nobleman of high rank I found a printed notice on my dressing-table to this effect: "The guests are particularly requested to give no gratuities to the servants."

We hope, as Mr. Colman seems in general rather solicitous about his personal expenditure, that he profited by this hint.

A round of visits ensues, to Lord Hather-ton's, Lord Hardwicke's, and other titled and untitled Amphitryons; the former having "the call" with our republican friend. But before he sets out, "Mrs. P——" (whom we strongly suspect from the context to be Mrs. Pendarves) takes him "in her carriage to see the most fashionable millinery store and the largest jewelry store in the world."

In the letter announcing this fact, Mr. Colman very nearly "forgot to mention" that he was also taken by Mrs. P—— "to see the wedding gear of the Princess Augusta;" luckily, however, he recollects it in the postscript, and enlightens the Bostonians by informing them that "it cost more than a thousand dollars," and was made "of silver and silk interwoven, and covered with Brussels lace."

We next find Mr. Colman domiciliated in the house of "a Member of Parliament," while attending the cattle-show at Doncaster; and the chief thing we learn from this visit is embodied in the form of a maxim, as follows:

As direct introductions seldom take place, you are expected, in such visits, to put yourself in polite communication with those who are near you.

That our traveler acted up to his own rule is evident when he says:

There are some gentlemen here with whom I have had long conversations, and who have asked me repeatedly to visit them, whose names I do not know.

The value of these invitations is, however, somewhat diminished by their vagueness, it

being difficult to pay a visit to an anonymous host.

We have said that Mr. Colman is careful in matters of personal expense. He illustrates this in Edinburgh, where, there being no nobleman's house convenient, out of the numbers placed at his disposition, he gets into "excellent quarters at nine shillings per week" for his lodgings—a price which we trust secured for him "cold water and clean towels." "Traveling in coaches," he says, "is very expensive; and though I never ride inside when I can ride out, yet one gets to the bottom of one's purse constantly much sooner than you expect it." He has an expedient for avoiding this expense, which he appears to have practiced successfully on one occasion. "I have walked to-day about twelve miles, and to save two miles had to ford the Tweed, *with my trousers and shoes in my hands*," (like Cæsar and his fortunes;) "*not a very pleasant operation*, upon stones of all angles and shapes, which the water, though constantly flowing over them, had done little to soften." Certainly "not a very pleasant operation," nor one that, we think, it would be desirable for him to repeat very often, at all events on this side of the Tweed. In Scotland, Melrose and Abbotsford claim, as we have shown, some portion of his time; but the relics of the Wizard of the North (not Michael Bruce), the memorials of Mary Stuart and John Knox, and the monuments of Edinburgh, soon give place to a description of the *ménage* of Lambton Castle, "the seat of the late Lord Durham." Here Mr. Colman is completely at home.

In houses of this kind it is usual to have from forty to fifty servants. The servants' establishment is quite an affair by itself. The steward is at the head; he provides everything, and purchases all the supplies; he oversees all the other servants, and puts on, and where the party is not large, takes everything off from the table, the other servants standing by and waiting upon him. He has a room to himself, well fitted up, and has a large salary. Next to him comes the butler, who takes care of all the wines, fruit, glasses, candlesticks, lamps, and plate, and has an under-butler for his adjunct. Next, in equal authority with the steward, and *having also an elegant parlour*, is the housekeeper; she has all the care of the chambers, the linen, and the female servants. Then comes, next in authority, and perfectly despotic in his own domain, the cook, who is generally French or Italian, and his subalterns. Then come the coachman, the footman, and the ostlers, who, the last, I believe, seldom come into the house. Then there is the porter, who in London houses always sits in the entry, and there either

has an office by the door, or else a table, with pen, ink, paper, &c.; who receives and delivers messages, but does not leave his place, having always servants at hand to wait upon him. Then each gentleman in the house has his own private valet, and each lady her own maid, *who has all the cast-off clothes of the lady*. The ladies, it is reported, never wear a pair of white satin shoes or white gloves more than once; and *some of them, if they find, on going into society, another person of inferior rank wearing the same dress as themselves*, the dress upon being taken off is at once thrown aside, and the lady's maid perfectly understands her perquisite.

There are two difficulties to be got over in this arrangement: first, to discover a person of inferior rank moving in the same society with you; and next, to find that person actually wearing the clothes which you have got on your back. The last-named state of the case seems to belong to the category of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, which was in two places at the same time; but as Mr. Colman is satisfied about its practicability, we shall not venture to express our incredulity. Great truths cannot be too often repeated; and Mr. Colman is unable to part with Lambton Castle without telling how the guests make it out in noblemen's establishments in general, even at the risk of repetition.

In most families the hour of breakfast is announced to you before retiring, and the breakfast is entirely without ceremony. Your letters are brought to you in the morning, and the mail goes out every day. The postage of letters is always prepaid by those who write them, who paste double or single stamps upon them; and it is considered an indecorum to send a letter unpaid, or only sealed with a wafer. Any expense incurred for you, if it be only a penny upon a letter, is at once mentioned to you, and you of course pay it. At breakfast the arrangements are made for the day.

Here follows an account similar to that given at Lord Spencer's. He then continues:

At eleven o'clock there is always a candle for each guest, placed on the sideboard or *in the entry*, with allumettes alongside of them; and at your pleasure you light your own candle and bid good night. *In a Scotch family you are expected to shake hands, on retiring, with all the party, and on meeting in the morning.*

Not always a very safe practice in Scotland, if the popular belief be true.

The English are a little more reserved, though, in general, the master of the house shakes hand with you. On a first introduction, no gentlemen

shake hands, but simply bow to each other. In the morning you come down in undress, with boots, trowsers of any color, frock coat, &c. At dinner you are always expected to be in full dress; straight coat, black satin or white waistcoat, silk stockings, and pumps, but not gloves; and if you dine abroad in London you keep your hat in your hand until you go in to dinner, when you give it to a servant, or leave it in an anteroom. The lady of the house generally claims the arm of the principal stranger, or the gentleman of the highest rank; she then assigns the other ladies and gentlemen by name, and commonly waits until all her guests precede her in to dinner—though this is not invariable. The gentleman is expected to sit near the lady whom he hands in.

Not, as in the Mississippi steamboats, all huddled together.

Grace is almost always said by the master, and it is done in the shortest possible way. Sometimes no dishes are put upon the table until the soup is done with, but at other times there are two covers besides the soup. The soup is various; in Scotland it is usually what they call hodge-podge, a mixture of vegetables with some meat. After soup, the fish cover is removed, and this is commonly served round without any vegetables, but *certainly not more than one kind*. After fish come the plain joints, roast or boiled, with potatoes, peas or beans, and cauliflowers. Then sherry wine is handed by the servants to every one. German wine is offered to those who prefer it; this is always *drank* [drunk] in green glasses; then come the *entrées*, which are a variety of French dishes and hashes; then champagne is offered; after this remove come ducks, or partridges, or other game; after this, the bon-bons, puddings, tarts, sweetmeats, blanc-mange; then cheese and bread and a glass of strong ale is handed round; then the removal of the upper cloth, and oftentimes the most delicious fruit and confectionery follow, such as grapes, peaches, melons, apples, dried fruits, &c. &c. After this is put upon the table, a small bottle of Constantia wine, which is deemed very precious, and handed round in small wine-glasses, or noyau, or some other cordial. *Finger-glasses are always furnished*, though in some cases I have seen a deep silver plate filled with rose-water presented to each guest, in which he dips the corner of his napkin to wipe his lips or fingers. *No cigars or pipes are ever offered*; and soon after the removal of the cloth the ladies retire to the drawing-room, the gentlemen close up at the table, and after sitting as long as you please, you go into the drawing-room to have coffee and then tea.

No dinner-giver in the United States, from Cape Cod to Cape Flattery, need henceforward plead ignorance in excuse for want of hospitality; he has here the whole mystery, from soup to Constantia. Mr. Colman adds, *par parenthèse*, that he "never heard any discussion about the character of wines," (no

host was ever yet known to praise his own claret) "excepting that I have been repeatedly asked what wine we usually drank in America." Mr. Colman does not say what answer he made to this oft-repeated inquiry, but we presume it must have been "sherry cobbler!"

From the solemnity of these dinner-pictures our traveler breaks off with an anecdote of the Queen, which, as we have never met with it before, or *anything like it*, we accordingly quote:

The other day, when the Queen was embarking at Brighton, [which she never did yet] the *usual* carpet was not laid upon the *wharf* [there being no wharf at Brighton]; and the *mayor and aldermen* [there being no such functionaries in the place] *pulled off their scarlet robes of office, and laid them down for the royal lady to walk upon*. The caricaturists now have them drawn up in full array, with asses' ears.

Asses' ears are proverbially long ones, and so must those have been that listened to this story; but such of course were not Mr. Colman's.

The next place of note at which we discover our agricultural friend, is Earl Fitzwilliam's. Here he was perfectly in clover, and our only wonder is that its effect upon him was not such as might have befallen one of his own cows.

I arrived about six, and after a short walk with my noble host, the dressing-bell rung [rang], and I was shown at once to my chamber. This chamber is a large and superb room, called the blue-room, because *papered with elegant blue satin paper*, and the bed and the windows hung with superb blue silk curtains. *My portmanteau had already been carried there, and the straps untied for opening*; a large coal fire was blazing; candles were burning on the table; and water and everything else necessary for ablution and comfort. There was, likewise, what is always to be found in an English house, a writing-table, letter-paper, *note-paper*, *new pens*, ink, sealing-wax, and wax taper; and a letter-box is kept in the house, and notice given to the guests always at what hour the post will leave. Precisely at seven o'clock, *after being fully dressed*, I met in the drawing-room the family for dinner. . . . A few minutes after seven, dinner was announced, and the ladies were assigned to the different gentlemen. I had the honor of a companion to wait upon at dinner, who proved a most intelligent and agreeable person, and *though of high rank, without ostentation*. The hall in which we dined was magnificent, and splendidly lighted; the company [Mr. Colman included] extremely brilliant; about twelve persons at table, and eleven men-servants, some in livery, and others in plain *gentlemanly apparel*, but all most neat and elegant. . . . After coffee we

assembled for prayers in the chapel; the ladies into the gallery, the gentlemen on the lower floor, into some elevated side-pews. Thirty or forty servants were in their places when we went in. All kneel, and as soon as evening service is read by the chaplain, we return to the drawing-room, and tea is served. Soon after ten o'clock the candles are brought in, and *quietly* placed upon the side-board. . . . At eleven the ladies retire, and the gentlemen soon *follow suit*. I rise, myself, soon after six, and *sit in my dressing-gown*. At eight, the servant brings your clothes, and announces the time for breakfast. Immediately after breakfast, &c. &c.—[a routine which we need not repeat.]

From Lord Fitzwilliam's Mr. Colman goes to a clergyman's in Nottinghamshire; and here, in writing to a friend, he desires him to give the reins to his imagination, in order to conceive his (Mr. Colman's) happiness.

Imagine an elegant dining-room, the table covered with the richest plate, and this plate filled with the richest viands which the culinary art, and the vintage, and the fruit-garden can supply; *imagine a horse at your disposal, a servant at your command to anticipate every want; imagine an elegant bed-chamber; a bright coal fire; fresh water in basins, in goblets, in tubs; napkins without stint, as white as snow; a double mattress, a French bed, sheets of the finest linen, a canopy of the richest silk, a table portfolio, writing apparatus and stationery, allumettes, a night-lamp, candles and silver candlesticks, beautiful paintings, and exquisite statuary—*

We are forced to take breath; we are afraid even to face the "large party of ladies and gentlemen" whom he encountered next day, "as elegant in dress and manners as you can meet with;" still more so to trust ourselves in a room where there are "never less than four men-servants; many times eight or ten, and in one case I counted eleven, eight of whom were in elegant livery, trimmed with silver and with silver epaulettes," &c. &c.

Well might Mr. Colman exclaim to his friend, "What do you think is to become of me?"

What became of him shortly afterwards was this: he paid a visit to Lord Yarborough, and was invited to go out hunting; "the very idea of which," he says, "electrified me, and *my blood still boils at the thought!*" so, instead of hunting, he reserved himself for a few more noble mansions. He is quickly installed at the Duke of Portland's, at Welbeck Abbey, and here he was

"In pleased amazement wholly lost."

I had supposed I had seen several times before the summit of luxurious and elegant living, but this I confess went beyond what I had ever met with. . . . I asked when I retired, "What time do you breakfast?" The duke replied, [says he] "Just what time you please, from nine to twelve." I always came down at nine *precisely*, and found the duchess at *her* breakfast. About half past nine the duke would come in, and the ladies, one by one, soon after! At breakfast the side table *would have on it* cold ham, cold chicken, cold pheasant or partridge, which you ask for, or to which, as is most common, you get up and help yourself. On the breakfast-table were several kinds of the best bread possible, *butter always fresh*, made that morning, as I have always found at all these houses; and if you asked for coffee or chocolate, it would be brought to you *in a silver coffee-pot*, and you helped yourself; if for tea, you would have a *silver urn to each guest*, heated by alcohol, placed by you, a small teapot and a small caddy of black and green tea, to make for yourself, or the servant for you.

Then comes a description of what the luncheon consists of, and then a dinner at Welbeck Abbey; which last contains some good advice: that it may not be missed, we have italicised it.

I have already told you the course at dinner, but at many houses there is always a bill of fare—in this case written—I had almost said engraved—on the most elegant embossed and colored paper, always in French, and passed round to the guests. Three days in succession we had different kinds of excellent fish, taken from ponds directly in the neighborhood of the house, on the duke's own grounds. After dinner, we had, every day, peaches, nectarines, grapes, and pineapples in abundance. There were six of us at dinner daily, and eleven servants, most of them in livery, [we think we see Mr. Colman counting them.] The livery here consists of light yellow shorts and waistcoat, with white cotton or silk stockings, and pumps, a long blue coat trimmed with silver lace and buttons, and silver epaulettes on each shoulder, and white cravats; [as fine as Winifred Jenkins's "goulden bags and jackets," with the advantage of there being something "cumfittable for to eat;"] those out of livery were in full suits of black; and [continues Mr. Colman, hurried away from his subject by the recollection doubtless of what once happened to himself,] *if you meet the female servants of the upper class, you must take care not to mistake them for the ladies of the house, as there is little to distinguish them in point of elegance of dress.*

To this interesting letter is appended a postscript, which, as is often the case with postscripts, contains some of the most valuable information. It is thus stated:

P. S. *I forgot to say, if you leave your chamber twenty times a day after using your basin,*

you would find it clean, and the *pitcher replenished on your return*; and that you cannot take your clothes off, but they are taken away, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau; and at the dressing hour before dinner, you find your candles lighted, your clothes laid out, your shoes cleaned, and everything arranged for your use. I never saw more attention. I can hardly conceive of more perfect housekeeping, for you scarcely see or hear anybody unless you ring a bell, when a servant suddenly appears before you, *as if from the wainscoting*.

If Mr. Colman be at all musical, the least he can do in requital of such unheard-of hospitality will be to get by heart and constantly sing (whenever he is requested to be vocal) the favorite old song of "My Friend and Pitcher." No one, we are persuaded, could do more justice either to his friend or to that most useful of utensils.

Mr. Colman seems to be of opinion that you can never have too much of a good thing; and hence, no doubt, his iteration (which we refrain from qualifying as Falstaff did) respecting the soap and towels and hot water which meet him at every turn when he is out visiting; to the same cause, we suppose, we are indebted for a repetition of the Raleigh story at Cambridge, where he went to see Prince Albert take his doctor's degree, the Queen also being present. "Carpets of crimson cloth were laid through all the passages and yards where the foot of majesty was to tread; and in one spot, where, by some mischance, the carpeting was deficient, *the students pulled off their gowns and spread them for her to step on*." It is a pity that Mr. Colman does not allude to royalty oftener in the course of his work, for we get a fresh version of this anecdote almost every time the Queen is introduced. He has done enough, however, in this way to convince his fellow-townsmen that somebody always takes off his coat for the Queen to tread upon whenever she appears in public.

For a moment now we are indulged with a glimpse of Mr. Colman in private life, when he is housekeeping on his own account. He appears to be rather put out ("ryled," perhaps, is the more correct expression) at not being surrounded by the attentive domestics who are in the habit, like brownies, of starting out of the wainscot. He is in lodgings in London, where he says: "I have succeeded in getting such lodgings as are comfortable, *with the exception of a dirty servant girl who tends upon me, a maid of all work*." Owing to the ministration of this dirty Hebe,

Mr. Colman has, for once, an opportunity of showing how people dine who are not on visiting terms with grandees. He takes refuge in "one of the principal eating-houses in Piccadilly, where the cooking is good," and where, on "a plate of roast-beef" and various vegetable adjuncts, he fares sumptuously for a shilling. He was driven to this by the combined influence of dirt and melancholy. "I have tried having dinner in my own room, but it is unsocial and attended with many inconveniences; and it is no saving of expense. It is positively melancholy to be eating my dinner alone" (after having been used to such first-rate company); "and often, when it is half-finished, *I drop my knife and fork in silent amazement*, and try if I cannot think of something besides home" (and his friend the Duke of Portland), "and wish myself anywhere but in this Robinson Crusoe cabin." This letter ends with a jeremiad on the expensiveness of servants' fees, Mr. Colman evidently wishing that the printed directions of "a nobleman of high rank" (see *ante*) were in general circulation amongst the race of chamber-maids, waiters, porters, and coachmen.

From this sad theme, which is abruptly broken off—probably by an invitation,—he jumps again into "the houses of the nobility," there being no happiness for him out of that charmed circle. He feels like Romeo,

"There is no world without Verona's walls
But purgatory, torture, death itself."

He therefore goes to Goodwood, and the visit proves "delightful," the "service at dinner" being "always silver or gold throughout," and at breakfast every cup and saucer "differed in its pattern from another; *that is*, one cup and saucer was different from another cup and saucer." This was delightful enough, but if Mr. Colman had invited a friend to breakfast with him while at his dirty lodgings, he might have witnessed the phenomenon of the odd cups and saucers without going so far as Goodwood. But then there would have been no "lunch" to describe, "consisting of hot meats, *games*, pies, bread, cheese, butter, wines, and porter;" neither could he have been taken "under the care of the duchess," and shown the conservatory, the orangery, the pheasantry, and the dairy; nor have had "two most respectable gentlemen farmers" to wait for him, nor "a servant to open gates;" neither could he have astonished the family of Mr. Gorham, dwelling in "an

excellent and elegant farm-house," "where Mrs. Gorham and one gentleman told me *they were much obliged to me for asking for a cup of tea instead of wine, as they had never tried it before, and considered it a great discovery, of which they should avail themselves hereafter.*"

For the next few months Mr. Colman passes his time in the most elevated regions of polite society; surprising us, however, in one respect, by his refusal to go to court, though repeatedly urged to do so by at least half the nobility, and though Lord Bathurst offered to lend him his shoe-buckles, bagwig, and other articles of costume. This is a mystery which we are unable to explain; and we leave it unsolved, to go with Mr. Colman to an evening party.

The dresses of the ladies, at their evening parties, are most splendid, and almost wholly of silk of a superior description. The refreshments are of a very simple character. . . . Tea and coffee are seldom handed round. Sometimes you find it in the anteroom, *where you disrobe*, and the servants hand it to you before you are announced in the drawing-room. You are announced always by the servant at the foot of the staircase to the servant at the head, and by the servant at the head to the company. It is very rare that you are introduced to any person on any occasion, either dinner or evening, unless you go to stay, or the party is small; but it is *not deemed improper* that you enter into conversation with your neighbors. The hair [whose hair?] is generally dressed entirely plain, without jewels or flowers, frequently *à la Madonna*, but often with ringlets in front. *Elderly ladies wear their gowns very low in front; young ladies wear their gowns rather high in front, but very low behind, so as to show the bust to advantage.*

These are peculiarities of costume which Mr. Colman seems to have studied with some attention; we therefore venture upon no opinion of our own, though we confess the last corollary puzzles us. But, criticise them as we may, we are glad to see the following admission:—

The dress of the ladies here, in general society, is altogether *more elegant than with us* . . . and I must add, that a longer acquaintance convinces me that they are better educated than the majority of the same class amongst ourselves.

We have mentioned, we think, elsewhere that Mr. Colman has opportunities which do not fall in the way of people generally. He never hears any one swear or quarrel in London; but, to make up for these deficiencies, he sometimes sees a great deal more than

anybody else. He is speaking of the general fondness for flowers in this country, and says: "So strong is this passion, that you see *persons of all conditions* sticking flowers in their buttonholes, or *wearing them in their hats.*" We confess, to our sorrow, that, except by the chimney-sweeps on May-day, we have never seen nosegays worn in hats, though it is the fashion with "persons of all conditions" to place them there. We would give something to see one in the Duke of Wellington's hat, or in the Bishop of Exeter's.

Were we to follow Mr. Colman through all his peregrinations in England only, we should fill the magazine, instead of the remaining page allotted to this notice of his volumes. We shall, however, quote one or two more characteristic passages before we close the work. Of dress, he says:—

To go to dinner here, without being in full dress, would be a sad mistake. I have long since found out *that*; and though, in staying at a nobleman's or gentleman's house, he will often say to you, "You need not dress much," I have found the only safe way is to be *perfectly well dressed*, for so always you are sure to find your host and his company. I came near, in one case, making a mistake in this matter which would have been mortifying. I had supposed myself invited to dine only with two or three gentlemen in London, and thought at first I would go without much alteration, having an impression that my host was living in bachelors' quarters. *My good fortune, however, saved me*, and I went as well prepared as I could be. I found, on going, one of the most elegant houses in London, and a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank. The gentleman was the son of the Archbishop of York, and there I met the Rev. Sydney Smith, whom the Pennsylvanians love so well. My rule, therefore, is invariably to put myself daily in the best condition, humble on my part as it must be, to meet any and everybody. I like the practice. You may dress yourself as you please in the morning, wear the coarsest clothes and the thickest shoes—a checkered shirt and a tarpaulin cap [with a bunch of flowers in it], but at dinner, which is seldom before seven o'clock, every one appears full-dressed, which is, upon the whole, as much a matter of comfort and satisfaction to the individual himself, as it is of proper respect to the company whom you meet.

We wind up with an account of the manner in which Mr. Colman lived at Tredegar, the seat of Sir Charles Morgan, who began his hospitalities by giving his guest "a list of his house servants in the order of their rank," an act of kindness by which Mr. Colman and the American public have largely profited. It was thus he passed his time:—

We breakfasted at ten o'clock, and dined at seven; for those who took lunch it was always on table at two. I had the mornings to myself, until twelve or one o'clock, without interruption; the servant-woman came into my chamber at half past six to make my fire, and the valet soon after to bring my clothes and shoes. . . . We had eight men-servants at dinner constantly, seven of them in livery, with their heads *fully powdered*; and one in black, *looking like a grave old clergyman*, who was the butler, who handed the wine and put every dish on the table. At table no one helps himself to anything—I had almost said, even if it is directly before him—but a servant always interferes. Even the person sitting at your side does not hand his own plate to be helped. *Water cups* are placed by your side, and oftentimes with perfumed water, to wash your hands and lips after dinner; and these are taken away, and *others are put on with the dessert*. You are never urged to eat, and seldom asked what you will have, excepting by the servant. In most cases, *an elegantly written bill of fare*, sometimes on embossed silk paper, is *passed quietly round the table*, and you *whisper to the servant*, and tell him what you will have. The vegetables are never put upon the plate by the person who helps, but are always passed round by the servants. Each guest is of course furnished with a clean napkin, which, after dinner, is never left on the table, but either thrown into your chair, or upon the floor, under the table.

We omit the details of the coffee, tea, conversation, and "whisky-and-water at eleven o'clock," and follow Mr. Colman fairly into bed, where—

Everything is always in the best order; a blazing fire, and a rushlight to burn all night, in a safe, so that no danger can come of it. Your windows and bed-clothes are always closely drawn, your night-clothes hung by the fire to be aired, *the boot-jack and slippers placed by the side of the bed*, and spare blankets folded near you. A bell-rope is always within reach, and not unfrequently *a worked night-cap, to be used if you choose it*.

Then comes, for at least the twentieth time in these volumes, an account of the "pitcher of hot water" in the morning, the "bright copper tea-kettle," the "ham and eggs on the table," the "cold beef, cold fowl, cold everything on the sideboard," the "letters by your plate," the "mail-bag," the "entry," the "arrangements for the day," the "greatcoat neatly folded," the "hat neatly brushed," the "gloves laid out upon your hat," and the "umbrella in its place."

In describing which, Mr. Colman is anxious that the partner of his bosom, for whose especial behoof this information was originally written, should not imagine that he is *violating confidence*.

Let us at once set his mind easy on this point. We are of opinion that he has only taken a laudable and humane view of a great social question. Mr. Colman passed nearly five years and a half in Europe, the greater part of it in the houses of the English nobility; his "mission" was to acquire a knowledge of the *savoir vivre*, and impart it to his countrymen for their use and edification. If he has not succeeded in his object, the fault cannot well be his, as we think we have shown by the extracts which we have given. We could have adduced many more proofs of his painstaking endeavor to inoculate the New World with the manners of the Old; by quoting, *inter alia*, from what took place at the seat of the Earl of — (the only anonymous nobleman in the book), where "the lady" wore "crimson velvet" one day, "white muslin, a red sash, and a crimson turban," on another, and "a splendid silk dress and a circlet of pearls," on a third; and also by showing how at Woburn he found "a tea-kettle of hot water, and a tub of cold," in his bed-room; how "the usher in the hall" had "the appearance of a gentleman" in "black shorts," and how this gentlemanly man showed him into the drawing-room, where the Duke (of Bedford) met him, and where he met "a very large party of *élégantes*." But the reason we have already given compels us to pause, and we therefore bid Mr. Colman farewell as heartily as any of his numerous noble entertainers; more heartily, perhaps—for *we*, at all events, are very sorry to part with him. In doing so we have one request to make, which is, that instead of the grave work promised in his preface, he make a round of visits in the United States, and inform us faithfully whether the boot-jack, the clothes-brush, the pitcher of hot water, the worked night-cap, and the soap and towel, have yet found their way into the dressing-rooms of the smartest people in creation. Until we are assured of this fact by so competent an authority as Mr. Colman has shown himself to be, we must consider his mission to Europe as still unaccomplished.

From the British Quarterly Review.

MILTON AND THE COMMONWEALTH.

The Prose Works of John Milton. With a Preface, Preliminary Remarks, and Notes. By J. A. ST. JOHN. 3 vols. small 8vo. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1848.

THESE volumes form part of the Standard Library issued by Mr. Bohn. No series of books has ever appeared which, taken as a whole, equals this in value; and no part of the series are we disposed to estimate more highly than the volumes now before us. It has often been matter of regret with the admirers of Milton that his prose writings should be so little known by the reading part of the English public; for, of that rich inheritance of mental treasure which the genius, the thoughtfulness, and the learning of former ages have bequeathed to us, there are few portions which it would more advantage the people of these realms to be familiar with than this. But hitherto this part of our hereditary wealth has been almost inaccessible to the great mass of the people, owing to the inconvenient or expensive forms in which Milton's Prose Works have been published. Mr. Bohn has at length removed this obstacle. He has rolled the stone from the mouth of the well, and we hope many will hasten to fill their pitchers at this copious and healthful spring.

Mr. St. John has done the part assigned to him for the most part well. He rightly appreciates in general Milton's true character and sentiments, and shows a worthy sympathy with both. His Preliminary Remarks and Notes often supply very needful information, and place the reader in the right point of view for apprehending and justly estimating Milton's statements; but his Notes are sometimes irrelevant, and sometimes frivolous. If some he has inserted have a just claim to be there, we do not see why he might not with equal reason have inserted a thousand such besides.

It is not our purpose at present to offer any remarks on Milton's Prose Writings in general. The theme is tempting—as what theme connected with Milton is not?—and

though it has already engaged some illustrious pens, it is by no means so exhausted as to render another survey of it presumptuous or hopeless. But our object at present is more limited. We wish to write the history of a section of Milton's life which has not, we think, received due attention from any of his biographers, and to take note of the works which during that period he composed. We wish to survey his connection with the Commonwealth, to describe the services he rendered to it, and to estimate the worth of his relation to it.

On the 30th of January, 1649, the protracted struggle between arbitrary sovereignty and popular liberty which, for more than twenty years, had agitated England, was brought to a solemn close by the execution of the infatuated prince, who, despising the claims of equity, the auguries of wisdom, and the lessons of experience, had resolved at all hazards to govern a high-minded people according to his sole pleasure. With the life of Charles terminated, for the time, the kingly form and name in Britain. Whilst the snow was yet falling on the velvet pall that covered the headless trunk of the once haughty representative of an imperious line, and whilst the few faithful adherents, who still persisted in showing their allegiance to his memory, were comforting themselves around his bier by interpreting "this sudden whiteness" into a token from heaven of their master's innocence, the bold men, who had fearlessly done the deed, were engaged in drawing up a proclamation in which they forbade all persons whatsoever to presume to declare "Charles Stuart, son of the late Charles, or any other person to be king or chief magistrate of England or Ireland, or of any dominions belonging thereunto," on pain of "being deemed and adjudged a traitor," and made to "suffer accordingly." Seven

days later, they abolished the House of Lords; the next day, they passed a solemn decree abolishing forever the office of king in this nation; and the day following, they gave orders that a new great seal should be engraved, bearing, in place of the effigies of the monarch, a representation of the House of Commons in full session, with this inscription, "The first year of liberty restored, by the blessing of God, 1648."* (o.s.) At the same time, a council of state, consisting of forty persons, was appointed to conduct the government of the nation.

This Council of State, now virtually the Sovereign of England, had, amongst other duties, that of watching over the relations subsisting between this country and foreign powers. Here, as in other departments, they, from the first, took high and manly ground. Little inclined to provoke a rupture with any of the continental powers, they nevertheless resolved not to allow in the least degree the honor or the interest of their country to be abated in their hands. They would do as England had ever done—choose their own allies and deal with them on equal terms. They had not smitten the crown from the head of their own king, to truckle to any of the crowned heads of the Continent. They meant England, now that she was a republic, to be as independent and as mighty amongst the powers of Europe as she had ever been whilst governed by kings. Accordingly, before they had been many weeks in existence as a council, they appointed a committee of their number, consisting of Mr. Whitelocke, Sir Henry Vane, Lord Lisle, the Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Martyn, and Mr. Lisle, or any two of them, "to consider what alliances the Crowne hath formerly had with forreigne states, and what those states are; and whether it will be fit to continue those allyances, or with how many of the said states; and how farr they should be continued, and upon what grounds; and in what manner applications and addresses should be made for the said continuance."† In such lofty style and with such conscious dignity did these republicans set about their work! We may augur that the honor of England is in safe keeping in such hands.

But the Council did not stop here. It

was not enough for them to assert their country's ancient right to choose her own allies and deal with foreign powers in general as she deemed best. A high-minded prince would have done as much; these patriotic republicans determined to do more. They had a mind not only to say to the continental powers what they judged right, but to say it in a tongue which was as much theirs as it was that of any of the powers they addressed. Hitherto, from the time of the Conquest, all foreign correspondence had been conducted in French. But to the thorough English feeling of the republican council this practice seemed a degradation. The French was a good enough tongue for Frenchmen; and for purposes of diplomacy only perhaps too good; but what was that to them who were free Englishmen, and had a tongue of their own of which they were not ashamed, and meant to pursue a straightforward course with all men, and at all times to say with their lips what they purposed in their hearts? They resolved, therefore, to discard the French in their writings to foreign states, and to employ in its stead the *lingua communis* of Christendom, the Latin. Nor were they content to have their thoughts clothed in any sort of Latin which hireling scholarship might supply to them. They would have Latin of the best. Under their sway, England was to be a true Aristocracy—a Reign of the Best; and they resolved that even in the interchange of courtesies or the chafferings of diplomacy with foreign states, their thoughts should be clothed in such a garb that not so much as a dog should move his tongue against it.

Of those who had sate in the high places of learning during the reign of Charles, the greater part had followed the fortunes of the exiled prince; or were hiding their discontent and their scholarship in lonely retreats—*doctores umbratici* against their will; or, like worthy Jeremy Taylor, having escaped ashore upon a plank, and not knowing whether they owed most to "the courtesies of their friends or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy," were trying to make the best of a bad business by "gathering a few sticks to warm them, a few books to entertain their thoughts;"*—all of them occupied after a fashion, yet for the interests of their country in the meantime utterly profitless. Still there were a few of the riper scholars of the day whose principles allied them to the victorious party. One

* Guizot, English Revolution, p. 436; Clarendon, Book xi. *sub fine*.

† Book of Orders of the Council of State, cited from the MS. in the State Paper Office, by Mr. Todd, in his Life of Milton, p. 107.

* Discourse of the Liberty of Prophesying—Epist. Dedic. p. 2.

there was especially, whose attachment to the republican cause was enthusiastic, who, from his youth up, had given himself to literature, "taking labor and intense study to be his portion in this life," and who, though he had "applied himself to the resolution to fix all the industry and art he could unite to the adorning of his native tongue," was nevertheless so addicted to the languages of Greece and Rome, that, whilst yet a youth, he had "not merely wetted the tip of his lips in the stream of these languages, but, in proportion to his years, had swallowed copious draughts," and was now, in his maturer age, acknowledged to be one of the first classical scholars of his day. This was Milton, and as he, in virtue of his scholarship, was master of a pure and copious Latinity, being, as one of his critics remarks, "*purioris dicendi generis vehementer studiosus*," the attention of the Council was directed to him as the fittest person to act as their Latin secretary. The same committee which had been appointed to consider the subject of Foreign Alliances was accordingly instructed to "speak with Mr. Milton, to know whether he will be employed as secretary for Forraigne tongues."

According to the testimony of Phillips, Milton's nephew, the attention of the Council of State had been drawn to Milton by the recent publication of his work, entitled, "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates." Wood asserts, and Mr. St. John adopts the assertion, that this treatise was written before the execution of Charles, though it now contains many passages afterward inserted. But this appears to us more than doubtful. It is true, indeed, that the treatise, as we now have it, contains additions to the original text, but these were made between the first and second editions, not, as the words we have quoted would seem to imply, between the writing of the work and its first publication.* As for its being written before the king's death, there is no evidence for that except Wood's assertion; and worthy Anthony was not so minutely exact in all that he uttered, especially when a sectary was in question, that we should allow his bare word to weigh against the internal evidence of the treatise itself, which is all on the side of the opinion that Milton wrote this tract, as well as published

it, in order to justify the Parliament and the Army for their treatment of Charles. Indeed, in his Second Defence, he expressly says as much as that such was the case: "That book," says he, referring to this treatise, "did not make its appearance till after the death of Charles; and was written rather to reconcile the minds of the people to the event, than to discuss the legitimacy of that particular sentence which concerned the magistrates, and which was already executed."†

The main design of the treatise is to assert the responsibility of kings, and the right of subjects to punish tyrants or wicked kings, if need be, with death. It is not, as some have asserted, a plea for regicide in the general, as if Milton, in a rabid and indiscriminating hatred of the very name and office of king, had contended for the extirpation of the entire race of such functionaries.‡ Still less is it an attack on the unhappy monarch whose execution it by implication justifies; for in referring to it in a subsequent publication, Milton distinctly disavows any intention of attacking Charles in it, or even of directly determining anything in reference to his case; and there is nothing in the treatise itself that is in the least incompatible with this disavowal. Milton was prompted to write it by the unreasonable censures pronounced upon Cromwell and his friends by the Presbyterian party, who, formerly the most bitter enemies of Charles, had become jealous of the growth of the Independents, and of their ascendancy in the Parliament, and were clamoring against the sentence pronounced on the king as abhorrent from the doctrine of Protestants, and of all the reformed churches.‡ This conduct Milton ascribed to mere party spite: he regarded their anger as excited, not by "the act itself, but because it was not the act of their party;" and the assertion they made against it he denounced as "a glaring falsehood," (*falsitas asserta*.) Hence, in order to compose men's minds, he wrote this tract

* Works, vol. i. p. 260.

† See his Second Defence of the People of England, *passim*. "How happy am I," he exclaims, in reference to the favorable reception of his first Defence by Christina, Queen of Sweden, "that when the critical emergencies of my country demanded that I should undertake the arduous and invidious task of impugning the rights of kings, I should meet with so illustrious, so truly a royal evidence to my integrity, and to this truth, that I had not written a word against kings, but only against tyrants, the spots and pests of royalty."

‡ Def. Secunda, p. 68, edit. 1654. *Hagae-Comitum*. Works, vol. i. p. 260, of Mr. St. John's edit.

* On the title-page of the second edition, published in 1650, we read that it is "published now the second time, with some additions, and many Testimonies also added out of the best and learnedest among Protestant Divines asserting the position of this Book."

for the purpose of showing "in an abstract consideration of the question, what may be lawfully done against tyrants."* It is one of the most condensed and closely reasoned of all Milton's writings, and satisfactorily establishes those great points of constitutional law which at an earlier period had been advocated by the classic pen of Buchanan, which, in the age succeeding that of Milton, were so logically demonstrated by Locke, and which may now be considered as incorporated with the constitution of our country. Appearing at a time when men's minds were deeply occupied with the question it discusses, public attention was naturally drawn toward it, and through means of it to previous publications of its author. "This treatise," says Phillips, "reviving the fame of other things Milton had formerly published, he was more and more taken notice of for his excellency of style, and depth of judgment; was courted into the service of the Commonwealth; and at last prevailed with (for he never hunted after preferment, nor affected the hurry of public business) to take upon him the office of Latin Secretary."† This fully bears out Milton's own account of the matter:—"No one ever knew me either soliciting anything myself, or through the medium of my friends,—no one ever beheld me in a supplicating posture at the doors of the senate, or the levees of the great. I usually kept myself secluded at home, where my own property, part of which had been withheld during the civil commotions, and part of which had been absorbed in the oppressive contributions which I had to sustain, afforded me a scanty subsistence. . . . I was surprised by an invitation from the Council of State, who desired my services in the office for foreign affairs."‡

Milton entered upon the office to which he was thus honorably called on the 15th March, 1649. The duties which he was here appointed to discharge were somewhat multifarious. Besides those more especially belonging to his office, such as the translating into English of the state papers of foreign

powers addressed to the rulers of the Commonwealth, and conducting their correspondence in return, many other tasks were imposed upon him by those whom he served. They seem, indeed, to have committed to him the whole of what may be called the literary and controversial interests of the government. Hence we find him enjoined to examine papers found on certain suspected enemies of the Commonwealth, or such attacks upon it as appeared in print, and to report to the Council thereon;* to reply to some of these attacks; to defend the policy of the Council against those "designers against the peace of the Commonwealth, by whom it had been impugned;† and even to arrange for the printing of such works as the Council saw meet to issue at the public expense.‡ To a mind like Milton's, delighting to luxuriate in the banquet of letters, and even revolving high thoughts of the additions he was himself to make to that rich repast, it must have been unspeakably irksome to be compelled to attend to all the petty and vexatious duties which were thus imposed upon him. But he bore the yoke cheerfully, and seems to have toiled on with the patience of the veriest drudge in his appointed work. Nay, his heart even appears to have been in his duties, for when he might, without censure, have retired from the office, he spurned the idea as unworthy of his patriotism. It was no paltry love of the gains of office which thus chained him to the oar; for his salary at the highest never exceeded £200 per annum, and to this the only additional perquisite he ever received was permission to reside at Whitehall, a permission which was only given to be soon after recalled.§ It is a sight worth looking at—this man of supernal genius thus taming himself down to the drudgeries of an inferior station, and discharging the dull and irksome tasks of office with a cheerfulness which the merest red-tapist could hardly exceed—and all from a sense of duty, and love for what he esteemed a good and just cause.

The writings which Milton was either directly or indirectly led by his office as

* Ibid.

† Cited by Todd, *Life of Milton*, p. 97.

‡ Second Defence, p. 261. Works, vol. i. We have given the above from the English translation, as it stands in Mr. St. John's edition; but it is rather an imperfect version of the original, and in the concluding part quite wrong. Milton was never in the Foreign Office. What he says is, "*Me . . . Concilium Status . . . ad se vocat, meaque opera ad res præsertim externas uti voluit*,"—the Council of State summoned me, and desired the use of my services chiefly in foreign affairs.

VOL. XVIII. NO. III.

* Order of Council, May 30, 1649. Ibid. June 23. Ibid. June 25, 1650.

† Ibid. 26th March, 1649; 29th March.

‡ Ibid. 8th January, 1649–50.

§ Milton went to reside in Scotland Yard in the early part of 1651, and he removed from it in the summer of the same year, in consequence of an order of Parliament which deprived him of that residence. He then went to the "pretty garden house," in Petty France, Westminster, where he remained till with in a few weeks of the return of Charles II.

Latin Secretary to indite, form a very important part of his prose works. Of these, the least interesting, perhaps, to us now, in reference at least to himself, are the Letters of State which he addressed from time to time in the name of the government of the Commonwealth, to the different European powers. In an historical point of view, indeed, these are valuable, as indicating the footing on which Cromwell and his party stood with the princes and states of the Continent, and as containing an authentic record of the foreign policy of the Commonwealth; but, in relation to Milton, they possess only an inferior interest. It is his pen that indites the words, but the thoughts are the property of others, and chiefly of that imperial intellect which seems to have dazzled and commanded the mind even of Milton, and made him look up to its possessor as the "chief of men." Viewed as the joint production of Oliver Cromwell and John Milton, these letters, even the least important of them, must ever possess a strong attraction; and some of them, especially those which relate to the sufferings of the Waldenses, in which both Cromwell and his Secretary took so thrilling an interest, will ever remain as monuments at once of the high-toned dignity with which England's greatest ruler upheld her rights and the rights of humanity, and of the fitting utterance which England's greatest poet gave to that ruler's will.

The first publication into which Milton's office indirectly led him, was that which appeared under the following title:—"Iconoclastes. In answer to a Book, entitled 'Icon Basilike: the portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings.'" The work to which Milton here replies, and which is now pretty generally believed to have been the production of Dr. Gauden, successively Bishop of Exeter and of Worcester after the Restoration, purports to be the composition of the deceased king, and its manifest design is to produce an impression in his favor, by not only defending his conduct to his subjects, but also representing him in the light of a mild, devout, and heavenly martyr. It was published a very short time after the death of Charles, and though there were several who saw through the imposition, and were satisfied it was not the work of the king, (Milton among the rest,) by the country at large, it was received as genuine, and extensively and eagerly perused. To counteract the effect which it was everywhere producing, Milton wrote his

"Iconoclastes;" in which, with great minuteness and vigor, he replies to all that is advanced in the "Icon," in defence of the policy, and in honor of the character of Charles. Written for popular effect, it is much simpler in style, quieter in manner, and more homely in conception, than was usual with its author. Here and there an expression occurs which betrays the poet,* and not seldom the fire of an ardent temper breaks forth in indignant flashes; but for the most part, the "Iconoclastes" is a sober, minute, closely-reasoned, and unimpassioned refutation of the statements of the "Icon." The author's purpose in writing it, he tells us, was "not a desire to descant on the misfortunes of a person fallen from so high a dignity," nor "by fond ambition, or the vanity to get a name, present or with posterity, by writing against a king," but "for their sakes who, through custom, simplicity, or want of better teaching, have not more seriously considered kings than in the gaudy name of Majesty, and admire them and their doings as if they breathed not the same air with other mortal men." Hence he scrupled not to take up the gauntlet which had been thrown down, though a king's, in defence of liberty and the Commonwealth. That the work was written at the request of the Council of State, we know from Milton's own statement;† but that it was a piece of mere hireling service, for which he received a pecuniary reward from the Council—though it has been confidently asserted, and though on the strength of this assertion Milton has been called "a mercenary Iconoclast,"—is altogether untrue. We have the author's own solemn statement to the contrary: "My hands," says he to Morus, "were never soiled with the guilt of peculation; I never was even an obolus the richer by those exertions which you most vehemently traduce."‡ We have the corroborative evidence afforded by the fact that the books of the Council retain no trace of any remuneration having been made to him

* One of his expressions has been borrowed, without acknowledgment, by a poet of our own day. In speaking of a parliament without power of opposing the royal will, he describes it as "struck as mute and motionless as a parliament of tapestry in the hangings." What Milton here applies to tapestry, Campbell applies to painting—

"And Painting mute and motionless
Steals but a glance of time."
Psalterial Stanzas to Kemble.

† Second Def. Work, vol. i. p. 268.

‡ Second Def. p. 248.

for this labor, whilst they do not fail to record the "fitt reward" which the Council awarded to John Durie for translating the work into French. And we have the fact that he was permitted to make the writing of this book suit his own convenience, "beginning it late, and finishing it leisurely in the midst of other employments and diversions"—a favor which, as Mr. Todd justly reasons, would hardly, in the case of a work, the early appearance of which was of importance, have been conceded to a mere hireling scribe.

The "Iconoclastes" appeared in the closing part of the year 1649. The same period witnessed the publication of a work which was destined to involve Milton in the most protracted and the most violent controversy in which he ever embarked. This was the "Defensio Regia pro Carolo I.," by Claude Saumaise, better known as Salmasius.

Charles II. was at this time residing at the Hague, "living with and upon the Prince of Orange," as Clarendon tells us; poor enough and dispirited enough, yet inclined to make an effort or two more to regain the splendid patrimony from which he had been driven. The impression which had been produced in England by the publication of the "Icon Basilike" probably suggested the idea of following it up by a still more energetic attack upon the Commonwealth party. The poor king had one hundred Jacobusses in his purse, and these he resolved to sacrifice in order to procure such a publication. A ready instrument was found in Salmasius, then one of the Professors at Leyden, and who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most learned men of his age. He was unquestionably a man of abilities. His memory was prodigious; his reading was unbounded; and his ingenuity considerable. His linguistic attainments and his philological writings still command respect; in his own day he was deemed such a prodigy, that people were wont to say that what Salmasius did not know was not knowable. But there were many things he did not know, and many literary qualifications he did not possess; and these, unhappily for him, were the very things and the very qualifications especially requisite for the work to which the exiled prince summoned him. He was ignorant of political science and the principles of social ethics. He was ignorant of

the English constitution, the English history, and the temper of the English people. Worst of all, he was ignorant of his own ignorance, and addressed himself to his task with all the confidence and self-sufficiency which learned ignorance is apt to assume. His temper also was bad; he was overbearing and insolent; and he indulged to its full extent in that license of vituperation which the scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seem to have regarded as their peculiar privilege; judging, apparently, that there was no excess of Scomatism to which a writer might not resort, provided always he kept the peace with Priscian, and clothed his anger in Ciceronian Latin. In his scholarship, moreover, there was all that painful attention to trifles, that "insanum minutiarum studium," which Ruhnken tells us is peculiar to otiose litterateurs.* His mind had nothing great in it, nothing comprehensive, nothing original. He was a successful scholar, and nothing more. What Pope has most unjustly put into the mouth of Richard Bentley, was to the letter true of Salmasius:—

"Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.

For thee we dim the eyes and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it."

When such a man undertook to arraign the people of England, and defend the memory of the beheaded king, what could he do but make pedantry supply the place of intelligence, and substitute effrontery for argument? The "fortiter in re" was beyond his reach, the "suaviter in modo" was contrary to his taste and habits. The only course open to him was that which he followed. Shutting himself up in his library, he set himself to quote all sorts of authors in support of the sacredness of kings, and the inviolability of their persons. He starts from the loftiest position of Divine Right! A king!—what is a king? "Plainly he who is the supreme power in the state, a power beholden to none but God, to whom alone the king is obliged to render a reason of his acts, and to none besides—he who may do what he likes, who is exempt from laws, who gives laws, but receives none, and hence judges all, but

* Preface to the *Iconoclastes*.

* *Orat. de Doctore Umbrato* p. 13. *Opusc. Ruhnken*, ed. Kidd.

is himself judged of no one."* This high doctrine he proceeds, by an immense farrago of authorities, to defend as the doctrine held in all ages and by all peoples. "So of old judged the whole East, so the West. In the regions of the North and the South, wherever kings reigned, their subjects had no other opinion, & other custom. Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Romans, Jews, Greeks, Pagans, Christians, thought thus." All this is shown at great length, and with an immense parade of learning. It is not till we reach the eighth chapter, that we find the author preparing to deal with the only really important question in this department of his inquiry—viz., what was the opinion, what the custom of the people of England respecting kings? Here, having neither Talmuds nor classics to quote from, he is sadly puzzled to keep up appearances; still he makes a manful effort, and by help of William of Malmesbury, Matthew of Paris, Gervasius, &c., illustrated here and there by Aristotle, Tacitus, Mela, Juvenal, and others of the ancients, he manages very respectably to fill up a goodly number of pages. In the concluding chapters (x.—xii.) he discusses the character and proceedings of the party by whom the king had been beheaded, and defends the character and conduct of Charles. This is by much the ablest part of his work; it is written with less stiffness and much greater vigor than the preceding parts; and when one compares its animated eloquence and hearty vituperation with the dreary pedantry of the earlier chapters, it is hard to resist the suspicion that some such pen as that of Hyde was at work, and that Salmasius had no other hand in this part of the "Defensio" than that of translating into Latin the thoughts and words of a greatly more vigorous mind than his own.

The publication of this work appears to have produced no great sensation either on the Continent or in England. This is not surprising. Few except unoccupied scholars were likely to toil through its heavy pages; and whilst its main purpose possessed only a secondary interest to the continental nations, its fundamental thesis was one which few Englishmen of any party then in England were prepared to adopt. Those theories of government on which the Divine right of kings is based, were unknown in this country before the days of Laud, and when propounded, they had received little welcome

even from those who afterward periled all in their efforts to support the throne. On the great mass of the people they never made any impression. Among them it had, ever since England was England, been held as a settled thing, that there was a point beyond which no prince could urge his prerogative and no freeborn people could submit; and their history presented to them too many instances in which the haughtiest of their sovereigns had been compelled to respect the popular will, and too many instances in which the reigning dynasty had been changed by force of domestic arms, for them to be very overwhelmingly impressed with a sense of "the divinity that doth hedge about a king." Had Salmasius been more modest—had he assumed lower ground—had he followed up the impression produced by the "Icon Basilike," by, like it, dwelling rather on the personal merits and sufferings of the late king, than by mooted great political and constitutional questions, in which he assumed positions to which few good and no thoughtful men could assent, he would better have served the cause of his employer, and if not in quantity, certainly in quality, rendered a fairer equivalent for his hundred Jacobusses. As it was, he, like many a hired pleader, both before and since, spoiled his cause by overdoing it.

But though the work of Salmasius created no remarkable sensation, it yet contained enough to render it desirable that it should not be left unanswered. Milton was accordingly enjoined, by an order in Council, of the date January 8th, 1649–50, to "prepare something in answer to the booke of Salmasius, and when he hath done itt, bring itt to the Councell." His answer was ready by the close of the year, and on the 23d of December, 1650, it was "ordered that Mr. Milton doe print the treatise which he hath written, in answer to a late booke written by Salmasius against the proceedings of this Commonwealth." The work appeared in the early part of the following year, under the title "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio contra Claudii Anonymi, alias Salmasii Defensionem Regiam.*"

On this production Milton put forth all his strength. He seems to have entered upon it with the design not merely of defending the Commonwealth, but of crushing the presumptuous pedant by whom it had been assailed. For Salmasius he evidently felt no respect, and to him he shows no pity. With a learning equal at least to his

* Def. Reg. c. 2, *sub init.*

own, and an energy far beyond any he ever possessed, Milton follows him step by step through his book, and does battle with him for every inch of the ground. No weapon of defence or assault that could be pressed into his service does he refuse. Quotations, criticism, sarcasm, puns, nicknames, vituperation, mingle with the acutest reasoning and the loftiest eloquence, in the strange tissue of his Discourse. From gravely discussing a question in history or political science, he suddenly passes to some stern joke upon his antagonist, or some vehement philippic upon the cause he had set himself to advocate. Now he weighs some dictum of Aristotle, or expounds some passage in the Bible, and then he darts away to pounce upon some unlucky solecism in his opponent's Latinity, or to make himself merry over his opponent's domestic thralldom. In reading this treatise, one cannot help thinking of the grim hilarity of the cat, as she tosses and plays with the mouse, which ever and anon she wounds with her talons, and at last utterly devours.

Hobbes is said to have remarked of the two "Defences," that he knew not which contained the best Latin or the worst logic. But there can be no candid and competent judge of either who will hesitate to assign the palm in both to Milton. Such certainly was the verdict of the best judges in his own day. As soon as his work appeared, it was circulated all over the Continent, and everywhere commanded the highest eulogies for its splendid diction, its acute and vigorous reasoning, and its immeasurable superiority to the work in reply to which it was issued. Congratulations poured in upon the author from all quarters; the ambassadors of foreign courts then resident in London paid him formal visits of compliment; and letters from the most distinguished scholars of Europe, expressive of their admiration of his production, were continually reaching him. His book was translated into Dutch, and apparently also into French. Certain it is that it was burnt in France, first at Paris and then at Toulouse; an evidence that it was both hated and feared in that country. Even royalty itself, in the person of Christina of Sweden, perused it with admiration, and gave unmistakeable evidence of approbation by dismissing, if not with indignity, at least without honor, Salmasius from the court. Beyond this general applause, however, the author had no remuneration for his labor, except the thanks of the Council and the gratitude of the best part of his countrymen.

Toland, indeed, has asserted that he received a present of £1000 from the Council. But this is a mistake, as Milton's own assertion in his "Second Defence," and the books of the Council attest.

It is not to be denied that the "Defence of the People of England against Salmasius" is disfigured by many and grievous faults. It must be admitted that it is needlessly prolix, and that much on which its author elaborately dwells is altogether irrelevant to the main question at issue between him and his antagonist. It must be admitted that his retaliation often exceeds the bounds of severity and becomes fierce and truculent. It must be admitted that many of his attempts at wit are miserably abortive, that his puns are, for the most part, about the worst ever perpetrated, and that he is often indelicate and coarse in his sarcasms and allusions. It must be admitted that many of his criticisms are hypercritical, that what he triumphantly holds up to scorn as the barbarisms and blunders in grammar of his antagonist, are not always such; and that sometimes his own pen drops solecisms as gross and unpardonable as any of which he accuses Salmasius.* But whilst all this is

* A famous instance of this occurs in Milton's merciless taunting of Salmasius for saying that the English had committed parricide in *persona regis*—in the person of the king. "What is this," exclaims Milton—"what Latinity ever spoke thus! unless, indeed, you refer to some pretender who, putting on the mask of the king, perpetrated I know not what parricide among the English," &c. Milton here evidently assumes that *persona* is never used by Latin writers in the sense in which we use "person" when we say, "the person of the king;" but always retains its primary meaning of mask, or personation. But this is a mistake. Johnson cites a passage from Juvenal, Sat. iv., v. 14, which clearly establishes the usage; unless, indeed, *persona* there means "character" in the sense in which we speak of a man being a "bad character." But a better authority than Juvenal, no less than Cicero, is indubitably on the side of Salmasius here. In one passage, indeed, he uses the very formula employed by Salmasius; speaking of Cæsar's conduct to Pompey, he says, "*in ejus persona multa fecit asperius*."—*Epist. ad Fam.* By the side of this, Salmasius's "*parricidium in persona regis*" may stand without blushing. Whilst thus over-zealous to find fault with his adversary, Milton falls into a blunder himself. "I will leave you," says he, "to the tender mercies of your own grammaticists; *quibus ego tu deridendum et vapulandum propino*—to whom I propose you to be laughed at and whipped." Milton had probably Terence's expression, "*Ego . . . hunc comedendum et deridendum vobis propino*," (*Eunuch*, v. 9, 47) in his mind when he wrote this; but in substituting a word for "*comedendum*," he unfortunately used one which has no existence! This verb "*vapulo*" signifying

admitted, it must still with justice be affirmed, that for rich and varied learning, acuteness of reasoning, soundness of principle, and rhetorical effect, few efforts of human genius are entitled to rank by the side of Milton's Defence of his countrymen.

The position maintained by Milton through this "Defence" is substantially that which he had already defended in the "Iconoclastes"—the responsibility of kings to their people, the necessary limits of royal prerogative, and the right of the people to resist tyrannical, oppressive, and unjust sovereigns, and even, if need be, to bring them to trial, and when convicted, to punish them. This doctrine he shows to have always been held by the English people, and to have been tacitly acknowledged by the most hasty Plantagenet and the most imperious Tudor that ever filled the English throne. But not content with this, he ascends to a higher region than that of prescription and usage. He appeals to that which is above all statute and contract—the law written on the hearts of men—the code whose edicts embody the great fundamental principles on which all society and all social institutions rest. This is the only line of argument worth the pursuing in such a case. To appeal to statute law and constitutional usage in defence of an act which was virtually the removal of the basis on which statutes and usages rest, seems but a needless waste of logic. The responsibility of kings can never be established by law, because to summon them to an account is, on the part of their subjects, a superseding for the time being of all law—a suspension of the constitution. Nor is the right of a nation to liberty a question of usage or of statute. It is not because our ancestors were free, that we have a title to freedom; any more than it is because our ancestors were clothed, that we have a right to put on clothing. All such rights are natural rights, and when they are to be vindicated, it must be by an appeal, not to regal precedents and constitutional authorities, but to the eternal principles of reason, equity, and common sense.

If the general applause with which Mil-

ton's performance was received tended to minister dangerously to his love of fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds," Providence was preparing for him a counteractive discipline, in one of the severest calamities which can befall humanity. His eyesight, which had never been very strong, had, through severe and unseasonable study, been gradually becoming weaker; and though his medical attendants warned him of the danger he was incurring, his determination to serve his country was so resolute, that he persisted in preparing his reply to Salmasius, notwithstanding the increasing failure of his visual organs. The consequence was total blindness, which came upon him in 1652, the year after the publication of his "Defence of the People of England." By his enemies this was eagerly laid hold of, as a proof of the vengeance of Heaven upon the defender of those who had slain the king; but by Milton himself it was regarded in a very different light. With that strong religious feeling, which so remarkably distinguished him, he traced the affliction, indeed, to God; but he viewed it not as a token of the Divine vengeance, but as an act of paternal discipline through which it was deemed needful by the Almighty and the Allwise that he should pass. His conscience bore him witness that "neither in the more early nor in the later periods of his life," had he committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked him out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation. And when his enemies taunted him with it, his appeal was from their inhumanity and injustice to the Searcher of hearts. "I invoke the Almighty to witness," are his words, "that I never at any time wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I find the same persuasion now. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre or of praise; it was only by the conviction of duty, and the feeling of patriotism, a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty."* He goes on to state, that though laboring under sickness, and though warned by the physicians that if he did not desist from studious pursuits, his sight would be irreparably lost, "their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no delay. I would not," he adds, "have listened even to the voice of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in prefer-

ton's performance was received tended to minister dangerously to his love of fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds," Providence was preparing for him a counteractive discipline, in one of the severest calamities which can befall humanity. His eyesight, which had never been very strong, had, through severe and unseasonable study, been gradually becoming weaker; and though his medical attendants warned him of the danger he was incurring, his determination to serve his country was so resolute, that he persisted in preparing his reply to Salmasius, notwithstanding the increasing failure of his visual organs. The consequence was total blindness, which came upon him in 1652, the year after the publication of his "Defence of the People of England." By his enemies this was eagerly laid hold of, as a proof of the vengeance of Heaven upon the defender of those who had slain the king; but by Milton himself it was regarded in a very different light. With that strong religious feeling, which so remarkably distinguished him, he traced the affliction, indeed, to God; but he viewed it not as a token of the Divine vengeance, but as an act of paternal discipline through which it was deemed needful by the Almighty and the Allwise that he should pass. His conscience bore him witness that "neither in the more early nor in the later periods of his life," had he committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked him out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation. And when his enemies taunted him with it, his appeal was from their inhumanity and injustice to the Searcher of hearts. "I invoke the Almighty to witness," are his words, "that I never at any time wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I find the same persuasion now. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre or of praise; it was only by the conviction of duty, and the feeling of patriotism, a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty."* He goes on to state, that though laboring under sickness, and though warned by the physicians that if he did not desist from studious pursuits, his sight would be irreparably lost, "their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no delay. I would not," he adds, "have listened even to the voice of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in prefer-

* Second Defence, p. 283. Works, vol. i.

ence to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast." These declarations are worthy of all belief; they are in perfect keeping with that antique severity, that stern, inflexible obedience to the voice of duty, which formed one of the characteristic features of Milton.

Some of his biographers have fixed upon the date of Milton's blindness as marking the period of his retirement from the office of Secretary for Foreign Tongues. But this is a mistake. Milton retained the office by successive reappointments till the close of the Protectorate, in 1659. Neither did his employers deem it necessary to remove him, nor did he yield to his misfortune so as to relinquish a post where he could still serve his country. Speaking of the former, he says:—"They do not strip me of the badges of honor which I have once worn; they do not deprive me of the places of public trust to which I have been appointed; they do not abridge my salary or emoluments; which, though I may not do so much to deserve as I did formerly, they are too considerate and too kind to take away; and, in short, they honor me as much as the Athenians did those whom they determined to support at the public expense in the Prytaneum."* As for himself, though his affliction was such as would have disqualified most men for service in such a post, it was not sufficient either to disqualify or dishearten him. "His mind," says Johnson, "was too eager to be diverted, and too strong to be subdued." This is true; but his piety had probably as much to do with his fortitude as either his zeal or his strength. Viewing his affliction as coming from the hand of God, he devoutly believed that He who had sent the trial was able to support him under it. In a remarkable letter which he wrote to his friend Leonard Philaras, a native of Athens, who had held out to him some hopes of benefit, if he would consult Thevomot, the celebrated Parisian oculist, he thus writes:—

"If, as it is written, man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God, why should not a man acquiesce even in this? not thinking that he can derive light from his eyes alone, but esteeming himself sufficiently enlightened by the conduct and providence of God. As long, therefore, as He looks forward, and provides for me as He does, and leads me backward and forward by the hand, as it were, through my whole life, shall I not cheerfully bid my eyes keep holiday, since such appears to be

His pleasure? But whatever may be the result of your kindness, my dear Philaras, with a mind not less resolute and firm than if I were Lynceus himself, I bid you farewell."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 508.

Thus "regulating and tranquilizing his mind," Milton resolved to abide at his post, and only so far succumbed to his calamity as to receive a colleague in his office. The first with whom he was associated was Philip Meadows; but afterward the famous Andrew Marvell was, through his influence and solicitation, appointed to be his colleague. These distinguished men continued to officiate together until the end of 1659, on the 25th of October in which year, the last payment of salary they received is entered in the books of the Council. The amount of this salary was £200 to each; and, as already remarked, Milton seems to have received no more when the entire duties of the office rested upon him.

Triumphant as was Milton's position after his reply to Salmasius, it could not be expected that he would be long allowed to occupy it in peace. Salmasius himself, though confuted, was not silenced; and smarting under the disgrace of his defeat, and the severity of the chastisement he had received, he set himself to the preparation of a reply, in which he should fully avenge himself upon his adversary. In the midst of this, however, a still more implacable foe assailed him, and summoned him to the dread tribunal of a higher sovereign than him whose cause he had sought to plead. His unfinished work was published by his son, but not till 1660, when the immediate interest of the controversy had long since passed away. In the meantime, other pens, both at home and on the Continent, were pointed against Milton. To enumerate all the publications which were at this time issued in reply to him would be irksome. Suffice it to say, that of these, the "Animadversions" of Sir Robert Filmer is the ablest, in a logical point of view, and the "Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum adversus Parricidos Anglicanos," of Peter du Moulin, the most famous. The latter was published anonymously, and its fame is derived from its having provoked Milton to utter his "Defensio Secunda," which appeared in 1654.

The remarks we have made on the "First Defence" apply in great measure also to the Second. There is, however, this difference: in the latter, it is chiefly persons whom the author attacks or defends; in the former, it is chiefly principles and acts. He defends, at great length, himself from the attacks that

* Second Defence. *Works*, vol. i., p. 240.

had been made upon him; and in order to do this, enters upon some autobiographical notices, which, to later times, have been of unspeakable interest. Hardly less interesting are his noble eulogies on Bradshaw, Fleetwood, Overton, Fairfax, and Cromwell, especially the last, whom he apostrophizes at length, and lauds as the father and savior of his country. The principal object of his philippics is one unlucky Alexander More, or Morus, whom Milton was lead to regard as the author of the "Clamor." Him he scourges with a severity even exceeding that shown to Salmasius, and with a coarseness which contrasts strangely with the epic dignity of other parts of the "Defensio." Poor Morus ventured on a reply, entitled, "*Fides Publica contra Calumnias Joannis Miltoni*," in which he earnestly disclaims any share in, or knowledge of, the composition of the work imputed to him, and endeavors to clear himself from the scandalous imputations thrown upon his character and morals by Milton. To this the latter replied in a tract, entitled, "*Authoris pro se Defensio*," in which he still persists in treating Morus as the author of the "Clamor," and in assailing him with ridicule and vituperation. A brief "Supplementum" from Morus, followed by a "Responsio" from Milton, closed this petty and undignified strife, in which Milton appears, perhaps, to less advantage than in any other of his many controversies.*

There have been some who have not been slow to insinuate that it was from love to strife, and a natural taste for the bitterness of controversy, that Milton gave so much of his time and energy to such compositions. A candid inquirer, however, will rather conclude that to a mind like his, it could not be otherwise than in itself irksome to be withdrawn from those pursuits to which his earlier years had been so assiduously devoted, and to which he had bound himself as the necessary means for securing the accomplishing of those spirited designs on which his soul was set. By such, therefore, credit will be given to his own avowal that it was even so; and that nothing but a deep sense of duty could have urged him to engage in such labors. In the famous introduction to

the second book of his "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty," after giving an account of his previous studies, and his literary projects, he adds—

"Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuits of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities, sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings. . . . Let any gentle apprehension that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honor to deal against such adversaries. But were it the meanest under-service, if God by his Secretary Conscience enjoins it, it were sad for me if I should draw back."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 481.

Such was the noble self-denying spirit in which Milton yielded himself to what he deemed conscience to require of him. Nor was he without his reward. His good name might be defamed—his fond hopes might be blasted—his safety might be endangered—and in age, poverty, and blindness he might be taunted with his sufferings as the penalty he was paying for his turbulence and strivings; but nothing could take from him the serene and hallowed satisfaction that in all he had done he had followed with pure, disinterested zeal the dictates of conscience, and the claims of the cause of truth and freedom. There was nothing he dreaded so much as that it should be said, "Thou hadst the diligence, the parts, the language of a man, if a vain subject were to be adorned and beautified, but when the cause of God and his Church was to be pleaded, for which purpose that tongue was given thee which thou hast, God listened if he could hear thy voice among his zealous servants, but thou wert dumb as a beast." He believed that "when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a sonorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal." The love of truth and liberty, the sense of responsibility, the consciousness of power entrusted to him for usefulness, were in him as an inspiration which broke through all selfish restraint, and impelled him to speak, at whatever hazards, the message which he had to communicate.

* Is it for this reason that Mr. St. John has excluded these tracts of Milton from his collection of his works? or because they have not yet been translated? We see in neither of these a sufficient reason for their absence. Of Milton's Works they as truly form a part as the *Defensio Secunda* itself, and it would have been worthy of Mr. St. John's scholarship to have put them in an English dress.

He stopped not to strike a nice prudential balance between duty and interest—between obedience and convenience. Determined to lay up “as the best treasure and solace of old age, if God should vouchsafe it to him, the honest liberty of free speech, from his youth,” it was enough for him to be assured in his own soul that the good cause demanded his service, to induce him to throw himself into the ranks of its defenders, come of the conflict what might. Hence, when affliction fell upon him, he had no sorrowful self-upbraidings, no tormenting remorse. Hear his own noble words in reference to the loss of his eyes, in his sonnet to Cyriac Skinner:—

———“Yet I argue not.
Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-
plied
In liberty’s defence, my noble task!
Of which all Europe rings from side to side;
This thought might lead me through the world’s
vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.”

All honor to the memory of the man who so steadfastly, courageously, and unrepiningly, alike amid storm and sunshine, abode by his integrity and hazarded himself in defence of what he thought the Truth!

For some time after the termination of the Salmasian controversy, Milton enjoyed a season of retirement and lettered repose. He seized the opportunity to carry out his long-cherished project, and redeem his long-given promise of producing a work “which after-times would not willingly let die.” It was during this interval that he began “Paradise Lost;” but as if this was too little for his active and ardent mind, he conjoined with it the preparation of a copious Latin dictionary, and as has been said, though on very doubtful evidence, the composition of his “System of Divinity,” the manuscript of which, so long supposed to be lost, was discovered a few years ago in the State Paper Office. Whilst he was immersed in these arduous undertakings—any one of them enough for an ordinary man—Cromwell died, and his son Richard assumed the Protectorate. Milton saw the times to be perilous. He soon discovered that the arm which now tried to wield the destinies of England was feeble and unsteady, and he sorrowfully foresaw that the power which it required all the gigantic energy of the father to maintain, was likely

soon to fall from the vacillating grasp of the son. Along with this came the not-indistinct indications of a leaning on the part of the multitude toward the royal cause, and the prospect of a return of the exiled Stuart. At such a crisis, Milton was not the man to hold his peace. “Few words,” he exclaimed, “will save us well considered; few and easy things now seasonably done;” and he set himself forthwith to speak what he deemed it necessary to be said, and to exhort his countrymen to perform what he thought it their interest to do. To the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England he addressed his “Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes,” and his “Considerations touching the best means of removing Hirelings out of the Church,” the object of both of which is to obviate any attempt to restore prelacy and a nationally endowed church. These appeared in 1659; and when shortly after the Parliament was dissolved by the army, and the supreme power seemed to be in the hands of General Monk, he addressed to him a tract, entitled, “Brief Declaration of a Free Commonwealth easy to be put in practice and without delay.” This was followed not long after by his “Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth,” in which, as in the former, he argues against monarchy and pleads for a republic. In issuing this latter, he had a presentiment that it might prove “the last words of expiring liberty;” and so in all probability it would, so far as he was concerned, but for the officious zeal of Dr. Matthew Griffith, who was bold enough to proclaim from the pulpit the necessity of recalling Charles, which drew down upon him the lightning censures of the fearless Milton, in his “Brief Notes” on the Doctor’s sermon. With this terminated his efforts for the establishment of his darling republic. L’Estrange published a Reply to his Notes under the insulting title, “No Blind Guides,” and the people seemed to be, for the most part, of L’Estrange’s opinion. They refused the counsels of Milton and his party; and in a tempest of loyal zeal cast themselves, and all that they had formerly fought for, at the feet of the returning monarch. Retreating before a calamity with which he found he could not cope, the blind but dauntless patriot retired into concealment, carrying with him the proud consciousness of having done what he conceived to be his duty toward his country, and a mind as little broken by adversity as it had been elated by prosperity. Rescued by some means not very accurately ascertained from

the proscription designed for him by the restored government, he gave himself up to those pursuits which lay nearest his heart; and amid the tumultuous revelry and stunning licentiousness into which English society suddenly broke, he, as has been exquisitely said, "meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."*

In reviewing Milton's connection with the Commonwealth, it would be interesting in the highest degree could we adequately trace the influence which he exerted upon its fortunes and features. But on this head little can be said with any degree of certainty. It is clear that in his official connection with it, his influence was very slight and altogether subordinate. Though some have spoken as if in his office of Latin Secretary he possessed somewhat of the power which now belongs to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, it is evident that so far from this, he had no share whatever in the government, and was indeed in no sense a servant of the state, but merely a servant of the Council and of Cromwell. Nor does his personal influence with the rulers of the nation appear to have been at any time great. In one of his private letters he expresses his regret at being unable to assist his friend to a very secondary office on account of his very slight intimacy and infrequent intercourse with the grantees, (*gratiosi*.) Artists have frequently painted pictures of Cromwell and Milton in attitudes which would indicate familiarity of intercourse between them, but by Cromwell Milton seems always to have been kept at a distance, being probably regarded by that strong-willed and practical man as much too ethereal and speculative a genius to be of great use either in the closet or at the council. Nor does Milton seem to have been at any time a popular writer with the masses; and certainly there is no trace of his ever having formed a party or led the multitude in any of his controversies. For this many things may seem to account. For one thing, his style of writing was anything but popular; it is by much too involved in the construction of sentences, by much too foreign in the phraseology, and by much too elevated and stately in the march of the ideas, to be

appreciated by any but men of scholarly tastes and habits. Then again, the weak part of Milton's mind was his incapacity for calm, inductive, analytical ratiocination; with him all is assumed *à priori*, and reasoned from synthetically; and hence he is often inconsequent, often inconsistent, and often, we even dare to say, grandiloquently obscure. But the main source of his want of general influence was doubtless the utterly impractical character of his mind. Upon the mass of men, abstract reasoning and splendid declamation are little better than thrown away. They cannot come up to it; they are lost in the attempt to follow it. Ten words setting forth a plain workable rule will be appreciated by them immensely beyond the most ably reasoned and eloquently enforced exposition of an abstract principle. What they want is, not to think, but to be advised and guided; and they will rather follow the man who does *not* ask them to think, than the man who does. They like, also, a leader who is in some sense one of themselves—who keeps by them and is guilty of no flights—who leads them by patiently going along with them, not by taking bold bounds forward and calling to them to follow. Now in all this Milton was utterly wanting. He could speculate and reason, and describe and satirize, and denounce and declaim; but to give a plain, straightforward piece of advice, did not belong to him. His genius was wholly idiosyncratic. As Wordsworth finely and justly expresses it, "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." The sphere in which his thoughts and fancies ranged was one into which only minds of the higher order dare or care to venture. When he spoke to others, he needed an interpreter—an offence which the vulgar never forgive. His church, his republic, his government, were all in theory. The visions in which he delighted had but little to do with the actual realities amidst which he lived and wrote. The people felt that he was amongst them, but not of them. They, perhaps, were proud of him—of his fame; but when he began to speak, they moved away, and left to him that which he, in his scornful pride, desired—"fit audience, though few."

But let us not conclude from this that Milton exercised no influence upon the fate of his country by his matchless writings; or even that his influence was small. We should be nearer the truth were we to say, that his influence was, and will yet be, all the greater that in his own day he was so little followed. Had he been less of a thinker, less of a far-

* Macaulay, *History of England*, vol. i. p. 401.

reaching speculator, less of an abstract and unpractical dealer in principles; he might in his own age have been a mighty leader of the mob, and in all after-time forgotten. He belongs to the prophet-minds of earth, who may be without honor in their own country, and among their own kindred, but whose words are destined to live, and through their mighty working to mould or change the whole aspect of the race. And though in his own day there were but few who sat at his feet and received his teaching, yet, through the few who did, he doubtless acted upon his countrymen at large, and for a while at least, and in a measure, influenced the destinies of England. Certain it is, that the course of events shaped itself much after the model which he had fashioned; and that all the grand prominent features of the Commonwealth find their ideal in the pictures he has drawn.

In this respect, as in many others, he strongly reminds us of Burke. The latter, it is well known, had but little personal influence, and exercised but little power *directly* by either his speeches or his writings in his own day. His rising to address the Speaker in the House of Commons was the signal for multitudes of the members to vacate their seats. "What!" said a member, entering the house one day, and meeting the retiring crowd; "what! is the house up?" "No," was the reply, "but Burke is." And so it continued to the last. Burke was never *popular* in the ordinary sense of that term. He presumed to think and to teach; and he was left to those who cared to be his pupils. By the mass he was regarded in the light of a wearisome and unsafe man. And no wonder! He was imprudent enough to carry the lessons of philosophy into an assembly of practical debaters. Simple old man!—

"He went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining."

And yet who of all that generation has so powerfully influenced the political genius of England during the succeeding age as Edmund Burke? Who of all his great compeers has left on the minds of his countrymen so broadly and deeply the stamp of his peculiar opinions and modes of thinking? Who has done so much to create what is now regarded as sound political science by the best thinkers on such subjects in Europe? And much such a fortune as this was that of Milton.

To the masses in his own day, he was as a strange and uncongenial spirit; but from his towering height he spoke down to the loftier minds of his own and succeeding ages; and now, of the doctrines which he taught, many are incorporated with the substance of the British Constitution, whilst others of them are eagerly canvassed on the platform of popular discussion, and seem to be advancing toward possession of the general mind.

It forms no part of our present design to examine into the soundness of Milton's opinions; on this point there is room for much difference of sentiment, and probably we should dissent from as many of them as we should agree with. Nor can we attempt even to *state* his views at large on questions of a political and politico-ecclesiastical kind, as this would require greatly more space than remains at our disposal. It is impossible, however, to close this article without adverting, though it must be, of necessity, briefly, to the relation in which his published opinions place him to the Commonwealth, both in a political and religious point of view.

In politics, Milton was a republican. He had formed to himself an ideal Commonwealth, the features of which were partly borrowed from the lordly republics of ancient Greece and Italy, partly supplied by his own imagination. The establishment of such in England he thought easy and desirable, and for this he labored with all the energies of his mighty pen. He saw in such a constitution a security for national glory, for the extension of commerce and discovery, for the interests of learning, and above all, for the enjoyment by learned men of free speech and free writing, such as no form of hereditary monarchy seemed to him to promise: how it was to affect the welfare of the masses, Milton, we fear, thought and cared little. With the bold avowal of these sentiments, he had hailed the dawn of the Commonwealth as an approximation at least to the realization of his favorite dream. During the continuance of the Commonwealth, he advocated its cause by the reiteration of these sentiments; and when he saw it beginning to decay, he sought again to restore it to vigor by the utterance of the same doctrines he had preached during its rise and its progress. Who shall say that he who thus watched by the cradle and sat by the bier of the Commonwealth—its hearty friend and fearless defender throughout—was without a powerful influence upon its form and its working?

It is proper to notice here the charge which has been brought against Milton of inconsistency in that he, a republican, continued in the service of Cromwell after the latter had assumed the supreme power, and had in reality made himself sole master of the State. On this charge Milton's accusers have been fond of dwelling, and they have not hesitated in some cases to urge it so far as to impeach his general character for integrity, uprightness, and honor. We believe no charge was ever less deserved. We believe there was as little of self-seeking in Milton's official connection with Cromwell as ever characterized the conduct of any man who served a monarch. It has been usual with Milton's apologists to urge in his defence that being a mere servant, and not therefore responsible for the doings of his superior, there was no violation of uprightness or consistency in his continuing to serve his country under Cromwell as its solitary chief, in the same capacity in which he had served it under the Council of State. But this, though undoubtedly true, is only a small part of the vindication which may be justly offered of Milton's conduct in this particular. It was not more inconsistent in Milton to continue to serve Cromwell as Protector than it was in Cromwell to become Protector. The same defence which justifies Cromwell justifies Milton. Now no person imagines now-a-days that it was from mere selfish motives, or from a desire to enslave his country, that Oliver took into his own hands the supreme power in the Commonwealth. Whatever it may have been fashionable for the wits and sycophants of the Restoration, or the Tories of a later age, to assert concerning his unprincipled ambition and unhallowed usurpation, the enlightened judgment of the present day pronounces him what the enlightened judgment of his own day pronounced him—the savior of his country. Affairs had come to such a pass in England, that the cause alike of liberty and of order demanded that Cromwell should do as he did. The conflict of parties and the force of circumstances had brought things to such a head that the only alternative for the nation was Cromwell or confusion—the Reign of a Protector or a Reign of Terror. Had Cromwell been a coward, or a man absorbed in seeking his own interests, he would have shrunk from the uneasy and perilous dignity which was forced upon him. He would have allowed the nation to embroil itself in a new strife; he would have suffered the energies of the people to expend themselves in the tumult

of parties; and he would have kept himself at ease until an opportunity was afforded him either to escape from the desolated realm, or to tread to a secure and easy throne over the necks of a prostrate and panting nation. It was precisely because Cromwell was neither a coward nor a self-seeker that he acted as he did. He saw his country in danger. He knew he could save his country, though at the expense of ease, and the risk of safety to himself. And, therefore, like a true and bold patriot as he was, he threw himself into the breach, and by his single arm sustained the cause, and secured the deliverance of his country. This is the defence which in the judgment of all well-informed and candid men in the present day suffices for Cromwell. We claim it as covering Milton no less. The necessity which constrained the superior virtually to ascend the throne, made it equally imperative on the inferior not to desert his bureau.

Moreover, it should ever be borne in mind in judging of Milton's conduct in this instance, that the republic of his aspirations was not a democracy. He had little sympathy with and no confidence in the unlettered crowd—what he calls "the blockish vulgar." He could talk of addressing them as—

"Casting pearls to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free;
License they mean when they say *Liberty*;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good."*

The "people" in his vocabulary meant not the "rude multitude," but only "properly qualified persons."† In his model of a Free Commonwealth, he expressly excludes the masses from any share in the conduct of affairs. In feeling and in principle he was essentially an aristocrat; meaning by that, not one who would have had the country ruled by an hereditary nobility, but one who would have had all power in the hands of the best men. His scheme embraced the election, by a select portion of the community, of a chamber which he hoped would comprise all the ablest men in the country, and which, once elected, was to be perpetual. His maxim was, that "the ground and basis of every just and free government is a general council of ablest men; in which must the sovereignty, not transferred, but delegated only, and as it

* Sonnet on Tetrachordon.

† Ready Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, *passim*.

were deposited, reside."* He held also that when the people would not elect such a council, it was the duty of any man who had the power to benefit his country, by declaring this to be his mind, and calling in the aid of the army to assist in the prosecution thereof.† With such views, we do not see how he could have felt any very great scruple, under any circumstances, in continuing to adhere to the service of Cromwell after he became Protector. There can be no doubt that he regarded Oliver as the best man of his age. In his sonnet to the Protector, he expressly styles him, "Cromwell, our chief of men;" and in the apostrophe addressed to him in the "Defensio Secunda," he tells him, speaking of his elevation as Protector, "such power is thy due, thou liberator of thy country, author of her freedom, her guardian also and conservator." Why, then, should not he who desired to see England governed by her best men, consent to the supremacy of one whose superiority to all others was in his view unquestionable—of one whose services to his country threw those of all others into the shade—of one who had alone showed himself competent to guide the vessel of the state through the storms and breakers amidst which it had been cast?

In ecclesiastical matters, Milton was wholly at one with the predominant party in the Commonwealth. He was the strenuous advocate of liberty of conscience. He desired to see all sects on a footing of perfect equality, so far as relation to the civil power was concerned. He opposed the endowment of religion by the state, as unscriptural and impolitic; as the fruitful source of corruption to the church, and of disquiet and misrule to the community. He claimed equal liberty of profession and of worship for all Christians, with the one exception of the Romanists, whom he regarded as politically unsafe, as contemners of the sole authority in religious matters—the Bible, and as idolaters. Of episcopacy, in all its forms, and through all its grades, he had an implacable hatred. His dislike to presbytery was hardly less bitter; he maintained that "New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large;" and he bestows upon the Presbyterian party, in his own day, names not much more savory than those which he had always at hand for the bishops. To forms of prayer, and especially to

the Liturgy of the Church of England, he had a strong aversion; thinking, that by such forms, the spirit of true devotion is stunted, that the imposition of them is "a tyranny that would have longer hands than those giants who threatened bondage to heaven,"* and that the Book of Common Prayer was "an Englished mass-book, composed, for aught we know, by men neither learned nor godly."† Indeed, to forms of all sorts, he had a disinclination, which so grew upon him, that he ended by neglecting every kind of social or apparent worship, and by standing aloof from all religious parties. He is commonly classed among the Independents, and a Baptist minister wrote a book some years ago, professedly on Milton's Life and Times, but really for the purpose of proving him to have been a Baptist.‡ But with the Independents as a religious body, whether Baptist or Pædobaptist, he was never identified. In many of his opinions he more approximated the Quakers than any other denomination of Christians.

It would be interesting to know in what light Milton was regarded by the great and good men whose names have come down to us as the religious leaders of that time. One would like to know what Owen thought of him; or Baxter, or Howe, or Godwin; all of whom must have known him, and been in the habit of meeting him at Whitehall. One can easily believe that with some of these men he had little sympathy; but between such a mind as that of Howe and such a mind as that of Milton, there must have been much that was congenial. But no trace remains of the intercourse of any of these parties with him; no indication of their judgment of him. It would be impossible, we think, to infer from any portion of their or his published writings, either that they had read any of Milton's books, or that he had read any of theirs. The distance between him and them is, to all appearance, as great as if they and he had lived in different ages, and written in different tongues.

It is not easy to account for this. Perhaps Milton, in his fierce dislike of priests, was not disposed to have intercourse with any who sustained, however meekly and holily, the sacred profession. Perhaps his open neglect of forms of worship, and the public institutions of religion, led those good men to re-

* Eiconoclastes, c. 16. *Works*, vol. i. p. 481.

† *Ibid.*, p. 483.

‡ John Milton: his Life and Times, Religious and Political Opinions, &c. By Joseph Ivimey. Lond. 1833. 8vo.

* Ready Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, vol. ii. p. 121.

† See Letter to General Monk, vol. ii. p. 103. Comp. First Defence, vol. i. p. 143.

gard him with suspicion, to shun his society, and to neglect his books. Perhaps they hardly deemed him altogether of sound mind, and thought the less they had to do with him and his crotchets the better. And it may be, that Milton was really what of late it has been confidently asserted he was, in heart an Arian; in which case, men such as those we have named would have shrunk from him with horror.

We state this latter suggestion as resting on an assumption which, at the best, is doubtful. The only direct evidence that Milton was imbued with the sentiments of the Arians, is supplied by his long-lost *System of Divinity*, recently brought to light and published, with a translation, by the Bishop of Winchester. But this evidence is greatly invalidated by the following circumstances: 1. Whilst in some passages of this work Milton speaks like an Arian, in others he uses language entirely incompatible with the Arian system. 2. There is no evidence to show that this work was the production of Milton's maturer years; so that, for aught that appears, it may contain only the crude conceptions of his earlier years. 3. There is no evidence to show that Milton ever wrote this work as one continuous composition, at any time. 4. There is abundant evidence to show that he was in the habit, during the course of his life, of compiling opinions on theology from the writings of foreign divines, whose words he quoted; so that, for aught we can tell, this treatise may be merely a compilation of opinions, many of which are naturally discordant, and which Milton may have cited for various reasons, and not always because he held the views expressed; and, 5. The MS. of this work is obviously incomplete, in many places it is interlined, and many slips containing additional matter, are pasted on the margin; so that what it would have become, had Milton prepared it for the press, we cannot say. It seems, therefore, hardly fair to the memory of the poet, to build on such a work any very serious charge against his orthodoxy; more especially as that charge is contradicted by express declarations contained in the works he himself published during his lifetime.* At

any rate, we may reasonably doubt whether it was to this he owed his manifest estrangement from the great evangelical sectaries of his day.

But whatever may have been the defects or errors of Milton's theological creed, it is impossible to refuse him the honor due to a life of the sincerest piety and the most dignified virtue. No man ever lived under a more abiding sense of responsibility. No man ever strove more faithfully to use time and talent "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." No man so richly endowed was ever less ready to trust in his own powers, or more prompt to own his dependence on "that eternal and propitiating throne, where nothing is readier than grace and refuge to the distressed of mortal suppliants." His morality was of the loftiest order. He possessed a self-control which, in one susceptible of such vehement emotions, was marvelous. No one ever saw him indulging in those propensities which overcloud the mind and pollute the heart. No youthful excesses, no revelries or debaucheries of maturer years, treasured up for him a suffering and remorseful old age. From his youth up, he was temperate in all things, as became one who had consecrated himself to a life-struggle against vice, and error, and darkness, in all its forms. He had started with the conviction "that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things;" and from this he never swerved. His life was indeed a true poem; or it might be compared to an anthem on his own favorite organ—high-toned, solemn, and majestic. We may regret, that with all this stately elevation and severe purity of character, there was not mingled more of the sweetness and gentleness that ought to mark the Christian. But perfection was not the privilege of Milton, any more than of other men. It is enough for his eulogy to say, that with a genius such as has never been surpassed, and with attainments which have seldom been equaled, he combined the loftiest devotion, the most inflexible integrity, and the most severe self-command. He stands before us as the type of PURITANISM, in its noblest development, retaining all its stern virtue and passionate devotion, but without its coarseness, its intolerance, or its stoicism.

* In the *Iconoclastes*, he speaks of "the infections of Arian and Palagian heresies." (W. I. 488.) *Comp. Par. Lost*, iii. 138; *Ode on Christ's Nativity*; *Of Reformation in England*, book ii. (*Works*, vol. ii., p. 417.) &c.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS.

Mémoires d'Outre Tombe. Par M. le VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND. 4 vols. Paris, 1846-9.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, when skillfully and judiciously done, is one of the most delightful species of composition of which literature can boast. There is a strong desire in every intelligent and well-informed mind to be made acquainted with the private thoughts, and secret motives of action, of those who have filled the world with their renown. We long to learn their early history, to be made acquainted with their first aspirations—to learn how they became so great as they afterward turned out. Perhaps literature has sustained no greater loss than that of the memoirs which Hannibal wrote of his life and campaigns. From the few fragments of his sayings which Roman admiration or terror has preserved, his reach of thought and statesman-like sagacity would appear to have been equal to his military talents. Cæsar's *Commentaries* have always been admired; but there is some doubt whether they really were written by the dictator; and, supposing they were, they relate almost entirely to military movements and public events, without giving much insight into private character. It is that which we desire in autobiography: we hope to find in it a window by which we may look into a great man's mind. Plutarch's *Lives* owe their vast and enduring popularity to the insight into private character which the innumerable anecdotes he has collected, of the heroes and statesmen of antiquity, afford.

Gibbon's autobiography is the most perfect account of an eminent man's life, from his own hand, which exists in any language. Independent of the interest which naturally belongs to it as the record of the studies, and the picture of the growth of the mind of the greatest historian of modern times, it possesses a peculiar charm from the simplicity

with which it is written, and the judgment it displays, conspicuous alike in what is revealed and what is withheld in the narrative. It steers the middle channel so difficult to find, so invaluable when found, between ridiculous vanity on the one side, and affected modesty on the other. We see, from many passages in it, that the author was fully aware of the vast contribution he had made to literature, and the firm basis on which he had built his colossal fame. But he had good sense enough to see, that those great qualities were never so likely to impress the reader as when only cautiously alluded to by the author. He knew that vanity and ostentation never fail to make the character in which they predominate ridiculous—if excessive, contemptible; and that, although the world would thankfully receive all the details, how minute soever, connected with his immortal work, they would not take off his hands any symptom of his own entertaining the opinion of it which all others have formed. It is the consummate judgment with which Gibbon has given enough of the details connected with the preparation of his works to be interesting, and not enough to be ridiculous, which constitutes the great charm, and has occasioned the marked success, of his autobiography. There are few passages in the English language so popular as the well-known ones in which he has recounted the first conception, and final completion of his history, which, as models of the kind, as well as passages of exquisite beauty, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing, the more especially as they will set off, by way of contrast, the faults in some parallel passages attempted by Chateaubriand and Lamartine.

"At the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum. Each memorable spot—where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell—was at once present to my eyes; and several days of intoxication were lost, or enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing this *Decline and Fall* of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city, rather than of the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point toward that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work."—*Life*, p. 198, 8vo edition.

Again, the well-known description of the conclusion of his labors:—

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."—*Life*, p. 255, 8vo edition.

Hume's account of his own life is a model of perspicuity, modesty, and good sense; but it is so brief that it scarcely can be called a biography. It is not fifty pages long. The wary Scotch author was well aware how vanity in such compositions defeats its own object: he had too much good sense to let it appear in his pages. Perhaps, however, the existence of such a feeling in the recesses of his breast may be detected in the prominent manner in which he brings forward the discouragement he experienced when the first volume of his history was published, and the extremely limited sale it met with for some time after its first appearance. He knew well how these humble beginnings

would be contrasted with its subsequent triumphant success. Amidst his many great and good qualities, there is none for which Sir Walter Scott was more admirable than the unaffected simplicity and good sense of his character, which led him to continue through life utterly unspotted by vanity, and unchanged by an amount of adulation from the most fascinating quarters, which would probably have turned the head of any other man. Among the many causes of regret which the world has for the catastrophes which overshadowed his latter years, it is not the least that it prevented the completion of that autobiography with which Mr. Lockhart has commenced his *Life*. His simplicity of character, and the vast number of eminent men with whom he was intimate, as well as the merit of that fragment itself, leave no room for doubt that he would have made a most charming memoir, if he had lived to complete it. This observation does not detract in the slightest degree from the credit justly due to Mr. Lockhart, for his admirable *Life* of his illustrious father-in-law: on the contrary, it forms its highest encomium. The charm of that work is mainly owing to its being so imbued with the spirit of the subject, that it may almost be regarded as an autobiography.

Continental writers of note have, more than English ones, fallen into that error which is of all others the most fatal in autobiography—inordinate vanity. At the head of all the delinquents of this class we must place Rousseau, whose celebrated *Confessions* contain a revelation of folly so extreme, vanity so excessive, and baseness so disgraceful, that it would pass for incredible if not proved by the book itself, which is to be found in every library. Not content with affirming, when past fifty, that there was no woman of fashion of whom he might not have made the conquest if he chose to set about it,* he thought fit to entertain the world with all the private details of his life, which the greater prudence of his most indiscreet biographers would have consigned to oblivion. No one who wishes to discredit the Genevese philosopher, need seek in the works of others for the grounds of doing so. Enough is to be found in his own to consign him to eternal execration and contempt. He has told us equally in detail, and with the same air of infantine simplicity, how he committed a theft

* "Il y a peu des femmes, meme dans le haut rang, dont je n'eusse fait la conquete si je l'avais entreprise."—*Biographie Universelle*, xxxix. 186.

when in service as a lackey, and permitted an innocent girl, his fellow-servant, to bear the penalty of it; how he alternately drank the wine in his master's cellars, and made love to his wife; how he corrupted one female benefactress who had sheltered him in extremity of want, and afterward made a boast of her disgrace; and abandoned a male benefactor who fell down in a fit of apoplexy on the streets of Lyons, and left him lying on the pavement, deserted by the only friend whom he had in the world. The author of so many eloquent declamations against mothers neglecting their children, on his own admission, when in easy circumstances, and impelled by no necessity, consigned five of his natural children to a foundling hospital, with such precautions against their being known that he never did or could hear of them again! Such was his vanity, that he thought the world would gladly feed on the crumbs of this sort which fell from the table of the man rich in genius. His grand theory was that the human mind is born innocent, with dispositions only to good, and that all the evils of society arise from the follies of education or the oppression of government. Judging from the picture he has presented of himself, albeit debased by no education but what he himself had afforded, we should say his disposition was more corrupt than has even been imagined by the most dark-minded and bigoted Calvinist that ever existed.

Alfieri was probably as vain in reality as Rousseau; but he knew better how to conceal it. He had not the folly of supposing that he could entertain women by the boastful detail of his conquests over them. He judged wisely, and more like a man who had met with *bonnes fortunes*, that he would attain more effectually the object of interesting their feelings, by painting their conquests over him. He has done this so fully, so sincerely, and with such eloquence, that he has made one of the most powerful pieces of biography in any language. Its charm consists in the picture he has drawn, with equal truth and art, of a man of the most impetuous and ardent temperament, alternately impelled by the strongest passions which can agitate the breast—love and ambition. Born of a noble family, inheriting a great fortune, he exhibited an uncommon combination of patrician tastes and feelings with republican principles and aspirations. He was a democrat because he knew the great by whom he was surrounded, and did not know the humble who were removed to a distance. He said this himself, after witnessing at Paris the

horrors of the 10th August.—“*Je connais bien les grands, mais j'en connais pas les petits.*” He drew the vices of the former from observation, he painted the virtues of the latter from imagination. Hence the absurdity and unnatural character of many of his dramas, which, to the inhabitant of our free country, who is familiar with the real working of popular institutions, renders them, despite their genius, quite ridiculous. But, in the delineation of what passed in his own breast, he is open to no such reproach. His picture of his own feelings is as forcible and dramatic as that of any he has drawn in his tragedies; and it is far more truthful, for it is taken from nature, not an imaginary world of his own creation, having little resemblance to that we see around us. His character and life were singularly calculated to make such a narrative interesting, for never was one more completely tossed about by vehement passions, and abounding with melodramatic incidents. Alternately dreaming over the most passionate attachments, and laboring of his own accord at Dante fourteen hours a day; at one time making love to an English nobleman's wife, and fighting him in the Park, at another driving through France with fourteen blood horses in harness; now stealing from the Pretender his queen, now striving to emulate Sophocles in the energy of his picture of the passions, he was himself a living example of the intensity of those feelings which he has so powerfully portrayed in his dramas. It is this variety, joined to the simplicity and candor of the confessions, which constitutes the charm of this very remarkable autobiography. It could have been written by no one but himself; for an ordinary biographer would only have described the incidents of his life, none else could have painted the vehement passions, the ardent aspirations, from which they sprang.

From the sketches of Goethe's life which have been preserved, it is evident that, though probably not less vain than the French philosopher or the Italian poet, his vanity took a different direction from either of theirs. He was neither vain of his turpitudes, like Rousseau, nor of his passions, like Alfieri. His self-love was of a more domestic kind; it partook more of the home-scenes of the Fatherland. No one will question the depth of Goethe's knowledge of the heart, or the sagacity of the light which his genius has thrown on the most profound feelings of human nature. But his private life partook of the domestic

affections and unobtrusive rest in which it was passed, exempt alike from the grinding poverty which too often impelled the Genevese watchmaker's son into disgraceful actions, or the vehement passions which drove the Italian nobleman into brilliant crimes. Hence his biography exhibits an extraordinary mixture of lofty feelings with puerile simplicity, of depth of views with childishness, of divine philosophy with homely inclinations. Amidst all his enthusiasm and effusions of sentiment, he was as much under the influence as any man of creature comforts; and never hesitated to leave the most lofty efforts of the muse to participate in the substantial advantages of rich preserves or sweet cakes. This singular mixture arose in a great measure from the habits of his life, and the limited circle by which, during the greater part of it, he was surrounded. Living with a few friends in the quiet seclusion of a small German town, the object of almost superstitious admiration to a few females by whom he was surrounded, he became at once a little god of his own and their idolatry, and warmly inclined, like monks all over the world, to the innocent but not very elevating pleasures of breakfast and dinner. Mahomet said that he experienced more difficulty in persuading his four wives of his divine mission, than all the rest of the world besides; and this, says Gibbon, was not surprising, for they knew best his weaknesses as a man. Goethe thought, on the same principle, his fame was secure, when he was worshiped as a god by his female coterie. He had the highest opinion of his own powers, and of the lofty mission on which he was sent to mankind; but his self-love was less offensive than that of Rousseau, because it was more unobtrusive. It was allied rather to pride than vanity—and though pride may often be hateful, it is never contemptible.

From the *Life of Lord Byron*, which Moore has published, it may be inferred that the latter acted wisely in consigning the original manuscript of the noble poet's autobiography to the flames. Assuming that a considerable part of that biography is taken from what the noble bard had left of himself, it is evident that a more complete detail of his feelings and motives of action would have done anything rather than have added to his reputation. In fact, Moore's *Life* has done more than anything else to lower it. The poetical biographer had thought and sung so much of the

passions, that he had forgot in what light they are viewed by the generality of men; he was so deeply imbued with the spirit of his hero, that he had come to regard his errors and vices as not the least interesting part of his life. That they may be so to that class of readers, unhappily too extensive, who are engaged in similar pursuits, is probably true; but how small a portion do these constitute of the human race, and how weak and inaudible is their applause when compared to the voice of ages! What has become of the innumerable licentious works whose existence in antiquity has become known from the specimens disinterred in the ruins of Herculaneum? Is there one of them which has taken its place beside the *Lives of Plutarch*? Whatever is fetid, however much prized at the moment, is speedily sunk in the waves of time. Nothing permanently floats down its stream but what is buoyant from its elevating tendency.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is so replete with the sayings and thoughts of the intellectual giant, whom it was so much his object to elevate, even above his natural Patagonian stature, that it may be regarded as a sort of autobiography, dictated by the sage in his moments of *abandon* to his devout worshiper. It is hardly going too far to say that it is the most popular book in the English language. Johnson's reputation now mainly rests on that biography. No one now reads the *Rambler* or the *Idler*—few the *Lives of the Poets*, interesting as they are, and admirable as are the criticisms on our greatest authors which they contain. But Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is in everybody's hands; you will hear the pithy sayings, the admirable reflections, the sagacious remarks it contains, from one end of the world to the other. The secret of this astonishing success is to be found in the caustic tone, sententious brevity, and sterling good sense of Johnson, and the inimitable accuracy, faithful memory, and almost infantine simplicity of his biographer. From the unbounded admiration with which he was inspired for the sage, and the faithful memory with which he was gifted, he was enabled to commit to paper, almost as they were delivered, those admirable sayings which have ever since been the delight and admiration of the world. We almost live with the members of the Literary Club; we hear their divers sentiments, and can almost conceive their tones of voice. We see the gigantic form of the sage towering above

his intellectual compeers. Burke said that Johnson was greater in conversation than writing, and greater in Boswell than either; and it is easy to conceive that this must have been the case. The *Life* contains all the admirable sayings, *verbatim* as they were delivered, and without the asperity of tone and manner which formed so great a blot in the original deliverer. Johnson's sayings were of a kind which were susceptible of being accurately transferred, and with full effect, to paper, because they were almost all reflections on morals, men, or manners, which are of universal application, and come home to the senses of mankind in every age. In this respect, they were much more likely to produce an impression in biography than the conversation of Sir Walter Scott, which, however charming to those who heard it, consisted chiefly of anecdotes and stories, great part of the charm of which consisted in the mode of telling and expression of the countenance, which, of course, could not be transferred to paper.

But it is not every eminent man who is so fortunate as to find a biographer like Boswell, who, totally forgetful of self, recorded for posterity with inimitable fidelity all the sayings of his hero. Nor is it many men who would bear so faithful and searching an exposure. Johnson, like every other man, had his failings; but they were those of prejudice or manner, rather than morals or conduct. We wish we could say that every other eminent literary man was equally immaculate, or that an entire disclosure of character would in every case reveal no more weaknesses or failings than have been brought to light by Boswell's faithful chronicle. We know that every one is liable to err, and that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. But being aware of all this, we were not prepared for the immense mass of weaknesses, follies, and errors, which have been brought to light by the indiscreet zeal of biographers, in the character of many of our ablest literary, poetical, and philosophical characters. Certainly, if we look at the details of their private lives, these men of literary celebrity have had little title to set up as the instructors, or to call themselves the benefactors of mankind. From the days of Milton, whose divine genius was so deeply tarnished by the asperity of his feelings, and the unpardonable license in controversy which he permitted to his tongue, to those of Lord Byron, who scandalized his country and the world by the undisguised profligacy

of his private life, the biography of literary men, with a few brilliant exceptions—in the foremost of which we must place Sir Walter Scott—consists in great part of a series of follies, weaknesses, or faults, which it would be well for their memory could they be buried in oblivion. We will not say that the labors of their biographers have been the *Massacre of the Innocents*, for truly there were very few innocents to massacre; but we will say that they have, in general, done more to degrade those they intended to elevate, than the envenomed hostility of their worst enemies. We forbear to mention names, which might give pain to many respectable persons still alive. The persons alluded to, and the truth of the observation, will be at once understood and admitted by every person acquainted with the literary history of France and England during the last century.

Vanity and jealousy—vanity of themselves, jealousy of others—are the great failings which have hitherto tarnished the character and disfigured the biography of literary men. We fear it is destined to continue the same to the end of the world. The qualities which contribute to their greatness, which occasion their usefulness, which insure their fame, are closely allied to failings which too often disfigure their private lives, and form a blot on their memory, when indiscreetly revealed in biography, either by themselves or others. Genius is almost invariably united to susceptibility; and this temperament is unhappily too apt to run into irritability. No one can read D'Israeli's essay on *The Literary Character*, the most admirable of his many admirable works, without being convinced of that. Celebrity of any sort is the natural parent of vanity, and this weakness is in a peculiar manner fostered in poets and romance writers, because their writings interest so warmly the fair, who form the great dispensers of general fame, and convey it in the most flattering form to the author. It would perhaps be unjust to women to say that poets and novelists share in their weaknesses; but it is certain that their disposition is, in general, essentially feminine, and that, as they attract the admiration of the other sex more strongly than any other class of writers, so they are liable in a peculiar degree to the failings, as well as distinguished by the excellencies, by which their female admirers are characterized. We may regret that it is so: we may lament that we cannot find poets and romancers, who to the genius of Byron, or the fancy of Moore, unite the

sturdy sense of Johnson, or the simplicity of character of Scott; but it is to be feared such a combination is as rare, and as little to be looked for in general life, as the union of the strength of the war-horse to the fleetness of the racer, or the courage of the mastiff to the delicacy of the greyhound. Adam Smith long ago pointed out the distinction between those who serve and those who amuse mankind; and the difference, it is to be feared, exists not merely between the philosopher and the opera-dancer, but between the instructors of men in every department of thought, and those whose genius is devoted rather to the pleasing of the eye, the melting of the feelings, or the kindling of the imagination. Yet this observation is only generally, not universally, true; and Sir Joshua Reynolds remains a memorable proof that it is possible for an artist to unite the highest genius and most imaginative power of mind to the wisdom of a philosopher, the liberality of a gentleman, the benevolence of a Christian, and the simplicity of a child.

We are not at all surprised at the intoxication which seizes the literary men and artists whose genius procures for them the favor or admiration of women. Everybody knows it is the most fascinating and transporting flattery which the mind of man can receive. But we confess we are surprised, and that too not a little, at the *want of sense* which so frequently makes men even of the highest abilities mar the influence of their own genius, and detract from the well-earned celebrity of their own productions by the indiscreet display of this vanity, which the applause they have met with has produced in their minds. These gentlemen are charmed with the incense they have received, and of course desirous to augment it, and extend the circle from which it is to be drawn. Well, that is their object; let us consider what means they take to gain it. These consist too often in the most undisguised display of vanity in their conduct, manner, and conversation. Is this the way likely to augment the admiration which they enjoy so much, and are so solicitous to extend? Are they not clear-sighted enough to see, that, holding this to be their aim, considering female admiration as the object of their private aspirations, they cannot in any way so effectually mar their desires as by permitting the vanity, which the portion of it they have already received has produced, to appear in their manner of conversation? Are they so little versed in the female heart, as not to know that as self-love acts, if not in a stron-

ger at least in a more conspicuous way in them than in the other sex, so there is nothing which repels them so effectually as any display of that vanity in men which they are all conscious of in themselves, and nothing attracts them so powerfully as that self-forgetfulness, which, estimable in all, is in a peculiar manner graceful and admirable when it is met with in those whom none others can forget? Such a quality is not properly modesty—that is the retiring disposition of those who have not yet won distinction. No man who has done so is ignorant of it, as no woman of beauty is insensible to her charms. It is more nearly allied to good sense, and its invariable concomitant—a due regard for the feelings of others. It not unfrequently exists, in the highest degree, in those who have the strongest inward consciousness of the services they have rendered to mankind. No man was more unassuming than Kepler, but he wrote in reference to his great discoveries, and the neglect they at first met with, “I may well be a century without a reader, since God Almighty has been six thousand years without such an observer as me.” Yet this is universally felt to have been no unworthy effusion of vanity, but a noble expression of great services rendered by one of his most gifted creatures to the glory of the Almighty. Such men as Kepler are proud, but not vain, and proud men do not bring their feelings so prominently or frequently forward as vain ones; for pride rests on the consciousness of superiority, and needs no external support; vanity arises from a secret sense of weakness, and thirsts for a perpetual solace from the applause of others.

It is in the French writers that this inordinate weakness of literary men is most conspicuous, and in them it exists to such an extent as, on this side of the Channel, to be altogether ridiculous. Every Frenchman thinks his life worth recording. It was long ago said that the number of unpublished memoirs which exist in France, on the war of the League, would, if put together, form a large library. If those relating to the war of the Revolution were accumulated, we have no doubt they would fill the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. The number already published exceeds almost the dimensions of any private collection of books. The composition and style of these memoirs is for the most part as curious, and characteristic of French character, as their number is descriptive of their ruling passion. In the age of the religious wars, every writer of memoirs seems to have placed himself in the first rank, Henry IV. in the

second; in that of the Revolution, the greater part of the autobiographies scarcely disguise the opinion, that, if the first place must be reluctantly conceded to Napoleon Buonaparte, the second must, beyond all question, be assigned to themselves. The Abbé de Pradt expressed the feeling almost every one entertained of himself in France, not the sentiment of an individual man, when he said, "There was one who overturned Napoleon, and that man was me." Most persons in this country will exclaim, that this statement is overcharged, and that it is incredible that vanity should so generally pervade the writers of a whole nation. If they will take the trouble to read Lamartine's *Confidences* and *Raphael*, containing the events of his youth, or his *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848*, recently published, they will find ample confirmation of these remarks; nor are they less conspicuously illustrated by the more elaborate *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe* of Chateaubriand, the name of which is prefixed to this essay.

One thing is very remarkable, and forcibly illustrates the marked difference, in this respect, between the character of the French and the English nation. In France all memoirs assume the form of autobiographies; and so general is the thirst for that species of composition, that, where a man of any note has not compiled his own life, his papers are put into the hands of some skillful bookmaker, who speedily dresses them up, in the form of an attractive autobiography. This was done with the papers of Brissot, Robespierre, Marshal Ney, Fouché, and a great many others, all of which appeared with the name of their authors, and richly stored with these private papers, though it was morally certain that they could not by possibility have written their own lives. In England nothing of the kind is attempted. Scarcely any of the eminent men in the last age have left their own memoirs; and the papers of the most remarkable of them have been published without any attempt at biography. Thus we have the *Wellington Papers*, the *Marlborough Papers*, the *Nelson Papers*, the *Custlereagh Papers*, published without any autobiography, and only a slight sketch, though in all these cases very ably done, of the author's life by their editor. The lives of the others eminent men of the last age have been given by others, not themselves: as that of Pitt, by Tomline and Gifford; that of Fox, by Trotter; that of Sheridan, by Moore; that of Lord Eldon, by Twiss; that of Lord Sidmouth, by Pellew. There is more

here than an accidental diversity: there is a difference arising from a difference of national character. The Englishmen devoted their lives to the public service, and bestowed not a thought on its illustration by themselves; the French mainly thought of themselves when acting in the public service, and considered it mainly as a means of elevation and self-laudation to themselves.

In justice to the literary men of France, however, it must be stated that, of late years at least, they have been exposed to an amount of temptation, and of food for their self-love, much exceeding anything previously seen among men, and which may go far to account for the extraordinary vanity which they have everywhere evinced. In England, literary distinction is neither the only nor the greatest passport to celebrity. Aristocratic influences remain, and still possess the deepest hold of the public mind; statesmen exist, whose daily speeches in parliament render their names as household words. Fashion exercises an extraordinary and almost inexplicable sway, especially over the fairest part of creation. How celebrated soever an author may be, he will in London soon be brought to his proper level, and a right appreciation of his situation. He will see himself at once eclipsed by an old nobleman, whose name is fraught with historic glory; by a young marquis, who is an object of solicitude to the mothers and daughters in the room; by a parliamentary orator, who is beginning to acquire distinction in the senate house. We hold this state of things to be eminently favorable to the right character of literary men; for it saves them from trials before which, it is all but certain, both their good sense and their virtue would succumb. But in Paris this salutary check upon individual vanity and presumption is almost entirely wanting. The territorial aristocracy is confiscated and destroyed; titles of honor are abolished; historic names are almost forgotten in the ceaseless whirl of present events; parliamentary orators are in general unpopular, for they are for the most part on the side of power. Nothing remains but the government of mind. The intellectual aristocracy is all in all.

It makes and unmakes kings alternately; produces and stops revolutions; at one time calls a new race to the throne, at another consigns them with disgrace to foreign lands. Cabinets are formed out of the editors of newspapers, intermingled with a few bankers, whom the public convulsions have not yet rendered insolvent; prime ministers are to

be found only among successful authors. Thiers, the editor of the *National* and the historian of the Revolution; Guizot, the profound professor of history; Villemain, the eloquent annalist of French literature; Lamartine, the popular traveler, poet, and historian, have been the alternate prime ministers of France since the revolution of 1830. Even the great name of Napoleon cannot save his nephew from the irksomeness of bending to the same necessity. He named Thiers his prime minister at the time of the Boulogne misadventure, he is caressing him now in the saloons of the Elysée Bourbon. Successful authors thus in France are surrounded with a halo, and exposed to influences, of which in this country we cannot form a conception. They unite in their persons the fame of Mr. Fox and the lustre of Sir Walter Scott; often the political power of Mr. Pitt with the celebrity of Lord Byron. Whether such a concentration is favorable either to their present utility or lasting fame, and whether the best school to train authors to be the instructors of the world is to be found in that which exposes them to the combined influence of its greatest temptations, are questions on which it is not necessary now to enter, but on which posterity will probably have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion.

But while we fully admit that these extraordinary circumstances, unparalleled in the past history of the world, go far to extenuate the blame which must be thrown on the French writers for their extraordinary vanity, they will not entirely exculpate them. Ordinary men may well be carried away by such adventitious and flattering marks of their power; but we cannot accept such an excuse from the first men of the age—men of the clearest intellect, and the greatest acquisitions—whose genius is to charm, whose wisdom is to instruct the world through every succeeding age. If the teachers of men are not to be above the follies and weaknesses which are general and ridiculous in those of inferior capacity, where are we to look for such an exemption? It is a poor excuse for the overweening vanity of a Byron, a Goethe, a Lamartine, or a Chateaubriand, that a similar weakness is to be found in a Madame Grisi or a Mademoiselle Cerito, in the first cantatrice or most admired ballerina of the day. We all know that the professors of these charming arts are too often intoxicated by the applause which they meet with; we excuse or overlook this weakness from respect due to their genius and their sex. But we know, at the same time,

that there are some exceptions to the general frailty; and in one enchanting performer, our admiration for talents of the very highest order is enhanced by respect for the simplicity of character and generosity of disposition with which they are accompanied. We might desiderate in the men who aspire to direct the thoughts of the world, and have received from nature talents equal to the task, the unaffected singleness of heart, and sterling good sense, which we admire, not less than her admirable powers, in Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.

The faults, or rather frailties, we have alluded to, are in an especial manner conspicuous in two of the most remarkable writers of France of the present century—Lamartine and Chateaubriand. There is some excuse for the vanity of these illustrious men. They have both acquired an enduring fame—their names are known all over the world, and will continue to be so while the French language is spoken on the earth; and they have both, by their literary talents, been elevated to positions far beyond the rank in society to which they were born, and which might well make an ordinary head reel from the giddy precipices with which it is surrounded. Chateaubriand powerfully aided in crushing Napoleon in 1814, when Europe in arms surrounded Paris: with still more honorable constancy he resisted him in 1804, when, in the plenitude of his power, he executed the Duke d'Enghien. He became ambassador to London for the Restoration—minister of foreign affairs and representative of France at the Congress of Verona. He it was who projected and carried into execution the French invasion of the Peninsula in 1823, the only successful expedition of the Restoration. Lamartine's career, if briefer, has been still more dazzling. He aided largely in the movement which overthrew Louis Philippe; by the force of his genius he obtained the mastery of the movement, "struggled with democracy when it was strongest, and ruled it when it was wildest;" and had the glory, by his single courage and energy, of saving the character of the revolution from bloodshed, and coercing the Red Republicans in the very tumult of their victory. He has since fallen from power, less from any known delinquencies imputed to him, than from the inherent fickleness of the French people, and the impossibility of their submitting, for any length of time, to the lead of a single individual. The autobiography of two such men cannot be other than interesting and instructive in the

highest degree ; and if we see in them much which we in England cannot altogether understand, and which we are accustomed to stigmatize with the emphatic epithet " French," there is much also in them which candor must respect, and an equitable spirit admire.

The great thing which characterizes these memoirs, and is sufficient to redeem a multitude of vanities and frailties, is the elevated and chivalrous spirit in which they are composed. In this respect they are a relic, we fear, of the olden time ; a remnant of those ancient days which Mr. Burke has so eloquently described in his portrait of Maria Antoinette. That is the spirit which pervades the breasts of these illustrious men ; and therefore it is that we respect them, and forgive or forget many weaknesses which would otherwise be insupportable in their autobiographies. It is a spirit, however, more akin to a former era than the present ; to the age which produced the crusades, more than that which gave birth to railways ; to the days of Godfrey of Bouillon, rather than those which raised a monument to Mr. Hudson. We are by no means convinced, however, that it is not the more likely to be enduring in the future ages of the world ; at least we are sure it will be so, if the sanguine anticipations everywhere formed, by the apostles of the movement of the future improvement of the species, are destined in any degree to be realized.

Although, however, the hearts of Chateaubriand and Lamartine are stamped with the impress of chivalry, and the principal charm of their writings is owing to its generous spirit, yet we should err greatly if we imagined that they have not shared in the influences of the age in which they lived, and become largely imbued with the more popular and equalizing notions which have sprung up in Europe during the last century. They could not have attained the *political* power which they have both wielded if they had not done so ; for no man, be his genius what it may, will ever acquire a practical lead among men unless his opinions coincide in the main with those of the majority by whom he is surrounded. Chateaubriand's earliest work, written in London in 1793—the *Essai Historique*—is, in truth, rather of a republican and skeptical tendency ; and it was not till he had traveled in America, and inhaled a nobler spirit amid the solitudes of nature, that the better parts of his nature regained their ascendancy, and his fame was established on an imperishable foundation by the

publication of *Atala et René*, and the *Génie du Christianisme*. Throughout his whole career, the influence of his early liberal principles remained conspicuous ; albeit a royalist, he was the steady supporter of the freedom of the press and the extension of the elective suffrage ; and he kept aloof from the government of Louis Philippe less from aversion to the semi-revolutionary spirit in which it was cradled, than from an honorable fidelity to misfortune and horror at the selfish, corrupt multitude by which it was soon surrounded. Lamartine's republican principles are universally known : albeit descended of a noble family, and largely imbued with feudal feelings, he aided in the revolt which overturned the throne of Louis Philippe in February, 1848, and acquired lasting renown by the courage with which he combated the sanguinary spirit of the Red Republicans, when minister of foreign affairs. Both are chivalrous in heart and feeling, rather than opinions ; and they thus exhibit curious and instructive instances of the fusions of the moving principle of the olden time with the ideas of the present, and of the manner in which the true spirit of nobility, *forgetfulness of self*, can accommodate itself to the varying circumstances of society, and float, from its buoyant tendency, on the surface of the most fetid stream of subsequent selfishness.

In two works recently published by Lamartine, *Les Confidences* and *Raphael*, certain passages in his autobiography are given. The first recounts the reminiscences of his infancy and childhood ; the second, a love-story in his twentieth year. Both are distinguished by the peculiarities, in respect of excellences and defects, which appear in his other writings. On the one hand we have an ardent imagination, great beauty of language, a generous heart—the true spirit of poetry and uncommon pictorial powers. On the other, an almost entire ignorance of human nature, extraordinary vanity, and that susceptibility of mind which is more nearly allied to the feminine than the masculine character. Not but that Lamartine possesses great energy and courage : his conduct, during the revolution of 1848, demonstrates that he possesses these qualities in a very high degree ; but that the ardor of his feelings leads him to act and think like women, from their impulse rather than the sober dictates of reason. He is a devout optimist, and firm believer in the innocence of human nature, and indefinite perfectibility of mankind, under the influence of republican institutions.

Like all other fanatics, he is wholly inaccessible to the force of reason, and altogether beyond the reach of facts, how strong or convincing soever. Accordingly, he remains to this hour entirely convinced of the perfectibility of mankind, although he has recounted, with equal truth and force, that it was almost entirely owing to his own courage and energy that the revolution was prevented, in its very outset, from degenerating into bloodshed and massacre; and a thorough believer in the ultimate sway of pacific institutions, although he owns that, despite all his zeal and eloquence, the whole provisional government, with himself at its head, would on the 16th April have been guillotined or thrown into the Seine, but for the determination and fidelity of three battalions of the *Garde Mobile*, whom Changanier volunteered to arrange in all the windows and avenues of the Hotel de Ville, when assailed by a column of thirty thousand furious revolutionists.

Chateaubriand is more a man of the world than Lamartine. He has passed through a life of greater vicissitudes, and been much more frequently brought into contact with men in all ranks and gradations of society. He is not less chivalrous than Lamartine, but more practical; his style is less pictorial, but more statesmanlike. The French of all shades of political opinion agree in placing him at the head of the writers of the last age. This high position, however, is owing rather to the detached passages than the general tenor of his writings, for their average style is hardly equal to such an encomium. He is not less vain than Lamartine, and still more egotistical,—a defect which, as already noticed, he shares with nearly all the writers of autobiography in France, but which appears peculiarly extraordinary and lamentable in a man of such talents and acquirements. His life abounded with strange and romantic adventures, and its vicissitudes would have furnished a rich field for biography even to a writer of less imaginative powers.

He was born on the 4th September, 1768—the same year with Napoleon—at an old melancholy chateau on the coast of Brittany, washed by the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. His mother, like those of almost all other eminent men recorded in history, was a very remarkable woman, gifted with a prodigious memory and an ardent imagination—qualities which she transmitted in a very high degree to her son. His family was very ancient, going back to the year 1000, but, till illustrated by Francois Rene, who has rendered it immortal, the Chateaubriands lived in

unobtrusive privacy on their paternal acres. After receiving the rudiments of education at home, he was sent at the age of seventeen into the army; but the Revolution having soon after broken out, and his regiment revolted, he quitted the service and came to Paris, where he witnessed the horrors of the storming of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, and the massacre in the prisons on 2d September. Many of his nearest relations—in particular his sister-in-law, Madame de Chateaubriand, and sister, Madame Rozambo—were executed along with Malesherbes, shortly before the fall of Robespierre. Obligated now to fly to England, he lived for some years in London in extreme poverty, supporting himself by his pen. It was there he wrote his earliest and least creditable work, the *Essai Historique*. Tired of such an obscure and monotonous life, however, he set out for America, with the Quixotic design of discovering by land journey the North-west passage. He failed in that attempt, for which, indeed, he had no adequate means; but he dined with Washington, and in the solitudes of the Far West imbibed many of the noblest ideas, and found the subjects of several of the finest descriptions, which have since adorned his works. Finding that there was nothing to be done in the way of discovery in America, he returned to England. Afterward he went to Paris, and there composed his greatest works, *Atala et René* and the *Génie du Christianisme*, which soon acquired a colossal reputation, and raised the author to the highest pinnacle of literary fame.

Napoleon, whose piercing eye discerned talent wherever it was to be found, now selected him for the public service in the diplomatic line. He gives the following interesting account of the first and only interview he had with that extraordinary man, in the saloon of his brother Lucien:—

“I was in the gallery when Napoleon entered; his appearance struck me with an agreeable surprise. I had never previously seen him but at a distance. His smile was sweet and encouraging; his eye beautiful, especially from the way in which it was overshadowed by the eyebrows. He had no charlatanism in his looks, nothing affected or theatrical in his manner. The *Génie du Christianisme*, which at that time was making a great deal of noise, had produced its effect on Napoleon. A vivid imagination animated his cold policy; he would not have been what he was, if the muse had not been there; Reason, in him, worked out the ideas of a poet. All great men are composed of two natures—for they

must be at once capable of inspiration and action—the one conceives, the other executes.

"Bonaparte saw me, and knew me I know not how. When he moved toward me, it was not known whom he sought. The crowd opened, every one hoped the First Consul would stop to converse with him; his air showed that he was irritated at these mistakes. I retired behind those around me. Bonaparte suddenly raised his voice, and called out, 'Monsieur de Chateaubriand!' I then remained alone, in front; for the crowd instantly retired, and re-formed, in a circle, around us. Bonaparte addressed me with simplicity, without questions, preamble, or compliments. He began speaking about Egypt and the Arabs, as if I had been his intimate friend, and he had only resumed a conversation already commenced betwixt us. 'I was always struck,' said he, 'when I saw the Scheiks fall on their knees in the desert, turn toward the east, and touch the sand with their foreheads. What is that unknown thing which they adore in the east?' Speedily, then, passing to another idea, he said, 'Christianity! the *Ideologues* wished to reduce it to a system of astronomy! Suppose it were so; do they suppose they would render Christianity little? Were Christianity only an allegory of the movement of the spheres, the geometry of the stars, the *esprits forts* would have little to say; despite themselves, they have left sufficient grandeur to *l'Infame*.*

"Bonaparte immediately withdrew. Like Job in the night, I felt as if a spirit had passed before me; the hairs of my flesh stood up. I did not know its countenance; but I heard its voice like a little whisper.

"My days have been an uninterrupted succession of visions. Hell and heaven continually have opened under my feet, or over my head, without my having had time to sound their depths or withstand their dazzling. I have met once, and once only, on the shores of the two worlds, the man of the last age, and the man of the new—Washington and Napoleon—I conversed a few moments with each—both sent me back to solitude—the first by a kind wish, the second by an execrable crime.

"I remarked, that, in moving through the crowd, Bonaparte cast on me looks more steady and penetrating than he had done before he addressed me. I followed him with my eyes.

* Who is that great man who cares not
For conflagrations?†—(Vol. iv. 118–121.)

This passage conveys a just idea of Chateaubriand's Memoirs: his elevation of mind, his ardent imagination, his deplorable vanity. In justice to so eminent a man, however, we transcribe a passage in which the nobleness of his character appears in its true lustre,

* Alluding to the name *l'Infame*, given by the King of Prussia, D'Alembert, and Diderot, in their correspondences, to the Christian religion.

† Dante.

untarnished by the weaknesses which so often disfigure the character of men of genius. We allude to his courageous throwing down the gauntlet to Napoleon, on occasion of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien:—

"Two days before the fatal 20th March, I dressed myself, before taking leave of Bonaparte, on my way to the Valais, to which I had received a diplomatic mission; I had not seen him since the time when he had spoken to me at the Tuileries. The gallery where the reception was going on was full; he was accompanied by Murat and his aid-de-camp. When he approached me, I was struck with an alteration in his countenance; his cheeks were fallen in, of a livid hue; his eyes stern; his color pale; his air sombre and terrible. The attraction which had formerly drawn me toward him was at an end; instead of awaiting, I fled his approach. He cast a look toward me, as if he sought to recognize me, moved a few steps toward me, turned, and disappeared. Returned to the Hotel de France, I said to several of my friends, 'Something strange, which I do not know, must have happened: Bonaparte could not have changed to such a degree unless he had been ill.' Two days after, at eleven in the forenoon, I heard a man cry in the streets—'Sentence of the military commission convoked at Vincennes, which has condemned to the pain of DEATH Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, born 2d August, 1772, at Chantilly.' 'That cry fell on me like a clap of thunder; it changed my life as it changed that of Napoleon. I returned home, and said to Madame de Chateaubriand, 'The Duke d'Enghien has just been shot.' I sat down to a table, and began to write my resignation—Madame de Chateaubriand made no opposition: she had a great deal of courage. She was fully aware of my danger: the trial of Moreau and Georges Cadoudal was going on; the lion had tasted blood; it was not the moment to irritate him."—(Vol. iv., 228–229.)

After this honorable step, which happily passed without leading to Chateaubriand's being shot, he traveled to the East, where he visited Greece, Constantinople, the Holy Land, and Egypt, and collected the materials which have formed two of his most celebrated works, *L'Itinéraire à Jerusalem*, and *Les Martyrs*. He returned to France, but did not appear in public life till the *Allies* conquered Paris, in 1814, where he composed, with extraordinary rapidity, his famous pamphlet entitled *Bonaparte and the Bourbons*, which had so powerful an effect in bringing about the Restoration. The royalists were now in power, and Chateaubriand was too important a man to be overlooked. In 1821 he was sent as ambassador to London, the scene of his former penury and suffering; in 1823 he was made Minister of Foreign Af-

fairs, and, in that capacity, projected, and successfully carried through, the expedition to Spain which reseatated Ferdinand on the throne of his ancestors; and he was afterward the plenipotentiary of France at the Congress of Verona, in 1824. He was too liberal a man to be employed by the administration of Charles X., but he exhibited an honorable constancy to misfortune on occasion of the revolution of 1830. He was offered the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, if he would abstain from opposition; but he refused the proposal, made a last noble and eloquent speech in favor of his dethroned sovereign, in the Chamber of Peers; and, withdrawing into privacy, lived in retirement, engaged in literary pursuits, and in the composition or revising of his numerous publications, till his death, which occurred in June, 1848.

Such a life, of such a man, cannot be other than interesting, for it unites the greatest possible range and variety of events

with the reflections of a mind of great power, ardent imagination, and extensive erudition. His autobiography, or *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, as it is called, was accordingly looked for, with great interest, which has not been sensibly diminished by the revolution of 1848, which has brought a new set of political actors on the stage. Four volumes only have hitherto been published, but the rest may speedily be looked for, now that the military government of Prince Louis Napoleon has terminated that of anarchy in France. The three first volumes certainly disappointed us; chiefly from the perpetual and offensive vanity which they exhibited, and the number of details, many of them of a puerile or trifling character, which they contained. The fourth volume, however, from which the preceding extracts have been taken, exhibits Chateaubriand, in many places, in his original vigor; and, if the succeeding ones are of the same stamp, we propose to return to them.

From the Literary Gazette.

COME, KISS ME AND BE FRIENDS.

I.

Lisette, put off that angry look, I cannot bear to see
A cloud upon that face whereon sweet smiles were wont to be;
A careless word, a thoughtless jest, in reckless humor spoken—
And oft, alas! the brightest links in friendship's chain are broken.
And is it thus that we must part? No; I will make amends,
For mine, I own, is all the blame—Come, kiss me and be friends!

II.

Oh! think how many changing years have come and pass'd away,
Since first we met, since first we loved, two baby-girls at play;
And how, as life's career advanced, by youth's gay scenes surrounded,
From sport to sport with lightsome steps and lighter hearts we bounded.
And do I love thee less to-day? No; I will make amends,
And *thou*! thou wilt not say me nay—Come, kiss me and be friends!

III.

The world is but a dreary place—a dreary place wherein
A blighted heart will little find that's worth its pains to win;
No future joy, nor new-formed tie, however bright their seeming,
Shall ever wholly sweep away the memory's bitter dreaming.
The Past! it is a magic word—its magic never ends
Its thralldom o'er the human heart—Come, kiss me and be friends!

IV.

How fair a sight is it to see (when summer days draw nigh)
The gladsome sunbeam chase away the dark cloud from the sky;
But fairer far than this—than aught—that with its charm beguiles us,
Is that sweet smile of hearts estranged—the smile that reconciles us.
And thou, Lisette, art smiling now, and here our quarrel ends;
I read forgiveness on thy brow—Come, kiss me—we are friends!

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE GAMING-HOUSE.

A LITTLE more than a year after the period when adverse circumstances—chiefly the result of my own reckless follies—compelled me to enter the ranks of the metropolitan police, as the sole means left me of procuring food and raiment, the attention of one of the principal chiefs of the force was attracted toward me by the ingenuity and boldness which I was supposed to have manifested in hitting upon and unraveling a clue which ultimately led to the detection and punishment of the perpetrators of an artistically contrived fraud upon an eminent tradesman of the west end of London. The chief sent for me; and after a somewhat lengthened conversation, not only expressed approbation of my conduct in the particular matter under discussion, but hinted that he might shortly need my services in other affairs requiring intelligence and resolution.

"I think I have met you before," he remarked, with a meaning smile on dismissing me, "when you occupied a different position from your present one? Do not alarm yourself: I have no wish to pry unnecessarily into other men's secrets. Waters is a name common enough in *all* ranks of society, and I may, you know"—here the cold smile deepened in ironical expression—"be mistaken. At all events, the testimony of the gentleman whose recommendation obtained you admission to the force—I have looked into the matter since I heard of your behavior in the late business—is a sufficient guarantee that nothing more serious than imprudence and folly can be laid to your charge. I have neither right nor inclination to inquire further. To-morrow, in all probability, I shall send for you."

I came to the conclusion, as I walked homeward, that the chief's intimation of having previously met me in another sphere of

life was a random and unfounded one, as I had seldom visited London in my prosperous days, and still more rarely mingled in its society. My wife, however, to whom I of course related the substance of the conversation, reminded me that he had once been at Doncaster during the races; and suggested that he might possibly have seen and noticed me there. This was a sufficiently probable explanation of the hint; but whether the correct one or not, I cannot decide, as he never afterward alluded to the subject, and I had not the slightest wish to renew it.

Three days elapsed before I received the expected summons. On waiting on him, I was agreeably startled to find that I was to be at once employed on a mission which the most sagacious and experienced of detective-officers would have felt honored to undertake.

"Here is a written description of the persons of this gang of blacklegs, swindlers, and forgers," concluded the commissioner, summing up his instructions. "It will be your object to discover their private haunts, and secure legal evidence of their nefarious practices. We have been hitherto baffled, principally, I think, through the too hasty zeal of the officers employed: you must especially avoid that error. They are practiced scoundrels; and it will require considerable patience, as well as acumen, to unkennel and bring them to justice. One of their more recent victims is young Mr. Merton, son, by a former marriage, of the Dowager Lady Everton.* Her ladyship has applied to us for assistance in extricating him from the toils in which he is meshed. You will call

* The names mentioned in this narrative are, for obvious reasons, fictitious.

on her at five o'clock this afternoon—in plain clothes of course—and obtain whatever information on the subject she may be able to afford. Remember to communicate *directly* with me; and any assistance you may require shall be promptly rendered." With these, and a few other minor directions, needless to recapitulate, I was dismissed to a task which, difficult and possibly perilous as it might prove, I hailed as a delightful relief from the wearing monotony and dull routine of ordinary duty.

I hastened home; and after dressing with great care—the best part of my wardrobe had been fortunately saved by Emily from the wreck of my fortunes—I proceeded to Lady Everton's mansion. I was immediately marshaled to the drawing-room, where I found her ladyship and her daughter—a beautiful, fairy-looking girl—awaiting my arrival. Lady Everton appeared greatly surprised at my appearance, differing, as I dare say it altogether did, from her abstract idea of a policeman, however attired or disguised; and it was not till she had perused the note of which I was the bearer, that her haughty and incredulous stare became mitigated to a glance of lofty condescending civility.

"Be seated, Mr. Waters," said her ladyship, waving me to a chair. "This note informs me that you have been selected for the duty of endeavoring to extricate my son from the perilous entanglements in which he has unhappily involved himself."

I was about to reply—for I was silly enough to feel somewhat nettled at the noble lady's haughtiness of manner—that I was engaged in the public service of extirpating a gang of swindlers with whom her son had involved himself, and was there to procure from her ladyship any information she might be possessed of likely to forward so desirable a result; but fortunately the remembrance of my actual position, spite of my gentleman's attire, flashed vividly upon my mind; and instead of permitting my glib tongue to wag irreverently in the presence of a right honorable, I bowed with deferential acquiescence.

Her ladyship proceeded, and I in substance obtained the following information:—

Mr. Charles Merton, during the few months which had elapsed since the attainment of his majority, had very literally "fallen amongst thieves." A passion for gambling seemed to have taken entire possession of his being; and almost every day, as well as night, of his haggard and feverish life was passed at play. A run of ill-luck, according to his own belief—but in very truth a run of down-

right robbery—had set in against him, and he had not only dissipated all the ready money which he had inherited, and the large sums which the foolish indulgence of his lady-mother had supplied him with, but had involved himself in bonds, bills, and other obligations to a frightful amount. The principal agent in effecting this ruin was one Sandford—a man of fashionable and dashing exterior, and the presiding spirit of the knot of desperadoes whom I was commissioned to hunt out. Strange to say, Mr. Merton had the blindest reliance upon this man's honor; and even now—tricked, despoiled as he had been by him and his gang—relied upon his counsel and assistance for escape from the desperate position in which he was involved. The Everton estates had passed, in default of male issue, to a distant relative of the late lord; so that ruin, absolute and irremediable, stared both the wretched dupe and his relatives in the face. Lady Everton's jointure was not a very large one, and her son had been permitted to squander sums which should have been devoted to the discharge of claims which were now pressed harshly against her.

I listened with the deepest interest to Lady Everton's narrative. Repeatedly during the course of it, as she incidentally alluded to the manners and appearance of Sandford, who had been introduced by Mr. Merton to his mother and sister, a suspicion, which the police papers had first awakened, that the gentleman in question was an old acquaintance of my own, and one, moreover, whose favors I was extremely desirous to return in kind, flashed with increased conviction across my mind. This surmise I of course kept to myself; and after emphatically cautioning the ladies to keep our proceedings a profound secret from Mr. Merton, I took my leave, amply provided with the resources requisite for carrying into effect the scheme which I had resolved upon. I also arranged that, instead of waiting personally on her ladyship, which might excite observation and suspicion, I should report progress by letter through the post.

"If it *should* be he!" thought I, as I emerged into the street. The bare suspicion had sent the blood through my veins with furious violence. "If this Sandford be, as I suspect, that villain Cardon, success will indeed be triumph—victory! Lady Everton need not in that case seek to animate my zeal by promises of money recompense. A blighted existence, a young and gentle wife by his means cast down from opulence to sordid penury, would stimulate the dulllest craven

that ever crawled the earth to energy and action. Pray Heaven my suspicion prove correct; and then, oh mine enemy, look well to yourself, for the avenger is at your heels!"

Sandford, I had been instructed, was usually present at the Italian Opera during the ballet: the box he generally occupied was designated in the memoranda of the police: and as I saw by the bills that a very successful piece was to be performed that evening, I determined on being present.

I entered the house a few minutes past ten o'clock, just after the commencement of the ballet, and looked eagerly round. The box in which I was instructed to seek my man was empty. The momentary disappointment was soon repaid. Five minutes had not elapsed when Cardon, looking more insolently-triumphant than ever, entered arm-in-arm with a pale, aristocratic-looking young man, whom I had no difficulty, from his striking resemblance to a portrait in Lady Everton's drawing-room, in deciding to be Mr. Merton. My course of action was at once determined on. Pausing only to master the emotion which the sight of the glittering reptile in whose poisonous folds I had been involved and crushed inspired, I passed to the opposite side of the house, and boldly entered the box. Cardon's back was toward me, and I tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly round; and if a basilisk had confronted him, he could scarcely have exhibited greater terror and surprise. My aspect, nevertheless, was studiously bland and conciliating, and my outstretched hand seemed to invite a renewal of our old friendship.

"Waters!" he at last stammered, feebly accepting my proffered grasp—"who would have thought of meeting you here?"

"Not you, certainly, since you stare at an old friend as if he were some frightful goblin about to swallow you. Really—"

"Hush! Let us speak together in the lobby. An old friend," he added, in answer to Mr. Merton's surprised stare. "We will return in an instant."

"Why, what is all this, Waters?" said Cardon, recovering his wonted *sang froid* the instant we were alone. "I understood you had retired from amongst us; were in fact—what shall I say?"—

"Ruined—done up! Nobody should know that better than you."

"My good fellow, you do not imagine—"

"I imagine nothing, my dear Cardon. I was very thoroughly done—done *brown*, as it is written in the vulgar tongue. But fortunately my kind old uncle—"

"Passgrove is dead!" interrupted my old acquaintance, eagerly jumping to a conclusion, "and you are his heir! I congratulate you, my dear fellow. This is indeed a charming 'reverse of circumstances.'"

"Yes; but mind I have given up the old game. No more dice-devilry for me. I have promised Emily never even to touch a card again."

The cold, hard eye of the incarnate fiend—he was little else—gleamed mockingly as these "good intentions" of a practiced gamester fell upon his ear; but he only replied, "Very good; quite right, my dear boy. But come, let me introduce you to Mr. Merton, a highly-connected personage, I assure you. By the by, Waters," he added, in a caressing, confidential tone, "my name, for family and other reasons, which I will hereafter explain to you, is for the present Sandford."

"Sandford!"

"Yes: do not forget. But *allons*, or the ballet will be over."

I was introduced in due form to Mr. Merton as an old and esteemed friend, whom he—Sandford—had not seen for many months. At the conclusion of the ballet, Sandford proposed that we should adjourn to the European Coffee-house, nearly opposite. This was agreed to, and out we sallied. At the top of the staircase we jostled against the commissioner, who, like us, was leaving the house. He bowed slightly to Mr. Merton's apology, and his eye wandered briefly and coldly over our persons; but not the faintest sign of interest or recognition escaped him. I thought it possible he did not know me in my changed apparel; but looking back after descending a few steps, I was quickly undeceived. A sharp, swift glance, expressive both of encouragement and surprise, shot out from under his penthouse brows, and as swiftly vanished. He did not know how little I needed spurring to the goal we had both in view!

We discussed two or three bottles of wine with much gayety and relish. Sandford especially was in exuberant spirits; brimming over with brilliant anecdote and sparkling badinage. He saw in me a fresh, rich prey, and his eager spirit reveled by anticipation in the victory which he nothing doubted to obtain over my "excellent intentions and wife-pledged virtue." About half-past 12 o'clock he proposed to adjourn. This was eagerly assented to by Mr. Merton, who had for some time exhibited unmistakable symptoms of impatience and unrest.

"You will accompany us, Waters?" said

Sandford, as we rose to depart. "There is, I suppose, no vow registered in the matrimonial archives against *looking on* at a game played by others?"

"Oh no; but don't ask me to play."

"Certainly not;" and a devilish sneer curled his lip. "Your virtue shall suffer no temptation, be assured."

We soon arrived before the door of a quiet, respectable-looking house in one of the streets leading from the Strand: a low peculiar knock, given by Sandford, was promptly answered; then a password, which I did not catch, was whispered by him through the key-hole, and we passed in.

We proceeded up stairs to the first floor, the shutters of which were carefully closed, so that no intimation of what was going on could possibly reach the street. The apartment was brilliantly lighted: a roulette table and dice and cards were in full activity: wine and liquors of all varieties were profusely paraded. There were about half-a-dozen persons present, I soon discovered, besides the gang, and that comprised eleven or twelve well-dressed desperadoes, whose sinister aspects induced a momentary qualm lest one or more of the pleasant party might suspect or recognize my vocation. This, however, I reflected, was scarcely possible. My beat during the short period I had been in the force was far distant from the usual haunts of such gentry, and I was otherwise unknown in London. Still, questioning glances were eagerly directed toward my introducer; and one big burly fellow, a foreigner—the rascals were the scum of various countries—was very unpleasantly inquisitorial. "*Y'en répons!*" I heard Sandford say in answer to his iterated queries; and he added something in a whisper which brought a sardonic smile to the fellow's lips, and induced a total change in his demeanor toward myself. This was reassuring; for though provided with pistols, I should, I felt, have little chance with such utterly reckless ruffians as those by whom I was surrounded. Play was proposed; and though at first stoutly refusing, I feigned to be gradually overcome by irresistible temptation, and sat down to blind hazard with my foreign friend for moderate stakes. I was graciously allowed to win; and in the end found myself richer in devil's money by about ten pounds. Mr. Merton was soon absorbed in the chances of the dice, and lost large sums, for which, when the money he had brought with him was exhausted, he gave written acknowledgments. The cheating practiced upon him was really audacious;

and any one but a tyro must have repeatedly detected it. He, however, appeared not to entertain the slightest suspicion of the "fair-play" of his opponents, guiding himself entirely by the advice of his friend and counselor, Sandford, who did not himself play. The amiable assemblage broke up about six in the morning, each person retiring singly by the back way, receiving, as he departed, a new password for the next evening.

A few hours afterward, I waited on the commissioner to report the state of affairs. He was delighted with the fortunate *début* I had made, but still strictly enjoined patience and caution. It would have been easy, as I was in possession of the password, to have surprised the confederacy in the act of gaming that very evening; but this would only have accomplished a part of the object aimed at. Several of the fraternity—Sandford amongst the number—were suspected of uttering forged foreign bank-notes, and it was essential to watch narrowly for legal evidence to insure their conviction. It was also desirable to restore, if possible, the property and securities of which Mr. Merton had been pillaged.

Nothing of especial importance occurred for seven or eight days. Gaming went on as usual every evening, and Mr. Merton became of course more and more involved: even his sister's jewels—which he had surreptitiously obtained, to such a depth of degradation will this frightful vice plunge men otherwise honorable—had been staked and lost; and he was, by the advice of Sandford, about to conclude a heavy mortgage on his estate, in order not only to clear off his enormous "debts of honor," but to acquire fresh means of "winning back"—that *ignus-fatuus* of all gamblers—his tremendous losses! A new preliminary "dodge" was, I observed, now brought into action. Mr. Merton esteemed himself a knowing hand at *écarté*: it was introduced; and he was permitted to win every game he played, much to the apparent annoyance and discomfiture of the losers. As this was precisely the snare into which I had myself fallen, I of course the more readily detected it, and felt quite satisfied that a *grand coup* was meditated. In the meantime I had not been idle. Sandford was *confidentially* informed that I was only waiting in London to receive between four and five thousand pounds—part of Uncle Passgrove's legacy—and then intended to immediately hasten back to canny Yorkshire. To have seen the villain's eyes as I incidentally, as it were, announced my errand and intention!

They fairly flashed with infernal glee! Ah, Sandford, Sandford! you were, with all your cunning, but a sand-blind idiot to believe the man you had wronged and ruined could so easily forget the debt he owed you!

The crisis came swiftly on. Mr. Merton's mortgage-money was to be paid on the morrow; and on that day, too, I announced the fabulous thousands receivable by me were to be handed over. Mr. Merton, elated by his repeated triumphs at *carté*, and prompted by his friend Sandford, resolved, instead of canceling the bonds and obligations held by the conspirators, to redeem his losses by staking on that game his ready money against those liabilities. This was at first demurred to with much apparent earnestness by the winners; but Mr. Merton, warmly seconded by Sandford, insisting upon the concession, as he deemed it, it was finally agreed that *carté* should be the game by which he might hope to regain the fortune and the peace of mind he had so rashly squandered: the last time, should he be successful—and was he not sure of success?—he assured Sandford, that he would ever handle cards or dice. He should have heard the mocking merriment with which the gang heard Sandford repeat this resolution to amend his ways—*when* he had recovered back his wealth!

The day so eagerly longed for by Merton and the confederates—by the spoilers and their prey—arrived; and I awaited with feverish anxiety the coming on of night. Only the chief conspirators—eight in number—were to be present; and no stranger except myself—a privilege I owed to the moonshine legacy I had just received—was to be admitted to this crowning triumph of successful fraud. One only hint I had ventured to give Mr. Merton, and that under a promise, "on his honor as a gentleman," of inviolable secrecy. It was this: "Be sure, before commencing play to-morrow night, that the bonds and obligations you have signed, the jewels you have lost, with a sum in notes or gold to make up an equal amount to that which you mean to risk, is actually deposited on the table." He promised to insist on this condition. It involved much more than he dreamed of.

My arrangements were at length thoroughly complete; and a few minutes past twelve o'clock the whispered password admitted me into the house. An angry altercation was going on. Mr. Merton was insisting, as I had advised, upon the exhibition of a sum equal to that which he had brought with him—for, confident of winning, he was determin-

ed to recover his losses to the last farthing; and although his bonds, bills, obligations, his sister's jewels, and a large amount in gold and genuine notes, were produced, there was still a heavy sum deficient. "Ah, by the by," exclaimed Sandford as I entered, "Waters can lend you the sum for an hour or two—for a *consideration*," he added, in a whisper. "It will soon be returned."

"No, thank you," I answered coldly. "I never part with my money till I have lost it."

A malignant scowl passed over the scoundrel's features; but he made no reply. Ultimately it was decided that one of the fraternity should be dispatched in search of the required amount. He was gone about half an hour, and returned with a bundle of notes. They were, as I hoped and expected, forgeries on foreign banks. Mr. Merton looked at and counted them; and play commenced.

As it went on, so vividly did the scene recall the evening that had sealed my own ruin, that I grew dizzy with excitement, and drained tumbler after tumbler of water to allay the fevered throbbing of my veins. The gamblers were fortunately too much absorbed to heed my agitation. Merton lost continuously—without pause or intermission. The stakes were doubled—trebled—quadrupled! His brain was on fire; and he played, or rather lost, with the recklessness of a madman.

"Hark! what's that?" suddenly exclaimed Sandford, from whose Satanic features the mask he had so long worn before Merton had been gradually slipping. "Did you not hear a noise below?"

My ear had caught the sound; and I could better interpret it than he. It ceased.

"Touch the signal-bell, Adolphe," added Sandford.

Not only the play, but the very breathing of the villains, was suspended as they listened for the reply.

It came. The answering tinkle sounded once—twice—thrice. "All right!" shouted Sandford. "Proceed! The farce is nearly played out."

I had instructed the officers that two of them in plain clothes should present themselves at the front door, obtain admission by means of the password I had given them, and immediately seize and gag the doorkeeper. I had also acquainted them with the proper answer to the signal-ring—three distinct pulls at the bell-handle communicating with the first floor. Their comrades were then to be admitted, and they were all to

silently ascend the stairs, and wait on the landing till summoned by me to enter and seize the gamblers. The back entrance to the house was also securely but unobtrusively watched.

One only fear disturbed me: it was lest the scoundrels should take alarm in sufficient time to extinguish the lights, destroy the forged papers, and possibly escape by some private passage which might, unknown to me, exist.

Rousing myself, as soon as the play was resumed, from the trance of memory by which I had been in some sort absorbed, and first ascertaining that the handles of my pistols were within easy reach—for I knew I was playing a desperate game with desperate men—I rose, stepped carelessly to the door, partially opened it, and bent forward, as if listening for a repetition of the sound which had so alarmed the company. To my great delight the landing and stairs were filled with police-officers—silent and stern as death. I drew back, and walked toward the table at which Mr. Merton was seated. The last stake—an enormous one—was being played for. Merton lost. He sprang upon his feet, death-pale, despairing, overwhelmed, and a hoarse execration surged through his clenched teeth. Sandford and his associates coolly raked the plunder together, their features lighted up with fiendish glee.

"Villain!—traitor!—miscreant!" shrieked Mr. Merton, as if smitten with sudden frenzy, and darting at Sandford's throat: "you, devil that you are, have undone, destroyed me!"

"No doubt of it," calmly replied Sandford, shaking off his victim's grasp; "and I think it has been very artistically and effectually done too. Sniveling, my fine fellow, will scarcely help you much."

Mr. Merton glared upon the taunting villain in speechless agony and rage.

"Not quite so fast, Cardon, if you please,"

I exclaimed, at the same time taking up a bundle of forged notes. "It does not appear to me that Mr. Merton has played against equal stakes, for unquestionably this paper is not genuine."

"Dog!" roared Sandford, "do you hold your life so cheap?" and he rushed toward me, as if to seize the forged notes.

I was as quick as he, and the leveled tube of a pistol sharply arrested his eager onslaught. The entire gang gathered near us, flaming with excitement. Mr. Merton looked bewilderedly from one to another, apparently scarcely conscious of what was passing around him.

"Wrench the papers from him!" screamed Sandford, recovering his energy. "Seize him—stab, strangle him!"

"Look to yourself, scoundrel!" I shouted with equal vehemence. "Your hour is come! Officers, enter and do your duty!"

In an instant the room was filled with police; and surprised, panic-stricken, paralyzed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, the gang were all secured without the slightest resistance, though most of them were armed, and marched off in custody.

Three—Sandford, or Cardon; but he had half-a-dozen *aliases*, one of them—were transported for life: the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My task was effectually accomplished. My superiors were pleased to express very warm commendation of the manner in which I had acquitted myself; and the first step in the promotion which ultimately led to my present position in another branch of the public service was soon afterward conferred upon me. Mr. Merton had his bonds, obligations, jewels, and money, restored to him; and, taught wisdom by terrible experience, never again entered a gaming-house. Neither he nor his lady-mother was ungrateful for the service I had been fortunate enough to render them.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.—The Duke of St. Albans died at his residence in London the first week in May. He was best known as having a title to marry the rich Mrs. Coutts, and a sinecure of some £1200 a year as Hereditary Grand Falconer. He was the descendant of King Charles II., and of his Protestant—that is, of Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne. It is argued that the national faith of England is pledged to pay and continue to pay this Stuart legacy of Grand Falconership. But, says the Week-

ly News, the "national faith was far more solemnly and universally pledged to maintain the Stuart dynasty itself; so *that* why might by a glorious Whig revolution be kicked to France, and the allowance to their dukes of royal bar-sinister descent be perpetuated, we are at a loss to understand. The present Hereditary Grand Falconer is nine years of age, and is perfectly competent to discharge all the duties of the office. 'A parlous child,' of twelve hundred yearly and sterling pounds' power."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DIES BOREALES.—NO. IV.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

SCENE—*The Pavilion.* TIME—*One P. M.*—
BULLER—SEWARD—TALBOYS—NORTH.

TALBOYS. Here he is—here he is! I traced him by Crutch-print to the Van—like an old Stag of Ten to his lair by the Slot.

SEWARD. Thank heaven! But was this right, my dear Sir?

BULLER. Your Majesty ought not thus to have secreted yourself from your subjects.

SEWARD. We feared you had absconded—abdicated—and retired into a Monastery.

BULLER. We have all been miserable about you since an early hour in the morning—invisible to mortal eye since yester bed-going gong—regal couch manifestly unslept in—tent after tent scrutinized as narrowly as if for a mouse—Swiss Giantess searched as if by custom-house officers—no Christopher in the encampment—what can I compare it to—but a Bee-hive that had lost its Queen. The very Drones were in a ferment—the workers demented—dismal the hum of grief and rage—of national lamentation and civil war.

NORTH. Billy could have told you of my retreat.

SEWARD. Billy was in a state of distraction—rushed to the Van—and, finding it empty, fainted.

NORTH. Billy saw me in the Van—and I told him to shut the spring smartly—and be mum.

BULLER. Villain!

NORTH. Obedience to orders is the sum-total of Duty. Most of the men seem tolerably sober—those whom despair had driven to drink have been sent to sleeping-quarters—the Camp has recovered from its alarm—and is fit for Inspection by the General Commanding the Forces.

SEWARD. But have you breakfasted, my dear sir?

NORTH. Leave me alone for that. What have you all been about?

TALBOYS. We three started at Five for Luib, in high glee.

VOL. XVIII. NO. III.

NORTH. What! in face of my prediction? Did I not tell you that in that dull, dingy, dirty, ochre sunset—in that wan moon and those tallow-candle stars—I saw the morning's Deluge.

BULLER. But did you not also quote Sir David Brewster? "In the atmosphere in which he lives and breathes, and the phenomena of which he daily sees, and feels, and describes, and measures, the philosopher stands in acknowledged ignorance of the laws which govern it. He has ascertained, indeed, its extent, its weight, and its composition; but though he has mastered the law of heat and moisture, and studied the electric agencies which influence its condition, he cannot predict, or even approximate to a prediction, whether on the morrow the sun shall shine, or the rain fall, or the wind blow, or the lightning descend."

NORTH. And all that is perfectly true. Nevertheless, we weather-wise and weather-foolish people—not Philosophers, but Empirics—sailors and shepherds—with all our eyes on the lower and the higher heavens—gather up prognostications of the character of the coming time—an hour or a day—take in our canvass and set our storm-jib—or run for some bay where the prudent ship shall ride at anchor, as safe and almost as motionless as if she were in a dry-dock; or off to the far hill-side to look after the silly sheep—yet not so silly either—for there they are, instinctive of a change, lying secured by that black belt of Scotch-Firs against the tempest brewing over Lockerby or Lochmaben—far from the loun Bilholm Braes!—You Three started at Five o'clock for Luib?

TALBOYS. I rejoice we did. A close carriage is in all weathers detestable—your vehicle should be open to all skyey influences—with nothing about it that can be set up or let down—otherwise some one or other of the party—on some pretence or other—will be for shutting you all in. And then—Farewell,

Thou green Earth—Thou fair Day—and ye Skies! It had apparently been raining for some little time—

NORTH. For six hours, and more heavily, I do think, than I ever heard it rain before in this watery world. Having detected a few drops in the ceiling of my cubiculum, I had slipt away to the Van on the first blash of the business—and from that hour to this have been under the Waterfall—as snug as a Kelpie.

TALBOYS. In we got—well jammed together—a single gentleman, or even two, would have been blown out—and after some remonstrances with the old Greys, we were off to Luib. Long before we were nearly half-way up the brae behind the Camp, Seward complained that the water was running down his back—but ere we reached the top, that inconvenience and every other was merged. The carriage seemed to be in a sinking state, somewhere about Achlian; and rolling before the rain-storm—horses we saw none—it needed no great power of imagination to fear we were in the Loch. At this juncture we came all at once close upon—and into—an appalling crash, and squash, and splash—a plunging, rushing, groaning, and moaning, and roaring—which for half-a-minute baffled conjecture. The Bridge—you know it, sir—the old Bridge, that Seward was never tired of sketching—going—going—gone; down it went—men, horses, all, at the very parapet, and sent us with a *jaup* in among the Woods.

NORTH. Do you mean to say you were on the Bridge as it sunk?

TALBOYS. I know nothing about it. How should I? We were in the heart of the Noise—we were in the heart of the Water—we were in the heart of the Wood—we, the vehicle, the horses—the same horses, I believe, that were standing behind the Camp when we mounted—though I had not seen them distinctly since, till I recognized them madly galloping in their traces up and down the foaming banks.

NORTH. Were you all on this side of the river?

TALBOYS. Ultimately we were—else how could we have got here? You seem incredulous, sir. Mind me—I don't say we were on the Bridge—and went down with it. It is an open question—and in the absence of dispassionate witnesses must be settled by probabilities. Sorry that, though the Driver saved himself, the Vehicle in the mean time should be lost—with all the Rods.

NORTH. They will be recovered on a

change of weather. How and when got ye back?

TALBOYS. On horseback. Buller behind Seward—myself before a man who occasionally wore a look of the Driver. I hope it was he—if it was not—the *Driver* must have been drowned. We had now the wind—that is, the storm—that is, the hurricane in our faces—and the animals every other minute wheeled about and stood rooted for many minutes to the road, with their tails toward Cladich. My body had fortunately lost all sensation hours before we regained the Camp.

NORTH. Hours! How long did it take you to accomplish the two miles?

TALBOYS. I did not time it; but we entered the Great Gate of the Camp to the sound of the Breakfast Bagpipes.

SEWARD. As soon as we had changed ourselves—as you say in Scotland—

TALBOYS. Let's bother Mr. North no more about it. With exception of the Bridge 'tis not worth talking of—and we ought to be thankful it was not Night. Then what a delightful feeling of security now, sir, from all intrusion of vagrant visitors from the Dalmally side! By this time communication must be cut off with Edinburgh and Glasgow—*via* Inverary—so the Camp is virtually insulated. In ordinary weather, there is no calling the Camp our own. So far back as yesterday only, 8 English—4 German—3 French—2 Italian—1 Irish, all Male, many mustached—and from those and other countries, nearly an equal number of Female—some mustached too—"but that not much."

NORTH. Impossible indeed it is to enjoy one hour's consciousness of secure solitude, in this most unsedentary age of the world.—Look there. Who the deuce are you, sir? Do you belong to Cloud-land—and have you made an involuntary descent in the deluge? Or are you of the earth earthy? Off, sir,—off to the back premises. Enter the Pavilion at your peril, you Phenomenon. Turn him out, Talboys.

TALBOYS. Then I must turn out myself. I stepped forth for a moment to the Front—

NORTH. And have in that moment been transmogrified into the Man of the Moon. A false alarm. But methinks you might have been satisfied with the Bridge.

TALBOYS. It is clearing up, sir—it is clearing up—pails and buckets, barrels and hogsheads, fountains and tanks, are no longer the order of the day. Jupiter Pluvius is descending on Juno with moderated impetuosity—is

restricting himself to watering pans and garden engines—there is reason to suspect, from the look of the atmosphere, that the supplies are running short—that in a few hours the glass will be up to Stormy—and hurrah, then, for a week of fine, sunshiny, shadowy, breezy, balmy, angling Weather! Why, it is almost fair now. I do trust that we shall have no more of those dry, dusty, sandy, gravelly days, so unlike Lochawe-side, and natural only in Modern Athens or the Great Desert. Hark! it is clearing up. That is always the way with thorough-bred rain—desperate spurt or rush at the end—a burst when blown—dead-beat—

SEWARD. Mr. North, matters are looking serious, sir.

NORTH. I believe there is no real danger.

SEWARD. The Pole is cracking—

TALBOYS. Creaking. All the difference in the world between these two words. The insertion of the letter E converts danger into safety—trepidation into confidence—a tent into a Rock.

BULLER. I have always forgot to ask if the Camp is insured?

NORTH. An insurance was effected, on favorable terms, on the Swiss Giantess before she came into my possession—the Trustees are answerable for the Van—the texture of the Tents is tough to resist the Winds—and the stuff itself was re-steeped during winter in pyroligneous acid of my own invention, which has been found as successful with canvass as with timber. Dee-side, the Pavilion and her fair Sisterhood are impervious alike to Wet and Dry Rot—Fire and Water.

TALBOYS. You can have no idea, sir, of the beautiful running of our drains. When were they dug?

NORTH. Yestreen—at dusk. Not a field in Scotland the worse of being drained—my lease from Monzie allows it—a good landlord deserves a good tenant; and though it is rather late in the year for such operations, I ventured on the experiment—partly for sake of the field itself, and partly for sake of self-preservation. Not pioneers, and miners, and sappers alone—the whole Force were employed under the Knave of Spades—open drains meanwhile—to be all covered in—with tiles—ere we shift quarters.

TALBOYS. A continuance of this weather for a day or two will bring them up in shoals from the Loch—Undoubtedly we shall have Eels. I delight in drain-angling. Silver Eels! Gold Fish! You shall be wheeled out, my dear sir, in Swing, and the hand of your own Talboys shall disengage the first

“Fish without Fins” from the Wizard’s Hook.

SEWARD. And he shall be sketched by his own Seward, in a moment of triumph, and lithographed by Schenck for the forthcoming Edition of Tom Stoddart.

BULLER. And his own Buller shall make the chips fly like Michael Angelo—and from the marble block evolve a Christopher Piscator not unworthy of Steele—or a Macdonald.

NORTH. Lay aside your tackle, Talboys, and let us talk.

TALBOYS. I am never so talkative as over my tackle.

BULLER. Lay it aside, then, Talboys, at Mr. North’s request.

TALBOYS. Would, my dear Sir, you had been with me on Thursday, to witness the exploits of this GRIESLY PALMER. Miles up Glensrae, you come—suddenly on the left—in a little glen of its own—on such a jewel of a Waterfall. Not ten feet fall—in the pleasure-grounds of a lowland mansion ’twould be called a Cascade. But soft as its voice is, there is something in it that speaks the Cataract. You discern the Gaelic gurgle—and feel that the Fountain is high up in some spot of greensward among heather hills. Snow-white it is not—almost as translucent as the pool into which it glides. You see through it the green ledge it slides over with a gentle touch—and seeking its own way, for a few moments, among some mossy cones, it slips, without being wearied, into its place of rest, which it disturbs not beyond a dimple that beautifies the quivering reflection of the sky. A few birch-trees—one much taller than the rest—are all the trees that are there—but that sweetest of all scents assures you of the hawthorn—and old as the hills—stunted in size—but full-leaved and budded as if in their prime—a few hawthorns close by among the clefts. But why prattle thus to you, my dear sir?—no doubt you know it well—for what beautiful secret in the Highlands is unknown to Christopher North?

NORTH. I do know it well; and your description—so much better than I could have drawn—has brought it from the dimmer regions of memory, “into the study of imagination.”

TALBOYS. After a few circling sweeps to show myself my command of my gear, and to give the Naiad warning to take care of her nose, I let drop this GRIESLY PALMER, who alighted as if he had wings. A Grilse! I cried—a Grilse! No, a Sea-trout—an Amber Witch—a White Lady—a Daughter

of Pearl—whom with gentle violence and quick dispatch I solicited to the yellow sands—and folding not my arms, as is usual in works of fiction, slightly round her waist—but both hands, with all their ten fingers, grasping her neck and shoulders to put the fair creature out of pain—in with her—in with her into my Creel—and again to business. It is on the First Victim of the Day, especially if, as in this case, a Bouncer, an angler fondly dwells in reminiscence—each successive captive—however engrossing the capture—loses its distinct individuality in the fast accumulating crowd; and when, at close of day, sitting down among the broom, to empty and to count, it is on the First Victim that the angler's eye reposes—in refilling, it is the first victim you lay aside to crown the treasure—in wending homeward it is on the First Victim's biography you muse; and at home—in the Pavilion—it is the First Victim you submit to the critical ken of Christopher—

BULLER. Especially if, as in this case, she be a Bouncer.

NORTH. You pride yourself on your recitation of poetry, Talboys. Charm us with the finest descriptive passage you can remember from the British Poets. Not too loud—not too loud—this is not Exeter Hall—nor are you about to address the Water-witch from the top of Ben-Lomond.

TALBOYS.

"But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and
lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost
rear
Thy grassy banks, whereon the milk-white
steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaugh-
ters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daugh-
ters!

"And on thy happy shore a Temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its
bubbling tales.

"Pass not unblest the genius of the place!
If through the air a zephyr more serene

Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism—'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust."

NORTH. Admirably said and sung. Your low tones, Talboys, are earnest and impressive; and you recite, like all true lovers of song, in the spirit of soliloquy, as if you were yourself the sole listener. How I hate Spouting. Your elocutionist makes his mouth a *jet d'eau*—and by his gestures calls on all the auditors to behold the performance. From the lips of the man who has music in his soul, the words of inspiration flow as from a natural fountain, for his soul has made them its own—and delights to feel in their beauty an adequate expression of its own emotions.

TALBOYS. I spoke them to myself—but I was still aware of *your* presence, my dear sir.

NORTH. The Stanzas are fine—but are they the finest in Descriptive Poetry?

TALBOYS. I do not say so, sir. Any request of yours I interpret liberally, and accede to at once. Finer stanzas there may be—many; but I took them because they first came to heart. "Beautiful exceedingly" they are—they may not be faultless.

NORTH. Sir Walter has said—"Perhaps there are no verses in our language of happier descriptive power than the two stanzas which characterize the Clitumnus."

TALBOYS. Then I am right.

NORTH. Perhaps you are. Scott loved Byron—and it is ennobling to hear one great Poet praising another: yet the stanzas which so delighted our Minstrel may not be so felicitous as they seemed to be to his moved imagination.

TALBOYS. Possibly not.

NORTH. In the first Stanza what do we find? An apostrophe—"Thou Clitumnus," not yet quite an Impersonation—a few lines on, an Impersonation of the Stream—

"—the purest God of gentlest waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear."

What is gained by this Impersonation? Nothing. For the qualities here attributed to the River-God are the very same that had already been attributed to the water—purity—serenity—clearness. "Sweetest wave of the most living crystal"—affects us just as much—here I think more than the two lines

about the God. And observe, that no sooner is the God introduced than he disappears. His coming and his going are alike unsatisfactory—for his coming gives us no new emotion, and his going is instantly followed by lines that have no relation to his Godship at all.

TALBOYS. Why—why—I really don't know.

NORTH. I have mildly—and inoffensively to all the world—that is, to all us Four—shown one imperfection; and I think—I feel there is another—in this Stanza. "The sweetest wave of the most living crystal" is visioned to us in the opening lines as the haunt "of river nymph, to gaze and lave her limbs where nothing hid them,"—and we are pleased; it is visioned to us in the concluding line, as "the mirror and the bath for Beauty's youngest daughters"—and we are not pleased; or if we are, but for a moment—for it is, as nearly as may be, the same vision over again—a mirror and a bath!

TALBOYS. But then, sir—

NORTH. Well?

TALBOYS. Go on, sir.

NORTH. I am not sure that I understand "Beauty's youngest daughters."

TALBOYS. Why, small maidens from ten to twelve years old, who in their innocent beauty may bathe without danger, and in their innocent self-admiration may gaze without fear.

NORTH. Then is the expression at once commonplace and obscure.

TALBOYS. Don't say so, sir.

NORTH. Think you Byron means the Graces?

TALBOYS. He does—he does—the Graces sure enough—the Graces.

NORTH. Whatever it means—it means no more than we had before. A descriptive Stanza should ever be progressive, and at the close complete. To my feeling, "slaughters" had better been kept far away from the imagination as from the eyes. I know Byron alludes here to the Sanguinetto of the preceding Stanza. But he ought not to have alluded to it—the contrast was complete without such reference—between the river we are delighting in and the blood-named torrent that has passed away. Why, then, force such an image back upon us—when of ourselves we should never have thought of it, and it is the last image we should desire to see?

TALBOYS. Allow me a few minutes to consider—

NORTH. A day. Will you be so good,

Talboys, as tell me in ten words the meaning of—in the next Stanza—"keeps its memory of Thee?"

TALBOYS. I will immediately.

NORTH. To my mind—angler as I am—

TALBOYS. The Prince of Anglers.

NORTH. To my mind, two lines and a half about Fishes are here too much—"finny darter" seems conceited—and "dwells and revels" needlessly strong—and the *frequent rising* of "finny darters with the glittering scales" to me seems hardly consistent with the solemn serenity inspired by the Temple "of small and delicate proportion" "keeping its memory of Thee,"—whatever that may mean;—nor do I think that a poetical mind like Byron's, if fully possessed in ideal contemplation with the beauty of the whole, would have thought so much of such an occurrence, or dwelt upon it with so many words.

TALBOYS. I wish that finny darters with the glittering scales had oft leaped from out thy current's calmness. Thou Glenorchy, yesterday—but not a fin could I stir with finest tackle and Double-Nothings.

NORTH. That is no answer, either one way or another, to my gentle demur to the perfection of the stanzas. The "scattered water-lily" may be well enough—so let it pass—with this ob, that the flower of the water-lily is not easily separated from its stalk—and is not, in that state, eligible as an image of peace.

TALBOYS. It is of beauty.

NORTH. Be it so. But is "scattered" the right word? No. A water-lily to be *scattered* must be *torn*—for you scatter many, not one—a fleet—not a ship—a flock of sheep, not one lamb. A solitary water-lily—broken off and drifting by, has, as you said, its own beauty—and Byron doubtlessly intended that—but he has not said it—he has said the reverse—for a "scattered" water-lily is a disheveled water-lily—a water-lily no more—a dispersed or dispersing multitude of leaves—of what had been a moment before—a Flower.

TALBOYS. The image pleases everybody—take it as you find it, and be content.

NORTH. I take it as I find it, and am not content; I take it as I don't find it, and am. Then I gently demur to "still tells its bubbling tales." In Gray's line—

"And pore upon the brook that babbles by,"

the word "babbles" is the right one—a mitigated "brawling"—a continuous murmur

without meaning, till you give it one or many—like that of some ceaseless female human being, pleasantly accompanying your reveries that have no relation to what you hear. Her blameless babble has that effect—and were it to stop you would awake. But Byron's "shallower wave still tells its *bubbling tales*"—a tale is still about something—however small—and pray what is that something? Nothing. "Tales," then, is not the *very* word here—nor will "bubbling" make it so—at best it is a prettyism rather than Poetry. The poet is becoming a Poetaster.

TALBOYS. I shall never recite another finest descriptive passage from the whole range of our British Poets—during the course of my life—in this Pavilion.

NORTH. Let us look at the Temple.

TALBOYS. Be done, I beseech you, sir.

NORTH. Talboys, you have as logical—as legal a head as any man I know.

TALBOYS. What has a logical or legal head to do with Byron's description of the Clitumnus?

NORTH. As much as with any other "Process." And you know it. But you are in a most contradictory—I had almost said capitious mood, this forenoon—and will not imbibe genially—

TALBOYS. Imbibe genially—acids—after having imbibed in the body immeasurable rain.

NORTH. Let us look at the Temple. "A Temple still" might mean a still temple.

TALBOYS. But it doesn't.

NORTH. A Poet's meaning should never, through awkwardness, be ambiguous. But no more of that. "Keeps its memory of Thee" suggests to my mind that the Temple, dedicated of old to the River-God, retains, under the new religion of the land, evidence of the old Deification and Worship. The Temple survives to express to us of another day and faith, a deification and worship of Thee—Clitumnus—dictated by the same apprehension of thy characteristic Beauty in the hearts of those old worshipers that now possesses ours looking on Thee. Thou art unchanged—the sensitive and imaginative intelligence of Thee in man is unchanged—although times have changed—states, nations—and, to the eyes of man, the heavens themselves! If all this be meant—all this is not said—in the words you admire.

TALBOYS. I cannot say, as an honest man, that I distinctly understand you, my dear sir.

NORTH. You understand me better than you understand Byron.

TALBOYS. I understand neither of you.

NORTH. The poetical thought seems to be here—that the Temple rises up spontaneously on the bank—under the power of the Beautiful in the river—a permanent self-sprung reflexion of *that* Beautiful—as indeed, to imagination, all things appear to create themselves!

TALBOYS. You speak like yourself now, sir.

NORTH. But look here, my good Talboys. The statue of Achilles may "keep its memory"—granting the locution to be good, which it is not—of Achilles—for Achilles is no more. Sink—in a rapture of thought—the hand of the artist—think that the statues of Achilles *came of themselves*—as unsown flowers come—for poets to express to all ages the departed Achilles. They keep—as long as they remain unperished—"their memory of Achilles"—they were from the beginning voluntary and intentional conservators of the Memory of the Hero. But *Clitumnus is here*—alive to this hour, and with every prospect of outliving his own Temple. What do you say to that?

TALBOYS. To what?

NORTH. Finally—if that reminiscence of the Heathen deification, which I first proposed, was in Byron's mind—and he means by "still keeps its memory of Thee" memory of the River-God—and of the Worship of the River-God—then all he says about the mere natural river—its leaping fishes, and so forth, is wide of his own purpose—and what is worse—implies an absurdity—a reminiscence—not of the past—but of the present.

TALBOYS. If all that were submitted to me for the Pursuer, in Printed Papers—I should appoint answers to be given in by the Defender—within seven days—and within seven days after that—give judgment.

NORTH. Keep your temper, Mr. Testy. As I have no wish to sour you for the rest of the day, I shall say little about the Third Stanza. "Pass not unblest the Genius of the Place," would to me be a more impressive prayer, if there were more *spirituality* in the preceding stanzas—and in the lines which follow it; for the Genius of the Place has been acting, and continues to act, almost solely on the Senses. And who is the Genius of the Place? The River-God—he to whom the Gentile worship built that Temple. But Byron says, most unpoetically, "along his margin"—along the margin of the Genius of the Place! Then, how flat—how poor—after "the Genius of the Place"—"the *freshness of the Scene*"—for the freshness of the

Scene bless the genius of *the Place!* Is that language flowing from the emotion of a Poet's heart? And the last line spoils all; for he whom we are to bless—the River-God—or the Genius of the Place—has given the heart but a “moment's” cleanness from dry dust—but a moment's, and no more! And never did hard, coarse Misanthropy so mar a Poet's purpose as by the shocking prose that is left grating on our souls—“*suspension of disgust!*” So, after all this beauty—and all this enjoyment of beauty—well or ill painted by the Poet—you *must pay orisons* to the River-God or the Genius—whom you had been called on to *bless*—for a mere momentary suspension of disgust to all our fellow-creatures—a disgust that would return as strong—or stronger than ever—as soon as you got to Rome.

TALBOYS. I confess I don't like it.

NORTH. “*MUST!*” There are NEEDS of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. There is terrible necessity—there is bitter necessity—there is grinding necessity—there is fine—delicate—loving—playful necessity.

TALBOYS. Sir?

NORTH. There are *MUSTS* that fly upon the wings of devils—*MUSTS* that fly upon the wings of angels—*MUSTS* that walk upon the feet of men—*MUSTS* that flutter upon the wings of Fairies—But I am dreaming!—Say on.

TALBOYS. I think the day is clearing—let us launch Gutta Percha, Buller, and troll for a Ferox.

NORTH. Then fling that Tarpaulin over your feather-Jacket, on which you plume yourself, and don't forget your Gig-Parasol, Longfellow—for the rain-gauge is running over, so are the water-butts, and I hear the Loch surging its way up to the Camp. The Cladich Cataract is a stunner. Sit down, my dear Talboys. Recite away.

TALBOYS. No.

NORTH. Gentlemen, I call on Mister Buller.

BULLER.

“The roar of waters!—from the headlong height

Velino cleaves the way-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

“And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again

Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain

Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald! how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent

With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

“To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes

Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly
With many windings, through the vale;—
Look back;

Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

“Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, hears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.”

NORTH. In the first stanza there is a very peculiar and a very striking form—or construction—the Roar of Waters—the Fall of Waters—the Hell of Waters.

BULLER. You admire it.

NORTH. I do.

TALBOYS. Don't believe him, Buller. Let's be off—there is no rain worth mentioning—see—there's a Fly. Oh! 'tis but a Red Professor dangling from my bonnet—a Red Professor with tinsy and a tail. Come, Seward, here's the Chess-Board. Let us make out the Main.

NORTH. The four lines about the Roar and the Fall are good—

TALBOYS. Indeed, sir.

NORTH. Mind your game, sir. Seward, you may give him a Pawn. The next four—about Hell—are bad.

TALBOYS. Indeed, sir.

NORTH. Seward, you may likewise give him a Knight. As bad as can be. For there is an incredible confusion of tormented and tormentor. They howl, and hiss, and boil in endless torture—they are suffering the Pains of Hell—they are in Hell. “But the sweat of their great agony is wrung out from this their Phlegethon.” Where is this their Phlegethon? Why, this their Phlegethon is—themselves! Look down—there is no other river—but the Velino.

BULLER. Hear Virgil—

"Mœnia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro,
Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia
saxa."

No Phlegethon with torrents of fire surrounding and shaking Byron's Hell. I do not understand it—an unaccountable blunder.

NORTH. In next stanza, what is gained by

"How profound

The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound?"

Nothing. In the First Stanza, we had the "abyss," "the gulf," and the agony—all and more than we have here.

SEWARD. Check-mate.

TALBOYS. Confound the board!—no, not the board—but Hurwitz himself could not play in such an infernal clatter.

NORTH. Buller has not got to the word "infernal" yet, Phillidor—but he will by-and-by. "Crushing the Cliffs"—crushing is not the right word—it is the wrong one—for not such is the process—visible or invisible. "Downward worn" is silly. "Fierce footsteps," to my imagination, is tame and out of place—though it may not be to yours; and I thunder in the ears of the Chess-players that the first half of the next stanza—the third—is as bad writing as is to be found in Byron.

TALBOYS. Or in North.

NORTH. Seward—you may give him likewise a Bishop—

"Look back:

Lo! where it comes like an Eternity!"

I do not say that is not sublime. If it is an image of Eternity—sublime it must be—but the Poet has chosen his time badly for inspiring us with that thought—for we look back on what he had pictured to us as falling into hell—and then flowing diffused "only thus to be parents of rivers that flow gushingly with many windings through the vale"—images of Time.

"As if to sweep down all things in its track,"

is well enough for an ordinary cataract, but not for a cataract that comes "like an Eternity."

TALBOYS.

"Charming the eye with dread—a matchless
cataract,
Horribly beautiful."

SEWARD. One game each.

TALBOYS. Let us go to the Swiss Giantess to play out the Main.

NORTH. In Stanza Fourth—"But on the verge," is very like nonsense—

TALBOYS. Not at all.

NORTH. The Swiss Giantess is expecting you—good-bye, my dear Talboys. Now, Buller, I wish you, seriously and calmly, to think on this image—

"An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed."

Did Hope—could Hope ever sit by such a death-bed! The infernal surge—the hell of waters—the howling—the hissing—the boiling in endless torture—the sweat of the great agony wrung out—and more of the same sort—*these image the death-bed*. Hope has sat beside many a sad—many a miserable death-bed—but not by such as this: and yet, here, such a death-bed is hinted at as not uncommon—in a few words—"like Hope upon a death-bed." The smile came not of itself—it was sought for—and had far better have been away. There is much bad writing here, too—"unworn"—"unshorn"—"torn"—"dyes"—"hues"—"beams"—"torture of the scene"—epithet heaped on epithet, without any clear perception, or sincere emotion—the Iris changing from Hope upon a death-bed to Love watching Madness—both of which I pronounce, before that portion of mankind assembled in this Tent, to be on the *FALSETTO*—and wide from the thoughts that visit the suffering souls of the children of men remembering this life's greatest calamities.

SEWARD. Yet throughout, sir, there is Power.

NORTH. Power! My dear Seward, who denies it? But great Power—true poetical Power—is self-collected—not turbulent though dealing with turbulence—in its own stately passion dominating physical nature in its utmost distraction—and in her blind forces seeing a grandeur—a sublimity that only becomes visible or audible to the senses, through the action of imagination creating its own consistent ideal world out of that turmoil—making the fury of falling waters appeal to our Moral Being, from whose depths and heights rise emotions echoing all the tones of the thundering cataract. In these stanzas of Byron, the main Power is in the *Cataract*—not in the Poetry—loud to the ear—to the eye flashing and foaming—full of noise and fury, signifying not much to the

soul, as it stuns and confounds the senses—while its more spiritual significations are uncertain, or unintelligible, accepted with doubt, or rejected without hesitation, because felt to be false and deceitful, and but brilliant mockeries of the Truth.

TALBOYS. Spare Byron, who is a Poet—and castigate some popular Versifier.

NORTH. I will not spare Byron—and just because he is a Poet. For popular Versifiers, they may pipe at their pleasure, but aloof from our Tents—chirp anywhere but in this Encampment; and if there be a Gowd-spink or Yellow-hammer among them, let us incline our ear kindly to his chattering or his yammering, “low down in the broom,” or high up on his apple-tree, in outfield or orchard, and pray that never naughty school-boy may harry his nest.

SEWARD. Would Sir Walter’s poetry stand such critical examination?

NORTH. All—or nearly so—directly dealing with War—Fighting in all its branches. Indeed, with any kind of Action he seldom fails—in Reflection, often—and, strange to say, almost as often in description of Nature, though there in his happier hours he excels.

SEWARD. I was always expecting, during that discussion about the Clitumnus, that you would have brought in Virgil.

NORTH. Ay, Maro—in description—is superior to them all—in the *Æneid* as well as in the *Georgics*. But we have no time to speak of his Pictures now—only just let me ask you—Do you remember what Payne Knight says of *Æneas*?

SEWARD. No, for I never read it.

NORTH. Payne Knight, in his *Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste*—a work of high authority in his own day, and containing many truths vigorously expounded, though characterized throughout by arrogance and presumption—speaks of that “selfish coldness with which the *Æneas* of Virgil treats the unfortunate princess, *whose affections he had seduced*,” and adds, that “Every modern reader of the *Æneid* finds that the Episode of Dido, though in itself the most exquisite piece of composition existing, weakens extremely the subsequent interest of the Poem, it being impossible to sympathize either cordially or kindly with the fortunes or exertions of a hero who sneaks away from his high-minded and much-injured benefactress in a manner so base and unmanly. When, too, we find him soon after imitating all the atrocities, and surpassing the utmost arrogance, of the furious and

vindictive Achilles, without displaying any of his generosity, pride, or energy, he becomes at once mean and odious, and only excites scorn and indignation; especially when, at the conclusion, he presents to Lavinia a hand stained with the blood of her favored lover, whom he had stabbed while begging for quarter, and after being rendered incapable of resistance.” Is not this, Seward, much too strong?

SEWARD. I think, sir, it is not only much too strong, but outrageous; and that we are bound, in justice to Virgil, to have clearly before our mind his own idea of his Hero.

TALBOYS. To try that *Æneas* by the rules of poetry and of morality; and if we find his character such as neither our imagination nor our moral sense will suffer us to regard with favor—to admire either in Hero or Man—then to throw the *Æneid* aside.

BULLER. And take up his *Georgics*.

TALBOYS. To love Virgil we need not forget Homer—but to sympathize with *Æneas*, our imaginations must not be filled with Achilles.

SEWARD. Troy is dust—the Son of Thetis dead. Let us go with the Fugitives and their Leader.

TALBOYS. Let us believe from the first that they seek a Destined Seat—under One Man, who knows his mission, and is worthy to fulfill it. Has Virgil so sustained the character of that Man—of that Hero? Or has he, from ineptitude, and unequal to so great a subject—let him sink below our nobler sympathies—nay, unconscious of failure of his purpose, as Payne Knight says, accommodated him to our contempt?

SEWARD. For seven years he has been that Man—that Hero. One Night’s Tale has shown him—as he is—for I presume that Virgil—and not Payne Knight—was his Maker. If that Speech was all a lie—and the son of Anchises, not a gallant and pious Prince, but a hypocrite and a coward—shut the Book or burn it.

TALBOYS. Much gossip—of which any honest old woman, had she uttered the half of it, would have been ashamed before she had finished her tea—has been scribbled by divers male pens—stupid or spritely—on that magnificent Recital. *Æneas*, it has been said, by his own account, skulked during the Town Sack—and funked during the Sea Storm. And how, it has been asked, came he to lose Creusa? Pious indeed! A truly pious man, say they, does not speak of his piety—he takes care of his household gods without talking about Lares and Penates. Many critics—some not without name—have

been such—unrepentant—old women. Come we to Dido.

NORTH. Be cautious—for I fear I have been in fault myself toward Æneas for his part in that transaction.

TALBOYS. I take the account of it from Virgil. Indeed I do not know of any scandalous chronicle of Carthage or Tyre. A Trojan Prince and a Tyrian Queen—say at once a Man and a Woman—on sudden temptation and unforeseen opportunity—SIN—and they continue to sin. As pious men as Æneas—and as kingly and heroic too, have so sinned far worse than that—yet have not been excommunicated from the fellowship of saints, kings, or heroes.

SEWARD. To say that Æneas “seduces Dido,” in the sense that Payne Knight uses the word, is a calumnious vulgarism.

TALBOYS. And shows a sulky resolution to shut his eyes—and keep them shut.

SEWARD. Had he said that in the Schools at Oxford, he would have been plucked at his Little-go. But I forget—there was no plucking in those days—and indeed I rather think he was not an University Man.

NORTH. Nevertheless he was a Scholar.

SEWARD. Not nevertheless, sir—notwithstanding, sir.

NORTH. I sit corrected.

SEWARD. Neither did Infelix Elissa seduce him—desperately in love as she was—’twas not the storm of her own will that drove her into that fatal cave.

TALBOYS. Against Venus and Juno combined, alas! for poor Dido at last!

SEWARD. Æneas was in her eyes what Othello was in Desdemona’s. No Desdemona she—no “gentle lady”—nor was Virgil a Shakspeare. Yet those remonstrances—and that raving—and that suicide!

TALBOYS. Ay, Dan Virgil feared not to put the condemnation of his Hero into those lips of fire—to let her winged curses pursue the Pious Perfidious as he puts to sea. But what is truth—passion—nature from the reproachful and raving—the tender and the truculent—the repentant and the revengeful—the true and the false Dido—for she had forgot and she remembers Sychæus—when cut up into bits of bad law, and framed into an Indictment through which the Junior Jehu at the Scottish Bar might drive a Coach and Six!

SEWARD. But he forsook her! He did—and in obedience to the will of heaven. Throughout the whole of his Tale of Troy, at that fatal banquet, he tells her whither, and to what fated region, the fleet is bound

—he is not sailing under sealed orders—Dido hears the Hero’s destiny from the lips of Mœstissimus Hector, from the lips of Creusa’s Shade. But Dido is deaf to all those solemn enunciations—none so deaf as those who will not hear; the Likeness of Ascanius lying by her on her Royal Couch fired her vital blood—and she already is so insane as to dream of lying ere long on that God-like breast. He had forgot—and he remembers his duty—yes—his duty; according to the Creed of his country—of the whole heathen world—in deserting Dido, he obeyed the Gods.

TALBOYS. He sneaked away! says Knight. Go he must—would it have been more heroic to set fire to the Town, and embark in the General Illumination?

SEWARD. Would Payne Knight have seriously advised Virgil to marry Æneas, in good earnest, to Dido, and make him King of Carthage?

BULLER. Would they have been a happy couple?

SEWARD. Does not our sympathy go with Æneas to the Shades? Is he unworthy to look on the Campos Lugentes? On the Elysian fields? To be shown by Anchises the Shades of the predestined Heroes of unexisting Rome?

TALBOYS. Do we—because of Dido—despise him when first he kens, on a calm bright morning, that great Grove on the Latian shore near the mouth of the Tiber?

“Æneas, primique duces, et pulcher Iulus,
Corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altæ,
Instituuntque dapes.”

SEWARD. But he was a robber—a pirate—an invader—an usurper—so say the Payne Knights. Virgil sanctifies the Landing with the spirit of peace—and a hundred olive-crowned Envoys are sent to Laurentum with such peace-offerings as had never been laid at the feet of an Ausonian King.

TALBOYS. Nothing can exceed in simple grandeur the advent of Æneas—the reception of the Envoys by old Latinus. The right of the Prince to the region he has reached is established by grant human and divine. Surely a father, who is a king, may dispose of his daughter in marriage—and here he must; he knew, from omen and oracle, the Hour and the Man. Lavinia belonged to Æneas—not to Turnus—though we must not severely blame the fiery Rutulian because he would not give her up. Amata, in and out of her wits, was on his

side; but their betrothment—if betrothed they were—was unhallowed—and might not blind in face of Fate.

BULLER. Turnus was in the wrong from beginning to end. Virgil, however, has made him a hero—and idiots have said that he eclipses Æneas—the same idiots, who, at the same time, have told us that Virgil could not paint a hero at all.

TALBOYS. That his genius has no martial fervor. Had the blockheads read the Rising—the Gathering—in the Seventh Æneid?

NORTH. Sir Walter himself had much of it by heart—and I have seen the “repeated air” kindle the aspect, and uplift the Lion-Port of the greatest War-Poet that ever blew the trumpet.

SEWARD. Æneas at the Court of Evander—that fine old Grecian! There he is a Hero to be loved—and Pallas loved him—and he loved Pallas—and all men with hearts love Virgil for their sakes.

TALBOYS. And is he not a Hero, when relanding from sea at the mouth of his own Tiber, with his Etrurian Allies—some thousands strong? And does he not then act the Hero? Virgil was no War-Poet! Second only to Homer, I hold—

SEWARD. An imitator of Homer! With fights of the Homeric age—how could he help it? But he is, in much, original on the battle-field—and is there in all the Iliad a Lausus, or a Pallas?—

BULLER. Or a Camilla?

SEWARD. Fighting is at the best a sad business—but Payne Knight is offensive on the cruelty—the ferocity of Æneas. I wish Virgil had not made him seize and sacrifice the Eight Young Men to appease the Manes of Pallas. Such sacrifice Virgil believed to be agreeable to the manners of the time—and, if usual to the most worthy, here assuredly due. In the final great battle,

“Away to heaven, respective Lenity,
And fire-eyed Fury be my conduct now.”

BULLER. Knight is a ninny on the Single Combat. In all the previous circumstances regarding it, Turnus behaved ill—now that he must fight, he fights well: ’tis as fair a fight as ever was fought in the field of old Epic Poetry; tutelary interposition alternates in favor of either Prince; the bare notion of either outliving defeat never entered any mind but Payne Knight’s, nor did any other fingers ever fumble such a charge against the hero of an Epic as “Stabbing while begging for quarter”—but a moment-

ary weakness in Turnus, which was not without its effect on Æneas, till at sight of *that Belt*, he sheathed the steel.

TALBOYS. Payne works himself up, in the conclusion of the passage, into an absolute maniac.

NORTH. Good manners, Talboys—no insult—remember Mr. Knight has been long dead.

TALBOYS. So has Æneas—so has Virgil.

NORTH. True. Young gentlemen, I have listened with much pleasure to your animated and judicious dialogue. Shall I now give Judgment?

BULLER. Lengthy?

NORTH. Not more than an hour?

BULLER. Then, if you please, my Lord, to-morrow.

NORTH. You must all three be somewhat fatigued by the exercise of so much critical acumen. So do you, Talboys and Seward, unbend the bow at another game of Chess; and you, Buller, reanimate the jaded Moral Sentiments by a sharp letter to Marmaduke, insinuating that if he don’t return to the Tents within a week, or at least write to say that he and Hal, Volusene and Woodburn, are not going to return at all, but to join the Rajah of Sarawak, the Grand Lama, or Prester John—which I fear is but too probable from the general tone and tenor of their life and conversation for some days before their Secession from the Established Camp—there will be a general breaking of Mothers’ hearts, and in his own particular case, a cutting off with a shilling, or disinheriting of the heir apparent of one of the finest Estates in Cornwall. But I forget—these Entails will be the ruin of England. What! Billy, is that you?

BILLY. Measter, here’s a Fish and a Ferocious.

TALBOYS. Ha! what Whappers!

BULLER. More like Fish before the Flood than after it.

SEWARD. After it indeed! During it. What is Billy saying, Mr. North? That Coomerlan’ dialect’s Hottentot to my Devonshire ears.

NORTH. They have been spoiled by the Doric delicacies of the “Exmoor Courtship.” He tells me that Archy M’Callum, the Cornwall Clipper, and himself, each in a cow-hide, having ventured down to the River Mouth to look after and bale Gutta Percha, foregathered with an involuntary invasion of divers gigantic Fishes, who had made bad their landing on our shores, and that after a desperate resistance they

succeeded in securing the Two Leaders—a Salmo Salar and a Salmo Ferox—see on snout and shoulder tokens of the Oar. Thirty—and Twenty Pounders—Billy says; I should have thought they were respectively a third more. No mean Windfall. They will tell on the Spread. I retire to my Sanctum for my Siesta.

TALBOYS. Let me invest you, my dear Sir, with my Feathers.

BULLER. Do—do take my Tarpaulin.

SEWARD. Billy, your Cow-hide.

NORTH. I need none of your gimcracks—for I seek the Sanctum by a subterranean—beg your pardon—a Subter-Awning Passage.

SCENE II. SCENE—*Deeside*. TIME—*Seven P. C.* NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD—TALBOYS.

NORTH. How little time or disposition for anything like serious Thinking, or Reading, out of people's own profession or trade, in this Railway world! The busy-bodies of these rattling times, even in their leisure hours, do not affect an interest in studies their fathers and their grandfathers, in the same rank of life, pursued, even systematically, on many an Evening sacred from the distraction that ceased with the day.

TALBOYS. Not all busy-bodies, my good sir—think of—

NORTH. I have thought of them—and I know their worth—their liberality and their enlightenment. In all our cities and towns—and villages—and in all orders of the people—there is Mind,—Intelligence, and Knowledge; and the more's the shame in that too general appetite for mere amusement in literature, perpetually craving for a change of diet—for something new in the light way—while anything of any substance is “with sputtering noise rejected” as tough to the teeth, and hard of digestion—however sweet and nutritious; would they but taste and try.

SEWARD. I hope you don't mean to allude to Charles Dickens?

NORTH. Assuredly not. Charles Dickens is a man of original and genial genius—his popularity is a proof of the goodness of the heart of the people; and the love of him and his writings—though not so thoughtful as it might be—does honor to that strength in the English character which is indestructible by any influences, and survives in the midst of frivolity and folly, and of mental deprivations, worse than both.

SEWARD. Don't look so savage, sir.

NORTH. I am not savage—I am serene. Set the Literature of the day aside altogether—and tell me if you think our conversation since dinner would not have been thought *dull* by many not altogether uneducated persons, who pride themselves not a little on their intellectuality and on their full participation in the Spirit of the Age?

TALBOYS. Our conversation since dinner DULL!! No—no—no. Many poor creatures, indeed, there are among them—even among those of them who work the Press—pigmies with pap feeding a Giant who sneezes them away when sick of them into small offices in the Customs or Excise;—but not one of our privileged brethren of the Guild—with a true ticket to show—but would have been delighted with such dialogue—but would be delighted with its continuation—and thankful to know that he, “a wiser and a better man, will rise to-morrow morn.”

SEWARD. Do, my dear sir—resume your discoursing about those Greeks.

NORTH. I was about to say, Seward, that those shrewd and just observers, and at the same time delicate thinkers, the ancient Greeks did, as you well know, snatch from amongst the ordinary processes which nature pursues, in respect of inferior animal life, a singularly beautiful Type or Emblem, expressively imaging to Fancy that bursting disclosure of Life from the bosom of Death, which is implied in the extrication of the soul from its corporeal prison, when this astonishing change is highly, ardently, and joyfully contemplated. Those old festal religionists—who carried into the solemnities of their worship the buoyant gladness of their own sprightly and fervid secular life, and contrived to invest even the artful splendor and passionate human interest of their dramatic representations with the name and character of a sacred ceremony—found for that soaring and refulgent escape of a spirit from the dungeon and chains of the flesh, into its native celestial day, a fine and touching similitude in the liberation of a beautiful Insect, the gorgeously-winged aerial Butterfly, from the living tomb in which nature has, during a season, cased and urned its torpid and death-like repose.

SEWARD. Nor, my dear sir, was this life-conscious penetration or intuition of a keen and kindling intelligence into the dreadful, the desolate, the cloud-covered Future, the casual thought of adventuring Genius, transmitted in some happier verse only, or in some gracious and visible poesy of a fine

chisel; but the Symbol and the Thing symbolized were so bound together in the understanding of the nation, that in the Greek language the name borne by the Insect and the name designating the Soul is one and the same—ΨΥΧΗ.

NORTH. Insects! They have come out, by their original egg-birth, into an active life. They have crept and eaten—and slept and eaten—creeping and sleeping, and eating—still waxing in size, and traveling on from fitted pasture to pasture, they have in not many suns reached the utmost of the minute dimensions allotted them—the goal of their slow-footed wanderings, and the term, shall we say—*of their life*.

SEWARD. No! But of that *first period*, through which they have made some display of themselves as living agents. They have reached *this term*. And look at them—now.

NORTH. Ay—look at them—now. Wonder on wonder! For now a miraculous instinct guides and compels the creature—who has, as it were, completed one life—who has accomplished one stage of his existence—to entomb himself. And he accordingly builds or spins himself a tomb—or he buries himself in his grave. Shall I say, that she herself, his guardian, his directress, Great Nature, *coffins* him? Enclosed in a firm shell—hidden from all eyes—torpid, in a death-like sleep—not *dead*—he waits the appointed hour, which the days and nights bring, and which having come—his renovation, his resuscitation is come. And now the sepulture no longer holds him! Now the prisoner of the tomb has right again to converse with embalmed air and with glittering sunbeams—now, the reptile that *was*—unrecognizably transformed from himself—a glad, bright, mounting creature, unfurls on either side the translucent or the richly-hued pinions that shall waft him at his liking from blossom to blossom, or lift him in a rapture of aimless joyancy to disport and rock himself on the soft-flowing undulating breeze.

SEWARD. My dearest sir, the Greek in his darkness, or uncertain twilight of belief, has culled and perpetuated his beautiful emblem. Will the Christian look unmoved upon the singular imaging, which, amidst the manifold strangely-charactered secrets of nature, he finds of his own sealed and sure faith?

NORTH. No, Seward. The philosophical Theologian claims in this likeness more than an apt simile, pleasing to the stirred fancy. He sees here an *ANALOGY*—and this *Analogy* he proposes as one link in a chain of argu-

mentation by *which* he would show that Reason might dare to win from Nature, as a Hope, the truth which it holds from God as revealed knowledge.

SEWARD. I presume, sir, you allude to Butler's Analogy. I have studied it.

NORTH. I do—to the First Chapter of that Great Work. This parallelism, or apprehended resemblance between an event continually occurring and seen in nature, and one unseen but continually conceived as occurring upon the uttermost brink and edge of nature—this correspondence, which took such fast hold of the Imagination of the Greeks, has, as you know, my dear friends, in these latter days been acknowledged by calm and profound Reason, looking around on every side for evidences or intimations of the Immortality of the Soul.

BULLER. Will you be so good, sir, as let me have the volume to study of an evening in my own Tent?

NORTH. Certainly. And for many other evenings—in your own Library at home.

TALBOYS. Please, sir, to state Butler's argument in your own words and way.

NORTH. For Butler's style is hard and dry. A living being undergoes a vicissitude by which on a sudden he passes from a state in which he has long continued into a new state, and with it into a new scene of existence. The transition is from a narrow confinement into an ample liberty—and this change of circumstances is accompanied in the subject with a large and congruous increment of powers. They believe this who believe the Immortality of the Soul. But the fact is, that changes bearing this description do indeed happen in Nature, under our very eyes, at every moment; this method of progress being universal in her living kingdoms. Such a marvelous change is literally undergone by innumerable kinds, the human animal included, in the instant in which they pass out from the darkness and imprisonment of the womb into the light and open liberty of this breathing world. Birth has been the image of a death, which is itself nothing else than a birth from one straightened life into another ampler and freer. The ordering of Nature, then, is an ordering of Progression, whereby new and enlarged states are attained, and, simultaneously therewith, new and enlarged powers; and all this is not slowly, gradually, and insensibly, but suddenly and *per saltum*.

TALBOYS. This analogy, then, sir, or whatever there is that is in common to *birth* as we know it, and to *death* as we conceive it, is to

be understood as an evidence set in the ordering of Nature, and justifying or tending to justify such our conception of Death?

NORTH. Exactly so. And you say well, my good Talboys, "justifying or tending to justify." For we are all along fully sensible that a vast difference—a difference prodigious and utterly confounding to the imagination—holds betwixt the case *from* which we reason, *birth*—or that further expansion of life in some breathing kinds which might be held as a *second birth*—betwixt these cases, I say, and the case *to* which we reason, *DEATH*!

TALBOYS. Prodigious and utterly confounding to the imagination indeed! For in these physiological instances, either the same body, or a body changing by such slow and insensible degrees that it seems to us to be the same body, accompanies, encloses, and contains the same life—from the first moment in which that life comes under our observation to that in which it vanishes from our cognizance; whereas, sir, in the case to which we apply the Analogy—our own Death—the life is supposed to survive in complete separation from the body, in and by its union with which we have known it and seen it manifested.

NORTH. Excellently well put, my friend. I see you have studied Butler.

TALBOYS. I have—but not for some years. The Analogy is not a Book to be forgotten.

NORTH. This difference between the case from which we reason, and the case to which we reason, there is no attempt whatever at concealing,—quite the contrary—it stands written, you know, my friend, upon the very Front of the Argument. This difference itself is the very motive and occasion of the Whole Argument! Were there not *this difference* between the cases which furnish the Analogy, and the case to which the Analogy is applied—had we certainly known and seen a Life continued, although suddenly passing out from the body where it had hitherto resided—or were *Death* not the formidable disruption which it is of a hitherto subsisting union—the cases would be identical, and there would be nothing to reason about or to inquire. There is this startling difference—and accordingly the Analogy described has been proposed by Butler merely as a first step in the Argument.

TALBOYS. It remains to be seen, then, whether any further consideration can be proposed which will bring the cases nearer together, and diminish to our minds the difficulty presented by the sudden separation.

NORTH. Just so. What ground, then, my dear young friends—for you seem and are young to me—what ground, my friends, is there for believing that the Death which we *see*, can affect the living agent which we do not see? Butler makes his approaches cautiously, and his attack manfully—and this is the course of his Argument. I begin with examining my present condition of existence, and find myself to be a being endowed with certain Powers and Capacities—for I act, I enjoy, I suffer.

TALBOYS. Of this much there can be no doubt; for of all this an unerring consciousness assures me. Therefore, at the outset, I hold this one secure position—that I exist, the possessor of certain powers and capacities.

NORTH. But that I do now before death exist, endued with certain powers and capacities, affords a presumptive or *prima facie* probability that I shall after death continue to exist, possessing these powers and capacities—

BULLER. How is that, sir?

NORTH. You do well to put that question, my dear Buller—a *prima facie* probability, unless there be some positive reason to think that death is the "destruction of Me, the living Being, and of these my living Faculties."

BULLER. A presumptive or *prima facie* probability, sir? Why does Butler say so?

NORTH. "Because there is in every case a probability that *all* things will continue as we experience they are, in *all* respects, except those in which we have some reason to think they will be altered."

BULLER. You will pardon me, sir, I am sure, for having asked the question.

NORTH. It was not only a proper question, but a necessary one. Butler wisely says, "This is that kind of Presumption or Probability from Analogy, expressed in the very word CONTINUANCE, which seems our only natural reason for believing the course of the world will continue to-morrow, as it has done so far as our experience or knowledge of history can carry us back." I give you, here, the Bishop's very words—and I believe that in them is affirmed a truth that no skepticism can shake.

TALBOYS. If I mistake not, sir, the Bishop here frankly admits, that, were we not fortified against a natural impression, with some better instruction than unreflecting Nature's, the spontaneous disposition of our Mind would undoubtedly be an expectation that in this great catastrophe of our

mortal estate, We Ourselves must perish ; but he contends—does he not, sir?—that it would be a blind fear, and without rational ground.

NORTH. Yes—that it is an impression of the illusory faculty, Imagination, and not an inference of Reason. There would arise, he says, “a general, confused suspicion, that, in the great shock and alteration which we shall undergo by death, We, *i. e.*, our living Powers, might be wholly destroyed ;”—but he adds solemnly, “there is no particular distinct ground or reason for this apprehension, so far as I can find.”

TALBOYS. Such “general confused suspicion,” then, is not justified ?

NORTH. Butler holds that any justifying ground of the apprehension that, in the shock of death, I, the living Being, or, which is the same thing, These my powers of acting, enjoying, and suffering, shall be extinguished and cease, must be found either in “the reason of the Thing” itself, or in “the Analogy of Nature.” To say that a legitimate ground of attributing to the sensible mortal change a power of extinguishing the inward life is to be found in the Reason of the Thing, is as much as to say, that when considering the essential nature of this great and tremendous, or at least dreaded change, Death, and upon also considering *what* these powers of acting, of enjoying, of suffering, truly are, and *in what manner*, absolutely, they subsist in us—there does appear to lie therein demonstration, or evidence, or likelihood, that the change, Death, will swallow up such living powers—and that *We* shall no longer be.

TALBOYS. In short, sir, that from considering *what* Death is, and *upon what* these Powers and their exercise depend, there is *reason* to think that the Powers or their exercise will or *must* cease with Death.

NORTH. The very point. And the Bishop’s answer is bold, short, and decisive. We cannot, *from* considering what Death is, draw this or any other conclusion, *for we do not know what Death is!* We know only certain effects of Death—the stopping of certain sensible actions—the dissolution of certain sensible parts. We can draw no conclusion, for we do not possess the premises.

SEWARD. From your exposition, sir, I feel that the meaning of the First Chapter of the Analogy is dawning into clearer and clearer light.

NORTH. Inconsiderately, my dear sir, we seem indeed to ourselves to know what Death is ; but this is from confounding

the Thing and its Effects. For we see effects : at first the stoppage of certain sensible actions—afterward the dissolution of certain sensible parts. But *what* is it that has happened—*wherefore* the blood no longer flows—the limbs no longer move—that we do not see. We do not see it with our eyes—we do not discern it by any inference of our understanding. It is a *fact* that seems to lie shrouded forever from our faculties, in awful and impenetrable mystery. That fact—the produce of an instant—which has happened *within, and in the dark*—that fact come to pass in an indivisible point of time—that stern fact—ere the happening of which the Man was alive—an inhabitant of this breathing world—united to ourselves—our Father, Brother, Friend—at least our Fellow Creature—by the happening *he* is gone—is for ever irrecoverably sundered from this world, and from us its inhabitants—is DEAD—and that which lies outstretched before our saddened eyes is only his mortal remains—a breathless corpse—an inanimate, insensible clod of clay :—Upon that interior *sudden* fact—*sudden*, at last, how slowly and gradually soever prepared—since the utmost attenuation of a thread is a thing totally distinct from its ending, from its becoming no thread at all, and since, up to that moment, there was a possibility that some extraordinary, perhaps physical application might for an hour or a few minutes have rallied life, or might have reawakened consciousness, and eye, and voice—upon that elusive *Essence and Self* of Death no curious searching of ours has laid, or, it may be well assumed, will ever lay hold. When the organs of sense no longer minister to Perception, or the organs of motion to any change of posture—when the blood, stopped in its flow, thickens and grows cold—and the fair and stately form, the glory of the Almighty’s Hand, the burning shrine of a Spirit that lately rejoiced in feeling, in thought, and in power, lies like a garment done with and thrown away—“a kneaded clod”—ready to lose feature and substance—and to yield back its atoms to the dominion of the blind elements from which they were gathered and compacted—*What is Death?* And what grounds have we for inferring that an event manifested to us as a phenomenon of the Body, which alone we touch, and hear, and see, has or has not reached into the Mind, which is for us Now just as it always was, a Thing utterly removed and exempt from the cognizance and apprehension of our bodily senses? The

Mind, or Spirit, the unknown Substance, in which Feeling, and Thought, and Will, and the Spring of Life were—was united to this corporeal frame; and, being united to it, animated it, poured through it sensibility and motion, glowing and creative life—crimsoned the lips and cheeks—flashed in the eye—and murmured music from the tongue; *now*, the two—Body and Soul—are *dis-united*—and we behold one-half the consequence—the Thing of dust relapses to the dust;—we dare to divine the other half of the consequence—the quickening Spark, the sentient Intelligence, the Being gifted with Life, the Image of the Maker, in Man, has reascended, has returned thither whence it came, into the Hand of God.

SEWARD. If, sir, we were without light from the revealed Word of God, if we were left, by the help of reason, standing upon the brink of Time, dimly guessing, and inquiringly exploring, to find for ourselves the grounds of Hope and Fear, would your description, my dear Master, of that which has happened, seem to our Natural Faculties impossible? Surely not.

NORTH. My dear Seward, we have the means of rendering some answer to that question. The nations of the world have been, more or less, in the condition supposed. Self-left, they have borne the burden of the dread secret, which for them only the grave could resolve; but they never were able to sit at rest in the darkness. Importunate and insuppressible desire, in their bosoms, knocked at the gate of the invisible world, and seemed to hear an answer from beyond. The belief in a long life of ages to follow this fleet dream—imaginary revelations of regions bright or dark—the mansions of bliss or of sorrow—an existence to come, and often of retribution to come—has been the religion of Mankind—here in the rudest elementary shape—here in elaborated systems.

SEWARD. Ay, sir; methinks the Hell of Virgil—and his Elysian Fields are examples of a high, solemn, and beautiful poetry. But they have a much deeper interest for a man studious, in earnest, of his fellow-men. Since they really express the notions under which men have with serious belief shadowed out for themselves the worlds to which the grave is a portal. The true moral spirit that breathes in his enumeration of the Crimes that are punished, of the Virtues that have earned and found their reward, and some scattered awful warnings—are impressive even to us Christians.

NORTH. Yes, Seward, they are. Hearken

to the attestation of the civilized and the barbarous. Universally there is a cry from the human heart, beseeching, as it were, of the Unknown Power which reigns in the Order and in the Mutations of Things, the prolongation of this vanishing breath—the renovation, in undiscovered spheres, of this too brief existence—an appeal from the tyranny of the tomb—a prayer against annihilation. Only at the top of Civilization, sometimes a cold and barren philosophy, degenerate from nature, and bastard to reason, has limited its sullen view to the horizon of this Earth—has shut out and refused all ulterior, happy, or dreary anticipation.

SEWARD. You may now, assured of our profound attention—return to Butler—if indeed you have left him—

NORTH. I have and I have not. A few minutes ago I was expounding—in my own words—and for the reason assigned, will continue to do so—his argument. If, not knowing what death is, we are not entitled to argue, from the nature of death, that this change must put an end to Ourselves, and those essential powers in our mind which we are conscious of exerting—just as little can we argue from the nature of these powers, and from their manner of subsisting in us, that they are liable to be affected and impaired, or destroyed by death. For what do we know of these powers, and of the conditions on which we hold them, and of the mind in which they dwell? Just as much as we do of the great change, Death itself—that is to say—NOTHING.

TALBOYS. We know the powers of our mind solely by their manifestations.

NORTH. But people in general do not think so—and many metaphysicians have written as if they had forgot that it is only from the manifestation that we give name to the Power. We know the fact of Seeing, Hearing, Remembering, Reasoning—the feeling of Beauty—the actual pleasure of Moral Approbation, the pain of Moral Disapprobation—the state—pleasure or pain of loving—the state—pleasure or pain of hating—the fire of anger—the frost of fear—the curiosity to know—the thirst for distinction—the exultation of conscious Power—all these, and a thousand more, we know abundantly: our conscious Life is nothing else but such knowledge endlessly diversified. But the POWERS themselves, which are thus exerted—what *they* are—*how* they subsist in us ready for exertion—of this we know—NOTHING.

TALBOYS. We know something of the

Conditions upon which the exercise of these Powers depends—or by which it is influenced. Thus we know, that for seeing, we must possess that wondrous piece of living mechanism, the eye, in its healthy condition. We know further, that a delicate and complicated system of nerves, which convey the visual impressions from the eye itself to the seeing power, must be healthy and unobstructed. We know that a sound and healthy state of the brain is necessary to these manifestations—that accidents befalling the Brain totally disorder the manifestations of these powers—turning the clear self-possessed mind into a wild anarchy—a Chaos—that other accidents befalling the same organ suspend all manifestations. We know that sleep stops the use of many powers—and that deep sleep—at least as far as any intimations that reach our waking state go—stops them all. We know that a nerve tied or cut stops the sensation—stops the motory volition which usually travels along it. We know how bodily lassitude—how abstinence—how excess—affects the ability of the mind to exert its powers. In short, the most untutored experience of every one amongst us all shows bodily conditions, upon which the activity of the faculties which are seated in the mind, depends. And within the mind itself we know how one manifestation aids or counteracts another—how Hope invigorates—how Fear disables—how Intrepidity keeps the understanding clear—

NORTH. You are well illustrating Butler, Talboys. Then again we know that for *Seeing*, we must have that wonderful piece of living mechanism perfectly constructed, and in good order—that a certain delicate and complicated system of nerves extending from the eye inwards, is appointed to transmit the immediate impressions of light from this exterior organ of sight to the percipient Mind—that these nerves allotted to the function of seeing, must be free from any accidental pressure; knowledge admirable, curious, useful; but when all is done, all investigated that our eyes, and fingers, and instruments, and thoughts, can reach—*What*, beyond all this marvelous Apparatus of seeing, is *That which sees*—what the percipient *Mind* is—that is a mystery into which no created Being ever had a glimpse. Or what is that immediate connection between the Mind itself, and those delicate corporeal adjustments—whereby certain *tremblings*, or other momentary changes of state in a set of nerves, upon the sudden, turn into Colors—into Sight—INTO

THE VISION OF A UNIVERSE.

VOL. XVIII NO. III.

SEWARD. Does Butler say all that, sir?

NORTH. In his own dry way perhaps he may. These, my friends, are Wonders into which Reason looks, astonished; or, more properly speaking, into which she looks not, nor, self-knowing, attempts to look. But, reverent and afraid, she repeats that attitude which the Great Poet has ascribed to “brightest cherubim” before the footstool of the Omnipotent Throne, who

“Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.”

TALBOYS. For indeed at the next step beyond lies only the mystery of Omnipotence—that mystery which connects the world, open and known to us, to the world withheld and unknown.

NORTH. The same with regard to Pleasure and Pain. *What* enjoys Pleasure or suffers Pain?—all that is, to our clearest, sharpest-sighted science, nothing else but darkness—but black unfathomable night. Therefore, since we know not what Death itself is—and since we know not what this Living Mind is, nor what any of its powers and capacities are—what conclusion, taken in the nature of these unknown subjects, can we possibly be warranted in drawing as to the influence which this unknown change, Death, will exert upon this unknown Being—Mind—and upon its unknown faculties and sensibilities?—None.

SEWARD. Shall unknown Death destroy this unknown Mind and its unknown capacities? It is just as likely, for anything that Reason can see, that it will set them free to a larger and more powerful existence. And if we have any reason upon other grounds to expect this—then by so much the more likely.

NORTH. We know that this Eye and its apparatus of nerves no longer shall serve for *seeing*—we know that these muscles and their nerves shall no longer serve for *moving*—we know that this marvelous Brain itself no longer shall serve, as we are led to believe that it now serves, for *thinking*—we know that this bounding heart never again shall throb and quicken, with all its leaping pulses, with joy—that pain of this body shall never again *tire* the mind, and that pain of this mind shall never again *tire* this body, once pillowed and covered up in its bed of imperishable slumber. And there ends our knowledge. But that this Mind, which, united to these muscles and their nerves, sent out vigorous and swift motions through them—which,

united to this Brain, compelled this Brain to serve it as the minister of its thinkings upon this Earth and in this mode of its Being—which, united to this Frame, in it, and through it, and from it, felt for Happiness and for Misery—that this Mind, once *disunited* from all these, its instruments and servants, shall therefore perish, or shall therefore forego the endowment of its powers, which it manifested by these its instruments—of that we have no warranty—of that there is no probability.

TALBOYS. Much rather, sir, might a probability lie quite the other way. For if the structure of this corporeal frame places at the service of the Mind some five or six senses, enabling it, by so many avenues, to communicate with this external world, this very structure shuts up the Mind in these few senses, ties it down to the capacities of exactness and sensibility for which *they* are framed. But we have no reason at all to think that these few modes of sensibility, which we call our external senses, are *all* the modes of sensibility of which our spirits are capable. Much rather we must believe that, if it pleased, or shall ever please, the Creator to open in this Mind, in a new world, new modes of sensation, the susceptibility for these modes is already there for another set of senses. Now we are confined to an eye that sees distinctly at a few paces of distance. We have no reason for thinking that, united with a finer organ of sight, we should not see far more exquisitely; and thus, sir, our notices of the dependence in which the Mind now subsists upon the body do of themselves lead us to infer its own self-subsistency.

NORTH. What we are called upon to do, my friends, is to set Reason against Imagination and against Habit. We have to lift ourselves up above the limited sphere of sensible experience. We have to *believe* that something more *is* than that which we see—than that which we know.

TALBOYS. Yet, sir, even the facts of Mind, revealed to us living in these bodies, are enough to show us that more is than these bodies—since we feel that *WE ARE*, and that it is impossible for us to regard these bodies otherwise than as *possessions of ours*—utterly impossible to regard them as *Ourselves*.

NORTH. We distinguish between the acts of Mind, inwardly exerted—the acts, for instance, of Reason, of Memory, and of Affection—and acts of the Mind communicating through the senses with the external world. But Butler seems to me to go too far when he says, “I confess that in sensation the mind

uses the body; but in reflection I have no reason to think that the mind uses the body.” But, my dear friends, I, Christopher North, think, on the contrary, that the Mind uses the Brain for a thinking instrument; and that much thought fatigues the Brain, and causes an oppressive flow of the blood to the Brain, and otherwise disorders that organ. And altogether I should be exceedingly sorry to rest the Immortality of the Soul upon so doubtful an assumption as that the Brain is not, in any respect or sort, the Mind’s Organ of Thinking. I see no need for so timid a sheltering of the argument. On the contrary, the simple doctrine, to my thought, is this—The Mind, as we know it, is implicated and mixed up with the Body—*throughout*—in all its ordinary actions. This corporeal frame is a system of organs, or Instruments, which the Mind employs in a thousand ways. They are its *instruments*—all of them are—and none of them is itself. What does it matter to me that there is one more organ—the Brain—for one more function—thinking? Unless the Mind were in itself a seeing thing—that is, a thing able to see—it could not use the Eye for seeing; and unless the Mind were a thinking thing, it could not use the Brain for thinking. The most intimate implication of itself with its instruments in the functions which constitute our consciousness, proves nothing in the world to me, against its essential distinctness from them, and against the possibility of its living and acting in separation from them, and when they are dissolved. So far from it, when I see that the body chills with fear, and glows with love, I am ready to call fear a cold, and love a warm passion, and to say that the Mind uses its bodily frame in fearing and in loving. All these things have to do with manifestations of my mind to itself. Now, whilst implicated in this body. Let me lift myself above imagination—or let my imagination soar and carry my reason on its wings—I leave the body to moulder, and I go sentient, volent, intelligent, whithersoever I am called.

TALBOYS. It seems a timidity unworthy of Butler to make the distinction. Such a distinction might be used to invalidate his whole doctrine.

NORTH. It might—if granted—and legitimately. But the course is plain, and the tenor steadfast. As a child, you think that your finger is a part of yourself, and that you feel with it. Afterward, you find that it can be cut off without *diminishing you*: and physiologists tell you, and you believe, that

it does not feel, but sends up antecedents of feeling to the brain. Am I to stop anywhere? Not in the body. As my finger is no part of Me, no more is my liver, or my stomach, or my heart—or my brain. When I have overworked myself, I feel a lassitude, distinctly local, in my brain—*inside of my head*—and therewithal an indolence, inertness, inability of thinking. If reflection—as Butler more than insinuates—hesitatingly says—is independent of my brain and body, whence the lassitude? And how did James Watt get unconquerable headaches with meditating Steam-engines?

TALBOYS. It is childish, sir, to stagger at degrees, when we have admitted the kind. The Bishop's whole argument is to show, that the thing in us which feels, wills, thinks, is distinct from our body; that I am one thing, and my body another.

NORTH. Have we SOULS? If we have—they can live after the body—cannot perish with it; if we have not—woe betide us all!

SEWARD. Will you, sir, be pleased to sum up the Argument of the First Chapter of the Analogy?

NORTH. No. Do you. You have heard it—and you understand it.

SEWARD. I cannot venture on it.

NORTH. Do you, my excellent Talboys—for you know the Book as well as I do myself.

TALBOYS. That the Order of Nature shows us great and wonderful changes, which the living being undergoes—and arising from beginnings inconceivably low, to higher and higher conditions of consciousness and action;—That hence an exaltation of our Powers by the change Death, would be congruous to the progress—which we have witnessed in others creatures, and have experienced in ourselves;—That the fact, that before Death we possess Powers of acting, and suffering, and enjoying, affords a *prima facie* probability that, after death, we shall continue to possess them; because it is a constant presumption in Nature, and one upon which we constantly reason and rely, speculatively and practically, that all things will continue as they are, unless a cause appear sufficient for changing them;—But that in Death nothing appears which should suffice to *destroy* the Powers of Action, Enjoyment, and Suffering, in a Living Being;—For that in all we know of Death we know the destruction of parts *instrumental* to the uses of a Living Being;—But that of any destruction reaching, or that we have reason to suppose to

reach the Living Being, we know nothing;—That the Unity of Consciousness persuades us that the Being in which Consciousness essentially resides is one and indivisible—by any accident, Death inclusive, indiscernible;—That the progress of diseases, growing till they kill the mortal body, but leaving the Faculties of the Soul in full force to the last gasp of living breath, is a particular argument, establishing this independence of the Living Being—the Spirit—which is the Man himself—upon the accidents which may befall the perishable Frame.

NORTH. Having seen, then, a Natural Probability that the principle within us, which is the seat and source of Thought and Feeling, and of such Life as can be imparted to the Body, will subsist undestroyed by the changes of the Body—and having recognized the undoubted Power of the Creator—if it pleases Him—indefinitely to prolong the life which He has given—how would you and I, my dear Friends, proceed—from the ground thus gained—and on which—with Butler—we take our stand—to speak farther of reasons for believing in the Immortality of the Soul?

SEWARD. I feel, sir, that I have already taken more than my own part in this conversation. We should have to inquire, sir, whether in His known attributes, and in the known modes of His government, we could ascertain any causes making it probable that He will thus prolong our existence—and we find many such grounds of confidence.

NORTH. Go on, my dear Seward.

SEWARD. If you please, sir, be yours the closing words—for the Night.

NORTH. The implanted longing in every human bosom for such permanent existence—the fixed anticipation of it—and the recoil from annihilation—seem to us intimation vouchsafed by the Creator of His designs toward us;—the horror with which Remorse awakened by sin looks beyond the Grave, partakes of the same prophetic inspiration. We see how precisely the lower animals are fitted to the places which they hold upon the earth, with instincts that exactly supply their needs, with no powers that are not here satisfied—while we, as if out of place, only through much difficult experience can adapt ourselves to the physical circumstances into which we are introduced—and thus, in one respect, furnished below our condition, are, on the other hand, by the aspirations of our higher faculties, raised infinitely above it—as if intimating that whilst those creatures *here* fulfill the purpose of their creation, *here* we

do not—and, therefore, look onward ;—That whilst our other Powers, of which the use is over, decline in the course of nature as Death approaches, our Moral and Intellectual Faculties often go on advancing to the last, as if showing that they were drawing nigh to their proper sphere of action ;—That whilst the Laws regulating the Course of Human Affairs visibly proceed from a Ruler who favors Virtue, and who frowns upon Vice, yet that a just retribution does not seem uniformly carried out in the good success of well-doers, and the ill success of evil-doers—so that we are led on by the constitution of our souls to look forward to a world in which that which here looks like Moral Disorder, might be reduced into Order, and the Justice of the Ruler and the consistency of his Laws vindicated ;—That in studying the arrangements of this world, we see that in many cases dispositions of Human affairs, which, upon their first aspect, appeared to us evil, being more clearly examined and better known, resulted in good—and thence draw a hope that the stroke which daunts our imagination, as though it were the worst of evils, will prove, when known, a dispensation of bounty—“ Death the Gate of Life,” opening into a world in which His beneficent hand, if not nearer to us than here, will be more steadily visible—no clouds interposing between the eyes of our soul and their Sun ;—That the perplexity which oppresses our Understanding from the sight of this world, in which the Good and Evil seem intermixed and crossing each other, almost vanishes, when we lift up our thoughts to contemplate this mutable scene as a place of Probation and of Discipline, where Sorrows and Sufferings are given to school us to Virtue—as the Arena where Virtue strives in the laborious and perilous contest, of which it shall hereafter receive the well-won and glorious crown ;—That we draw confidence in the same conclusions, from observing how closely allied and agreeing to each other are the Two Great Truths of Natural Religion, the Belief in God and the Belief in our own Immortality ; so that, when we have received the idea of God, as the Great Governor of the Universe, the belief in our own prolonged existence appears

to us as a necessary part of that Government ; or if, upon the physical arguments, we have admitted the independent conviction of our Immortality, the doctrine appears to us barren and comfortless, until we understand that this continuance of our Being is to bring us into the more untroubled fruition of that Light, which here shines upon us, often through mist and cloud ;— That in all these high doctrines we are instructed to rest more securely, as we find the growing harmony of one solemn conviction with another—as we find that all our better and nobler Faculties co-operate with one another—and these predominating principles carry us to these convictions—so that our Understanding then first begins to possess itself in strength and light when the heart has accepted the Moral Law ;—But that our Understanding is only fully at ease, and our Moral Nature itself, with all its affections, only fully supported and expanded, when both together have borne us on to the knowledge of Him who is the sole Source of Law—the highest Object of Thought—the Favourer of Virtue—toward whom Love may eternally grow, and still be infinitely less than His due—till we have reached this knowledge, and with it the steadfast hope that the last act of this Life joins us to Him—does not for ever shut us up in the night of Oblivion ;—And we have strengthened ourselves in inferences forced upon us by remembering how humankind has consented in these Beliefs, as if they were a part of our Nature—and by remembering further, how, by the force of these Beliefs, human Societies have subsisted and been held together—how Laws have been sanctioned, and how Virtues, Wisdom, and all the good and great works of the Human Spirit have, under these influences, been produced ;—Surely GREAT IS THE POWER of all these concurrent considerations brought from every part of our Nature—from the Material and the Immaterial—from the Intellectual and Moral—from the Individual and the Social—from that which respects our existence on this side of the grave, and that which respects our existence beyond it—from that which looks down upon the Earth, and that which looks up toward Heaven.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A CONTRAST IN BIOGRAPHY.

CAGLIOSTRO THE CHARLATAN—JOHN POUNDS THE COBBLER.

CAGLIOSTRO.

"Each lie lives out its day,
But truth abides for aye."

THE eighteenth century was ripe with impostures and delusions. Many were the adventurers and enthusiasts who by their pretensions drew after them multitudes of disciples, more endued with credulity than common sense. John Law, with his South Sea bubbles and Mississippi schemes, to entrap the worshipers of Mammon; Swedenborg, with his angelic visitants and spiritual colloquies, so attractive to minds of a more ideal cast; the Count de St. Germain, with his elixir of youth and philosopher's stone; Mesmer, with his marvelous magnetic influence; the Abbé de Paris, with his miraculous cures and self-crucifying disciples;—such were a few of the remarkable persons who gathered around them followers in all countries, and among all classes of people. But chiefly in France did these wonder-workers congregate together. There did irreligion and immorality most widely prevail, and there, consequently, did credulity and superstition find the readiest reception; for the human mind is so constituted that it cannot rest satisfied with an utter rejection of all supernatural belief; and thus it came to pass, that at the time when philosophers and men of letters refused to worship the Creator, they yielded a sentimental homage to the moon; and while denying the supremacy of Almighty God, they believed in Cagliostro's power over the spirits of the air. Nor is this to be marveled at, for in the moral as in the natural world, it is from the focus of corruption that some ignis fatuus springs forth, which by its deluding brilliancy perplexes and beguiles the unwary.

It was amid this whirl of deceivers and deceived, that the arch-quack Cagliostro ap-

peared in Paris, about the year 1784, and by his plausible knavery drew within his magic circle multitudes of men and women who professed themselves philosophers, after the fashion of philosophy in those days. It may, perhaps, be neither uninteresting nor unimportant to trace out rapidly the course of this remarkable man, and to watch awhile the waxing and waning of his fortunes. Some lessons it will teach, which are so obvious that they need not be noted down here.

About the year 1740, the hearth of Marco Balsamo, a decayed man of law, in Messina, was gladdened by the birth of a son, named Giuseppe, of whose early years little is known, save that from the good wives of the vicinity his troublesome doings won for him the nickname of "*Maledetto*." At the age of fifteen, he was devoted by his parents to the ecclesiastical profession, and they consigned him for his novitiate to the neighboring monastery of Cartigione, where his services were allotted chiefly to the convent apothecary, within whose laboratory he gained his first insight into the principles of chemistry and medicine. It is probable that here also were sown the early seeds of his future destiny, for in those days alchemy still formed a very favorite part of conventual study. Not long, however, was his tarrying among the worthy monks of Cartigione, for so it happened that they having commanded him one day to read aloud a portion of the "*Martyrology*," as was their wont, during the hours of repast, Giuseppe, despising the accredited saints of the Roman church, using his wit somewhat unadvisedly, read aloud from the pages of his own vivid imagination a story which savored much of lightness and profanity. This gross impropriety caused his immediate expulsion from the convent, and for some while after he seems to have divided

his time between brawls and painting. But swindling was far more congenial to his taste than the fine arts; and having defrauded a certain Sicilian jeweler, named Maran, of his money by promising in recompense to obtain for him a hidden treasure, the adventure ended in Balsamo's detection and flight from his native country. So, as his Biographer of the Inquisition expresses it, "he fled from Palermo, and overran the whole earth." And truly this description seems scarcely hyperbolic; for during the following few years of his life, we hear of him in Arabia, where he studied alchemy and chemistry, under a Greek, named Althotas; in Egypt and Turkey, where he sold drugs and amulets; in Malta, where he was favorably received by the Grand Master, Pinto, and attempted to transmute copper into gold; in Spain and the Netherlands; in Germany, whither he went on a philosophical pilgrimage to the Count de St. Germain; and at the shrines of St. Iago di Compostella, and our Lady of Loretto, whither he professed to be guided by a spirit of devotion. Finally he reappeared at Rome, where he married a beautiful girl, named Lorenza Feliciani, who became afterward, not only the partner of his fortunes, but also of his impostures. It was at this period of his life, that, after having changed his name repeatedly, he assumed the title of Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, and gave himself out as a restorer of the Rosicrucian philosophy, professing to have the faculty of rendering himself invisible, as well as of evoking spirits and restoring youth to old age, by means of his elixir of life. With such marvelous pretensions, and an extraordinary share of effrontery, he soon acquired ascendancy over the minds of the multitude, and his reputation shortly spread itself throughout Europe.

Our "sea-girt isle" was *favoured* more than once by his presence; his first visit being under the simple name of Joseph Balsamo, as a house-painter, and dealer in drugs; the second time, under his assumed title of Count Cagliostro; when he contrived to reap from some wealthy dupes a rich harvest of gold and jewels; but, being betrayed and accused by an accomplice, named Scot, he was consigned to prison, from whence, with much difficulty, he obtained his liberation, and fled to the Continent.

Here we lose sight of him for awhile, until he emerges out of obscurity in the year 1780, at St. Petersburg, where the court is dazzled by his pretensions to supernatu-

ral powers, and Prince Potemkin is reckoned among his believers and disciples. The day of detection, however, soon comes, and being charged with the crimes of forgery and fraud, he flies for his life, accompanied by the Countess Seraphina; for so is the humble Lorenza designated in these halcyon days of their prosperity. The arch-quack is next heard of in Germany, where he travels about in uncommon splendor, with a numerous suite, "followed," as the penman of the Inquisition writes, "by couriers, lacqueys, domestic servants of all sorts, sumptuously dressed, which gave an air of reality to the high birth he vaunted. Apartments furnished in the height of the mode; a magnificent table open to numerous guests; rich dresses for himself and wife corresponded to this luxuriant way of life. His feigned generosity also made a great noise. Often he gratuitously doctored the poor, and even gave them alms."

Cagliostro's portrait, which was taken at this time, was quickly engraved, and the copies being scattered throughout Europe, were eagerly purchased. One of these engravings, which still exists, presents to our view a full and somewhat ignoble countenance, with a "forehead of brass," while the soft, studied glance of his uplifted eyes, rendered still more repelling the low expression of his features.

Such was Joseph Balsamo in his outer man, and yet, through his imposing arts, and his seeming benevolence, he deceived for a while the learned, the great, the noble of the earth. Even the excellent Lavater, perplexed by his professions and fair words, avows his opinion that "Cagliostro is a man such as few are; in whom, however," continues the good man, "I am not a believer. Oh that he were simple of heart, and humble like a child! Cagliostro often tells what is not true, and promises what he does not perform. Yet do I nowise hold his operations as altogether deceptive, though they are not what he calls them."

It must be remembered that this celebrated physiognomist was of the mystic school, and therefore more accessible to the claims of any spiritual pretender. Moreover, he was so true and earnest a person himself, that he would fain think the best of others; being, perhaps, of the opinion of a recent writer, who says that "life is too short to be suspicious." The time was hastening on when Cagliostro's knavery should be thoroughly unmasked. Meanwhile, a new element of power had been added to his re-

sources, for he had been admitted into the fraternity of Freemasons, which procured him a ready welcome among the brethren wherever he went; and on this basis he reared the edifice of his Egyptian masonry, by whose mystic agency he promised not only to restore youth to the aged, but also to confer perfection on the guilty. Of this order, whose original founders were, he averred, Enoch and Elias, he declared himself the Grand Cophta or high-priest, and constituted Seraphina the high-priestess, as masons of both sexes were to be admitted into it. By the aid of a pupil, or "Colomb," (for so was named the child selected as their interpreter,) he pretended to unfold futurity to his dupes; and perhaps we need scarcely be surprised at the multitude of inquirers who beset his doors; for in every human breast there dwells a lingering desire to anticipate the designs of fate, and penetrate the darkness of futurity; therefore, on no other subject is it so easy to deceive the world as this.

The most prosperous moment of Cagliostro's life was in 1783, at Strasbourg, where he reckoned among his victims Louis de Rohan, Prince and Bishop of Strasbourg, whose wealth and favor were lavishly bestowed on the adventurer. At this time he played the rôle of a lofty benefactor of the human race. The Prince de Rohan having desired to see him: "If Monseigneur the Cardinal is sick, let him come, and I will cure him," was the reply; "if he is well, he has no need of me, I none of him." The cardinal was subdued by such high-minded independence. He visited the quack, who affected to be captivated by his noble visitor, saying: "Your soul is worthy of mine; you deserve to be made a participator of all my secrets." From that moment, the prince, who was an earnest investigator of alchemy, became his willing slave, and placed his palace, his wealth, his credit at Cagliostro's disposal. On being informed one day that the Grand Cophta and his high-priestess were reveling so disgracefully in his palace that the "Tokay wine ran like water," his answer was, "Let it be so; I have authorized him even to commit abuses, if he think fit to do so." So strong are the bonds forged by an opportune flattery on a vain, speculative mind!

Other French gentlemen of credit (MM. de Ségur, de Vergennes, and de la Borde) write in the following terms concerning this impostor to the Prætor of Strasbourg:—"We have seen the Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, whose countenance bespeaks

genius, and whose eloquence convinces and captivates the hearer. We have beheld him going round a vast hall, from one afflicted being to another, dressing their wounds, softening their miseries, imparting hope to all; and in these acts of humanity he is aided by his countess, a modest and beautiful person, who is worthy of her admirable husband."

Let us hear a very different opinion expressed by a solid professor from Göttingen, Meiners by name:—"My conviction is that Count Cagliostro from of old has been more of a cheat than an enthusiast, and also, that he continues a cheat to this day. As to his country, I have ascertained nothing. Some make him a Jew, some an Arab, who, having persuaded a certain Asiatic prince to send his son to travel in Europe, murdered the youth, and took possession of his treasures. He himself pretends to claim the Cherif of Mecca for his father. As the self-styled count speaks badly all the languages one hears from him, and has spent the greater part of his life under feigned names, it is probable that no sure trace of his origin may ever be discovered. On his first appearance in Strasbourg, he connected himself with the Freemasons, but only till he felt strong enough to stand on his own feet. He soon gained the favor of the prætor and cardinal, and, through these, the favor of the court, to such a degree that his adversaries cannot so much as think of overthrowing him. With the prætor and cardinal he demeans himself as with persons who are under boundless obligations to him, and uses the cardinal's equipage as freely as if it were his own. He pretends to recognize atheists and blasphemers by the smell, and that the vapor from such throws him into epileptic fits; into which sacred disorder he, like a true juggler, has the art of falling when he pleases. He pretends to evoke spirits, and to bear rule over them. He takes nothing from his patients, and even lodges many of them at his house without recompense. With all this conspicuous disinterestedness, he lives in an expensive way, plays deep, and loses almost continually to ladies; so that he must require at least 29,000 livres a year. The darkness which Cagliostro has spread over the sources of his income and outlay, contributes even more than his cures and his munificence to the notion that he is a divine sort of man, who has watched Nature in her deepest operations, and, among other secrets, stolen that of gold-making from her. With a mixture

of sorrow and indignation over our age, I have to record that not only the great, who from of old have been the easiest bewitched by such pretenders, but also with many of the learned, and even physicians and naturalists, he has received a cordial reception."

So speaks the sober German professor, more largely gifted with common sense and less endued with the organ of wonder than the superficial gentlemen already quoted.

We have yet one more witness to cite before our readers as to the real character of this *Charlatan*: one of a different stamp from any of those whose testimony we have already given. It is a French lady of the highest rank and talents,—a shrewd, sensible, and witty woman, cousin to the aforementioned dupe of Cagliostro's, the Cardinal de Rohan. But, before recording the Marquise de Créqui's opinion of Cagliostro, we must premise that it was a part of his plan never to make too long a stay at any place, but, as soon as the first flow of popularity was past, and distrust became awakened, he would try some new ground. Accordingly, after a while we no longer hear of him at Strasbourg, but find him at Bordeaux, where his magnificent hotel was crowded night and day to such an excess by applicants from far and near, that the municipal authorities granted him a military guard to keep order.

The fair countess played her part by opening her *salon* to the affluent and noble, who were enchanted by her grace and loveliness; nor were the ladies of this southern city slow in purchasing the costly elixir, which was supposed to have preserved the countess's charms in such unimpaired perfection; for although, in fact, a young woman, she professed to have already attained a very advanced age. This bewilderment did not, however, last long, and being deserted by the rich, and hooted by the populace, who nicknamed him "the wandering Jew," and threatened him with personal violence, Cagliostro and his wife escaped from Bordeaux, and bent their steps toward Paris. Here, as usual, he appeared in the complex character of magician and Grand Cophta, and the volatile Parisians, always eager in their pursuit of novelty, were enchanted to have among them a being who professed to be endued with such marvelous powers. Through the friendly zeal of his patron the Cardinal de Rohan, Cagliostro gained immediate access into the highest Parisian circles; and among the *grandes dames* to whom he bore a particular introduction, was one to whom we have already alluded, the

Marquise de Créqui, from whose memoirs we extract the following particulars:—"About this time there came to Paris Joseph Balsamo, who, after having called himself at different times Count Tischio, Count de Melissa, Commander of Belmonte, Chevalier Pellegrini, Count Fenice, was now definitely known as Count de Cagliostro. He was a man of clumsy figure, and his dress was in singularly bad taste. It was composed of blue taffetas slashed with a profusion of silver lace, and his hair was dressed after the strangest fashion, with long powdered plaits confined in pig-tails. He wore openwork stockings with gold clocks, and velvet shoes whose buckles were sparkling with jewels. As many diamonds were displayed about his person as he possibly could find room for. His costume was completed by a hat with waving white plumes, which he invariably drew over his brow whenever he wished to speak with peculiar emphasis and energy. During eight months of the year, all that was covered with a large pelisse of blue *renard*; and when I say *all that*, I use the word advisedly, for attached to this loose upper garment was a large fur hood with three long points depending from it, which he pulled over his hat in cold weather; and whenever our children saw him approach with this horned head-gear of *renard*-skin, they always strove who should get the most quickly out of his way.

"His features were regular, his skin fresh-colored, and his teeth white and perfect. I will not attempt to describe his physiognomy, because he had at least a dozen at his command. Never have I seen two eyes like his! He had a quick perception of what was graceful or in good taste either in the manners or external aspect of those with whom he had to do. Indeed, he was gifted with extraordinary *finesse* in detecting any shade of vulgarity in the thoughts, habits, or conversation of others, and with this delicate appreciation of what was refined, I could not but suspect that he disguised himself in this grotesque costume, merely to gain a more decided influence over the multitude by assuming an air of originality. The moral physiognomy of this *charlatan* was as changing as his physical one, and it was partly through this contemptible instability of profession that he contrived for a while to deceive such opposite classes of persons. With our philosophers and *beaux-esprits* he professed himself an infidel, and during his incantations, profanely parodied the most sacred rites of religion. On such occasions, he

would with the profoundest expressions of reverence evoke Satan to the presence of his guests, for the purpose of unfolding the dread secrets of futurity, and I lament to say that not only our giddy courtiers, but also some of our princes of the blood, countenanced these orgies by their presence.

"On the other hand, Cagliostro compounded with the scruples of Catholics, when he found that their religious convictions were not to be shaken; and so artful was his hypocrisy, that among his most ardent proselytes were to be found some of the *convulsionnaire* Jansenists, mystics of the cross, and illuminati. The most notable of these was a visionary Spaniard, named Don Luis de Lima-Vasconcellos, grand-prior of Lima, and brother to the Spanish ambassador, a man of ardent and enthusiastic mind, concerning whom Cagliostro has left a curious history as related by himself.

"To give you some idea of the enthusiasm which this man contrived to inspire, I will transcribe a letter of Prince Louis, Cardinal de Rohan, who recommended him to me in these terms:—'You have doubtless heard, madame and dear cousin, of the Count de Cagliostro; of the excellent qualities by which he is distinguished, of his admirable science and virtue, which have won for him the esteem and respect of all the most distinguished persons in Strasbourg, and my unbounded attachment and veneration. He is now in Paris, and I earnestly commend him to your good offices, feeling assured that through your kindness he will meet with a cordial reception in the most distinguished circles there. I pray you not to give heed to the calumnies uttered by his enemies against this admirable man. It is with a feeling of reverence that I have observed his unflinching tendency toward all that is great and good, and I feel assured that he will obtain your confidence and esteem, so that you may become his true friend and protector. Adieu, madame and dear cousin. You know how respectful and tender is my attachment to you.

† 'Louis, Bishop and Prince of Strasbourg.'

"My answer was as follows:—'My cousin,—I have seen M. de Cagliostro, and have even received him several times at my house, in order that I might be the better able to form a correct opinion concerning him. All that I can say in favor of M. Cagliostro is, that he has much versatility of talent, and is a very clever man. God grant that you may never have cause to rue your confidence in him. You must not expect, my good

cousin, that I shall introduce or recommend him to any one, and as it is most probable he has perceived that I suspect him of *charlatanism*, it is not very likely that I shall often be favored with his company.'"

Very soon after this period, began the perplexities of the cardinal concerning the issue of his negotiations with La Motte, the treacherous and worthless agent whom he had employed in the affair of the diamond necklace; an episode in history to which we can but briefly allude here. On this occasion, he consulted his oracle as to the event of this affair, and received for answer that his favor with royalty was secured, as well as his complete triumph over all political enemies. It need scarcely be told that Cagliostro's prediction proved utterly false; and in his patron's fall was likewise involved his ruin and disgrace. He was accused of being La Motte's accomplice, and after several months' imprisonment in the Bastille, and the loss of much ill-gotten wealth, he was permitted to leave the kingdom. Accordingly, he fled to England, where Lord George Gordon, from political motives, espoused his cause and wrote a pamphlet in his behalf against the French government. But the blaze of Cagliostro's deceptive fame was now burnt out. Being detected in some fraudulent attempt, he absconded to Turin,—was banished thence by an order of the King of Sardinia,—met a like fate at Trent, when he ventured again into the dominions of the Emperor of Germany,—and being thus driven from one country to another, his bold-facedness tempted him into the lion's den, and on a May-day of the year 1789 he entered Rome, whither his evil genius had beguiled him, for within the walls of the Eternal City that doom awaited him which had so long been his due. Toward the close of the same year he was detected forming an Egyptian lodge, was seized by the Inquisition, and safely lodged in the castle of St. Angelo.

Here is the wand of the magician broken. In vain does he plead that Egyptian masonry is a divine system accommodated to the spirit of the age, and the holy father's approbation and patronage. In vain does he offer to become the pope's spy. No favor is shown him, and on learning that the fair Seraphina (prisoner in a neighboring cell) has begun to confess, he too opens his lips, and tells out a marvelous story, in which, doubtless, truth and falsehood are singularly blended together, all of which is noted down carefully by one of the brethren of the Inquisition. After a delay of eighteen months,

the holy father gives sentence that all Joseph Balsamo's works on Egyptian masonry, magic, and other forbidden subjects are to be burnt by the common hangman, and his life forfeited as a heretic and sorcerer, but the sentence to be commuted into one of perpetual imprisonment.

This was in April, 1791. In vain did the wretched man appeal to the French Constituent Assembly. They troubled not themselves about him. In vain did he complain and struggle against his fate. That spirit which had feasted itself on lies and fraud was now left in lonely captivity, to brood over past crimes and present misery. After a lingering imprisonment, he pined away, and was found dead within the walls of St. Angelo toward the conclusion of the year 1795.

Thus perished one who had abilities for great and good things, but unhappily, through perversion of will, misapplied and corrupted those faculties which had been given for a far other and higher purpose. As for the Countess Seraphina, alias Lorenza Balsamo, she too was convicted of magic, sacrilege, &c., but was allowed to escape a severer punishment by immuring herself within the convent of St. Appoline, where she died early in 1794.

Cagliostro was the last pretender of any note in Europe to the science of alchemy. The pursuit of gold is not less eager in the nineteenth century than it was in preceding ages, but men are now less credulous as to the mode of its acquisition. Happy those who seek for it by honest and persevering industry, and with a higher aim in view than the mere indulgence of an avaricious temper, or the vain ambition of outshining their neighbors in wealth and luxury. L. H.

JOHN POUNDS.

BY J. L.

It is admitted that worth, in every degree, is deserving of honorable recognition among men. The heroes and philanthropists, therefore, whose sphere of activity has been circumscribed by narrow and humble opportunities, ought not to be neglected or overlooked; but are justly entitled to a measure of the world's admiration. It is always well to remember that a man's intrinsic worthiness is not to be estimated by the extent or magnificence of his field of action, but rather by the qualities of persistency, disinterestedness, genuine ability, and depth of purpose, which his personal career exhibited. Here, for instance, is a man of no inconsider-

able meritoriousness, of whom probably few persons out of his immediate locality have ever heard, and with the spirit of whose endeavor the world cannot be the worse for being acquainted.

John Pounds was one of those good Samaritans of whom every generation apparently produces some examples. Seen in his week-day, or Sunday costume, or under any of the circumstantial appearances of his life, there was little or nothing about him to strike a casual observer with astonishment. A painstaking mender of shoes in the borough of Portsmouth, seeking by dint of industry to maintain a visible existence there—that is the outward figure of him. By combination of accident and forethought, he had there become stationed to repair the dilapidations incident to the wear and tear of leather. Sedentary occupations such as his, however, are known to promote activity of thought. George Fox, the most notable cordwainer upon record, took his earliest lessons in quietistic meditation whilst silently fabricating boots for the community; whereby straight-collared coats came to be perpetuated, and the respectable Society of Friends was visibly originated. Under the influence of similar conditions, John Pounds, feeling the need of some mental occupation, and inwardly moved by kindly dispositions, was induced to take charge of such human waifs and strays, as he here and there encountered in the streets, giving them house-room and shelter from day to day, and imparting to them such useful knowledge and serviceable advice as their capacities were adapted to take in, and he himself qualified to communicate. The number of children thus instructed, and who would not otherwise have received any manner of education, amounted in the course of years to several hundreds; some of whom, in all likelihood, turned out badly, as will happen under the best kinds of training; but by far the greater part grew up creditable and industrious men and women, reflecting much honor upon their teacher, and uniformly entertaining for him the profoundest respect.

Pounds was born on the 17th of July, in the year 1766. His father followed the trade of a sawyer, in the Portsmouth dockyards, and when the boy had grown to be a strong athletic lad of twelve years of age, he was regularly apprenticed to a shipwright. He served three years of his term with satisfaction to his master, when a serious accident befell him, which altered his subsequent course of life. Falling one day from a con-

siderable height into one of the dry docks, he dislocated his thigh, and was in other respects very grievously injured. Time and surgical ingenuity sufficed to restore him to a tolerable state of health, but he was so completely crippled, as to be thenceforth unfitted to resume his trade. It accordingly became necessary for him to try some other calling; and, after a little consideration, he was led to place himself under the instruction of an old shoemaker, in the High Street of Portsmouth, to learn as much of the mystery of his art as he might be competent to acquire.

A respectable proverb, which affirms that by aiming at a silk-gown, one may chance to get a sleeve of it, appears to have been verified in the case of John Pounds. His apprenticeship to shoemaking was so far successful as to qualify him for mending shoes. Whether his insufficiency in this respect was owing to the imperfections of his teacher, want of adequate practice, or to personal inaptitude, is not distinctly ascertainable, and is indeed of little consequence. As soon as he was able to provide for his own wants, by means of his new employment, he hired a room in the house of one of his relations, and there set up an authentic cobbler's stall. Work gradually flowed toward him; slowly at first, but, after a time, in sufficient abundance to keep him busy. When a few years had elapsed, he was so far established as to feel justified in entering upon a house on his own account, a small weather-beaten tenement in St. Mary's Street, where he ever afterward resided.

He lived a lonely kind of life. Like the Pope, who is known to be a bachelor on compulsion, he had no married cares or consolations;—on him, a poor distorted cripple, what woman would be likely to look with loving eyes? A meek, contented nature, he resigned himself to perpetual celibacy, without the encumbrance of taking vows for his observance. Having no household society, and being little disposed to go abroad in quest of entertainment, he relieved his involuntary solitude by rearing and domesticating all kinds of singing birds and harmless animals; teaching some of them a variety of amusing tricks, and accustoming those of opposite propensities to live together in unanimity and peacefulness. He would sit with a cat upon one shoulder, and a canary bird upon the other, dividing his attentions, and dispensing suitable benefactions between the two: charming away fear in the one case, and curbing destructive inclinations in another,

and thus instituting a sort of "happy family," consisting, like that in Trafalgar Square, of the most incongruous and naturally discordant members. Such birds as could be inspired with any gift of speech, as starlings and the like, he trained to a skillful articulation, and held dialogues with them in the south of England dialect. The last of this stock, a very intelligent starling, he presented in the latter years of his life to the lady of Port-admiral Sir Philip Durham, in consideration for certain kindnesses which her ladyship and the admiral had rendered him, in the way of providing for several of the unfriended boys whom he instructed.

The notion of undertaking the gratuitous education of poor children seems to have been first suggested to him accidentally. A brother of his, who was a seafaring man, with a large family, had amongst the rest a feeble little boy, with deformed feet; and, with a view to effect some partial cure of the imperfection, John benevolently took charge of him at his own house, and, in all respects, carefully attended to him. Having succeeded, by ingenious contrivances with the soles of old shoes, in making a tolerable imitation of a pair of pattens, suitable to the child's infirmity, an effectual cure was in time completed. The boy, however, continued with his uncle, and thenceforth became the chief object of his attachment. When he was about five years old the worthy shoemaker began to teach him to read, and in other ways to perform toward him the office of a schoolmaster. After a time, he conceived that he would probably learn better if he had a companion, and he accordingly obtained one, and taught them both together. By and by he added another, and went on gradually increasing his numbers until it became at length an understood thing amongst the youngsters of his neighborhood, that all were at liberty to go to him who felt disposed to benefit by the opportunity. Homeless and neglected children went to him on cold-weather days for the sake of a little warmth and shelter; mothers, whose duties called them frequently from home, would solicit him to take care of their little ones in their absence; some he enticed by trifling presents; others went out of childish curiosity, and even a considerable number from a pure desire to learn what he could teach them. Thus he became, finally, a sort of Ragged Schoolmaster-general to all the poorer population; and, in a spirit of noble disinterestedness, performed a most serviceable work in his generation.

His workshop was his school-room—a

mean apartment, about six feet wide, and eighteen in length; where he day by day pursued the apparently incongruous employments of cobbling and pedagogy. Seated near the window, with last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements of cordwainery by his side, he steadily proceeded with his work, superintending meanwhile by rapid and frequent glances the several occupations of the assemblage. Some would be reading at his side, or writing in classes from his dictation; a few preparing sums for his inspection; others seated on forms or boxes, or in groups upon the floor; others perched, as in a gallery, upon the steps of the staircase; but all more or less busily engaged in doing something. In this way he had often as many as forty children about him at a time, several of whom were girls, and, in that case, were usually kept a little apart from the rest.

On account of the limited extent of his room, and its deficiency of accommodations as a school, he was often reduced to the necessity of excluding some of his applicants for admission, or had to make a selection from such as were candidates for that distinction. In such cases he did not usually make choice of the best behaved characters; but, as a rule, uniformly preferred the most untameable and refractory, deeming them the most in need of his reforming discipline. He had a decided predilection for "the little blackguards," and was frequently at great pains to attract such within his door. It is related that he was once seen following a young vagabond of this stamp to the town-quay, and endeavoring to entice him to come to school with the bribe of a baked potato! He was a thorough-going proselytizer, and suffered no opportunities to escape him which offered a chance of converting any little heathen whom he had discovered from the error of his ways, and bringing him into a lively acquaintance with useful knowledge. He was at all times zealous in the performance of good works, patient and considerate toward infirmity; and, for reward, he had the gratification of turning many into honest and worthy courses, who, but for him, might have gone utterly astray.

His methods of tuition were somewhat singular and original. He collected all sorts of hand-bills and scraps of printed and written paper, which he found lying anywhere uselessly about, and with these he contrived to teach reading, spelling, the special uses of capital letters, and the distinctive differences between the characters of printing and pen-

manship. With the younger children his manner of teaching was particularly pleasant, and even frequently facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and signify their uses. For instance, taking hold of a child's hand, he would say, "What do you call this?" and having received his answer, directed him to spell the word. Then, giving it a playful slap, he would ask, "What do I do?" and teach him next to spell the word expressive of the act. So with the ear, and the hair, and in like manner with many other particulars.

Should this remind any one of Mr. Squeers's analogous method of teaching a boy to spell "horse," and then, by way of emphatic illustration, sending him to rub such an animal down that he might the better remember his lesson, it will be proper to recollect the different pretensions of the parties, and not to confound an ignorant charlatan with an honest and benevolent person, who performs his work with conscientious considerations, and according to the extent of his ability and means.

Writing and arithmetic were taught to the elder pupils after the manner which is common in the humbler sort of schools; and though slates and pencils were the only implements in use, it is said that a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and that, particularly in ciphering, the expertness of several was especially commendable, questions in the Rule-of-three and Practice being performed with the strictest accuracy and promptitude. A variety of miscellaneous information was also imparted by means of oral communication, and a constant habit of interrogation which the master practiced, partly from an impression of the utility of such a method, and in part out of the sheer necessities of his situation. Many of the boys, moreover, were taught to mend their shoes, to cook their food, and to perform a variety of useful services for themselves and for each other, calculated to prepare them for fulfilling many of the requirements of future life. Not only were their minds and personal habits cultivated and directed, but the generous and considerate teacher likewise exerted himself in curing their bodily ailments, such as chilblains, and coughs, and the manifold cuts and bruises to which the children of the poor are continually exposed. In cases where his own skill was insufficient, he would even beg or purchase for them the assistance of more experienced persons, and often nurse them assiduously until recovery.

Their sports and amusements he would also frequently overlook, and many of the younger ones were now and then rendered happy beyond expression, by the ingenious toys and playthings which he made for them.

One cannot sufficiently admire the heartiness and generosity of this poor man's labors. Patiently from year to year he went on quietly performing these daily acts of charity and mercy, without needing or expecting anybody's approbation, or even conceiving that he was doing anything remarkable. A good man and a true one, he flung the benefits of his sympathy, and of such talents as he possessed, over all that seemed to need them; finding a joyful satisfaction in being useful to such as had no helper; and leaving, with an assured heart, the results of his endeavors to that universal providence, which nurtures and perfects whatsoever seeds of goodness are sown anywhere in the world. Noting what he did, and the poor means with which he did it, the humblest need not despair of his own usefulness, seeing how the grain of wholesome salt invariably preserves whatever it comes in contact with; no slightest service to humanity can be lost, but successfully proclaims itself, or works silently to some benefit.

The sort of education which John Pounds was enabled to give to the incipient vagabonds of Portsmouth was doubtless very imperfect; but it must be admitted to have been infinitely preferable to none at all, and its consequences, as far as they went, were satisfactory. It was a manly, commendable foray into the dark domains of Ignorance, and though the conquest accomplished was not great, it was, nevertheless, right worthy of the making. He had the amplest assurance, too, that his steadfast labors had not been fruitless. Coming home from foreign service or a distant voyage, often would some tall soldier, or rough jovial sailor, now grown up out of all remembrance, call to shake hands with him and confess the benefits he had formerly received through his instructions. These were always proud occasions; the poor and modest cobbler could then feel that even he had done good service to the State, and that there were sound English hearts in the world ever willing to acknowledge it.

Other recompense than this he had scarcely any. So quietly and unintrusively had he all along pursued his purpose, that comparatively few persons, of the respectable sort, knew anything of his proceedings. In the later years of his life, however, his praise-

worthy exertions became pretty generally known in his neighborhood, and the fashionable benevolence of Portsmouth even somewhat liberally patronized his school. A better supply of books, slates, and other articles essential to his work, was thus procured; and several times his scholars were invited to a public examination, and afterward bounteously regaled with plum-cake and tea. At the public dinner given in the town on the day of the coronation of her present Majesty, John Pounds and his pupils formed a conspicuous group of the assemblage. A picture of his school was executed by Mr. Sheaf, wherein his favorite cat figured to satisfactory advantage; and with this he was very considerably delighted. Many ladies and gentlemen who had become acquainted with his pursuits, rendered him occasional assistance in the way of promoting the greater efficiency of his exertions, or furthering the interests of such of his scholars as needed to become employed; but for himself he accepted nothing, nor ever throughout his life entertained the slightest expectation of reward. Often, indeed, he shared his own scanty and homely provisions with destitute and forsaken children, well nigh bordering on starvation. He acknowledged universal kinship with all that were neglected or unhappy, and spread out his humble table for them with an ungrudging hospitality. A rich, bountiful nature was this of his, such as one might consider worthy of the largest rent-roll in Christendom—to spend benevolently.

A most cheerfully disposed man, and largely sympathizing with cheerfulness,—a fellow with an infinite relish for all rational enjoyment, was this same illustrious and pains-taking cobbler. Every Christmas eve, he carried to some worthy woman, skillful in culinary preparations, abundant materials for an enormous plum-pudding, that so the hearts and countenances of his "little blackguards" might be rendered glad by Christmas cheer! We reckon that a notable proceeding. How well calculated was it to link these little outcasts in some conscious thread of communion with the respectable and recognized world of civilization. Could they not thus, as it were, remotely sympathize with the entire human kindred who periodically partake of Christmas dinners—each one saying or thinking to himself, "I, too, understand the benignity of the season, and wherefore, in spite of the cold weather, all faces look about them with gayety and smiles?" The glorious amenities of Christmas were things

to be remembered, and contemplated prospectively, whilst their recurrence was yet afar off, in the dim distance of weary months of coarse and insufficient fare. It was one of the kindest of all the kindly things he did, this of substantially and orthodoxically celebrating Christmas.

The last he so celebrated was ten years ago. Three-score-and-twelve of these genial festivals had returned upon the world and left it, within his lifetime, and his head had now become venerable with age. On the reviewing his past course, and contemplating the aspects of his present activity, while seated among his friends, he declared himself amply satisfied with his existence, having no earthly wish, that he was aware of, which was not or might not be sufficiently supplied. One thing alone he desired for the future, and would even, if he could, stipulate with Providence to have granted him—an abrupt and unexpected death, that so his labors and his life might terminate together. The thought of lingering out any portion of his days uselessly and helplessly was a painful one to entertain, and it was his sincere wish

to go off suddenly, in the way, as he said, "in which a bird drops from his perch." In this so earnest and busy world he would have felt it a calamity to remain, when he had ceased to be actively and usefully engaged in its pursuits.

And the desire of his soul was even granted him. A few days afterward, on the first of January, 1839, he expired suddenly, from a rupture of one of the larger vessels of the heart, at the house of a gentleman whom he had called upon to thank for certain acts of kindness recently rendered to his establishment. A little boy, who was with him at the time, carried the intelligence to his assembled school-fellows, who were all instantly overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. Some of the younger ones returned to the house for several successive days, looking painfully about the room, and apparently unable to comprehend the reality of the loss they had sustained. Old and young, in a numerous and motley assemblage, followed his body to the grave, and they saw him to his rest with tears and blessings.

A DIRGE.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chanteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny!

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglare
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree,
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Round thee below, self-pleached deep,
Bramble-roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broid'ry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused—

But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIR OF MYSELF.

BY THE LATE HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

[Continued from the October Number of the Eclectic Magazine.]

CHAPTER V.

FORLORN as was my state, and frightful as was the prospect before me, the dawning light and the twittering of the birds that announced a new day fell cheerily upon my ear. At this early hour my daughter reappeared in the chamber, and recoiling with a slight shudder as she kissed me, exclaimed, in a voice broken by emotion,—“Cold, quite cold! I fear there is no hope. My poor, dear father!” She did not despair, however, for she again knelt down and prayed fervently for my recovery, after which she retired weeping from the room. Inexpressibly grateful to me was this proof of filial affection, although it was not unmingled with self-reproach, for I felt that my recent conduct to the poor girl had hardly entitled me to such a tender devotedness.

Various matin sounds now reached me from without; the ploughman’s whistle, the whetting of the mower’s scythe, the lowing and bleating of cattle, the crowing of cocks challenging each other; and as I listened complacently to this rural chorus, I distinctly and vividly saw—by a species of *clairvoyance* for which I am utterly unable to account—the whole morning landscape commanded by my drawing-room windows. The leaves of the white ash trees, flashing and fading in the ray, looked like so many twinkling eyes; the pines and poplars waving in the breeze, seemed to be stretching themselves out to shake off sleep; the river, dimpled by the air, threw sunny smiles at every flower it passed; the gilded summits of the distant hills sparkled in the blue sky, while their bases were still wreathed in vapor, which gradually floated upward, and all became bright and joyous as if it were the wedding-day of heaven and earth.

How long I remained gazing in delight upon this beautiful revelation I know not, but probably some hours must have thus glided away, for the day had made good progress when my attention was arrested by the opening of the parlor-door, and I heard the well-known footsteps of my son George.

On reaching the bedside, he gazed at me for a few seconds in silence, after which he exclaimed, in an accent of unfeeling surprise—“Hang me if I see much alteration in the governor’s appearance; a little paler, perhaps, nothing more.” Laying his hand upon my cheek, and subsequently upon my heart, he continued—“No pulsation! and the cold, clammy feel of a corpse! Ay, ay, he’s dead enough at last. The only wonder is, that he should hold out so long.” Oh! how I wished for a sudden resuscitation, that I might start from the bed, grapple him by the throat, and shout aloud, “Villain! did you not assert, over and over, that I should recover rapidly, if I would but swallow double doses of your infernal restorative? and now you wonder that it did not kill me sooner!”

But, alas! so far as corporeal energy was concerned, I was indeed a corpse. “I must have a peep at the will,” were the next words I heard. “Father told me its contents some time ago; nearly everything left to me; but seeing is believing: I should find it, he said, in the small drawer of the black escritoire.” To this article of furniture, which stood in the adjoining parlor, he accordingly betook himself; and as the door of communication between the two rooms was left open, I was enabled to watch all his proceedings and to overhear his comments. Having withdrawn the will from its place of deposit, he opened the shutters, seated himself by the window, and slowly

perused it, ejaculating at intervals, "All right—all right—everything mine—of course—couldn't be otherwise; an only son; but what on earth could my father mean by leaving so much to Sarah? What do women want with money? Only makes them a prey to fortune-hunters. Glad to see, though, that she is to be cut off if she marries the pauper curate. Don't want any beggars or beggars' brats in the family, always pestering you for assistance. Hallo! what's this? another paper!" So saying, he took up and opened the codicil, ran his eyes over its contents, and starting up as he finished, angrily ejaculated, "Damnation! here's a pretty go—all to be forfeited to the county hospital if ever I marry Julia Thorpe, the only girl in the whole wide world that I wish to marry; a girl, moreover, who is passionately attached to me, and who—Why, it would be a downright robbery! Never heard of anything so cruel, so atrocious, so unnatural. But I won't submit to be plundered in this way; not such an ass. I'll have Julia, and I'll have the fortune too, as sure as my name is George; and what's more, I won't lose another moment in securing both. The governor yonder can't peach, for dead men tell no tales; no more can a burnt codicil, so here goes." With these words he again closed the window-shutters, locked the inner door, so as to prevent observation or interruption—committed the codicil to the parlor fire, closely watching its combustion—and then said, in a triumphant tone, as he looked tauntingly toward the bed, "Well, old gentleman! you haven't gained much by *that* dodge. The estates will be mine, and Julia will be mine, and all the codicils in the world cannot keep me out of them. Fairly outwitted the governor. Ha! ha! ha!"

Indescribably hideous and revolting, not to say demoniacal, did that laugh appear, coming from a wretch who stood in the presence of his victim, and that victim a father who had never denied him a request! His self-betrays in the soliloquy to which I had been listening, and his nefarious destruction of the codicil, had dispelled that belief of his innocence to which I had so fondly and so pertinaciously clung; and I could no longer repel the horrible conviction, that he must have well known the poisonous nature of the restorative, and that he had probably concocted it with his own parricidal hands. The successful destruction of the codicil seemed to have elevated him into a state of almost drunken excitement, for he

threw his arms wildly about, walked rapidly up and down the parlor, strode into the bed-chamber, snapped his fingers in triumph, and talked incoherently of his immediate marriage with Julia, of inviting his Newmarket friends to the wedding, of buying hounds and hunters, and of stocking his cellars with the rarest wines that money could command. In the midst of these riotous anticipations, a tapping was heard at the parlor door, when the exulting expression of his features was instantly changed into a look of alarm, and his voice betrayed agitation as he demanded, "Who's there?—who's there? What do you want?"

I could not catch the reply, but the door was unlocked and opened, and my daughter entered, inquiring why he had locked himself in; to which he made no answer, but eagerly asked,

"When did you say Doctor Linnel was to return?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Confound it, so early! how deuced unlucky!"

"I thought you would be glad to know that we shall see him on Friday night or Saturday morning."

"Sarah, the funeral *must* take place on Friday—do you hear?—on Friday."

"My dear George, how can you talk so wildly! My poor father will only have been dead three days. What earthly motive can there be for hurrying the interment before the usual time?"

"What motive? A thousand—ten thousand, and each stronger than the other. I presume you are at last satisfied that our father is dead?"

"Alas! I can no longer doubt it."

"And you will admit, I suppose, if we keep him for six months, he won't be more dead than he is now?"

"That is no reason for so much indecent haste, and for such a total want of all filial feeling and respect. What would the world say to your conduct? What reason would you assign for it?"

"The world is very slow to censure a man who has seven or eight thousand a year; and if my motive satisfies myself, that's quite enough. Hark ye, Sarah! Before I left Newmarket I received an impertinent and prying letter from Doctor Linnel, asking fifty questions about Raby's Restorative. I need not tell you what an obstinate and suspicious old fellow he is, and that he piques himself upon discovering the cause of everybody's death. It is his hobby, his monomania, un-

der the influence of which I have not the smallest doubt that he will insist upon having the body opened. Now, you know what an insuperable objection my father had to this sort of mutilation. My own feelings are equally opposed to so barbarous and irreverent a practice; and so, to avoid all controversy and all annoyance, I have determined that the funeral shall take place immediately."

"But you might await the Doctor's return, and refuse to indulge him in what you term his monomania."

"That might excite ugly suspicions, and give rise to a thousand inuendos and insinuations which it is much better to avoid."

"It seems to me that such an unusual precipitation is still more calculated to excite unpleasant comments."

"My dear Sarah, you know nothing about these matters. I am sole executor; I may do as I like: I choose to have my father buried on Friday, and I have summoned the undertaker to be here this afternoon for orders; so you need not say a word more on the subject."

CHAPTER VI.

It was now clear, manifest, indisputable, that I had been intentionally poisoned by my most ungrateful and unnatural son; and that I was to be hurried into the grave with a scandalous precipitation, lest the return of Doctor Linnel, and an examination of the body, might lead to a detection of the villainy! To the lingering hope by which I had been hitherto sustained—the chance of reviving during the week that usually intervenes between death and interment—now succeeded an utter despair, aggravated by an intense rage against the miscreant to whose machinations I had fallen a victim, and a feeling of unutterable loathing and horror at the prospect of being buried alive. This volcano of fiery passion burnt inwardly with the more terrific energy, because it was denied all outward vent, either by voice or gesture. Groans and cries, fierce invective or convulsive violence, are the outbursts which nature has provided for the manifestation and relief of mental or corporeal agony; but while my anguish was probably more acute than human being had ever previously suffered, while my life might yet be saved by the utterance of a sound or the movement of a finger, I remained dumb, helpless, and immovable—a living corpse! It might have been thought that the misery of my plight

VOL. XVIII. NO. III.

was hardly susceptible of increase, yet the necessity of listening to the heartless, the atrocious language of my son, rendered my tongue-tied impotency a thousand times more intolerable.

Alas! I was quickly doomed to hear still more revolting, still more cold-blooded orders issued by the parricide—for such might he be termed in intention, though his guilty purpose had not yet been consummated. Not very long after the retirement of my daughter from the parlor, the undertaker made his appearance, wearing his professional face of inconsolable woe, and walking as noiselessly as if he feared that his footfall might revive the deceased, and so occasion the loss of a lucrative job.

"Well, Tomkins," said the young reprobate, who had been solacing his grief with a bottle of Madeira and some sandwiches, "you guess, I dare say, why I have sent for you."

"Yes, sir; melancholy business, sad affair; very sorry to hear it."

"Come, come, Mr. Tomkins; no humbug, no flummery! What undertaker was ever sorry to hear of a death? Nonsense! people must die—always have, and always will; nothing new, so you needn't look so confoundedly miserable. Now to business. I should wish the old gentleman to have a handsome funeral."

"Oh, certainly, sir, certainly. A gentleman of your fine fortune would desire, of course, to have everything suitable."

"Yes, but I am not going to leave it to you. Here are my orders, all written down. No extras, you see; everything can soon be got ready, and so we will have the funeral on Friday."

"Dear me, did you say Friday, sir? That will be only three days after the death; and few people are ever buried under a week, unless there are particular reasons."

"Well, but there are particular reasons. He died of an infectious disease of a very virulent and malignant kind, and so for the sake of the living we must pop him under ground as fast as possible. You can have everything ready by next Friday, I suppose?—in fact, you *must*."

"I question whether we could get the leaden coffin soldered together in such a hurry. Mr. Briggs, you see, must first come to take measure; then—"

"Why, then we won't have one at all. An elm coffin will do—keep him tight enough, I dare say. Not afraid of the corpse getting out, are you?"

"Oh dear no, sir, we screw 'em down too tight for that; only, when we bury in a vault (yours is a capital one, sir), it is customary to have lead."

"Well, well, the old gentleman will be among his own family; and though relations are so apt to quarrel when alive, I believe they are very good friends after death. You never heard of their coffins standing on end and running a-tilt at each other, did you?"

Tickled by the absurdity of this idea, he again indulged in a burst of that inane and hideous laughter by which I had previously been revolted; and having dismissed the undertaker with a renewal of his peremptory orders, he walked up and down the room, quaffing fresh glasses of Madeira, fantastically swinging his arms, and chuckling as he muttered to himself, "Capital dodge about the malignant fever! Tomkins will spread it everywhere, and so explain the hurry. Good, good!"

CHAPTER VII.

ABANDONED ONCE more to solitude, silence, and my own miserable thoughts, I had no other occupation than to count every knell of the clock that brought me sixty minutes nearer to my living burial, a doom from which I recoiled with increasing horror as the chance of escaping it grew hourly less and less. On the following day the soul-sickening processes of preparation for the grave gave me a frightful foretaste of my impending fate. The undertaker came to measure me for my coffin, taking the dimensions of my body with as much indifference as if I had been a log of wood; and observing with a complacent smile, that he had a ready-made article at home which would exactly fit—a lucky circumstance, as he was so much pressed for time. Two of his men subsequently tumbled and turned me over without the smallest ceremony, to invest me in my shroud—the court-dress in which we all present ourselves at the grand levee of the King of Terrors. Something there was at once ridiculous and repulsive in the elaborate toilette with which they decorated a ghastly corpse, shortly to become a still more ghastly skeleton; while their coarse language was not less offensive than the unfeeling familiarity with which they performed their functions. "I say, old chap," cried one, laying his dirty hand upon my forehead, and moralizing with an evident complacency upon my plight; "I say, old chap, all your money wasn't of no use, you see, when it

comes to this here; and they do say you wasn't over nice in scraping it together. You wern't no better than you should be, though you did carry your head so high; but there's one comfort, you'll be call'd over the coals where you're going to. If you was to give me all your estate, and all your gold in the bank, I wouldn't change places with you. Ah, Joe, Joe," he continued, turning to a boy by his side; "now you see how true it is that a live dog is better than a dead lion."

"True enough, Mr. Hodges," was the reply; "it's all very well to be Dives, and have your swing among the bigwigs, in this here world; but Lazarus has the best of it, I reckon, in kingdom come."

"Well, Joe, and what can be fairer? it's only turn and turn about, you know."

Such was the tone of the discourse to which I was condemned to listen, and I need not state that it did not tend to diminish the mental distress by which I had been already overwhelmed.

Thus did I lie, as a victim dressed out for sacrifice, counting the weary hours in an unimaginable desolation and despair of spirit, until the arrival of the fatal Friday that was to consummate my horrible doom. Early on that morning my coffin was brought in and deposited by my bedside, my whole soul recoiling from it with an abhorrence only the more intense, because my loathing was unsusceptible of utterance or manifestation. Mr. Hodges, the undertaker's foreman, drew up the window-blind, exclaiming, as he returned to the bedside,

"Well, I'm blessed if ever I see a more fresh-looking stiff-un" (such was his brutal nickname for a corpse); "one might almost swear that he was only asleep. To be sure he's only three days dead, and we don't often screw 'em up so fresh. And he ain't swelled the least in the world. Some dead-uns don't care what trouble they give, and will puff themselves out in such a thoughtless way after being measured, that it's a good hour's work to ram and jam them into their wooden box. We shan't have any such bother here; the old chap, you'll find, will fit as true as a trivet. Bear a hand, and let's try."

The coffin had been placed on tall tressels, and as I was lifted from the bed to be laid within it, my head was elevated for a few seconds, and I caught, through the window, a clear view—my last view, as I then believed—of the world without. Oh! how transcendently charming, how ineffably sweet, and beautiful, and glorious, did it appear! God's

mild eye was radiant in the unclouded heavens; the birds were singing gaily, intoxicated with sunshine; the shifting lights and shades gave picturesque variety to hill, and dale, and grove; to earth and water; all was life and motion in the fields; and in the contiguous paddock I caught a glimpse of the white cob to whom I had been indebted for so many pleasant rides

By hedge-row elms and hillocks green,

and whose back I was never again to bestride! Never had the face of nature, beaming with flowery smiles, appeared so lovely; never had I clung to life with so much love and yearning as at the moment when I was about to be driven out of the world by

Murder most foul as at the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

After I had been deposited in my narrow receptacle, not without many a coarse and unfeeling scoff from the parties who performed this office, I was again left to solitude and my own miserable thoughts. While I was occupied in calculating the lapse of time, with an ever-increasing horror, I heard footsteps approaching; my daughter bent tenderly over me, repeatedly kissed my lips, while her tears fell fast upon my face; and whispering an almost inaudible "Farewell, forever, my dear, dear father!" retired sobbing from the room. Most sweet and dear was this evidence of filial affection, even although it could not for an instant defer the appalling catastrophe which was about to overtake me.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE reflecting upon the visit of my dear and good daughter, which was not altogether without a soothing influence upon my soul, I was startled by the tolling of the church-bell, at all times a solemn and impressive sound, but oh! how indescribably awful and harrowing to me, who heard it tolling for my own funeral, my own quick interment! Whatever faint lingerings of hope had hitherto clung to my heart now died away, and my despair was consummated when the foreman returned to the chamber and screwed down the top of the coffin, an operation which he effected with a celerity which surprised me. His assistant joining him after a brief interval, I was hoisted

on their shoulders, carried through the parlor and the hall, and finally pushed into a hearse, the door of which must have been left open for several minutes, since I distinctly heard much of what was passing around me—a circumstance for which I was subsequently enabled to account. I caught the sound of my son's voice, talking not only in a tone of unconcern, but of absolute levity, with his Newmarket friend, Sir Freeman Dashwood, who had doubtless been summoned rather to celebrate the son's succession than to show respect to the deceased father. By the trampling of hoofs, the rolling of wheels, and other indications, I became aware that, my funeral not being deficient in any of the customary paraphernalia, I was to make my triumphal procession to the grave with all that mockery of earthly grandeur which is usually displayed when a gentleman's corpse is about to be subjected to the worms. The bearer of the black panache marshaled the array, followed by horses with nodding plumes and housings of sable velvet, and mourning-coaches, whose occupants seemed to be anything but mourners, and wand-bearing footmen, and the decorated hearse in slow and solemn stateliness, conveying earth to earth with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious—*dust!*

On the arrival of this idle pageant, the vanity of vanities, at the church-door, the coffin was borne into the sacred building; and the funeral service, of which, from my position, I did not lose a single word, was performed by Mr. Mason, the curate, with a more than usual impressiveness and feeling. When I reflected—for I had time for thought even in that harrowing moment—that I had not only refused my daughter's hand to this gifted and excellent man, but had impoverished her, should she marry him after my decease, in order still further to enrich my unnatural son, my heart became penetrated by a pang of the most intense shame and remorse. Blind and erring mortals that we are! How often and how completely should we alter our wills, could we look forward for a few days, or even for a few hours!

A few more slow steps in the churchyard, usually covered with a slab of stone, led down to the door of our family vault. Down that slope I was carried; I was borne into the sepulchre; by the directions of the undertaker's foreman I was deposited on the ground near the entrance; the men withdrew; the door was locked; I heard the departing footsteps of the assembled spectators; all was over; I was buried alive!

OLD MORTALITY.

[See Plate.]

THIS picture is the joint production of the brothers Barraud, and represents an incident in Sir Walter Scott's celebrated novel. It is another instance of that growing attachment to the beautiful so characteristic of the age, and may be considered the painter's best production. There is a quietness of tone and simplicity of treatment peculiarly adapted to the subject, and the principal character is so thoroughly individualized that, having read the novel, we recognize him at a glance. Among our readers, however, there may be some who have forgotten the incident referred to, and for the benefit of such we transcribe the passage:

"One summer evening, as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude—the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favorite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription, which, announcing in scriptural language the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddin-gray*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong-clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and *gramoches* or leggings, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal,—for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant, whom I had often heard talked of, and who was

known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favorite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death—a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him, he always acknowledged by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE THE THIRD WITH BISHOP HURD.

FROM 1776 TO 1805.

RICHARD HURD, Bishop of Worcester, was a very considerable man in his day. The friend and follower of Warburton, he could read this passage in a letter of his master, "of this Johnson, you, and I, I believe, think much alike," and not feel ashamed of the imputation of contemning so illustrious a man as the author of the *English Dictionary*. But the world, "which knows not how to spare," has long ago decided which was the greater man of the two; and accordingly, while every man is familiar with all that befell Johnson, the life of Hurd is known comparatively to few; for which reason we subjoin a short account of him.

Richard Hurd was born on the 13th January, 1720, at Congreve, in the parish of Penkrich, Staffordshire. He was the second son of John and Hannah Hurd, who, he has himself told us, were "plain, honest, and good people,—farmers, but of a turn of mind that might have honored any rank and any condition." These worthy people were solicitous to give their son the best and most liberal education, and sent him to the grammar school at Brerewood. In 1733 he was admitted of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but he did not go to reside there until a year or two afterward. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1739, and that of Master in 1742; in which year he was elected a fellow, and ordained deacon in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; and in 1744 he was admitted into priest's orders at Cambridge.

Dr. Hurd's first literary production was, *Remarks on Weston's "Inquiry into the Rejection of the Christian Miracles by the Heathens,"* published in 1746; and in 1748, on the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he contributed some verses to the University collection for 1749. In the same year he took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and published his "*Commentary on the Ars Poetica of Horace,*" in which he

endeavored to prove that the Roman poet has treated his subject with systematic order and the strictest method; an idea which has been strenuously combated by several eminent writers. In the preface to this *Commentary*, he took occasion to compliment Warburton, in a manner which won him the favor of that learned dogmatist, and procured for him a return in kind in the Bishop's edition of "*Pope's Works,*" where Hurd's *Commentary* is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. This exchange of flattery gave rise to an intimacy between these persons, which continued unbroken during their lives, and is supposed to have exercised considerable influence over the opinions of Hurd, who was long considered as the first scholar in what has been termed the Warburton school. The "*Commentary*" was reprinted in 1757, with the addition of two dissertations, one on the drama, the other on poetical imitation, and a letter to Mr. Mason on the marks of imitation. In 1765, a fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, was published in three volumes octavo, with a third dissertation on the idea of universal poetry; and the whole was again reprinted in 1776. This work fully established the reputation of Hurd as an elegant and acute, if not always a sound and judicious, critic.

In May, 1750, he was appointed by Sherlock, Bishop of London, one of the Whitehall preachers. About this time he entered warmly into a controversy respecting the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, which had been appealed against by some contumacious members of that University; but it is hardly necessary to relate the particulars of the contest.

In 1751 he published a *Commentary on the Epistle to Augustus*; and in 1753 a new edition of both *Commentaries*, with a dedication to Warburton. The friendship he had formed with Warburton continued to increase

by mutual good offices; and in 1755, Hurd eagerly embraced an opportunity which offered itself of owning the warmth of his attachment. Dr. Jortin having, in his Dissertations, spoken of Warburton with less deference and submission than the exactions of an overbearing and insolent superiority could easily tolerate, Hurd wrote a bitter satire, entitled "The Delicacy of Friendship, a Seventh Dissertation, addressed to the author of the Sixth;" a production in which he was betrayed into too close an imitation of his master's style; and displayed a degree of warmth—also borrowed from Warburton—far beyond anything that the supposed offence could either call for or justify. Hurd, accordingly, took pains to suppress the pamphlet; but in 1788 it was republished in a volume, entitled "Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian."

Hurd continued to reside at Cambridge until 1756, when, on the death of Dr. Arnold, he succeeded, as senior fellow of Emmanuel College, to the rectory of Thurstaston, to which he was instituted in 1757, and where, having entered into residence, he continued to prosecute his studies, which were principally confined to subjects of elegant literature. The remarks on Hume's "Essay on the Natural History of Religion" appeared soon afterwards. But Warburton appears to have had the chief hand in the composition of this part, which we find republished by Hurd in the quarto edition of that prelate's works, and enumerated in the list of them. It appears to have occasioned some uneasiness to Hume, who, in the account of his own life, notices it with a degree of acrimony quite unusual to that impassive philosopher.

In 1759, Hurd published a volume of "Dialogues on Sincerity, Retirement, the Golden Age of Elizabeth, and the Constitution of the English Government;" and this was followed by his "Letters on Chivalry and Romance;" which, with his "Dialogue on Foreign Travel," are republished in the year 1765, with the author's name, and a preface on dialogue writing. In the preceding year he had published another of those zealous tracts in vindication of Warburton which has added little to his fame as a writer, and procured him the reputation of an illiberal and unmannerly polemic. It was entitled, "A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Leland, in which his late dissertation on the principles of human eloquence is criticised, and the Bishop of Gloucester's idea of the nature and character of an inspired language, as delivered in his lordship's doctrine of grace,

is vindicated from all the objections of the learned author of the Dissertation." This, with Hurd's other controversial tracts, has been republished in the eighth volume of the authorized edition of his works, where we find prefixed to it, by way of advertisement, the following lines, written by the author not long before his death:

"The controversial tracts which make up this volume were written and published by the author at different times, as opportunity invited, or occasion required. Some sharpness of style may be objected to them, in regard to which he apologizes for himself in the words of the poet:

— Me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juvenat
Fervor.—
— Nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quero tristia."

This is a very miserable apology, and makes the original offence the greater. The words of the poet might have suggested to him the propriety, while he had the pen in his hand, of castigating these performances. "Pleasant, but wrong," thought Hurd, in his old age, of his tracts. The plea has little penitence in it.

In 1762 the sinecure rectory of Folkton was conferred on him by Lord Chancellor Northington; in 1765 he was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn; and in August, 1767, he was collated to the archdeaconry of Gloucester by Bishop Warburton. In July, 1768, he was admitted doctor of divinity at Cambridge; the same day he was appointed to open the lecture founded by Warburton for the illustration of the prophecies; and the Twelve Discourses which he preached there were published in 1772, under the title of an introduction to the study of the prophecies concerning the Christian church, and in particular concerning the church of Papal Rome.

In 1769, he published the select works of Abraham Cowley, with a preface and notes, in 5 vols. 8vo., an edition which has been condemned as interfering with the integrity of Cowley's works, and which certainly is not the most judicious of Hurd's undertakings. In 1775, he was, by the recommendation of Lord Mansfield, promoted to the Bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry, and consecrated early in that year; and soon after entering on the episcopal office, he delivered a charge to the clergy of the diocese, as well as a Fast sermon for "the American rebellion," which was preached before the House of Lords.

In May, 1781, Bishop Hurd received a

gracious message from his Majesty, George III., conveying to him an offer of the see of Worcester, with the clerkship of the closet, both of which he accepted. Nor did his Majesty's kindness stop here. For on the death of Dr. Cornwallis, in 1783, he was offered the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, with many gracious expressions, and was even pressed to accept it; but he humbly begged leave to decline it, "as a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain in these times," alluding, we presume, to the distractions arising from the conflict of political parties. In 1788, Hurd published a complete edition of the works of Warburton, in 7 vols. 4to.; but the life did not appear till 1795, when it came forth under the title of a discourse by way of general preface to the 4to edition of Bishop Warburton's works, containing some account of the life, writings, and character of the author. This work excited considerable attention, and the style is equally remarkable for its purity and elegance; but the stream of panegyric is too uniform not to subject the author to the suspicion of long-confirmed prejudices. Even the admirers of Warburton would have been content with less laborious efforts to magnify him at the expense of all his contemporaries. They conceived that age and reflection should have abated, if not wholly extinguished, the unworthy animosities of times gone by. But in this they were disappointed. Hurd was a true disciple of the great dogmatist; and hence it was with regret that they observed the worst characteristic of Warburton—his inveterate dislike, his fierce contempt, and his sneering sarcasm—still employed to perpetuate his personal antipathies, and employed, too, against such men as Secker and Lowth. If these were the feelings of those who venerated Warburton and esteemed Hurd, others, who never had much attachment for the Bishop of Gloucester or his school, found little difficulty in accumulating against his biographer charges of gross partiality and illiberal abuses.

The remainder of Hurd's life was spent in the discharge of his episcopal duties, and in studious retirement. He died on the 28th of May, 1808, being then in his eighty-ninth year. As a writer, his taste, learning, and talents have been universally acknowledged; and though, like his master, contemptuous and intolerant, he was, nevertheless, shrewd, ingenious, and original. In his private character he was in all respects amiable; nor were the relations in life in any degree im-

bittered by the gall and wormwood which so frequently flowed from his pen; an assertion which the following letters will abundantly prove; for they show that he was regarded with the warmest affection by the royal family who addressed them to him.

The first letter requires a brief explanation. In the Gazette of June 8th, 1776, we find the following:—"St. James's. The king has been pleased to appoint his Grace George Duke of Montagu to be governor; Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, to be preceptor; Lieutenant-Colonel George Hotham, sub-governor, and the Rev. William Arnold, B.D., sub-preceptor, to their Royal Highnesses, George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, and to Prince Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburg" (the Duke of York).

Queen's House, June 2nd, 1776.

MY LORD,—I have persuaded the Duke of Montagu to accept of the office his brother has declined. His worth is equal to that of the good man we both this day so much regretted. I hope this will also heal a mind I am certain much hurt at being the cause of much pain to me.

I am now going to Kew to notify the change to my sons, and desire you will be here at ten this night, when I will introduce you to the Duke. The similarity of the brothers will, I trust, make this change not material even to you.

GEORGE R.

To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

The next letter is from the young Duke of York, and shows, in its kindness and good humor, that the child was "father of the man."

Kew, August 5th, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD,—I hope you are now arrived safe at Eccleshall, and that you are now quite recovered of your fatigues. With this letter I send you the translation of the Speech of Virginius to the Soldiers in the Camp after the death of his Daughter. I hope you will excuse the writing of the letter and translation, as I fell down yesterday while I was playing with Mr. Arnold in the garden, and sprained and bruised my second finger on my right hand very much. We hope to finish the first Book of Xenophon on Wednesday. I hope, as you love hot weather, that your climate has been like ours; last Friday, at two o'clock, our thermometer was eighty-seven. It is time for walking, so I will not detain you any longer. Therefore I am,

Your affectionate friend,

FREDERICK.

P.S.—Since I wrote this letter, I have seen Mr. Hawkins, who found that I had put out my finger, and has set it again for me. Good bye. To the Right Reverend Father in God, Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

And now follows a letter from the Prince of Wales (afterward George IV.) by which it appears that he had not got far into the first book of Livy. His lesson seems to have been a teaser; for Romulus does not prate away at a fine rate—if by that expression he meant a long rate—neither does he argue with the Sabine women, to whom he gives as sensible advice as possible, under the awkward circumstances of the case.

Kew, August 6th, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am afraid that the enclosed translation will not prove so delicious a morsel as your Lordship expected to receive. However, I have tried to give it as good a relish as possible; but the author is very difficult, and I not at all versed in translation, as your Lordship knows. Euclid goes on very well, for we are in the middle of the third book; and as to Livy, I have just left Romulus prating away for marriage at a fine rate, though I think he has the best of the argument. We are in hopes of having a most glorious day at Windsor on Monday next. I have a new mare, which, without boasting, I may say is at least as good as your Lordship's. We all long to see you again at Kew, and I am,

With the truest and sincerest affection, yours,
GEORGE P.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

It would seem, from the following, that Arnold, the sub-preceptor, had made great way in the regard of the king.

Windsor Castle, August 24th, 1777.

MY LORD,—I cannot refrain from exercising the great comfort the human mind is capable of—the communicating pleasure to those it esteems. Mr. Arnold has gained the greatest applause from the excellence of his sermon he has just delivered, which could have been equaled by nothing but the decency and modesty of his deportment; indeed, this able, as well as valuable man, does the greatest justice to the propriety of your choice, and shows that your discernment into the characters of men is as conspicuous as your other great and amiable qualities.

GEORGE R.

To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

We would now draw attention to a letter from Queen Charlotte, which, bearing in mind that she is writing in a language foreign to her, displays a very lively ability.

MY LORD,—It will be difficult to decide whose conduct deserves the most to be criticised, my eldest daughter's in sending you a present of a young lady, or mine in encouraging her to do so? Suppose, then, I plead guilty! will that satisfy you? I think it will, for you remember well that last Wednesday we agreed that to acknowledge our

errors was a virtue we should strive to obtain; but in order to keep up all the decorum necessary for this young lady to get admitted into an episcopal habitation: my daughter Augusta desires an old philosopher would conduct her safely, with hopes that you will take them both under your protection.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, Friday Morning, January 26th, 1761.
To the Bishop of Worcester.

On May 1, 1781, at the Episcopal Palace, at Chelsea, in the 85th year of his age, died Dr. John Thomas, Lord Bishop of Winchester, clerk of the closet to the King, and prelate of the most noble order of the garter. He succeeded the celebrated Dr. Hoadly in the see of Winchester. We read that "the King and Queen have for some years past honored his Lordship with an annual visit to Farnham Castle."

Windsor, May 2nd, 1781.

MY GOOD LORD,—I have this instant received the account of the death of my very worthy and much esteemed friend the Bishop of Winchester. To an heart like yours it is easy to conceive that the news could not reach me without causing some emotion, though reason convinces me that for him it is a most welcome event. I therefore lose no time in acquainting you that I cannot think of any person so proper to succeed him as clerk of my closet as yourself; and, indeed, I trust that any opportunity that brings you nearer to my person cannot be displeasing to you. Relying on this, I have acquainted the Lord Chamberlain to notify this appointment to you, but I thought any mark of my regard would best be conveyed by myself. I trust, therefore, that this letter will reach you before any intimation from him. I have also directed Lord North to acquaint you that I propose to translate you to the See of Worcester. With all the partiality natural to the county of Stafford, I should hope you will allow Hartlebury to be a better summer residence than Eccleshall, and I flatter myself that hereafter you will not object to a situation that may not require so long a journey every year as either of these places.

Believe me, at all times,

My good Lord, your very sincere friend,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

The Dr. Balguy referred to by the King in the letter we are about to present, was the son of a more eminent divine, who presented him the rectory of North Stoke, near Grant-ham, in Lincolnshire. He afterward obtained from Bishop Hoadly a prebend at Winchester; became later Archdeacon of Salisbury, and subsequently was made Archdeacon of Winchester. He owed all his preferments to Bishop Hoadly. In 1775, he preached the sermon on the consecration of Hurd, as

Bishop of Lichfield. In 1781, the decay of his sight, which ended at last in total blindness, prevented his acceptance of the Bishopric of Gloucester, to which the King, without solicitation, had nominated him, on the death of Warburton. He died in 1795, leaving behind the character of "a sincere and exemplary Christian, a sound and accurate scholar, a strenuous and able defender of the Christian religion, and of the Church of England."

MY GOOD LORD,—On Monday I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury my inclination to grant Dr. Balguy a dispensation from performing the strict residence required by the Statutes of the Chapter of Winchester, provided the archbishop and the bishop of the diocese (whom I desired him to consult) saw no objection in this particular case to such an indulgence. On Wednesday the archbishop told me he had followed my directions, and that he and the bishop agreed in the propriety of the step, and thanked me for having first asked their opinion, which must prevent this causing any improper precedent. I have now directed Lord Shelburne to have the dispensation prepared for my signature. You may, therefore, now communicate my intention to Dr. Balguy.

I have also acquainted the new lord steward of the right of the deputy clerk of the closet to dine at the chaplain's table, and his servant to dine with the servants. You may therefore acquaint the deputy clerk of the closet in waiting of things being now put on the same foot as previous to the dispute with Lord Talbot.

GEORGE R.

Queen's House, May 10th, 1782.

I enclose the oration held by the Pope at Vienna, when he gave the cardinal's hat to two who had been long nominated, but could not receive that mark of their advancement, not having before been in his presence. I believe Cicero would not have acknowledged him for a disciple.

Allocutio Sanctissimi Domini Papæ Pii VI. recitata in publico consistorio quod habuit Vindobonæ, in Aula Imperiali, die xix Aprilis, 1782.

"Antequam consistoriali huic actioni finem imponamus, quæ latere neminem oportet, ex hoc loco præterire silentio nolumus. Gratum quippe nobis fuit, imperatoriam majestatem, quam semper magni fecimus, coram intueri, ipsumque Cæsarem peramanter complecti. Pro muneris nostri ratione sæpe eum alloquuti sumus, et plurimum in eo urbanitatis, qua nos Augusto domicilio suo honorifice excepit, et liberali quotidie officio habuit, singularem quoque in Deum devotionem, præstantium ingenii, summumque in rebus agendis studium admirari debuimus. Neque minori solatio paternum animum nostrum erexit Pietas et Religio, quam in splendida hac urbe, et populis in itinere nobis occurrentibus, sartam incorruptamque ma-

nere cognovimus. Quare non modo eum laudare, sed assiduis etiam orationibus precibusque nostris fovere nunquam prætermittimus. Imo Deum optimum maximum vehementer obsecramus, ut qui adeo tendentes non deserit, eos in sancto proposito confirmet, ac uberi cœlestium benedictionum rore profundat."

In the King's hand.—R. W.

Heyne, to whom the King alludes in the following letter, was professor of poetry and eloquence in the University of Gottingen. Having the literary industry common to his learned countrymen, he wrote several ponderous quartos, all of which are to be found in the King's Library.

We would particularly request the attention of our readers to the just sentiments expressed by the King on war, and the education of the people.

Windsor, July 23rd, 1782.

MY GOOD LORD,—It is with infinite satisfaction I received on Sunday your letter; by which I find that at last the German books, wrote in Latin, and collected by Professor Heyne, by my directions, for you, are arrived at Hartlebury. I shall certainly continue to authorize him to send any others that he may think, from their subjects or styles, likely to meet with approbation. I own the reputation of the University of Gottingen I have much at heart, from an idea that, if ever mankind reflect, they must allow that those who encourage religion, virtue, and literature, deserve as much solid praise as those who disturb the world, and commit all the horrors of war to gain the reputation of being heroes.

Indeed, my good lord, we live in unprincipled days, and no change can be expected but by an early attention to the education of the rising generation. Where my opinion must be of weight,—I mean, in my electoral dominions,—it shall be the chief object of my care; and, should it be crowned with success, it may incline others to follow the example.

I now come to a part of your letter that gave me much concern; but should at the same time have felt hurt if you had not informed me of. I fear the relapse of poor Dr. Arnold: his conduct during the time he attended you seemed as favorable as any of us could desire. I still hope he will soon be reinstated; and I trust you will not long leave me in suspense upon a subject that greatly interests me, for I ever thought him not only ingenious, but perfectly upright, and, as such, I have a very sincere regard for him. Except the Queen, no one here has the smallest suspicion of his having a fresh attack, which is an attention* I am certain he every way deserves.

I hope your visitation will be attended with as fine weather as we have enjoyed since the violent

* Sic. in MS. What was the matter with Dr. Arnold, physically, mentally, or morally, I have not been able to ascertain.

rain on Tuesday night, and the whole of Wednesday. I shall ever remain, my good Lord,

Your very affectionate friend,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester, at Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

The two following letters show the King in a most amiable light, both as a father and a man. Prince Octavius died on the 3rd of May, 1783.

Windsor, Aug. 20th, 1782.

MY GOOD LORD,—There is no probability, and indeed, scarce a possibility, that my youngest child can survive this day. The knowing you are acquainted with the tender feelings of the Queen's heart, convinces me you will be uneasy till apprized that she is calling the only solid assistant under affliction, religion, to her assistance. She feels the peculiar goodness of Divine Providence in never having before put her to so severe a trial, though she has so numerous a family, I do not deny. I also write to you, my good lord, as a balm to my mind; as I have not you present to converse with, I think it the most pleasing occupation by this means to convey to you that I place my confidence that the Almighty will never fill my cup of sorrow fuller than I can bear; and, when I reflect on the dear cause of our tribulation, I consider his change to be so greatly for his advantage, that I sometimes think it unkind to wish his recovery had been effected. And, when I take this event in another point of view, and reflect how much more miserable it would have been to have seen him lead a life of pain, and perhaps end thus at a more mature age, I also confess that the goodness of the Almighty appears strongly in what certainly gives me great concern, but might have been still more severe.

G. R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

MY GOOD LORD,—The humanity which is not among the least auspicious of your excellent qualities, would, I am persuaded, make you feel for the present distress in which the Queen and I are involved, had you not the farther incitement of a sincere attachment to us both. The little object we are deploring was known to you, and consequently his merits; therefore you will not be surprised that the blow is strong. We both call on the sole assistant to those in distress, the dictates of religion. I have proposed to the Queen, and she approves of it, that I should desire you to come on Saturday, and bring Mr. Fisher with you, that, on Sunday, in my chapel in the Castle, we may have the comfort of hearing you preach, and receiving from your hands the holy communion. I think this a very proper time for renewing the baptismal vow; and, though greatly grieved, I feel true submission to the decrees of Providence, and great thankfulness for having enjoyed for four years that dear infant.

GEORGE R.

Windsor, May 6th, 1783.

The letter from the Queen, which we subjoin, is another evidence of the vivacity of her talent. Having given to Hurd her copy of the essay, no wonder we do not find one in the King's library. There is, however, a copy in the British Museum.

The book which accompanies this note is an Essay on the Immortality of the Soul, which I received on Saturday last. It appears to be against Mr. Hume's, Voltaire's, and Rousseau's principles, and chiefly against the first of these authors. As I am not in the least acquainted with the writings of those unhappy men, I must beg the bishop to give me his opinion upon this little tract, as the author of it will not publish his name until he knows the reception of it by some able and understanding men.

I do also send the letter of the author, who appears modest and well meaning, and more should be said about him, I believe, but the dedication being to me, I might be suspected of being guided by flattery. You know I hate bribery and corruption; but being corrupted by flattery is worse than money, as it is an open avowal of a corrupted heart, and I hope you do not suspect me of that.

I shall be glad to hear of your being well after the fatigue of yesterday.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, March 29th, 1784.

Here is the King's estimate of three of his children—the Duke of York, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke of Cambridge:—

Windsor, July 30th, 1786.

MY GOOD LORD,—Yesterday I received, by the quarterly messenger, some printed copies of the three successful prize dissertations from Gottingen, as also the speech of the pro-rector on declaring to who the prizes are adjudged; Doctor Langford going to-morrow to Worcester, I take this favorable opportunity of sending a copy of each for you. The medal for the Theological Discourse is now undertaken by Mr. Birch; it will be double the weight of the other; on one side will be my profile, as on the other medal, the reverse is to be taken from the seal he cut some years past for you: as soon as the drawing is prepared I will send it for your opinion.

My accounts from Gottingen, of the little colony I have sent there, is very favorable: all three seem highly delighted and pleased with those that have the inspection of them; but what pleases me most is the satisfaction they express at the course of theology they have begun with Professor Less—Professor Heyne gives them lessons in the classics, and has an assistant for the rougher work; they learn history, geography, moral philosophy, mathematics, and experimental philosophy, so that their time is fully employed; I think Adolphus at present seems the favorite of all, which from his lively manner is natural, but the good sense of Augustus will in the end prove conspicuous. That Adolphus should have gained

Frederick could not be otherwise, as in stature, features, and manner, I never saw two persons so much resemble each other: may the younger one do so in the qualities of the heart, which I have every reason to flatter myself.

On Friday I saw Major-General Budé, who told me the disagreeable giddiness you complained of the last winter is much abated; I trust it will enable you, in the autumn, to ride constantly, as that is the best of all remedies. I hope to hear from you how you approve of the small tracts I now send you.

Believe me ever, my good lord, yours most affectionately,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

The next letter requires no explanation.

Windsor, Sept. 2nd, 1786.

MY GOOD LORD,—Yesterday I received from Birch the design for the reverse of the theological prize medal, which I now communicate to you. The only alterations I have proposed are, that the cross shall not appear so well finished, but of ruder workmanship, and the name of the university as well as the year placed at the bottom as on the other medal.

We have had some alarm in consequence of a spasmodic attack on the breast of Elizabeth, which occasioned some inflammation, but by the skill of Sir George Baker she is now perfectly recovered, and in a few days will resume riding on horseback, which has certainly this summer agreed well with her.

I am glad to find by a letter, which Mrs. Delany has had from Mr. Montagu, that you are preparing to do the same, as I am certain it will contribute to your health, which I flatter myself is improved by your proposing to attempt it this season.

Believe me ever, my good lord, yours most affectionately,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

We cannot but perceive in the following letter how dear to the king's heart was national education. Would that the present Government had the power, or those who exercise authority over the people, the will, to carry out the wishes of this (sometimes called) narrow-minded and bigoted Monarch.

Windsor, July 29th, 1787.

MY GOOD LORD,—Having learned from Dr. Langford that he sets out to-morrow for Worcester, I cannot omit so favorable an opportunity of inquiring after your health. I shall to-morrow attend the speeches at Eton, as I wish from time to time to show a regard for the education of youth, on which most essentially depends my hopes of an advantageous change in the manners of the nation. You may easily imagine that I am not a little anxious for the next week, when

Frederick will return, from whom I have great reason to expect much comfort. The accounts of the three at Gottingen are very favorable: the youngest has written to me to express a wish to be publicly examined by the two curators of that university on the commemoration in September, when it will have subsisted fifty years. I have taken the hint, and have directed all three to be examined on that solemn occasion.

I ever remain, my good lord,

Yours most affectionately,

GEORGE R.

The Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle.

The seven succeeding letters call for no comment.

Windsor, the 30th Feb, 1787.

MY LORD,—As I am perfectly unacquainted with the name of the college, in where young Griffith pursued his studies, and therefore less capable of applying to any body about his character, I take the liberty of making him the bearer of this letter, in order that he may answer for himself, totally relying on your goodness that in case he should, after inquiry, not be found what he ought to be, you will forget the application entirely. All I know of him is, that he bears the character of a modest and sober young man, that he behaved extremely well to his mother, who was the Duke of York's nurse, and that he is desirous of being employed in his profession whenever he can. I will now only add, my thanks for your kindness in this affair, and I rejoice to hear that you are a little better, the continuance of which nobody can more sincerely wish than your friend,

CHARLOTTE.

To the Bishop of Worcester.

MY LORD,—I never wished so much to exercise my power and commands as to-day, but I hope you will believe me, when I say, that this desire does not arise from any tyrannical inclination, but from a real regard for you. The wintery feel of this day makes me desirous of preventing your exposing yourself to-morrow morning at court, where I could only see, but not enjoy your company, which pleasure I beg to have any other day, when less inconvenient and less pernicious to your health.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, the 17th of January, 1788.

To the Bishop of Worcester.

G. R. Six, 3 o'clock.

MADAM,—I cannot express the sense I have of your Majesty's gracious command to me not to appear at court to-morrow. But for this once, I hope your Majesty will pardon me, if I am not inclined to yield obedience to it. I have been so well as to take an airing this day, which occasioned me to be from home when the messenger came. I will, therefore, with your Majesty's good leave, attempt to join my brethren to-morrow in the joyful office of the day; and I assure myself the occasion will give me spirits enough to go through it without inconvenience—only it is pos-

sible, Madam, I may so far take the benefit of your Majesty's indulgence as not to venture into the crowded drawing-room afterward. But even this will be a liberty I shall allow myself very unwillingly.

I am, with all possible respect, Madam, your Majesty's most obliged and most obedient servant,
R. W.

Windsor, June 8th, 1783.

MY GOOD LORD,—Having had rather a smart bilious attack, which, by the goodness of Divine Providence, is quite removed. Sir George Baker has strongly recommended to me the going for a month to Cheltenham, as he thinks that water efficacious on such occasions, and that he thinks an absence from London will keep me free from certain fatigues that attend long audiences: I shall therefore go there on Saturday. I am certain you know the regard that both the queen and I have for you, and that it will be peculiarly agreeable to us to see you at Hartlebury. I shall certainly omit the waters some morning to undertake so charming a party: but that you may know the whole of my schemes, besides getting that day a breakfast there, I mean to remind you that feeding the hungry is among the Christian duties, and that, therefore, when I shall visit the cathedral on the day of the sermon for the benefit of the children of the clergy of the three choirs,—which Dr. Langford, as one of the stewards, will get advanced to Wednesday the 6th of August (as I shall return on the 10th to Windsor,)—I shall hope to have a little cold meat at your palace before I return to Cheltenham on Friday the 8th. I shall also come to the performance of the "Messiah," and shall hope to have the same hospitable assistance; both days I shall come to the episcopal palace sufficiently early that I may from thence be in the cathedral by the time appointed for the performances in the church. The post waits for my letter, I therefore can only add that I ever remain, with true regard, and, I may say, affection,

My good lord, truly your good friend,
GEORGE R.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

Cheltenham, July 25th, 1783.

MY GOOD LORD,—Imagining you would like to hear how the visit to Gloucester had succeeded, I deferred writing till I returned from thence. It is impossible for more propriety to have been shown than both by the bishop and Mr. Holdfast. His speech in his own name and that of the dean and chapter and clergy of the diocese was very proper, and he seemed not to object to my having

an answer. I thought it right to command the dean and chapter for the new regulation, by which a more constant attendance is required, and hoping that it would stimulate the rest of the clergy to what is so essential a part of their duty. The cathedral is truly beautiful. I am to attend Divine service there on Sunday. To-morrow is the visit to Croombe, which enables me to fix on Saturday, the 2nd of August, for visiting Hartlebury Castle, where any arrangements for the 6th at Worcester may be explained. All here are well, and insisted on seeing yesterday the room Dr. Hurd used to inhabit at Gloucester: the bishop was obliged to explain Lord Mansfield's prediction on the mitre over the chimney. Had they always been so properly bestowed, the dignity of the Church would have prevented the multitude of sectaries.

Believe me ever your most affectionate friend,
GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle.

MY LORD,—When I was last night with the king, he inquired very anxiously after you, and seemed pleased to hear of your having been at Kew to inform ourself after him. He also gave me the sermon for you of Mr. Thomas Willis, and ordered me to send it as soon as possible, and to express how much he wished to know your opinion about it. I am likewise to introduce this new acquaintance of ours to you, which I shall do by a letter t'rough him, and I hope, nay, I am pretty sure that you will like him, as he really is a very modest man, and by his conduct in this house gains everybody's approbation. I am sorry to hear that your visit at Kew should have proved so painful to you as to give you the gout, but hope to hear that it is not a very severe attack.

CHARLOTTE.

MY GOOD LORD,—This letter was wrote yesterday, but no opportunity found to send it; the consequence of which is, that the sermon is brought by its author, whom I hope you will approve of.

Kew, the 7th Feb, 1789.

MY LORD,—The bearer of this is the young man in whose behalf you spoke to the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Would you be so kind, with your usual goodness, to direct him what further steps he must take to be introduced to the bishop, and also to give him good advice about his future conduct in life. In doing that, you will greatly oblige

Your sincere friend,

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, the 8th of April, 1789.

To the Bishop of Worcester.

From the Standard of Freedom.

THE WRONGS OF HUNGARY.

THE following document has been issued by the London Hungarian Committee:

I. Hungary is an ancient constitutional monarchy, which used to elect its kings. Every new king was solemnly crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, after taking the coronation oath on Hungarian soil, in which he swore to uphold the constitution. In the year 1687 the royalty was made hereditary in the family of Hapsburg; but, so far was Hungary from becoming a province of Austria, to this year not a single Austrian has been allowed to hold office in the Hungarian kingdom. An Austrian is a foreigner in Hungarian law and practice.

II. The kings of the house of Hapsburg have, notwithstanding, made various attempts to overthrow the liberties of Hungary. After repeated attempts to fuse Hungary into Austria, and repeated insurrections, a long struggle, begun by Leopold I., was ended in 1711 by Joseph I., who was constrained to confirm the old constitution. Again, by the efforts of Joseph II. to enforce the German language, and suppress the municipalities, a revolt was kindled, which his successor, Leopold II., finally pacified (in 1790) only by withdrawing all his brother's innovations, and making a peculiarly distinct avowal, that (Art. 10) "Hungary, with her appanages, is a free kingdom, and in regard to her whole legal form of government (including all the tribunals) independent; that is, entangled with no other kingdom or people; but having her own peculiar consistence and constitution, accordingly, to be governed by her legitimately crowned king, after her peculiar laws and customs." Nevertheless, Francis I. dared to violate his coronation oath, by not assembling the Diet from 1811 to 1825. At last he was compelled to give way by the passive resistance to all government. From that year onward the Hungarians have struggled successfully for internal reforms by constitutional methods, though perpetually thwarted by the bigotry, ignorance, and perverse ambition of the Austrian cabinet or crown.

III. The internal reforms which they desire were chiefly the following: To remove or lessen the distinctions between the privileged and unprivileged classes, and improve the principles of taxation and of the tenure of land. Next, to extend perfect toleration of religious creed to all. The high Magyar nobility are generally Roman Catholics, yet they have been as willing to concede toleration as the lower nobility and middle classes, who are generally Protestants. Thirdly, to establish free trade with all nations. For the Austrian cabinet choose to confine this great country to Austria for its market, while treating Hungarian produce as foreign. Fourthly, to maintain a free press, and the right especially of publishing the debates and proceedings of the Diet. Fifthly, in general to develop the great resources of Hungary by all sorts of material improvement in agriculture, in roads, in bridges. To this, of late, has been added a struggle for general education.

IV. One mode of resistance applied by Austria, was to extinguish parliamentary bills by the *veto* of the crown; the fear of which paralyzed the upper house—a body always naturally disposed to lean to Austria. Against this the Hungarians had no adequate constitutional weapon to use, since the Austrian cabinet was not responsible to the Hungarian Diet. The often repeated legal declaration of their independence, and in particular the distinct compact of Leopold II. in 1790–91, justified them in desiring, by peaceful and constitutional means, to attain an independent ministry directly responsible to their own parliament.

V. Such a ministry had been long talked of and claimed in the Diet. In fact, the conservative party and the opposition had differed little as to the objects at which they aimed, but chiefly as to the vehemence with which they should press them; the conservatives pleading to "give time" to the Austrian cabinet. But in March, 1848, the conservatives, as a separate party, vanished, by the great mass of them acceding to the opposition. Kossuth carried a unanimous vote,

that the constitution of Hungary could never be free from the eternal machinations of the Austrian cabinet until constitutional government was established in the foreign possessions of the crown, so as to restore the legal *status* of the period at which the Diet freely conferred the royalty on the house of Hapsburg. This vote paralyzed the Austrian authorities. Vienna rose against Metternich, and a revolution took place there. A constitution and a national guard were enacted. The Hungarian Diet immediately claimed for itself also a responsible ministry. This was granted without delay, and Count Louis Batthyany was made premier. But on the very same day, March 15, Jellachich was appointed Ban of Croatia. In a letter to Vienna, dated March 24, 1848, the Archduke Stephen, Viceroy of Hungary, is found to have suggested three modes of destroying the Hungarian constitution: either to excite the peasants against the nobles, as in Galicia, and stand by while the parties slaughter each other; or to tamper with Batthyany's honesty; or to invade and overpower Hungary by military force. A transcript of this letter, in the Archduke's handwriting, was afterward found among his papers when he fled from Pesth, and was officially published, with all the necessary verifications. The Austrians have not dared to disown it.

Before March ended a deputation of all the leading members of both houses from Hungary appeared in Vienna, carrying to the King their unanimous claim that he would consent to various bills. In these the greatest constitutional change was the restoration of the old union between the Diets of Hungary and of Transylvania. But socially the most important laws were the equalizing of all classes and creeds, and the noble enactment which converted the peasants into freeholders of the soil, quit of all the old feudal burdens. This bill had passed both the houses by Feb. 4, 1848, before the French Revolution had broken out; so little had that great event to do with the reforming efforts of the Hungarians. The Austrian cabinet, seeing their overwhelming unanimity, felt that resistance was impossible. Accordingly, Ferdinand proceeded with the Court to Presburg, and ratified the laws by oath. This is the reform of April 11, 1848, which all patriotic Hungarians fondly looked upon as their charter of constitutional rights, opening to them the promise of a career in which they should emulate Great Britain, as a pattern of a united, legal, tolerant, free, and loyal country.

VI. Croatia is a province of the Hungarian Crown; and there Jellachich, as Governor, openly organized revolt against Hungary, by military terrorism, and by promising Slavonic supremacy. On Batthyany's urgency, King Ferdinand declared Jellachich a rebel, and exhorted the Diet to raise an army against him; but always avoided finally to sanction their bills. Meanwhile Radetzky defeated Charles Albert. Jellachich dropped the mask of Croatianism, and announced to Batthyany that there should be no peace until a ministry at Vienna ruled over Hungary. In September, as the King would neither allow troops to be raised in Hungary, nor the Hungarian regiments to be recalled from Italy for home defence, a Hungarian deputation was sent to the Austrian Diet; but it was denied admittance by aid of the Slavonic party. To catch stray votes (it seems), Latour, Austrian Minister at War, in the Diet, Sept. 2d, solemnly disavowed any connection with Jellachich's movement; yet, on Sept. 4th, a royal ordinance (officially published in Croatia only,) reinstated Jellachich in all his dignities; who, soon after, crossed the Drave to invade Hungary, with a well-appointed army 65,000 strong. As he openly showed the King's commission, Batthyany resigned, Sept. 9th, since he did not know how to act by the King's command against the King's command. No successor was appointed; and the Hungarian Diet had no choice but to form a committee of safety. To embarrass them in this, the King reopened negotiation with Batthyany, Sept. 14th, but still eluded any practical result by refusing to put down Jellachich. Meanwhile, Sept. 16th, dispatches were intercepted, in which Jellachich thanked Latour for supplies of money and material of war. The Hungarian Diet published them officially, and distributed them by thousands. But Hungary was still unarmed, and Jellachich was burning, plundering, slaughtering. September 25th, Lamberg was sent to Pesth, in the illegal character of Imperial Commissary of Hungary, but was immediately murdered by the rage of the populace. Masses of volunteers were assembled by the eloquence of Kossuth, which, with the aid of only 3,000 regular troops, met and repulsed Jellachich at Sukoro, Sept. 29th, and chased him out of their country. But Latour was far too deep in guilt to recede. A royal rescript of October 3rd, dissolved the Hungarian Diet, forbade all municipal action, superseded the judicial tribunals, declared Hungary under martial law, and appointed Jellachich civil

and military governor of that country, with discretionary power of life and death, and an expressly unlimited despotism. It likewise distinctly announced the determination of the Crown to incorporate Hungary into Austria. Troops from Vienna were publicly ordered by Latour (Oct. 6th) to march against the Hungarians. This order, coupled with alarm inspired by the approach of Jellachich (whose defeat was kept secret), led to the *émeute* in Vienna, in which Latour was murdered, a murder which was made a pretext for bombarding Vienna, and destroying the newly-sanctioned constitution. Windischgrätz, the agent in this work, joined his forces to those of Auersperg, who meanwhile had sheltered Jellachich.

At all this the Hungarians were so infuriated that, after deposing the generals (who were believed traitorously to have allowed Jellachich to escape), with inferior artillery, and with forces not half of the Austrians, who were 75,000 strong besides their reserves, they fought and lost the battle of Schwechat, Oct. 30th. This was the first and last battle fought by the Hungarians on Austrian soil, fought only against those who were protecting a ruthless enemy, who had desolated Hungary by countless outrages; yet this is trumpeted by the Austrians as Hungarian aggression. Jellachich (Nov. 2d) entered Vienna in triumph, and was entrusted with a great army in the course of the whole war that followed.

VII. The Cabinet now tried to obtain from Ferdinand a direct permission to carry into detail the receipt of Oct. 3rd, and seize Hungary by right of conquest. But as Ferdinand began to be troubled with religious scruples, they resolved to depose him, and put his nephew on the throne—a youth of eighteen, educated by the Jesuits, and accustomed to obey his mother the Archduchess Sophia, who was so identified by the Viennese with the Cabinet as to be called the Lady Camarilla.

By intrigue of some sort they induced the half-witted Emperor to sign the act of his own abdication, and at once seated Francis Joseph in his place, who, not having taken the coronation oath, might be assured by his directors that he committed no wrong in invading the laws and constitution of Hungary! An Austrian army marched into the country, and in the course of January and February overran and occupied it as far as the Theiss eastward and as high as the Morosch northward: the Russians meanwhile penetrated into Transylvania. The usurpation of the

Archduchess and Cabinet seemed to have triumphed.

VIII. On March 4, 1849, Count Stadion published his new constitution for fusing down Hungary into a part of the Austrian empire. If previously Hungary had been under Russian despotism, this constitution would have seemed highly liberal, and from an Austrian point of view such it was; but to the Hungarians it was an intolerable slavery. First, it virtually annihilated their municipalities, and subjected their police to Vienna. Next, it would have enabled the Austrian cabinet to put in Austrian civil and military officers everywhere in Hungary—an innovation as odious to the Hungarians as would French police magistrates, excisemen, overseers, colonels and lord lieutenants, be to the English nation. Thirdly, it swamped their parliament among a host of foreigners, ignorant of Hungary and its wants, and incapable of legislating well for it. Fourthly, it was enacted without the pretence of law, by the mere stroke of Count Stadion's pen. If the Hungarian constitution fourteen times solemnly sworn to by kings of the House of Hapsburg, was to be thus violated, what possible security could the nation have for this new-fangled constitution of Stadion, if it were ever so good in itself?

On reviewing the constitutional question, it was clear to the Hungarians, first, that Ferdinand had no legal power to abdicate without leave of the Diet, which leave it was impossible to grant, since, in the course of nature, Ferdinand might yet have direct heirs; secondly, that if he became incapacitated, it was the right of the Diet to appoint a regent; thirdly, that if Ferdinand had died, Francis Joseph was not the heir to the Hungarian crown, but his father, Ferdinand's brother; fourthly, that allegiance is not fully due to the true heir until he has been crowned; fifthly, that if Francis Joseph had been ever so much the true heir, and had been ever so lawfully crowned, the ordinances would be a breach of his oath, essentially null and void, and equivalent to a renunciation of his compact with the people; sixthly, that even to Austria the ministry of Stadion—or, rather, the Archduchess—was no better than a knot of intriguers, which had practiced on the clouded intellect of the sovereign to grasp a despotism for itself, while over Hungary it had no more ostensible right than had that of Prussia or France. All Hungary, therefore, rose to resist—Slovachs and Magyars, Germans and Wallachs, Catholics and Protestants, Greeks and Jews, nobles, traders, and

peasants, rich and poor, progressionists and conservatives. Ferdinand was still regarded as their legitimate, but unlawfully deposed King.

IX. Between the Theiss and the Morosch, Kossuth organized the means of fabricating arms and money; and in the course of March and April a series of tremendous battles took place, in which the Austrians were some fifteen times defeated, and without a single change of fortune their armies, 130,000 strong, were swept out of Hungary with immense slaughter. Only certain fortresses remained in their power, and those were sure to fall by mere lapse of time. The Austrian Cabinet was desperate at losing a game in which it had risked so much. Its more scrupulous members had retired, including Stadion himself. Bloodier generals were brought forward, and the intervention of Russia (long promised, and granted as early as February in Transylvania) was publicly avowed. This act finally alienated from Austria every patriotic Hungarian.

X. Upon the entrance of the Russians with the consent of Francis Joseph, the Hungarian Parliament, on the 14th of April, after reciting the acts of perfidy and atrocity by which the house of Hapsburg had destroyed its compacts with the nation, solemnly pronounced that house to have forfeited the crown. During the existing crisis Kossuth, according to constitutional precedent, was made Governor of the country.

XI. We all know how Hungary, deprived of her ports, taken by surprise, isolated and abandoned, has been overwhelmed by the combined hosts of her unscrupulous foes. But has England nothing to say to this?

For three centuries at least Hungary has been a prominent member of the European family of nations. Her constitutional union to the house of Hapsburg has been a notorious public fact; and in the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, Europe has long seen a powerful barrier against Russian encroachment. That Hungary is not Austria—that the Emperor of Austria has no right in Hungary except as its Constitutional King—is as public a fact in Europe as that Hanover was never part of England. When Hungary proclaimed to us that the Emperor of Austria was no longer her King—that she had found the house of Hapsburg traitorous, and had legally deposed it; and when the Hungarian nation had, by a unanimous effort, actually expelled her invaders—there was the very same reason for our acknowledging the independence of Hungary, as we ever

had for recognizing the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary at all.

XII. The English crown is peculiarly affected by these events; because they destroy the confidence of nations in the oaths of princes; especially considering that Hungary was the only great community on the Continent, whose ancient liberties had not been violently and treacherously annihilated by its king. No guarantees of right any longer exist, except those which have been wrested out by popular violence, and established on some doctrinaire basis. The aristocracy of England are deeply concerned, when the only remaining continental aristocracy possessed of constitutional rights, and taking the lead of a willing nation, is remorselessly trampled under foot. Our commonalty is concerned, when deprived of commercial intercourse with fourteen millions of agriculturists. Our religious feelings are shocked, when Hungarian zeal for universal toleration is overridden by the Romanist bigotry of Austria. Our liberties are endangered by the spectacle of two sovereigns tearing in pieces a noble nation from pure hatred of its constitutionalism which nine centuries have not made sacred in their eyes. The security of all Europe is endangered by the virtual vassalage of Austria to Russia, which this calamitous outrage has entailed; for Austria is now so abhorred in Hungary that she cannot keep her conquest except by Russian aid. Every one foresaw this from the beginning; the government of Vienna knew it, as well as that of St. Petersburg. Such are the results of the conspiracy of an Austrian cabinet against their Emperor, against his kingdom of Hungary, against the new-born liberties of Vienna, and against the balance of power in Europe.

XIII. What remains for England to do, but firmly to declare to Austria:—"Until we see the Constitution as it was before October, 1848, re-established in Hungary, we do not acknowledge your position in Lombardy; for Hungary had a far better right to her national existence and independence than you to your empire over the foreign Lombards?"

A military tyrant may at any moment commit an act of rapine with summary speed; sage and moderate by-standers need time to learn and judge of the case. If we extend the doctrine of *faits accomplis* to the high-handed crime under which Hungary still lies bleeding, we proclaim impunity and recognition to every unprincipled marauder.



Uor M

Karlsruhe, 1890

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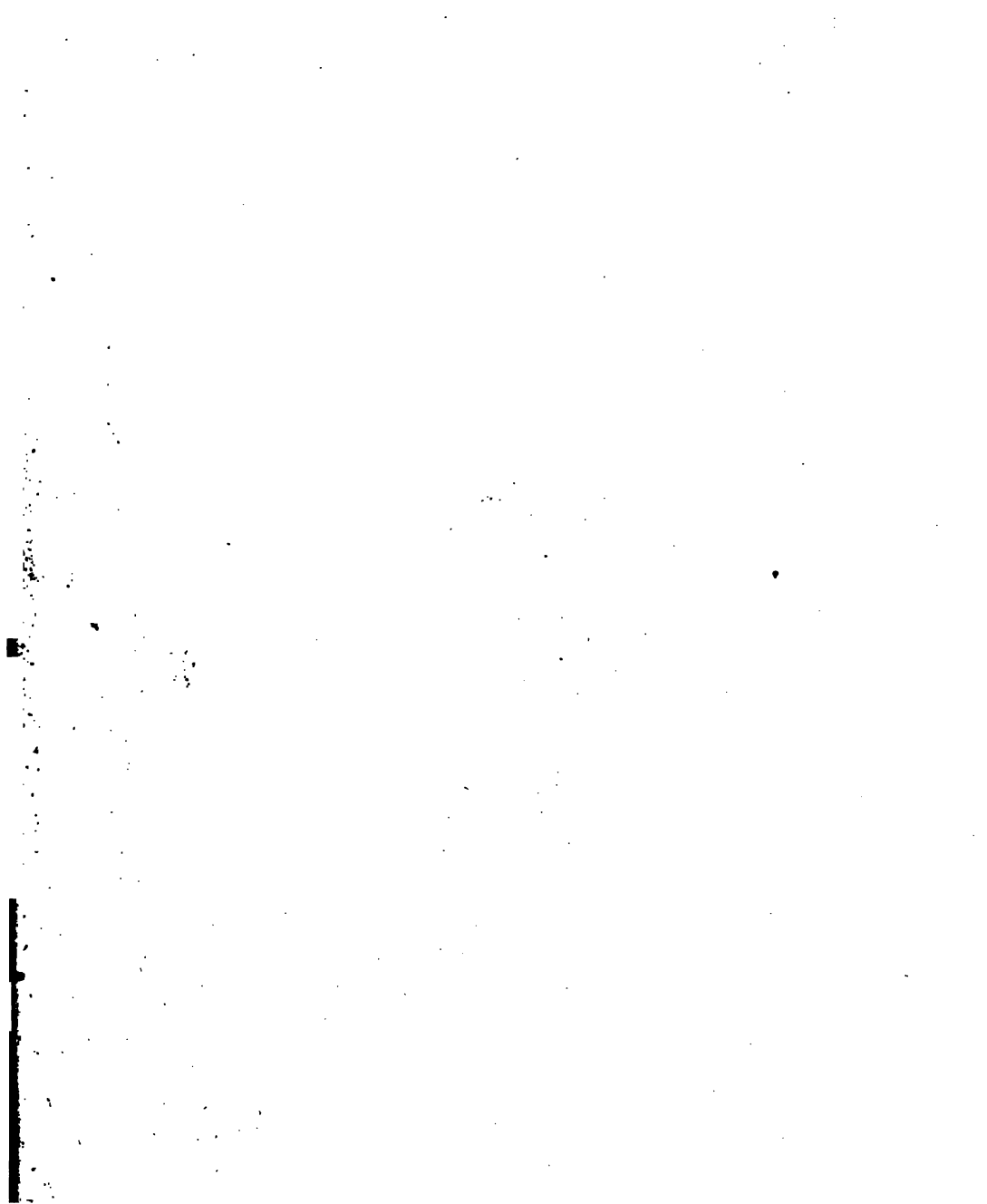


1878

Portrait of Joseph
C. Smith

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THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE
 OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1849.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

Histoire Philosophique du Règne de Louis XV. Par le COMTE DE TOCQUEVILLE.
 Paris: 1847.

THE writer of this work is, as we understand, the father of the distinguished Deputy, and, for the present, Minister, whose literary reputation has been so widely spread in England by his philosophical examination of American democracy. It would be difficult to find two books that represent more creditably the respective opinions of the last and the present generations. The *Démocratie en Amérique* is remarkable for the wise candor and toleration with which its author confesses the defects of his favorite systems; and recognizes the points in which they might be improved by borrowing from monarchical or aristocratical examples. The *Histoire Philosophique du Règne de Louis Quinze* is equally free from most of the vices to which French literature seems now peculiarly exposed.

The historians of the modern French school have an incontestible excellence in their skillful arrangement and power of rapid analysis. But their tendency to acquiesce in the most unscrupulous policy, when suc-

cessful, goes to render them very unsafe guides in the search for political truth. This tendency is, indeed, more or less inevitable in citizens of a state whose history, for the last two generations, has fatigued us with little else than the coarse and flaring colors of a revolutionary crisis. It was the same in ancient times; both after that marvelous century in which the quick Athenian genius ran through all the stages of national development; and again, when the great Roman Revolution first seated the Imperial chiefs of the democracy on the Curule Chairs. The *glories* of such an epoch as that which began in 1790, and through which France is still laboring, are too undeniable to make it possible that the nation should ignore them—as has been attempted by the compilers of Catholic and Legitimist text-books for French schools: while, on the other hand, the blood and tears are still too recent for the children of proscribed parents to accept the Reign of Terror, as it is accepted and revered by

Barbés and Louis Blanc, or even as palliated by Lamartine. To reconcile, or rather to escape from committing themselves to, either of these extremes, their recent historians have mostly betaken themselves to a system that represents society as moving in an invariable current,—which the frailties and passions of individuals can no more affect, than a child can disarrange the order of the tide by throwing pebbles into the waves. With such writers the end, of course, is everything; though they do not so much seek to justify, as totally to omit all consideration of, the means. Actions and events are regarded, in the meantime, merely as necessary steps in a predestined sequence, in relation to which their moral character is a matter of no concern.

M. Mignet is exclusively possessed with the idea of a great dynasty giving laws from Versailles to its Prefects at Madrid and Naples; and is no more disturbed in his enjoyment of the exciting struggle which was decided by the testament of Charles II., than M. de Gremonville was disturbed when Lionne intoxicated him with the gratifying assurance, "*que sa Majesté vous trouve le plus effronté des Ministres!—et en cela il vous fait la plus grande louange possible.*"* M. Capefigue relates the elevation of the profligate Dubois to the Cardinalate; and contents himself, for all commentary, with jumbling together a few phrases about an invincible law of equality in the Catholic Church. M. Bignon is entitled to more than ordinary allowance in this respect, in consequence of the more than ordinary temptation to which he was exposed: "*je l'engage à écrire l'histoire de la diplomatie Française de 1792 à 1815,*" was among the bequests in the *Testament de Napoléon*. The same vice infects French writers, in their severest philosophy, and on topics most removed from the exciting accessories of the hour. M. Comte turns neither to right nor left, as the remorseless machinery of his system crushes every example of heroic individual exertion into its place in the world's preconstituted march. M. Cousin,† with his eyes fixed on the radiant and beneficent image of the Dictator Cæsar, has no sympathies for the brave tenderness of Caius Gracchus, nor for the melancholy and majestic self-devotion of the younger Brutus.

* "*Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV.*" Par M. Mignet, vol. ii. p. 248.

† "*Cours de Philosophie*" (1838), par M. Victor Cousin, leç. xme.

We can see no merit, we must confess, in this cold abnegation of all moral sensibility; and feel, on the contrary, that history not only loses most of its utility, but at once lowers its dignity and deserts its duty, when it thus renounces its high Censorial functions; and declines to give judgment on the merits of those whose proceedings it is contented with recording. It is, accordingly, as an exception to this rule, that M. de Tocqueville's work seems to us most entitled to praise. To a rare power of historical arrangement, and to a still rarer one of historical compression, he adds a discriminating honesty, worthy (and we can cite no more honorable parallels) of Niebuhr and Hallam. To all appearance profoundly royalist in his convictions, he is never induced by his partisanship to extenuate the infamies of the Regency and the *parc aux cerfs*. He is still more free from the corrupting indifference with which M. Capefigue speaks of abominations—which have never been approached except by the foulest and basest of the Roman Cæsars,—if not in terms of actual approval, at least as the excusable concomitants of a high civilization and a brilliant court. And if at times M. de Tocqueville averts his eyes from this blind and enervated Royalty to the fiery baptism that awaited it, it is only to remind us that its crimes were severely (though not more severely than consistently) expiated in the Temple and on the Place de la Guillotine.

We have many works that detail the patient exertions by which separate departments of the great Bourbon Monarchy were elaborated to their culminating grandeur. But it is curious to observe how instinctively most French writers have shrunk from the unattractive turpitudes that prepared its decay. M. de Tocqueville, however, takes up the history of France from the moment when the Grand Monarque is laid in St. Denys, full of years and honors; and honestly as well as skillfully traces, till the very eve of their outbreak, the causes of dissolution which were already undermining the stately fabric he had erected. The cumbrous ceremonial of Versailles, and the sanctimonious exterior enforced by Madame de Maintenon, gave way at once to the wildest profligacy. The exaggerated tone of high-flown loyalty was succeeded by cynical ridicule and ostentatious heartlessness. Court and nation together sank lower and lower in corruption; till at last, on the tardy accession of a religious and conscientious Prince, he finds himself unable to rally

round his polluted Throne a single sentiment of respect or confidence.

Internally, the history of the long and inglorious reign of Louis XV. is a succession of tyrannical edicts and financial embarrassments. Its external history, which we are here principally to consider, may be divided into three periods—corresponding closely enough with similar periods in that of England. The first of these includes the compulsory peace which followed the War of the Spanish Succession (A. D. 1713—1732); and of this epoch the Regent Orleans and Sir Robert Walpole are the main representatives. The next period includes the War of the Austrian Succession (1742—1748); the chief agents in which are Marshal Belleisle and (perhaps we may add) Lord Carteret. The last commences with the Seven Years' War (1756—1763); in which the Duc de Choiseul and William Pitt wielded against each other the full energies of their respective nations. It is difficult to say during which of these periods France was most effectually discredited. But through them all there moves the living embodiment and representative of his day,—the worthless, frivolous, and brilliant Duc de Richelieu.

The first period we have named is characterized by the gradual modification of the Treaties of Utrecht. These treaties were, in the second and third decades of the eighteenth century, what the Treaties of Vienna have been to our own generation till within the last year,—the recognized basis of European international law. Concluded by Bolingbroke's Tory administration in the hour of extreme political need, they were yet wisely and honorably accepted by George I. and his Whig Cabinet. There has seldom been an instance in which a departure from that rule of international good faith, to which the new government conformed, would have been so nearly justifiable. The treaties in question had been purchased for the House of Bourbon by the violation of solemn alliances abroad; and at home by cabals, in which a knot of conspirators played on the prejudices of an imbecile Queen and an ignorant faction, till their reckless partisanship was scarcely distinguishable from treason. Nor had the tranquillity secured for Europe been such as to excuse the means by which it had been attained. Between Spain and Austria, the nominal principals in the War of the Succession, there existed only a precarious armistice. England and Holland still fancied themselves in danger from the formi-

dable alliance of the French and Spanish Cabinets. The aggrandizement permitted to the House of Savoy was a standing grievance to the Power in whose Italian preponderance we were then most deeply interested. The clumsy stipulations for which we had exchanged our hold on Dunkirk, were evaded by the extension of the neighboring fortifications at Mardyck. But the Whig government, we repeat, acted wisely in accepting the situation as their predecessors had left it. Through fifteen years they labored zealously to modify and improve it; and at length the policy, which, though it was once for a short time opposed by Walpole, is inseparably and most justly associated with his name, realized its crowning triumph at the Treaty of Vienna in 1731.

However France might be exhausted by the War of the Succession, it is scarcely possible that the continuance of peace would long have been compatible with the life of Louis XIV. Even during the reign of Queen Anne, his evasion of the treaties for which his English partisans had sacrificed their honor and all the promise of their future career, had been so glaring, as to extort even from Harley's government a decent and perfunctory protest. But at the accession of the House of Hanover, causes of irritation were daily multiplied. Bolingbroke and Ormond were welcomed at Versailles with splendid hospitality. The profession of high Jacobinism became fashionable even with men like St. Simon, the habitual *frondeurs* of the Court. Lord Stair, the English ambassador of King George, was scarcely received at half a dozen houses in Paris; while the titular honors of King James were effectually acknowledged at St. Germain. Active preparations were carried on in the French ports for a descent by the Pretender on the English coast. But we were saved from actual attack by the death of Louis XIV., and the Regency of the Duke of Orleans. That prince had long been disliked by all who adhered closely to his uncle's military and diplomatic policy. Lord Stair, therefore, bent upon employing the interval of peace in quietly reconstructing the great Protestant Alliance, warmly encouraged him to assume the sole Regency, and offered him the whole moral support of England.

From the marriage of Philip, the Regent's father, with Henrietta of England, in 1661, down to the *Fêtes* of the Palais Royal, in 1830, there attaches to the House of Orleans an unusual continuity of historical interest—

and especially in its bearing on the contemporary policy of England. We are told that Louis XV. was mainly guided in his choice of Versailles as the habitual residence of his Court, by the recollections which associated Paris with the stormy times of the Fronde, and the days when Anne-Marie de Montpensier, *la Grande Mademoiselle*, ordered the cannon of the Bastille to be fired on the royal troops. But this ostrich-like policy only served to blind the Kings of France to the influences they left at work behind them. In the Palais Royal there arose, by the side of Versailles and its Court, the gathering germs and mimic centre of a *Bourgeoise* Royalty—the parhelion to the sun of the elder Bourbons; and with it grew the House of Orleans, thriving on all the errors of the monarchy, and strengthening in its weakness. In that house, at all other seasons of difficulty, the population and society of Paris were familiarized with the focus of a chronic opposition; and through all their varieties of genius, the younger branch was sure to parade its antipathy to the prevailing tastes and most unpopular characteristics of Versailles. Louis XIV. never forgot the pretensions of his brother (Monsieur, as he was styled, in the fashion which expired with Charles X.) to infringe on certain customary etiquettes. When the cause of Philip V. was overcast in Spain, we find the future Regent intriguing with the English generals, and offering himself as the fittest representative of a compromise. Extravagantly licentious, in opposition to the formal hypocrisies of Madame de Maintenon; extravagantly Jansenist, in opposition to the Molinism of her successor, Madame de Chateauroux; *Anglomane* with a zealous Constitutionalism, before the meeting of the States-General; mercilessly propagating the first slanders against Marie-Antoinette; adored by the Manuels and Lafayettes of the Restoration—the House of Orleans was not more surely and steadily advanced toward power by its own ambition, than by the sleepless suspicions of the reigning branch. The whole testament of Louis XIV. was inspired by the conviction, that without openly annulling the last Spanish renunciations, and surrounding the cradle of Louis XV. with the elements of a European war, it was impossible to exclude the Duke of Orleans from the nominal regency; but that it was desirable to place the whole real power in the hands of the legitimated Princes, the Duc de Maine and the Comte de Toulouse, who alone were considered to represent

faithfully the maxims and principles of the Monarchy.

The Orleans Regency maintained to its close, and bequeathed to its immediate successors, a latitudinarian and compromising policy, very different in spirit from the resolute dynastic ambition of the preceding reign; and for this it has been condemned without measure by the ultra-royalists of its own day, and by the few French writers, who, in our own time, have permitted themselves to remember that France owes her most important and permanent acquisitions to the Bourbon family. Many of the Regent's most trusted supporters complained of his defection from the traditional alliances with Spain and Sweden. The expert staff of French diplomatists, retained in the school of Lionne, Pomponne, and Torcy—men to whom every court in Europe had been for half a century a post of observation, in standing hostility to the English and Imperial legations—had still strength to thwart by their indifference the new schemes which they were commissioned to execute. The Marshals of France, who had won distinction in the wars of the Reunion and of the Succession, all, with the single exception of the Duke of Berwick, threw their weight into the same scale. Villars even compiled a formal memorial, in which he urged on the Regent a moderate approximation to Spain. M. de Tocqueville acquiesces in this advice so far as relates to the possible extension of Spanish influence in Italy; and he also laments that the Regent missed the opportunity of at once securing, by an alliance with Turkey, in the year 1719, a position in the rear of Austria; and that he should not have developed the policy which combined Richelieu with Gustavus Adolphus, by substituting a Russian for a Swedish alliance. There can be no doubt, indeed, of the justice of these complaints against the foreign policy of the regency. But we are not the less convinced that Philip and his minister Du Bois showed singular skill in the attitude they assumed; and that all their shortcomings are chargeable on the ferocious opposition which threatened the former, from the moment that he broke through the testament of Louis XIV., and assumed the sole Regency.

From that moment there could be no peace between Philip of Orleans and the adherents of the old Court. The new *régime* ushered in a true revolution—at once social, political, and religious. It was inaugurated by an exposure of the financial ruin to which

the expensive reign of Louis XIV. had brought the kingdom. It then at once attacked all the Princes of his family whom he had most delighted to honor; and their defence and reprisals were imbibed by all the acrimony of feminine malice, in the person of the Duchesse du Maine. Except for her, indeed, it is probable that her husband, an educated but retiring and unambitious man, would have quietly acquiesced in his deposition. But she was a daughter of the great Condé; and having once lowered herself by an alliance with a legitimated Prince, her whole subsequent life was a struggle to repair this humiliation. The history of faction—fertile in indignities—does not contain an instance of warfare so savage, so unprincipled, and unrelenting, as now broke forth against the Regent. The head-quarters of the conspiracy were fixed among the gardens and terraces of Sceaux; and there, amid the wits and savants, whom Madame du Maine, reviving the usages of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, had collected round her, were coined the libels which, enshrined in Duclos, in the terrible *Philippiques* of La Grange Chancel, and in Soullavie's *Memoirs of Richelieu*, have placed the Duke of Orleans, as a monster of lust and cruelty, on a parallel with Nero and the Borgias. We have now reason to believe their most frightful details to have been utterly untrue—to have been explained in some points by the Regent's notorious spirit of bravado, and refuted in others by the equally notorious gentleness of his nature. But these attacks made themselves a voice through all the ramifications of French society—in the Jesuit colleges—in the diplomatic circles all over Europe—in La Vendée and Languedoc—already the classic soil of Royalist counter-revolution.

While the Regent was thus incessantly harassed by an organization which was always ready to exchange its lampoons and epigrams for the poison-bowl and the secret dagger, and which corrupted his own representatives, and defied him at his own council-board, Lord Stair was perpetually at his side, to remind him of the inextinguishable hatred of the ultra-Royalists, and to urge, in Bishop Atterbury's words, "that cracked titles must rest upon each other." The Triple alliance of 1715, by which George I. and the Regent gave a mutual guarantee for the succession prescribed by the Treaty of Utrecht, was thus a matter of sheer necessity. It was the same with the Regent's compulsory refusal to displease England by concluding a Russian and Turkish alliance.

The mere instinct of self-preservation at home committed him, in short, irredeemably, as the antagonist of the Catholic cause in Europe; and the Catholic cause (if we may use that expression to describe the party which peculiarly embraced the views of Louis XIV.) was still too formidable to enable him to dispense with the help so officiously proffered, even though it came from the habitual enemies of his race and country. At the head of the Catholic cause in Europe stood two of the most remarkable names in history—George Henry Goertz and Giulio Alberoni: And to appreciate properly the Regent's difficulties, we must glance for a moment at these, his two great antagonists.

The great coalition, against which Charles XII. passed his life in struggling, had originated in a dispute between the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and the King of Denmark. The former had shared in the reverses which fell upon the Swedish cause after the battle of Pultowa; and the hurricane which blew from all the northern courts during Charles XII.'s Turkish exile, forced him to submit to Denmark, by the capitulations of Tonningen in 1714. His minister, Baron Goertz, then attached himself to the King of Sweden; and the chivalrous heart of the king was soon captivated by the fluency and boldness of his new adviser.

He was a thoroughly revolutionary Minister—of the school which followed Richelieu in effacing every centre of local government, and attacking every institution which in the least hampered the free and irresponsible action of the Monarchy. He struck, therefore, without flinching, at the Aristocracy; and he forced the Lutheran Church to furnish her part in the national expenditure. The selfish dislike which he thus incurred added to the unpopularity naturally attaching to his foreign birth: But one of the elements in the hatred which he excited is too curious to be passed over. Goertz was not free from the mania of his contemporaries, for regarding the debasement of the currency as a panacea for financial distress. However, instead of resorting either to a paper issue, or to an adulteration of the gold and silver, he attempted to give, by law, a high value to the copper currency; and he whimsically chose to distinguish these new coins by the names of classical divinities,—for instance, Jupiter, Saturn, and the like. This scholarly caprice was seized on as corroborating the imputation of impiety to which his attacks on the Church had exposed him;

and forthwith a howl arose from the whole peasant population, against "the gods of Baron Goertz!"

On his accession to office he found the whole of Northern Europe, Russia, Poland, Prussia, and Denmark, combined against Sweden. Upon the refusal of Charles XII. to agree to proposals known in diplomatic history as "the Concerts of the Hague," for the neutrality of the German territory, George I. of England, as Elector of Hanover, also joined the league against him. This assistance was to be rewarded by the cession of Bremen and Verden, of which a late campaign had put Denmark in possession; in return for which, it may be observed, that the latter crown ultimately received the English guarantee for Sleswig, though only against the claims of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp. Goertz was bent on breaking up the coalition, and on gratifying his master's exasperation against George I. By ceding to Russia the provinces she had already conquered, he intended to purchase the help of his most formidable enemy; and then, by rousing the Catholic courts, in their favorite scheme of subverting the Protestant Succession in England, to divert the stream of Russian conquest to the South and West. In the meantime, Russia was ready for the change. Her German allies had begun to dread the presence of her armies; and the English government, true to the principle which makes it the interest of a maritime Power to prevent the total depression of any continental state, had refused to guarantee to the Czar those very Swedish conquests which Goertz now volunteered to cede. But, for the success of this scheme, it was necessary that France should separate from England, by the voluntary act, either of the Regent, or of the party whose success would follow his overthrow. We have seen how Peter the Great failed in accomplishing the former alternative. The hopes of the northern Allies were now turned to the younger branch of the Bourbons, at that time pining in reluctant submission to the Articles of Utrecht; which decreed their exclusion from Italy, and from the reversionary prospect of the French succession.

While Goertz was thus occupied in the North, the young King of Spain and his wife, Elizabeth of Parma, had reposed their absolute confidence in Alberoni. He was perhaps the last statesman whom the discipline of the Roman Church has trained for a political career, and whose claims to the very highest rank are undeniable. His

sweeping reforms arrayed against him the most inveterate prejudices of the native Spanish party; and the marvelous celerity of his downfall has attached to him a most undeserved reputation for temerity and shallowness. It is not too much to say, that the scale of the comprehensive improvements which he projected, and the practical character of their details, can nowhere be paralleled, except in the year of Cæsar's Dictatorship, or in the reorganization of the French Republic by Napoleon, which M. Thiers so strikingly depicts in the opening chapters of the *Histoire du Consulat*. But at Rome and at Paris the shock of an organic revolution had already cleared a free space for the exertions of statesmen; while the slow decay, which for a century had crippled the Spanish government, had only additionally cumbered the ground with the fragments of condemned institutions. Alberoni was hampered at every turn by the parasites of the abuses he attacked. All the sacrosanct etiquette of that formal Court, the rigid machinery of the Councils, the endless multiplication of subordinate officials, the privileges of exclusive access to the Royal person, were all of them available points of defence against such a reformer; and renewed, one after another, the promise of disheartening and exhausting him. But Alberoni had marked the vulnerable point of the Spanish government. Without waiting to take each stronghold in detail, or to corrupt their garrisons, he struck boldly at the heart of the official empire. The Throne was then, *as it is now*, the only Spanish institution strong enough to maintain itself amid the whirl of parties and the shipwreck of reputations. Till that support failed Alberoni, he could safely launch his edicts from the bedchamber of the Escorial, to the arsenals of Cadiz and Barcelona, to the manufactories of Guadalaxara, to the rich and almost virgin treasures of Mexico and Havannah. With an audacity which would have been rashness but for its success, he risked everything to maintain the Sovereign in individual and exclusive subjection to himself. He actually turned the Marquis de Villena, one of the haughtiest grandes in Spain, out of the King's apartment. He not only refused to receive M. de Louville, who was charged by the Regent with a private message to the King, but forbade his appearing in the streets of Madrid. He crushed even Father Daubenton, the King's Jesuit confessor, and absolutely prohibited his ever meddling with the negotiations pending be-

tween his master and the Roman court. But his position had, of course, the weakness, as well as the strength of favoritism. In all Spain there was no one, except perhaps Ripperda, the Dutch ambassador, to whom he trusted for co-operation; and he complained that, with all the weight of the empire on his shoulders, he was often reduced to do the work of a common clerk. "Give me five years of peace," he is said to have exclaimed, "and I will make Philip V. the most formidable King in Europe." But he dared not slight Elizabeth of Parma; her ambition forced him prematurely into a war; and at last, after defying the French and English courts, the *grande*s of Spain, and all the terrors of the Vatican, he fell before the vulgar craft of the Queen's nurse, Laura Pescatori!

Still the work that he actually accomplished was immense. It is no small praise for an Italian priest to have anticipated Chatham and Turgot in two of their most characteristic measures. As the former, when the Highlands were on the point of revolt, and the English armies were exhausted, "looked for merit and found it in the mountains of the North," so Alberoni had the noble courage to attach for the first time the disaffected Catalonian Miguelets, by enrolling them in the royal forces: And sixty years before Turgot's ministry, Alberoni gave the first impulse to the languid production of Spain, by removing the custom-houses that checked the communication between the inland provinces. Abruptly as his reign was terminated, he had already created a navy, recruited the army, and provided for its regular payment. He had centralized all the branches of official administration, and organized, for the first time since the reign of Philip II., the vast provinces of Spanish America. Reversing the fatal policy which had enriched the Protestant North with the expelled French and Spanish artisans, he invited Dutch and English families to establish woollen and linen manufactures in Spain. But the King and Queen of Spain, additionally displeased at the confirmation of the renunciations by the treaty of 1715, insisted on pressing their grievances against Austria to an armed decision, and Alberoni only saved himself by yielding. He answered the Triple Alliance, however, by a descent on Sardinia, at that time Austrian. He attempted, and with some success, to ally himself with the House of Savoy. But this double manœuvre only expedited the conclusion of the Quadruple Al-

liance, by which Savoy was compelled to exchange Sicily for the barren island of Sardinia. The great Powers were determined, at any risk, to prevent a general war. The English government was ready to support Austria; and the fleet which Alberoni had dispatched to conquer Sicily, was destroyed off Palermo by Admiral Byng. But Alberoni still held the threads that were to move the extensive organization projected between himself and Goertz. Faithful to his task of continuing the work of Louis XIV., he threw himself into the Russian and Turkish policy, which the Regent had not dared to adopt. He paralyzed the Austrian and Roman diplomatists by the ostentation of a high Catholic design; and actively co-operated with the existing cabals of the Duchesse du Maine and the French Royalists.

"Before you take your leave," he wrote to the Prince of Cellamara, his representative in Paris, "recollect to spring your mines." And the mines exploded in the most fantastic intrigue that even France has ever seen. The Fronde has been called the Comedy—Cellamara's conspiracy is the burlesque, of civil war. The Duchesse du Maine, searching for precedents through a pile of folios under the guidance of Boivin the antiquary, "*qui ne connaissait d'autre cour que celle de Semiramis*,"—Count Laval, in a coachman's livery, driving her to midnight interviews with the Spanish Ambassador,—Malezieu composing addresses from the King of Spain to the Parliament of Paris, and at his wit's end for terror at having mislaid the copy,—Mademoiselle de Launay holding a levee of any fortune-tellers and adventuresses who chose to profess themselves in possession of secret information,—all form a picture which resembles nothing but one of Scribe's involved and perplexing dramas. The musical conspiracies of *Gustave* or *Les-tocq* are not more inexhaustible in the *imbroglio*, more varied in incident, more successful in scenic attitude. The punishment of the detected criminals was in keeping with the gay make-believe of the plot. It is a bright silken thread shot across the gloomy web of the Chronicles of the Bastille. Waiting-maids, peers of France, *gardes-du-corps*, were all hurried under the frowning portals of Charles V. But when once there, they flirted, and amused themselves with *jeux-de-société*; Mademoiselle de Launay sang airs at the window from the opera of *Iphigénie*, and the Duc de Richelieu answered her from his neighboring dungeon, as *Oreste*! While Alberoni's support thus crumbled away in

France, and his hopes in the North were ruined by the fall of Charles XII. in the trenches before Friederichshamm, the ministers of France and England continued inflexible in their measures for restoring peace. Alberoni's dismissal was sternly exacted; and at that price the King of Spain was to have the terms originally offered him by the Quadruple Alliance. Alberoni was accordingly sacrificed; with the same odious disregard of humanity and justice which the Spanish Court had shown to Madame d'Orsini, his predecessor in the royal favor. The reversion of Tuscany and Parma, on the approaching extinction of the Houses of Medici and Farnese, was assured to Don Carlos, the eldest son of Philip V. by Elizabeth of Parma: And on this the King of Spain at last consented to renounce his claims to those portions of the old Spanish empire of which Austria was then in possession. A few minor points were reserved, preparatory to the conclusion of a general peace, for the Congress of Cambray.

Dubois died, three years afterward; vomiting blasphemies at his physicians, for their ignorance of the ceremonial which should have accompanied the administration of the last Sacraments to a Roman cardinal! The Duke of Orleans soon followed him; stricken with apoplexy in the very arms of the beautiful Duchesse de Phalaris. But the negotiations for a final pacification, commenced at Cambray, were not concluded till what is known as the Second Treaty of Vienna, in 1731. They had been interrupted in 1725, under the influence of Alberoni's vain and loquacious imitator, Ripperda, by an intrigue, which is still one of the darkest and most singular in the annals of diplomacy. For a moment, Europe seemed on the brink of a general war. Catholic and Protestant powers were again opposed to each other, with a novel distribution of the parts. The League of Hanover (or, as it is sometimes termed, of Herrenhausen) combined England, France, and Prussia, with the addition afterward of Sweden and Denmark, in opposition to Spain and Austria. It was surmised that the latter Powers contemplated a still closer union, which might have resulted in reconstructing the empire of Charles V. But compliance with the family affections either of Elizabeth of Parma, or of the Emperor Charles VI., was at that time an unfailling talisman for charming to repose the most alarming tempest. Don Carlos was confirmed in the inheritance of the Italian duchies; while England and the States-General guaranteed the

Pragmatic Sanction, which gave the undivided succession of the whole Austrian dominions to Maria Theresa, the emperor's eldest daughter. On these terms a general peace was at last signed; and thus ended the long controversy of the Spanish Succession, which for seventy years—ever since the marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Spain in 1660—had agitated Europe.

In spite of M. de Tocqueville's lamentation over the decline of French influence at this period, he has furnished in his narrative of Alberoni's fall, the best justification of the Regency: "*Il échoua, parce qu'il n'apprécia pas la tendance de son époque, toute dirigée vers le repos.*" Distasteful as the Treaty of Utrecht was to both France and England, it was simply impossible for either nation to renew the struggle to which it put an end. It was eminently impossible for France; drawn to the very verge of bankruptcy by the extravagant reign of Louis XIV., and additionally distressed by the famine which followed the War of the Succession, by the great Plague of Marseilles in 1720, the burning of Châlons and Rennes, and the gigantic swindling of Law and his System. But though France is represented as at this period habitually and criminally subservient to England, the English cabinet had, at the same time, to defend itself against similar imputations.

The popular idea of Walpole, as a Foreign Minister (and we repeat, that we use his name in speaking of this epoch because, though for a time in opposition, he so zealously espoused the policy of his predecessors on his return as to make it fairly his own), is, we believe, very nearly this: that he deliberately, and on principle, sacrificed our foreign relations to his party or personal interests. Many people may think that there was no great harm, if he did so. But it would be difficult to say which half of this opinion, combining, as it does, the cant of the *craftsman* with the recent cant of the representatives of the Anti-Corn-Law League, is most preposterously false. It is undeniably true that, in the face of an opposition, in which the Tories, smarting under the dread of perpetual exclusion from office, were reinforced by impracticable and disappointed Whigs, the Whig Government, led successively by Stanhope and by Walpole, did preserve us for five-and-twenty years from a European war. But it is also true that they succeeded in doing so, mainly by the proofs, everywhere presented, of their diplomatic ability; by the profound policy of

their combinations, and the readiness with which, when it was necessary to strike, they struck boldly and at once. For it is well observed by Professor Heeren, that the great merit of the English Government at this time, consisted not, indeed, in *evading* war, but in employing every means which negotiation or demonstrations could supply for avoiding it.* War, indeed, is, for the most part, but the vulgar resource of inexperienced workmen; and real statesmanship is best shown by neither abdicating a diplomatic position, nor yet breaking through it by force; but in making the voice of our country heard whenever European interests are in discussion, and by our just appreciation of new situations as they arise—presenting her, in her unbroken power, either as a mediator or an example. And it behoves the modern despisers of diplomacy to recollect that this is a part doubly suitable to a maritime and commercial nation; which cannot repair the inaction of one year by a successful campaign or the acquisition of a new province. In most cases, indeed, we can make ourselves felt only diplomatically, if we are to be felt at all; and must either so interpose as to appear to give law to the Continent, or be isolated from it. Such was the policy of our great Elizabeth; who never fired a single gun for thirty years; and yet it is from her reign that our continental influence is dated. Such, too, is the consummate policy which has guided us clear of the war which the most skillful observers pronounced inevitable in 1830; and such also was that of the English Government from 1715 to 1740.

Our understanding with the Regent, however, was then almost as unpopular in England, as it had been in France. If the Catholic party in the latter country saw in the Triple Alliance a desertion of the policy of Louis XIV., to many of the English Whigs it appeared an affront to the memory of William and Marlborough. The men who had just driven into exile the authors of the Utrecht Treaty, looked coldly on an alliance which not only confirmed that compromise, but put it forward as the chief security for European peace. Any approximation of England to France was, of course, disliked by the Austrian legation; and a letter of Count Gyllenborg's is given in the Historical Register, which seems to imply that the acquisition of Bremen and Verden, to which we have already referred, was an additional

ground of jealousy. It was represented as an attempt to balance the House of Austria by the creation of a second great Protestant power in the north of Germany: and the domestic enemies of the Hanoverian dynasty pounced at once on the bargain about those provinces, as a first instance in which England was sacrificed to the Electorate. We know that the elder Horace Walpole disapproved of the Triple Alliance; and shortly afterward his party in the Cabinet resigned on the cognate question of a subsidy against Sweden.

But putting aside the whole question of our relations with Northern Europe, where we repeatedly mediated fair terms of pacification which will well repay a separate examination; it can scarcely be denied that our diplomatic position through the first five and twenty years of the Hanoverian Dynasty, was rewarded by most solid advantages. First, and above all, the regular development of English commerce was unimpeded and progressive during those long years of peace. In the next place, we succeeded in correcting some of the most fatal errors of the Utrecht Treaty;—and this in face of its authors, who were not ashamed to taunt Walpole with subservience to the Prince whom they had themselves seated on the throne of Spain. The exchange of Sicily for Sardinia diminished the Italian influence of the House of Savoy,—an influence at that time invariably exercised against England. We separated, for a season, France from Spain. We destroyed the Spanish fleet, which Alberoni's genius had created. We provided by direct stipulation against the increase of the French navy. And, finally, as far as the faith of treaties could insure it, we insured the transmission to an ally, of the undivided Austrian dominions.

We are glad to find that M. de Tocqueville keeps clear of the common error of over-estimating the merits of Cardinal Fleury. Because his administration was something better than the intolerable misgovernment which preceded and followed it, it has become the fashion to extol him as a really wise and conscientious minister. But there are features in his personal career to us peculiarly revolting. He had all the patient subservience of a priest; at the same time that he acquiesced in moral wickedness with a readiness which could not be surpassed by the mature courtiership of the Duc de Richelieu. At an age when ambition is dying in the breasts of most men, after a life singularly free from its temptations, the one governing principle of his conduct was,

* Heeren's "Historical Essays" (Engl. ed.), p. 280.

a vigilant concern not to break in on the capital of his authority. To Fleury's anxiety to become at last the inevitable minister, France owed the two years for which she was delivered over to be pillaged and tormented by the Duc de Bourbon and Madame de Prie. To the same ignoble ambition we must trace the regular degrees by which Louis XV. was taught to lull his heart and conscience in progressive abasement, the incestuous horrors of the House of Mailly, the mean concession by which the Minister purchased Walpole's forbearance, the unprincipled facility with which, rather than part with his darling power, he joined in the conspiracy to despoil Maria Theresa. There is a painful difference between Fleury's behavior to his royal pupil, and the care with which Mazarin had educated Louis XIV. "Never," justly exclaims M. de Tocqueville, "never was that icy heart warmed with the ambition of creating a great king." As Louis XV. rose to man's estate, his reverend guardian was at the pains of forming the seraglio which was to consume the energies and promise of a reign. He selected for the first sultana a lady whose gentle nature precluded any apprehension of her becoming a rival to his influence; and when she was afterward supplanted by her own sister, Fleury did not scruple to recognize the new favorite, and to steady his hold of power by watching the oscillations of his master's caprices. Nor, we repeat, were the details of his administration at all vindicated by their result. The misery of the lower classes was constantly and frightfully on the increase. The Marquis d'Argenson, himself foreign minister at a later period of this reign, describes the advance of public distress, till it even invaded the magnificent privacy of Louis XV. The Bishop of Chartres, on one occasion, answered some official inquiries about the state of his diocese, by an assertion that men and women were "eating grass like sheep," and startled the court by predicting a pestilence, which, unlike the famine, would extend its ravages to all classes. In reply to all this, Fleury and his partisans were content to point to the undeniable improvement of the revenue; and to inveigh against individuals who exaggerated the general distress as an opportunity for a parade of charity. But, in spite of the sloth in which Louis XV. himself was buried, the sway of a minister, who from pure selfishness ran so violently counter to the nobler parts of the French character, was impatiently borne by the generation which had grown up under the Regency. It was im-

possible not to contrast the indolent monotony of Choisy, Madame de Mailly's favorite retreat, with the traditions of that gorgeous chivalry which had grouped itself round the young and martial figure of Louis XIV. This discontent grew gradually stronger, till it broke out on the death of the Emperor Charles VI. in 1740; and found an admirable representative in the brilliant adventurer Belleisle—who played a part of such importance as to justify us in going a little back into his genealogy.

There is not a more curious episode in French history than the career of Nicholas Fouquet, the superintendent of Finance, at the opening of Louis XIV.'s reign. From an humble post in connection with the local Parliaments of Brittany, he had risen to a power and opulence which placed him on a level with the proudest of the nobility. His arrogant love of display kept pace with his real authority. He had purchased from the family of De Retz the rocky island of Belleisle, off the coast of his native province; and there were not wanting voices to warn Louis against the danger of allowing an ambitious subject to retain a fortified port, the possession of which had been guarded by the Kings of France with peculiar jealousy. It was said, with great reason, that in another cause the superintendent had placed himself in competition with his master,—and even dared to raise his presumptuous eyes to the hand of La Vallière. At the instigation of Colbert, whose rigid honesty was scandalized by Fouquet's large-handed and prodigal corruption, Louis determined to curb these soaring aspirations. But his measures resembled those of a conspirator against an established government, rather than those of a King correcting the excesses of a too powerful subject. Fouquet was suddenly arrested; and after a trial, with which Madame de Savigné has made every body familiar, was imprisoned for life in the fortress of Pignerol. He died there in 1680; leaving four children, one of whom, the only daughter, married the Duc de Charost. The two eldest sons died without issue; a third fell in love with, and seduced, a daughter of the House of Lévis. The lady's father first married the offending pair, and then turned them out of doors. Of that marriage there were born two sons, respectively known as the Comte and the Chevalier de Belleisle. Till the death of the old Marquis de Lévis, they were never noticed by their mother's family; but notwithstanding the poverty of their early life, the elder of the two boys kept his eye always

fixed on the prospect of regaining something of the splendid position from which his grandfather, the superintendent, had fallen. In the Wars of the Spanish and Polish Successions, he distinguished himself, not only by his courage, but by his uniform desire to please, and his success in attaching those he was thrown amongst. He married a Mademoiselle de Bethune, the great niece of that Mademoiselle d'Arquien, who had followed Marie de Nevers into Poland, and herself afterward married King John Casimir Sobieski. By all these alliances, the Comte de Belleisle found himself, through an inferior position at Court, supported by perhaps the most extensive and powerful connection that any European subject could boast of. Apart from his kindred of the old French families, he was a blood relation of the Electors of Cologne and Bavaria; allied by marriage with some of the chief Polish nobility, and, through the Pretender's Queen, with the English Stuarts. His chances of rising higher were in a still greater degree owing to his own admirable discretion; to the skill with which he had steered through the troubled society of the Regency without making enemies or incurring dishonor, and to the loyalty with which the two brothers co-operated for the restoration of their House.

He now saw in the death of the Emperor Charles VI. a field for the military spirit we have spoken of,—a spirit which was no doubt encouraged by statesmen who had graver projects in view for reviving the designs of Richelieu and Louis XIV. Ever since the death of his infant heir in 1716, Charles VI. had occupied himself in bribing or frightening the European powers into a guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, which, as we have already said, named Maria Theresa as sole heiress of the Austrian dominions. He succeeded at last in every one of these applications. But the aged Eugene in vain reminded him that his only real guarantee would be found in 30,000 bayonets. Charles accordingly was no sooner dead than Frederic of Prussia, confident that the other powers would sooner or later yield to the temptations which had prevailed with himself, put in his claims to the province of Silesia. The House of Bavaria was soon ready with a forged will in support of its claims to Austria Proper. In Italy and Spain, too, the tide was rising on the position of Maria Theresa, with equal rapidity; and Belleisle lost no time in taking it at the flood. In an elaborate memorial which he presented to the French cabinet,

he won the ear of Louis XV. by combining a scheme of daring aggression with a complete and lucid exposition of the details which were to effect it. A commanding intervention of France at the approaching Electoral Diet, the elevation of the Bavarian family to the Throne of the Cæsars, the aggrandizement of Prussia in the North, the cession of Moravia to Saxony, and the political annihilation of Germany consequent on her being thus broken into four kingdoms of the second class,—such were the daring projects and brilliant results promised by Belleisle! Brilliant beyond precedent for the elevation of France into the permanent centre of the continent,—even should his plan have been curtailed of its expected complement for extending her geographical limits by the advance of her frontier to the Rhine, and the annexation of the Spiritual Electorates. To support his scheme, he asked only for 150,000 men; 100,000 of whom were to co-operate with Bavaria, on the Danube, while 50,000 were to form an army of observation at home. The disposition of Northern Germany was to be left to the King of Prussia.

If this plan had ever a chance of success, it depended on its being heartily and warmly prosecuted; but Fleury had still influence enough to cripple, though he lacked courage to oppose it. While Belleisle was glittering at Munich and Francfort, outdazzling sovereign princes with his sumptuous retinues and fascinating Frederic at Berlin by the hardihood and rapidity of his strategic plans, Fleury contrived that the army of the Danube should be reduced to 40,000 men, and that France should preserve appearances by refusing to declare war upon Austria in her own name, and by affecting to act merely as the ally of Bavaria. The various pretenders to the inheritance of Maria Theresa were, nevertheless, soon formed into one compact body; and, by the spring of 1741, the House of Austria found itself opposed to the hereditary alliance of the French and Spanish Bourbons, backed by the subordinate courts of Sardinia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia.

The long peace had already been broken, in 1739, by the war between Spain and England. The Jacobites, obedient to the same instinct which taught Stanhope and Walpole that the tranquillity of Europe was necessary to secure our throne to the House of Hanover, had concentrated all the malignity of their opposition on the task of driving us into a war. A heterogeneous party had, accordingly, been formed in Parliament; strengthened alike by deserters whom Walpole's

twenty years of patronage had alienated, and by younger and more ardent politicians, who revolted from the sordid accompaniments of his government. They had gathered round a large nucleus of the agricultural and ecclesiastical faction, which had triumphed for a moment with Sacheverel; and these latter brought to the alliance a valuable contingent of the narrowest provincialism and the vulgarst nationality. Bolingbroke, excluded from the House of Lords, but wielding, out of doors, an influence in kind perhaps unexampled in our history, was the moving spring of the combination. Skillfully keeping mooted questions in abeyance, offering in his own genius and in Sir William Wyndham's parliamentary abilities, a full compensation for the incumbrance of the stupid and irritable party with which he was still connected, he steered them safely through the embarrassments necessarily produced by their discordant materials. Their only chance of national support lay in rousing the national antipathies in their favor: And at length, when Elizabeth of Parma (provoked, as it is said, by Walpole's refusal to interfere on the extinction of the House of Medici,) redoubled the severity with which the Spanish coast guard treated the contraband trade carried on with America in English vessels, the people, deceived and indignant, clamored loudly for war. Walpole yielded, against his judgment; and gained nothing by the tardy concession. The Opposition was determined not to trust him with the conduct of a war he had disapproved; nor, as it would seem, to leave a single chance of averting a general European conflagration. We find it actually charged against him as a high offence, that he still looked to the possibility of stopping the Spanish war, by Cardinal Fleury's mediation! But that resource was now withdrawn; and in 1741 (a year before Walpole's fall) England was engaged in a war with Spain on her own account; and was allied to the House of Austria, in opposition to Bavaria and France.

The campaign of 1741, like all in which France takes the leading part, opened brilliantly. The army of observation, under Marshal Maillebois, menaced the King of England's Electoral dominions; and speedily frightened the Government of Hanover into concluding a neutrality for itself. In the south, the grand army, under the nominal command of the King of Bavaria, rapidly passing through Austria, took Passau and Linz; forced Maria Theresa to retire with her court to Presburg, and, turning north-

ward into Bohemia, invested Prague. At Linz Charles Albert of Bavaria was proclaimed Archduke of Austria; on the 23d of November he was crowned King of Bohemia; and, in the following February, Emperor of Germany. But on the very day of the latter solemnity, Munich, his hereditary capital, was stormed and sacked by Mentzel, the famous partisan chief, at the head of a half-civilized horde from Hungary and the Tyrol; and all Bavaria then lay open to their ravages. In the meantime the French army was shut up in Prague, and kept in check by the Austrian forces. Maillebois, as the year 1742 advanced, descending from Hanover into Southern Germany, to relieve Belleisle, who had joined the invading army, was cramped by Fleury's positive injunctions not to risk a battle; and, at the close of the campaign, disgraced for having obeyed them. Finally, in the depth of winter, 1742-3, Belleisle left Prague, and accomplished a retreat which, we believe, holds a high place in military history; but it was accompanied by horrors which M. de Tocqueville compares to those of Napoleon's return from Moscow. On his arrival in Franconia, in the spring of 1743, the remnant of his army was broken up. Neither his former popularity, nor the skill with which he had extricated himself from his disastrous position, protected him from the fate of Maillebois. He was ordered to leave Versailles, and to assume the government of Metz. The Hanoverian and English troops, released from the army of observation, had also marched south, and, in May of the same year, defeated a third French army at Dettingen. The reverses of the French arms were followed by the defection of their allies: and the first example was set by Prussia and Sardinia.

There is a singular analogy between the history of these two states. It originates in their position; and has been continued in the points which most nearly redeem the errors of their rulers. Prussia and the Sardinian States, alike without natural or defensible frontiers, have been almost necessarily forced, by the instinct of self-preservation, into a policy of craft and violence. Alike pressed upon by France and Austria, they have scarcely ever taken a step permanently backward. Ever since Albert of Brandenburg declared his independence, the history of Prussia is a record of provinces forcibly torn from Poland, from Austria, and Sweden. The history of the House of Savoy again, has found its exponent in the Piedmontese proverb, that Lombardy is like an artichoke, and

must be eaten leaf by leaf. But, however this selfish policy may have been embraced, it is due to these states to recollect how with each of them it has been subordinated to an honorable sense of German and of Italian nationality. Always ready to purchase fresh provinces by supporting intruders, neither Prussia nor Sardinia have ever failed to arrest their progress, as soon as there seemed a danger of foreign influence overlaying the institutions and crushing the spirit of their common country. And this analogy has been again very curiously illustrated in the course of the last twelvemonth, when almost the same day brought intelligence of the bold grasp which, amid the crash of thrones and the abortion of constitutions, Prussia and Sardinia respectively made, at the chieftainship of the German and the Italian races. Alas for Prussia, should the resemblance in working out this last experiment also coincide!

In Italy the Spanish Bourbons had reluctantly acknowledged the Austrian supremacy; and it was still doubtful, whether the expulsion of the barbarians would convert Lombardy into a French Prefecture under Don Philip, or merge it into the Sardinian States and place Charles Emmanuel at its head as King of Upper Italy. Maria Theresa was plainly interested in allowing full scope for the development of these divergent interests; and it has been surmised that, in hopes of frightening the King of Sardinia into a peace, Admiral Haddock, who commanded the Mediterranean fleet, was ordered not to oppose the landing of the Spanish troops in the Bay of Spezzia. The result turned out as had been expected. The house of Savoy being already inclosed by Bourbon Princes, in France, in Naples, and in Parma, its eastern frontier was now to be menaced by a fourth establishment in Lombardy. Charles Emmanuel hastened to make peace at Turin; and in September, 1743, concluded the Treaty of Worms, by which he engaged to assist in defending Lombardy, in return for several additions to his northern and eastern frontier.

In the meantime Frederic had also broken off from his allies. Dazzled as he was by Belleisle's genius, he had never agreed to the scheme of erecting Louis XV. into the Lord Paramount of Germany. Silesia once secured, he co-operated lazily with the French armies in Bohemia; and at last, under Lord Hyndfort's mediation, concluded the Peace of Breslau—an arrangement by which England afterward guaranteed his peaceful possession of Silesia.

His allies thus falling off, and France stunned by her reverses, Charles Albert of Bavaria was prepared to acquiesce in the ruin of his brilliant expectations. In 1744, conferences were opened at Hanau, when he offered to renounce all his claims to the Austrian inheritance, in return for being acknowledged as emperor, and allowed a monthly subsidy from England. The English ministry, and especially Lord Carteret, were severely blamed for letting slip this opportunity of terminating the war: But Maria Theresa was inflexible. Her own spirit, and that of her Hungarian and Bohemian mountaineers, had communicated itself to her councils; and now, when the formidable coalition which had driven her from town to town was breaking up, she would not hear of peace, unless Bavaria united its forces to the Austrians, and joined her in a vigorous effort to wrest back Alsace and Lorraine from France. She reckoned on the failing courage and visible hesitation that now ruled the French Court. But France was on the eve of a crisis, tantamount to a change of ministry, which revived the half-extinguished embers of the quarrel.

Fleury, distrusted, like Walpole, by the promoters of a war in which he had reluctantly engaged, had sunk beneath the mortifications and anxiety consequent on Belleisle's retreat from Prague. He died in January, 1743; and with his last breath, forgetting how effectually he had crushed every generous impulse in his pupil's mind, he implored Louis XV. to have no more first ministers, but in future to govern for himself. Louis followed half his advice; and the sway of a first minister only gave place to that of a mistress. For the next thirty years, Madame de Chateauroux, Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barri, were the real prime ministers of France. Not only did these ladies enjoy the intimate confidence of the monarch, not only were their whims ostentatiously gratified, and their patronage assiduously sought, but they were formally recognized as constitutional authorities—if the word is not a misnomer, when applied to any functionaries in an oriental despotism. To them the secretaries of state addressed regular reports, and under their inspection conducted public business. At first, indeed, the change was rather for the better; the few months during which Louis XV. showed some regard for public duty were due to Madame de Chateauroux. But there is a tragic solemnity in her dazzling rise and appalling end, which transports us from the gaudy antechambers

of Versailles, to the broad shadows and lurid atmosphere of an old Greek legend.

Her story is given at length in the commonest French Histories; still it is difficult for any one not familiarized with the brutal callousness of the cotemporary memoirs, to credit or conceive it in the fullness of its splendid infamy. Henry, Marquis de Nesle, the head of an ancient House whose honors dated from the Crusades, was the father of five daughters—all of them the mistresses of Louis XV. ! Louise, the eldest, in whom observers loved afterward to trace something of the gentle-heartedness and humility which had often redeemed the parallel frailties of La Vallière, was married at the age of sixteen to her cousin, M. de Mailly, and placed as a lady in waiting at the court of Queen Maria Leckzinska. Selected by Cardinal Fleury to be the King's mistress, she bore her scandalous honors so meekly, as to retain her position for several years, without exciting envy or dislike. But she seems to have been an exception to the genius of her kindred. One of her sisters,—the future Madame de Vintimille, had formed in her convent of Port Royal, the daring vision of governing France as Madame de Maintenon had governed it before her. The French annals afforded inexhaustible precedents for ambition of this kind; and after Fleury, as we said above, had stooped to arbitrate in these quarrels, which revolt us in the mere allusion, we find Agnes Sorel presented as the chosen model of Madame Chateauroux, the third daughter of this family. There is a terrible, Semiramis-like grandeur in what we read of her; treating public opinion under her audacious feet, negotiating on equal terms with the King, sweeping aside in her stately march all the weaker, and at least less insolently guilty, appendages of the court. Incredible as it appears, it is certain that she demanded the public disgrace of her sister, Madame de Mailly, and her own recognized installation as *Maitresse en titre*. But it was her boast that she had not yielded to Louis, only to the King of France. She was bent on accompanying, like Madame de Montespan, her royal lover to the scenes of his victories; and on rousing into some show of energy the life which he had dragged on till the age of thirty-four, in aimless, tedious apathy.

The dissolving coalition soon felt her influence. A league with Spain had already been concluded at Fontainebleau in 1743, which was, in fact, an approach to the family compact of 1761. Providing ostensibly for the mutual guarantee of the Bourbon Houses, it in fact enrolled their younger

branches as subordinate members of a great French Empire. The king now announced his intention of taking the field in person; and Fleury's financial successors were severely tasked to provide for the due splendor of the campaign. The Pretender was brought from Rome; and, to the disgust of the Protestant states of Germany, preparations were set on foot for the Scotch expedition of 1745. Again the eyes of the French ministers were turned to Frederic of Prussia,—faithless as they knew him, and publicly discredited by his last desertion of their cause. It was remarked, that the Treaty of Breslau, by which he held Silesia, was the only recent convention not ratified by the late Treaty of Worms, between Maria Theresa and Charles Emmanuel of Savoy. On this occasion the French ministers made their well-known choice of Voltaire for ambassador to Berlin. As a professional diplomatist, his failure was of course inevitable; but it is not clear that the choice was absolutely unwise or fruitless. Voltaire's enmity was never to be despised; and his appointment was an easy salve for the affront he had just received in being rejected at the Academy, through the influence of Maurepas. On the other hand, if any conceivable bribe could have induced Frederic to forget his sole and paramount idea of self-aggrandizement, it would have been his public recognition as the royal patron of French literature and infidelity. Voltaire, however, returned from Berlin in six weeks; and could only report at Versailles that Frederic made a declaration of war by France against England a necessary condition of his alliance. But early in the next year, through another and a more secret agent, the King of Prussia offered, by a descent on Bohemia, to divert the Austrians from the defence of the Low Countries. Chavigny was at once dispatched to the Diet on a mission similar to that of Belleisle in 1741, to represent the French cause as a guarantee of German liberty; and early in 1744, by a treaty known as the Union of Francfort, Prussia and Bavaria were again united with France against Austria.

The personal presence of a King of France never failed to swell the royal army with the strength of the provincial gentry, in addition to the courtly and official aristocracy. Escorting Madame de Chateauroux, Louis XV. set out at the head of a train as brilliant as that which had followed the great Condé in forcing the Rhine under the eyes of Louis XIV., or that more devoted *noblesse* which numbered no less than eight future Marshals of France, in supporting Villars at the des-

perate struggle of Malplaquet. The fortresses on the Belgian frontier, which the Barrier Treaties authorized the Dutch to garrison, yielded to the advancing troops; when the news that Prince Charles of Lorraine had invaded Alsace, checked the King's progress, and concentrated all the forces then in France on the town of Metz. That well-known illness of Louis XV. followed; and called out the last hearty enthusiasm France ever showed for her old Bourbon kings. The thrill of panic and sympathy which crowded the French churches and the very streets of Paris, with a throng as anxious for reports from Metz as their descendants were for the tremendous tidings of Jemappes or Waterloo, must have seemed to the next generation a singular instance of epidemic madness; and even to us, authentic and full as are the details that make up the picture, it has the look of some strange scene, erroneously transported into real history from a romance. While the King's danger lasted, Madame de Chateauroux fulfilled the severest duties, as she had most publicly usurped the privileges, of a Queen of France. But the imminence of a new reign combined all the waiters upon Providence with the graver circle, which, in sorrow and indignation at the abasement of royalty, had adhered to Maria Leckzinska and the Dauphin. The latter (father to Louis XVI.) had been studiously kept at a distance from the reveling and triumphant profligacies of the King's march. But he was now joined at Metz by the Duc de Chartres, grandson of the Regent, and son to the Jansenist Duke of Orleans. The same feeling of superstitious Catholicism which, while English emissaries were at this very time tampering with the Protestants of the South, prevented the restoration of the Edict of Nantes, would have been outraged, if Louis XV.'s death-bed had not been hallowed by public sacraments. But the expulsion of Madame de Chateauroux was a necessary condition of their administration. The Duc de Chartres and Richelieu drew their swords in the very bed-chamber; meanwhile the horror which Louis XV. always showed at the approach of death, weakened the party of the favorite. She was ordered to leave the court; and d'Argenson, the foreign minister, prepared his own future disgrace by the unmanly harshness with which he delivered the royal orders. The King recovered; and Madame de Chateauroux was recalled. Her enemies were, in their turn, dismissed; d'Argenson was exiled, and laid down his office; she

was herself named to a high position in the Dauphin's household.

But the revulsion of her feelings had been too strong. She was taken ill with a suddenness that roused suspicions of poison; and in twenty-four hours she had died, imploring the pardon of Maria Leckzinska! By her side, at the death-bed, reappeared Louise de Mailly, that true and loving sister, whose tenderness her own guilt could never harden, nor her rival's insults alienate.

With Madame de Chateauroux passed away the animating principle of the revived coalition. The year after her death the energy she had communicated to Louis XV. still carried him on to Fontenoy. But after that, the ends proposed by war seemed further off than ever; and were brought no nearer even by Roucoux and Lawfeldt. Early in 1745 the Emperor Charles VII. closed his wretched career. The first act of his successor, the Elector Maximilian, was to make peace with Austria, and to acquiesce in the elevation of Maria Theresa's husband, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to the imperial throne. An attempt at an Italian confederation, of which the King of Sardinia would have been the most prominent member, and which would have largely recompensed France for her losses in the war, was broken off in the same year by the obstinate folly of the Spanish court. But in 1746 Philip V. died; and at once Elizabeth of Parma lost all her influence. The new king, Ferdinand VI., immediately recalled the Spanish troops, not choosing that they should be sacrificed in Italy to provide an appanage for his half-brothers. Frederic again failed the French cause, and, in setting Austria free to act after the Peace of Dresden, verified the saying that he hurt his allies as much by making peace, as he hurt his enemies by making war. In India the quarrels of Dupleix and Labourdonnaye favored the English establishments, and consigned the latter great soldier and administrator to the Bastille. At sea, Anson's victories were destroying the French navy. Still France toiled on; and deserted and exhausted as she was, in 1747 she declared formal war with Holland. But the maritime powers and the House of Austria had yet another card to play, and by producing it decided this protracted game.

The position of Russia with regard to the older monarchies of Europe is one of the most curious features in the diplomatic history of the last century. Long before the reign of Peter the Great, in the days of the Livonian and Polish wars, her colossal power

had been propelled with convulsive movements toward the South and West. Since his death, in each of the three European wars that followed the peace of Utrecht—in the war of the Polish Succession, in that of the Austrian Succession, and in the Seven Years' War—Russia attempted to take part in the contest; she was, however, invariably and systematically excluded from a share in the final treaties which reunited the recognized members of the international commonwealth. Her assistance, indeed, was eagerly desired by all parties: but our ancestors regarded it with much the same jealousy and discredit which they would have attached to a league with the Turk against Christian powers, or with which an English government would have sought help from Abdel-Kader against France. It was not till the wars of the Bavarian Succession, in 1779, that Frederic the Great, sinning grievously against German interests, introduced Russian diplomatists as guaranties of the Peace of Teschen—treaties, renewing those of Westphalia, with the guarantee of which, Russia has in consequence considered herself charged. In the present instance, ever since the death of Charles VI., the French and English ambassadors at Petersburg had been struggling against each other's influence. At last, through the help of the Grand Chancellor Bestufcheff, the latter prevailed; and agreeably to the Subsidy Treaties of 1747, 67,000 Russians were ready to act against France upon the Rhine. It would have been impossible for the latter power to resist the accession of strength which this contingent would have given to Maria Theresa. But the presence of these dangerous allies quickened, perhaps on both sides, the negotiations of Aix la Chapelle; and this tedious war finally closed in 1748, without the accomplishment of any one of the objects for which it had been begun.

England, indeed, lost little in this contest, except by the waste of troops and money, and from the discredit of having originally engaged in the Spanish War in obedience to an ignorant and interested clamor. Against our support of Maria Theresa nothing can be said. When no single continental court was found honest enough to refuse a share in the plunder of the House of Austria, England alone acted honorably up to her engagements. But the party which precipitated the original war with Spain is not therefore absolved from legitimate blame. It is impossible to doubt that our subsisting broil with that country was an important element

in the decision by which the court of France was allowed to head the coalition of 1741. When the one object of expelling Walpole was attained, the very pretence of any public interest had been so completely thrown aside, that the treaties of Aix la Chapelle never once made mention of the right of search, nor contained any provision for regulating the contraband trade—though these alone had been the assigned causes of the war. It was not till Sir Benjamin Keene's Convention of 1750 that the chance of future embarrassments was obviated, by the abrogation of their fruitful—and, we may well add, shameless—parent, the Assiento Contract of 1713.

France was, if possible, still more entirely without excuse for her share in the struggle; and she never recovered the wounds she received in it. By the party which supported Belleisle in clamoring for war, the attack on Maria Theresa had been proclaimed the natural consummation of the policy of Henry IV. and Richelieu. But there was never a more signal instance of the short-sighted haste which is incapable of distinguishing between the letter of a principle and its spirit and application. When the House of Austria was threatening to crush the development of every weaker state in Christendom, and was supported by the whole force of spiritual despotism, Henry IV.'s resistance to its usurpations was the cause, not of France only, but of Europe. Farther on, if we except the advance of the French frontier and the extension of dynastic alliances, as reasonable objects for a wise ruler to pursue, the vaulting ambition of Louis XIV. tended to aims which were strictly practical, and it was ratified by the enthusiastic applause of the whole nation. But, after the peace of Utrecht, the House of Austria had become forever incapable of giving serious offence; her richest provinces had been annexed to France, and the ties which bound up with them the inviolate unity of the Holy Roman Empire had been rudely broken. The Austrian finances were exhausted; the remnant of Eugene's heroic life was passed in struggles with Charles II.'s ambitious flatterers, and the solemn triflers of the Aulic Council; the various leagues and alliances of the Rhine had abased the head of the empire to be the president of a rebellious and disorganized confederacy; and with the empire, the national spirit of Germany, so formidable to France, and so much dreaded by her, had lost all its terrors. Without some extraordinary impulse to force them back upon

themselves and startle them into independent action, it seemed as if the nations between the Rhine and the Vistula would scarcely require even a passing notice from the vigilant diplomacy of France. Frederic William of Prussia (though in many respects a most undoubted and honorable exception to his brother kings) was absorbed in his passion for playing at soldiers. Saxony was involved in the endless squabbles of the Polish Diet. Hanover, after plundering Mecklenburgh, under pretence of pacifying it, was quarreling with Prussia over the booty.

But to French statesmen the House of Austria continued to be the same bugbear—as if Tilly and Wallenstein still headed her armies; as if the imperial race still drew strength from Alsace and Franche Comté; as if its younger branches still ruled in Spain, and the Sicilies, and Milan, and Peru. To weaken this vanishing phantom, France plunged madly into the war, the diplomatic character of which we have briefly traced. She was rewarded by the creation of a new kingdom, which was destined to take the lead in Germany; and which may even yet be found the fittest element to regenerate the fallen empire. Frederic owed Silesia and Glatz to the co-operation of France, and to her inability to cope with his great capacity. The appearance of another first-class power in the European lists; the strength which carried Prussia through her subsequent struggle with Austria; the intense enthusiasm of German nationality which hailed the triumphs of Minden and Rosbach; the self-relying vigor which this nationality has since communicated to German society and German literature; the movement of the whole German race in the War of Independence; the growth of that doctrinaire school of modern Germany, whose most rooted prejudice is an antipathy to the very name of France—all these effects have followed (and we believe may be deduced by no indirect

affiliation) from that unjust war of the Austrian Succession.

Internally the consequences to France were as deplorable, and far more immediately disastrous. The national expenditure, which Fleury had succeeded in equalizing with the income, rose above it, never to be reduced. The royal navy, which, on the interruption of Fleury's conventions with Walpole, Maurepas had labored to revive, was so absolutely destroyed, that M. de Tocqueville assures us, at the peace* of Aix la Chapelle, France only possessed two ships of war! In the collisions between the French and English colonists were sown the seeds of the misunderstanding which, in the war of 1756, deprived France of Canada, and prepared the ruin of her flourishing establishments in Hindostan.

We have now sketched the two first of the three periods into which we divide the diplomatic history of France during the reign of Louis XV. The third period commences with the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, and the Austrian Alliance that followed. But the attitude which Europe then assumed was preserved, with some modifications, long after the death of Louis XV., and down to the Congress of Reichenbach, in 1790. It would be impossible for us (consistently with reasonable limits) now to give the events of these years, even in the merest outline. We can only hope that we may soon have an opportunity of doing so, by the appearance of a history of this later period, as candid and intelligent as M. de Tocqueville's "History of the Reign of Louis XV."

*The April supplement of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a very able paper on the "French Marine of 1849;" and annexed to it is a table of the maritime armaments of France from 1675 to 1743; by which it appears that in 1717 (two years after the death of Louis XIV.) the maritime forces of France only numbered four vessels and 460 men. There are considerable fluctuations. But in 1786 the vessels were only 5; the men 280.

TO A LARK.

SOAR and sing, soar and sing,
Bird of the unwearied wing!
Leave thy low and grassy nest,
Shake the dewdrops from thy breast,
Hide thee from my straining eyes
In the bosom of yon cloud,
Veiling o'er the azure skies
With a light and rosy shroud:
With thy flight my eye grows dim—
Soar, and sing thy morning hymn!

VOL. XVIII. NO. IV.

Would my soul, like thee, could rise,
And seek a home beyond the skies—
Leaving this dull weight of clay,
Soar to realms of cloudless day!
There, in robes of spotless white,
Crown'd with an immortal wreath,
'Mid a throng of spirits bright,
Might my soul its fervor breathe—
Clothed in righteousness divine,
Thus for ever sing and shine!

From Hogg's Instructor.

CONVERSATION.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE flight of our human hours, not really more rapid at any one moment than another, yet oftentimes to our feelings *seems* more rapid, and this flight startles us like guilty things with a more affecting *sense* of its rapidity, when a distant church-clock strikes in the night-time, or when, upon some solemn summer evening, the sun's disk, after settling for a minute with farewell horizontal rays, suddenly drops out of sight. The record of our loss in such a case seems to us the first intimation of its possibility; as if we could not be made sensible that the hours were perishable until it is announced to us that already they have perished. We feel a perplexity of distress when that which seems to us the cruellest of injuries, a robbery committed upon our dearest possession by the conspiracy of the world outside, seems also as in part a robbery sanctioned by our own collusion. The world, and the customs of the world, never cease to levy taxes upon our time: that is true, and so far the blame is not ours; but the particular *degree* in which we suffer by this robbery depends much upon the weakness with which we ourselves become parties to the wrong, or the energy with which we resist it. Resisting or not, however, we are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of our time is brought home with keenness to our hearts. The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat, and waking suddenly from sleep to find her magnificent ropes of pearl-necklace, by some accident, detached at one end from its fastenings, the loose string hanging down into the water, and pearl after pearl slipping off for ever into the abyss, brings before us the sadness of the case. That particular pearl, which at the very moment is rolling off into the unsearchable deeps, carries its own separate reproach to the lady's heart. But it is more deeply re-

proachful as the representative of so many others, uncounted pearls, that have already been swallowed up irrecoverably whilst she was yet sleeping, and of many besides that must follow, before any remedy can be applied to what we may call ~~this~~ *this* jewel-hæmorrhage. A constant hæmorrhage of the same kind is wasting our jewel hours. A day has perished from our brief calendar of days: and *that* we could endure; but this day is no more than the reiteration of many other days, days counted by thousands, that have perished to the same extent and by the same unhappy means, viz., the evil usages of the world made effectual and ratified by our own *lâcheté*. Bitter is the upbraiding which we seem to hear from a secret monitor—"My friend, you make very free with your days: pray, how many do you expect to have? What is your rental, as regards the total harvest of days which this life is likely to yield?" Let us consider. Threescore years and ten produce a total sum of 25,550 days; to say nothing of some seventeen or eighteen more that will be payable to you as a *bonus* on account of leap years. Now, out of this total, one-third must be deducted at a blow for a single item, viz., sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third. Recollect also that twenty years will have gone from the earlier end of your life (viz., above 7000 days) before you can have attained any skill or system, or any definite purpose in the distribution of your time. Lastly, for that single item which, amongst the Roman armies, was indicated by the technical phrase "*corpus curare*," tendance on the animal necessities, viz., eating, drinking, washing, bathing and exercise, deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety, and, upon summing up all these

appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture. Four thousand, or forty hundreds, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase of "forty days," you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor. A solid block of about eleven and a half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature. After *that*, the night comes when no man can work; brain and arm will be alike unserviceable; or, if the life should be unusually extended, the vital powers will be drooping as regards all motions in advance.

Limited thus severely in his *direct* approaches to knowledge, and in his approaches to that which is a thousand times more important than knowledge, viz, the conduct and discipline of the knowing faculty, the more clamorous is the necessity that a wise man should turn to account any *INDIRECT* and supplementary means toward the same ends; and amongst these means a chief one by right and potentially is *CONVERSATION*. Even the primary means, books, study, and meditation, through errors from without and errors from within, are not *that* which they might be made. Too constantly, when reviewing his own efforts for improvement, a man has reason to say (indignantly, as one injured by others; penitentially, as contributing to this injury himself), "Much of my studies have been thrown away; many books which were useless, or worse than useless, I have read; many books which ought to have been read, I have left unread; such is the sad necessity under the absence of all preconceived plan; and the proper road is first ascertained when the journey is drawing to its close." In a wilderness so vast as that of books, to go astray often and widely is pardonable, because it is inevitable; and in proportion as the errors on this primary field of study have been great, it is important to have reaped some compensatory benefits on the secondary field of conversation. Books teach by one machinery, conversation by another; and, if these resources were trained into correspondence to their own separate ideals, they might become reciprocally the complements of each other. The false selection of books, for instance, might often be rectified at once by the frank collation of experiences which takes place in miscellaneous colloquial intercourse. But other and greater

advantages belong to conversation for the effectual promotion of intellectual culture. Social discussion supplies the natural integration for the deficiencies of private and sequestered study. Simply to rehearse, simply to express in words amongst familiar friends, one's own intellectual perplexities, is oftentimes to clear them up. It is well known that the best means of learning is by teaching; the effort that is made for others is made eventually for ourselves; and the readiest method of illuminating obscure conceptions, or maturing such as are crude, lies in an earnest effort to make them apprehensible by others. Even this is but one amongst the functions fulfilled by conversation. Each separate individual in a company is likely to see any problem or idea under some difference of angle. Each may have some difference of views to contribute, derived either from a different course of reading, or a different tenor of reflection, or perhaps a different train of experience. The advantages of colloquial discussion are not only often commensurate in *degree* to those of study, but they recommend themselves also as being different in *kind*; they are special and *sui generis*. It must, therefore, be important that so great an organ of intellectual development should not be neutralized by mismanagement, as generally it is, or neglected through insensibility to its latent capacities. The importance of the subject should be measured by its relation to the interests of the intellect; and on this principle we do not scruple to think that, in reviewing our own experience of the causes most commonly at war with the free movement of conversation as it ought to be, we are in effect contributing hints for a new chapter in any future "Essay on the Improvement of the Mind." Watts's book under that title is really of little practical use, nor would it ever have been thought so had it not been patronized, in a spirit of partisanship, by a particular section of religious dissenters. Wherever *that* happens, the fortune of a book is made; for the sectarian impulse creates a sensible current in favor of the book; and the general or neutral reader yields passively to the motion of the current, without knowing or caring to know whence it is derived.

Our remarks must of necessity be cursory here, so that they will not need or permit much preparation; but one distinction, which is likely to strike on some minds, as to the two different purposes of conversation, ought to be noticed, since otherwise it will seem

doubtful whether we have not confounded them; or, secondly, if we have *not* confounded them, which of the two it is that our remarks contemplate. In speaking above of conversation, we have fixed our view on those uses of conversation which are ministerial to intellectual culture; but, in relation to the majority of men, conversation is far less valuable as an organ of intellectual culture than of social enjoyment. For one man interested in conversation as a means of advancing his studies, there are fifty men whose interest in conversation points exclusively to convivial pleasure. This, as being a more extensive function of conversation, is so far the more dignified function; whilst, on the other hand, such a purpose as direct mental improvement seems by its superior gravity to challenge the higher rank. Yet, in fact, even here the more general purpose of conversation takes precedence; for when dedicated to the objects of festal delight, conversation rises by its tendency to the rank of a fine art. It is true that not one man in a million rises to any distinction in this art; nor, whatever France may conceit of herself, has any one nation, amongst other nations, a real precedence in this art. The artists are rare indeed; but still the art, as distinguished from the artist, may, by its difficulties, by the quality of its graces, and by the range of its possible brilliances, take rank as a *fine* art; or, at all events, according to its powers of execution, it tends to that rank; whereas the best order of conversation that is simply ministerial to a purpose of use, cannot pretend to a higher name than that of a *mechanic* art. But these distinctions, though they would form the grounds of a separate treatise in a regular treatise on conversation, may be practically neglected on this occasion, because the hints offered, by the generality of the terms in which they express themselves, may be applied indifferently to either class of conversation. The main diseases, indeed, which obstruct the healthy movement of conversation, recur everywhere; and alike whether the object be pleasure or profit in the free interchange of thought, almost universally that free interchange is obstructed in the very same way, by the very same defect of any controlling principle for sustaining the general rights and interests of the company, and by the same vices of self-indulgent indolence, or of callous selfishness, or of insolent vanity, in the individual talkers.

Let us fall back on the recollections of our own experience. In the course of our life

we have heard much of what was reputed to be the select conversation of the day, and we have heard many of those who figured at the moment as effective talkers; yet in mere sincerity, and without a vestige of misanthropic retrospect, we must say, that never once has it happened to us to come away from any display of that nature without intense disappointment; and it always appeared to us that this failure (which soon ceased to be a *disappointment*) was inevitable by a necessity of the case. For here lay the stress of the difficulty: almost all depends, in most trials of skill, upon the parity of those who are matched against each other. An ignorant person supposes that, to an able disputant, it must be an advantage to have a feeble opponent; whereas, on the contrary, it is ruin to him; for he cannot display his own powers but through something of a corresponding power in the resistance of his antagonist. A brilliant fencer is lost and confounded in playing with a novice; and the same thing takes place in playing at ball; or battledore, or in dancing, where a powerless partner does not enable you to shine the more, but reduces you to mere helplessness, and takes the wind altogether out of your sails. Now, if by some rare good luck the great talker—the protagonist—of the evening has been provided with a commensurate second, it is just possible that something like a brilliant “passage of arms” may be the result, though much, even in that case, will depend on the chances of the moment for furnishing a fortunate theme; and even then, amongst the superior part of the company, a feeling of deep vulgarity and of mountebank display is inseparable from such an ostentatious duel of wit. On the other hand, supposing your great talker to be received like any other visitor, and turned loose upon the company, then he must do one of two things: either he will talk upon *outré* subjects specially tabooed to his own private use, in which case the great man has the air of a quack-doctor addressing a mob from a street stage; or else he will talk like ordinary people upon popular topics; in which case the company, out of natural politeness, that they may not seem to be staring at him as a lion, will hasten to meet him in the same style; the conversation will become general; the great man will seem reasonable and well-bred; but at the same time, we grieve to say it, the great man will have been extinguished by being drawn off from his exclusive ground. The dilemma, in short, is this: if the great talker attempts

the plan of showing off by firing cannon-shot when everybody else is contented with musketry, then undoubtedly he produces an impression, but at the expense of insulating himself from the sympathies of the company, and standing aloof as a sort of monster hired to play tricks of funambulism for the night. Yet again, if he contents himself with a musket like other people, then for *us*, from whom he modestly hides his talent under a bushel, in what respect is he different from the man who *has* no such talent?

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

The reader, therefore, may take it upon the *a priori* logic of this dilemma, or upon the evidence of our own experience, that all reputation for brilliant talking is a visionary thing, and rests upon a sheer impossibility, viz., upon such a histrionic performance in a state of insulation from the rest of the company as could not be effected, even for a single time, without a rare and difficult collusion, and could not, even for that single time, be endurable to a man of delicate and honorable sensibilities.

Yet surely Coleridge *had* such a reputation, and without needing any collusion at all; for Coleridge, unless he could have all the talk, would have none. But then this was not conversation. It was not *colloquium*, or talking *with* the company, but *alloquium*, or talking *to* the company. As Madame de Stael observed, Coleridge talked, and *could* talk, only by monologue. Such a mode of systematic trespass upon the conversational rights of a whole party, gathered together under pretence of amusement, is fatal to every purpose of social intercourse, whether that purpose be connected with direct use and the service of the intellect, or with the general graces and amenities of life. The result is the same, under whatever impulse such an outrage is practiced; but the impulse is not always the same: it varies; and so far the criminal intention varies. In some people this gross excess takes its rise in pure arrogance. They are fully aware of their own intrusion upon the general privileges of the company; they are aware of the temper in which it is likely to be received; but they persist willfully in the wrong, as a sort of homage levied compulsorily upon those who may wish to resist it, but hardly *can* do so without a violent interruption, wearing the same shape of indecorum as that which they resent. In most people, however, it is not arrogance which prompts this capital offence

against social rights, but a blind selfishness, yielding passively to its own instincts, without being distinctly aware of the degree in which this self-indulgence trespasses on the rights of others. We see the same temper illustrated at times in traveling; a brutal person, as we are disposed at first to pronounce him, but more frequently one who yields unconsciously to a lethargy of selfishness, plants himself at the public fireplace, so as to exclude his fellow-travelers from all but a fraction of the warmth. Yet he does not do this in a spirit of willful aggression upon others; he has but a glimmering suspicion of the odious shape which his own act assumes to others, for the luxurious torpor of self-indulgence has extended its mists to the energy and clearness of his perceptions. Meantime, Coleridge's habit of soliloquizing through a whole evening of four or five hours, had its origin neither in arrogance nor in absolute selfishness. The fact was, that he *could* not talk unless he were uninterrupted, and unless he were able to count upon this concession from the company. It was a silent contract between him and his hearers, that nobody should speak but himself. If any man objected to this arrangement, why did he come? For the custom of the place, the *lex loci*, being notorious, by coming at all he was understood to profess his allegiance to the autocrat who presided. It was not, therefore, by an insolent usurpation that Coleridge persisted in monology through his whole life, but in virtue of a concession from the kindness and respect of his friends. You could not be angry with him for using his privilege, for it was a privilege conferred by others, and a privilege which he was ready to resign as soon as any man demurred to it. But though reconciled to it by these considerations, and by the ability with which he used it, you could not but feel that it worked ill for all parties. Himself it tempted oftentimes into pure garrulity of egotism, and the listeners it reduced to a state of debilitated sympathy or of absolute torpor. Prevented by the custom from putting questions, from proposing doubts, from asking for explanations, reacting by no mode of mental activity, and condemned also to the mental distress of hearing opinions or doctrines stream past them by flights which they must not arrest for a moment, so as even to take a note of them, and which yet they could not often understand, or, seeming to understand, could not always approve, the audience sank at times into a listless condition of inanimate vacuity. To

be acted upon for ever, but never to react, is fatal to the very powers by which sympathy must grow, or by which intelligent admiration can be evoked. For his own sake, it was Coleridge's interest to have forced his hearers into the active commerce of question and answer, of objection and demur. Not otherwise was it possible that even the attention could be kept from drooping, or the coherency and dependency of the arguments be forced into light.

The French rarely make a mistake of this nature. The graceful levity of the nation could not easily err in this direction, nor tolerate such delirium in the greatest of men. Not the gay temperament only of the French people, but the particular qualities of the French language, which (however poor for the higher purposes of passion) is rich beyond all others for purposes of social intercourse, prompt them to rapid and vivacious exchange of thought. Tediousness, therefore, above all other vices, finds no countenance or indulgence amongst the French, excepting always in two memorable cases, viz., first, the case of tragic dialogue on the stage, which is privileged to be tedious by usage and tradition; and, secondly, the case (authorized by the best usages in living society) of narrators or *raconteurs*. This is a shocking anomaly in the code of French good taste as applied to conversation. Of all the bores whom man in his folly hesitates to hang, and heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate their species, the most insufferable is the teller of "good stories"—a nuisance that should be put down by cudgeling, by submersion in horse-ponds, or any mode of abatement, as summarily as men would combine to suffocate a vampire or a mad dog. This case excepted, however, the French have the keenest possible sense of all that is odious and all that is ludicrous in prosing, and universally have a horror of *des longueurs*. It is not strange, therefore, that Madame de Stael noticed little as extraordinary in Coleridge beyond this one capital monstrosity of unlimited soliloquy, that being a peculiarity which she never could have witnessed in France; and, considering the burnish of her French tastes in all that concerned colloquial characteristics, it is creditable to her forbearance that she noticed even this rather as a memorable fact than as the inhuman fault which it was. On the other hand, Coleridge was not so forbearing as regarded the brilliant French lady. He spoke of her to ourselves as a very frivolous person, and in short summary terms that

disdained to linger upon a subject so inconsiderable. It is remarkable that Goethe and Schiller both conversed with Madame de Stael, like Coleridge, and both spoke of her afterward in the same disparaging terms as Coleridge. But it is equally remarkable that Baron William Humboldt, who was personally acquainted with all the four parties—Madame de Stael, Goethe, Schiller, and Coleridge—gave it as his opinion (in letters subsequently published) that the lady had been calumniated through a very ignoble cause, viz., mere ignorance of the French language, or, at least, non-familiarity with the fluencies of *oral* French. Neither Goethe nor Schiller, though well acquainted with written French, had any command of it for purposes of *rapid* conversation; and Humboldt supposes that mere spite at the trouble which they found in limping after the lady so as to catch one thought that she uttered, had been the true cause of their unfavorable sentence upon her. Not malice aforethought, so much as vindictive fury for the sufferings they had endured, accounted for their severity in the opinion of the diplomatic baron. He did not extend the same explanation to Coleridge's case, because, though even then in habits of intercourse with Coleridge, he had not heard of his interview with the lady, nor of the results from that interview; else what was true of the two German wits was true *a fortiori* of Coleridge: the Germans at least *read* French and talked it slowly, and occasionally understood it when talked by others. But Coleridge did none of these things. We are all of us well aware that Madame de Stael was *not* a trifle; nay, that she gave utterance at times to truths as worthy to be held oracular as any that were uttered by the three inspired wits, all philosophers, and bound to truth; but all poets, and privileged to be wayward. This we may collect from these anecdotes, that people accustomed to colloquial despotism, and who wield a sceptre within a circle of their own, are no longer capable of impartial judgments, and do not accommodate themselves with patience, or even with justice, to the pretensions of rivals; and were it only for this result of conversational tyranny, it calls clamorously for extinction by some combined action upon the part of society.

Is such a combination on the part of society possible as a sustained effort? We imagine that it is in these times, and will be more so in the times which are coming. Formerly the social meetings of men and women, except only in capital cities, were few; and even in such

cities the infusion of female influence was not broad and powerful enough for the correction of those great aberrations from just ideals which disfigured social intercourse. But great changes are proceeding: were it only by the vast revolution in our *means* of intercourse, laying open every village to the contagion of social temptations, the world of Western Europe is tending more and more to a mode of living in public. Under such a law of life, conversation becomes a vital interest of every hour, that can no more suffer interruption from individual caprice or arrogance than the animal process of respiration from transient disturbances of health. Once, when traveling was rare, there was no fixed law for the usages of public rooms in inns or coffee-houses; the courtesy of individuals was the tenure by which men held their rights. If a morose person detained the newspaper for hours, there was no remedy. At present, according to the circumstances of the case, there are strict regulations, which secure to each individual his own share of the common rights.

A corresponding change will gradually take place in the usages which regulate conversation. It will come to be considered an infringement of the general rights for any man to detain the conversation, or arrest its movement, for more than a short space of time, which gradually will be more and more defined. This one curtailment of arrogant pretensions will lead to others. Egotism will no longer freeze the openings to intellectual discussions; and conversation will then become, what it never *has* been before, a powerful ally of education, and generally of self-culture. The main diseases that besiege conversation at present are—1st, The want of *timing*. Those who are not recalled, by a sense of courtesy and equity, to the continual remembrance that, in appropriating too large a share of the conversation, they are committing a fraud upon their companions, are beyond all control of monitory hints or of reproof, which does not take a direct and open shape of personal remonstrance; but this, where the purpose of the assembly is festive and convivial, bears too harsh an expression for most people's feelings. That objection, however, would not apply to any mode of admonition that was universally established. A public memento carries with it no personality. For instance, in the Roman law-courts, no advocate complained of the *clepsydra*, or water time-piece, which regulated the duration of his pleadings. Now such a contrivance would not be impracticable

at an after-dinner talk. To invert the *clepsydra*, when all the water had run out, would be an act open to any one of the guests, and liable to no misconstruction, when this check was generally applied, and understood to be a simple expression of public defence, not of private rudeness or personality. The *clepsydra* ought to be filled with some brilliantly colored fluid, to be placed in the centre of the table, and with the capacity, at the very most, of the little minute-glasses used for regulating the boiling of eggs. It would obviously be insupportably tedious to turn the glass every two or three minutes; but to do so occasionally would avail as a sufficient memento to the company. 2dly, Conversation suffers from the want of some discretionary power, lodged in an individual for controlling its movements. Very often it sinks into flats of insipidity through mere accident. Some trifle has turned its current upon ground, where few of the company have anything to say—the commerce of thought languishes; and the consciousness that it is languishing about a narrow circle, "*unde pedem proferre pudor vetat*," operates for the general refrigeration of the company. Now the ancient Greeks had an officer appointed over every convivial meeting, whose functions applied to all cases of doubt or interruption that could threaten the genial harmony of the company. We also have such officers, presidents, vice-presidents, &c.: and we need only to extend their powers, so that they may exercise over the movement of the conversation the beneficial influence of the Athenian *symposiarch*. At present the evil is, that conversation has no authorized originator; it is servile to the accidents of the moment; and generally these accidents are merely verbal. Some word or some name is dropped casually in the course of an illustration; and *that* is allowed to suggest a topic, though neither interesting to the majority of the persons present, nor leading naturally into other collateral topics that are more so. Now in such cases it will be the business of the *symposiarch* to restore the interest of the conversation, and to rekindle its animation, by recalling it from any tracks of dullness or sterility into which it may have rambled. The natural *excursiveness* of colloquial intercourse, its tendency to advance by subtle links of association, is one of its advantages; but mere *vagrancy* from passive acquiescence in the direction given to it by chance, or by any verbal accident, is amongst its worst diseases. The business of the *symposiarch* will be, to watch these morbid ten-

dencies, which are not the deviations of graceful freedom, but the distortions of imbecility and collapse. His business it will also be, to derive occasions of discussion bearing a general and permanent interest from the fleeting events or the casual disputes of the day. His business again it will be to bring back a subject that has been imperfectly discussed, and has yielded but half of the interest which it promises, under the interruption of any accident which may have carried the thoughts of the party into less attractive channels. Lastly, it should be an express office of education to form a particular style, cleansed from *verbiage*, from elaborate parenthesis, and from circumlocution, as the only style fitted for a purpose which is one of pure enjoyment, and where every moment used by the speaker is deducted from a public stock.

Many other suggestions for the improvement of conversation might be brought forward within ampler limits; and especially for that class of conversation which moves by discussion, a whole code of regulations might be proposed, that would equally promote the interests of the individual speakers and the public interests of the truth involved in the question discussed. Meantime

nobody is more aware than we are that no style of conversation is more essentially vulgar than that which moves by disputation. This is the vice of the young and the inexperienced, but especially of those amongst them who are fresh from academic life. But discussion is not necessarily disputation; and the two orders of conversation—*that*, on the one hand, which contemplates an interest of knowledge, and of the self-developing intellect; *that*, on the other hand, which forms one and the widest amongst the gay embellishments of life—will always advance together. Whatever there may remain of illiberal in the first (for, according to the remark of Burke, there is always something illiberal in the severer aspects of study until balanced by the influence of social amenities), will correct itself, or will tend to correct itself, by the model held up in the second; and thus, the great organ of social intercourse, by means of speech, which hitherto has done little for man, except through the channel of its ministrations to the direct *business* of daily necessities, will at length rise into a rivalry with books, and become fixed amongst the alliances of intellectual progress, not less than amongst the ornamental accomplishments of convivial life.

SECRETS OF OPERA MANAGEMENT.

THE following is a list of salaries paid, in the seasons of 1848 and 1849, to the principal performers at the Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Mr. Delafield, now a bankrupt:—Mdlle. Alboni, 1848, 4,000*l.*; Mdlle. Angri, 1849, 2,500*l.*; Madame Castellan, 1848, 1,728*l.*; Mdlle. Corbari, 1848, 432*l.*; 1849, 480*l.*; Dorus Gras, 1849, 1,500*l.*; Catherine Hayes, 1849, 1,300*l.*; De Meric, 1849, 500*l.*; Grisi, in 1848, 3,106*l.*; in 1849, 2,800*l.*; Persiani, in 1848, 640*l.*; in 1849, 500*l.*; Ronconi, in 1848, 480*l.*; in 1849, 480*l.*; Steffanoni, in 1848, 600*l.*; Viardot, in 1848, 4,000*l.*; in 1849, for two months, 1,213*l.*. Sig. Corradi had, in 1848, 880*l.*. Morio, in the same year, 2,235*l.*; and in 1849, 2,720*l.*; Roger, in 1848, 2,110*l.*; Ronconi, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; in 1849, 1,120*l.*; Salvi, in 1848, 1,520*l.*; in 1849, 1,040*l.*; Tamburini, in 1848, 1,700*l.*; in 1849, the same sum. The whole amount expended in the vocal department was, in 1848, 33,349*l.*; 1849, 25,644*l.*. In the ballet accounts the two Bretin received, in 1848, 967*l.*. Lucille Grahn, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; 1849, 1,000. The two Casati, in 1848 and 1849, more than 1,000*l.*. Marmet,

in 1848, 650*l.*; Silvani, in 1848, 450*l.*. The whole expenditure in the ballet department amounted, in 1848, to 8,105*l.*; in 1849, to 2,526*l.*. The orchestra department shows an expenditure of 10,018*l.* in 1848, and of 7,398*l.* in 1849. Now, it should be remembered, that the above sums merely represent the gains of these singing and dancing gentry for a portion of the year. There is, at least, there was, the Parisian as well as the London season. Then, as far as the singers are concerned, there is the harvest in the provinces, as well as the sums they receive for attendance at private parties in the metropolis. Taking all these items into account, there is not much rashness in supposing that a successful opera singer or ballet dancer is far better off than a Secretary of State or a Puisne Judge. The Chancellor, the Archbishops, and some few of the Right Reverend Bench, and the Chiefs of the Three Courts, are, probably, nearly as well paid as a *prima donna*, or a first-rate tenor. As for the army and navy, these professions are, by comparison with an opera career, mere beggary and starvation.

From the English Review.

ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS.

Poems. By ROBERT BROWNING. In two Volumes. A new Edition. London: Chapman and Hall. 1848.

If it be important, be indispensable, that the organs of the Church and State, the representatives of the great principles of order and religion, should never be wanting in the hour of trial to their country and their God, should always be ready to devote their main attention to the graver questions of the age,—it remains, nevertheless, scarcely less expedient, that less serious subjects should also be discussed by them from a Christian point of view; that the world should be shown, Christianity is not a thing apart, but a living principle, capable of permeating all things, and of glorifying the very use of that world, and of "the flesh." Thus, on a recent occasion, we shrank not from examining and praising the great "Humorists" of the day, lovingly recognizing those elements of Christian truth apparent in many of their creations: thus we now purpose, not to introduce to our readers' notice (for praised he already has been in this Review), but to give them some sufficient notion of, the Poet and Dramatist, Robert Browning. Such minds as his should be dealt with fairly and honorably: we have no right to reject or pass them by, because they do not treat religious themes directly, or use our own exact phraseology: in so doing, we should adopt a suicidal course, implying that our Christian philosophy was not sufficiently comprehensive to include any general truth which should not at first sight appear a part of our dogmatic system.

Having said so much by way of preamble, we must proceed to assert, lest we should appear to do Mr. Browning injustice, that he is always reverential, and sometimes directly Christian. His main error, indeed, is one of a serious nature; but some of our readers may perhaps esteem it a virtue. We know that there are enthusiastic Churchmen and earnest Christians, who applaud the murderous deed of *Tell*, and warmly sympathize with, if they do not sanctify the memory of,

Charlotte Corday. We do not belong to this class of thinkers: in our eyes, murder is always murder; and political murder is perhaps the most odious of slaughters. Once admit the *possible* right, in such a case as *Tell's*, for instance, and the meanest scoundrel has but to allege conscience, and he is justified in assassinating the best of kings, or the first of heroes; because, forsooth, he regards their existence as fatal to the rights of man. Now, we do not assert that Mr. Browning would seriously advocate political murder; but he certainly alludes to it, and even treats of it, in a most lenient tone. To mention one single instance, in his dramatic poem of "*Paracelsus*," a certain poet called *Aprile*, expressing his desire to be at once sculptor, painter, poet, and musician, and giving a list of those objects he should especially wish to embody, declares he would omit

"no youth who stands,
Silent and very calm amid the throng;
His right hand ever hid beneath his robe,
Until the tyrant pass."

In the poem of "*Pippa Passes*," we have another offensive instance of the same apparent predilection, against which we must beg to enter our most energetic protest. Another mischievous tendency of this poet's, in our opinion, is toward the exaltation of suicide, as a high and noble act. From time immemorial, poets have availed themselves of this method of disposing of troublesome characters, but we have not the less objection to it on this account. It has indeed been made a question, even among Christian casuists, whether in some instances death might not be preferable to shame. We are of opinion, however, that the Christian's paramount duty must be endurance, even in the most extreme cases. But Mr. Browning's suicides are not suicides of this character: that in "*Luria*," as well as that in "*The*

Blot of the Scutcheon," do not pertain to any such category, and, from a Christian point of view, they are certainly indefensible. Nevertheless, we should not be too severe on a blot which Mr. Browning shares in common with so many other writers: we would exhort him, indeed, to avoid this error for the future; but with this, we rest content. Finally, one other moral objection to certain of Mr. Browning's creations may be advanced with too much truth: though the general spirit of purity breathing from his works be deserving of all praise, he is not sufficiently studious of certain external decencies; he has treated themes, with a moral purpose we admit, and perhaps even with a moral effect,—which had better been left untouched. This remark holds good more particularly of parts of "Pippa Passes," of the general design of "The Blot on the Scutcheon,"—otherwise a truly exquisite work, treated with wonderful pathos, grace, and delicacy,—and of two or three of the short dramatic lyrics,—we will name only "The Confessional." We have now said the worst that can be said on the score of morality; and the moral and even religious beauties which counterbalance these errors are so great, as to call for the genial appreciation of all true lovers of poetry or of truth.

Robert Browning is still, we believe, a young man, though he has been before the world as an author for some ten or twelve years. His genius may be said to be pre-eminently dramatic,—so much so, indeed, that whatever he writes, takes consciously or unconsciously a dramatic form. His lyrics are almost all monodramas; and his one long poetic tale, "Sordello," is almost unintelligible, from the abruptness of its conversational and dramatic style.

"Who wills may hear Sordello's story told :—
His story?"

The poet commences, asking himself a question in the second line, and throughout strangely embodying his own momentary moods of thought and fancy, without placing himself for a moment in the position of those to whom the tale is told; making no allowance for their inevitable ignorance of the minutest historic circumstances connected with his theme, but going straight on,

"Over park, over pale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,"

exhausting his readers in their attempts to

keep pace with his passionate advance, and at last leaving them all far, far behind him. "Sordello," not having been republished in that new edition of Mr. Browning's works which especially engages our attention, scarcely falls within the scope of the present essay. We will only say, therefore, that its tendency is in our opinion morbid, and so, rather mischievous than otherwise, and that its style is pre-eminently harsh and rugged: it is such a work as a great man only could have created, with all its faults; but it is deficient in moral healthfulness, and therefore we do not regret its absence from the present edition. We believe that we understand it, speaking generally,—having studied it carefully; and therefore venture to pronounce our opinion on so abstruse a theme. One other work of Mr. Browning's, a tragedy on the subject of "Strafford," performed with great success some ten years ago, has not been republished here. We are glad of this also. Regarded as a drama, it was, no doubt, a fine and stirring creation, despite the exaggeration so prominent in it, and the many starts and bursts, which made ill-natured people call it

"a thing of shreds and patches:"

but, in our opinion, it was deficient in the important element of historic truth,—embodying, and exaggerating even, the prevalent absurd notions as to the royal martyr's faithlessness and tyranny, and, in fact, representing him as a kind of moral monster. Strange is it, that after the testimony of such men as Hume and the elder D'Israeli—men not likely, from their creed or position, to overvalue the representative of Anglican high churchmanship—every stupid calumny, which Puritan rancour ever devised, should be revived in this enlightened age. The mad fury of a Carlyle might be regarded as a thing of course: his praise would be desecration, his abuse is praise: the worshiper of a Mahomet is the natural adversary of a Charles. He, who cringes in the attitude of adoration before successful brute force, in every age and country, was not likely to appreciate the royal martyr. But that *Mr. Macaulay* should have been so carried away by the fashionable superstition on this score, as to accuse the king of faithlessness, because, while for the sake of peace he negotiated with the London parliament, he recorded his protest that it was no true parliament,—adding other charges of a still more preposterous nature,—this may well excite

our wonder at the bigotry and prejudice of man. But we must not wander from our theme.

"*Stuffed*" is not in the present volumes, and we therefore dismiss it from our consideration; proceeding at once to the contents of this edition, which might afford matter for several comprehensive essays, instead of the cursory review we shall be enabled to bestow; for the works contained in this edition (counting the dramatic lyrics as one series) may be said to be *all* great works, and worthy of serious consideration; they are characterized by deep earnestness, sweet pathos, high purpose, and intense dramatic truthfulness. That to dramatic intensity probability, and even truth, are sometimes sacrificed, we cannot deny. There is, perhaps, an absence of repose in Mr. Browning's dramas; the interest is too passionately sustained; everything is made too much a matter of life and death: even when the characters speak with most apparent calm, we see that deep feeling or wild passion are working underneath; there is nothing purely narrative, little purely demonstrative; the dramatic active element is almost invariably paramount. This is one of the reasons for which Mr. Browning is so difficult to understand. The very souls of his *dramatis personæ* are constantly palpitating before us; yet they express themselves so simply, with such an apparent absence of fuss, that we do not at once perceive the full import of their speeches: we regard them only from an external point of view, as poetry, perhaps, without entering into the characters of those who speak, and then we must be necessarily disappointed. We have mentioned that general obscurity, which some people regard as necessarily fatal to Mr. Browning's popularity to the end of time, however great may be his merits. This obscurity arises, mainly, from an excess of *reality*. Mr. Browning does not write about people,—does not tell you why they think or feel so and so, as other poets do, but shows you the people themselves, thinking, feeling, acting: he brings the scene actually and immediately before you, not presenting it through the usual artificial medium: he rushes abruptly into the very heart of his subject without any exordium, and presupposes a certain knowledge of his theme on the reader's part, which he cannot reasonably expect to find. Everywhere an introductory argument seems to be wanted, placing the reader at the right point of view; in the absence of which, this author's highest beauties may at first be unintelligible, or apparently even absurd. To

give a strong instance of what we mean:—the Tragedy of "The Return of the Druses" is founded on the superstition of the Druse people, that they shall only return to their home, Lebanon, when their former chief Hakeem, otherwise called the Khalif, who died on the verge of Mokattam's mountain several centuries before, shall return, to place himself at their head, and lead them on to victory. A certain Druse chief, called Djabal, who has lived many years in Europe, and possessed himself of certain secrets of science, has resolved to pass himself off on the Druse people as their Hakeem, or Khalif, as the only possible means of rousing them from their disgraceful lethargy; and has announced his intention mysteriously "to exalt himself" on a certain day, that is, to resume his former shape of Hakeem. The play thus commences. A certain number of Druses enter the Prefect's Hall,—as it afterward appears, in his absence from the island,—and one of them thus exclaims (these are the opening words):—

"The moon is carried off in purple fire;
Day breaks at last!—Break, Glory, with the day,
On Djabal's dread incarnate mystery,
Now ready to assume its pristine shape
Of Hakeem!—As 'the Khalif' vanish'd erst,
In what seem'd death to uninstructed eyes,
On red Mokattam's verge;—our Founder's flesh,
As he resumes our Founder's function!"

This *may* seem plain enough, when the clue has been given, but without it, in the first instance, it must be nearly unintelligible; yet this is one of Mr. Browning's *least dramatic* speeches; it is one in which he is endeavoring to explain. The number of recondite facts crowded together constitute the difficulty,—not the hidden motive of the speech, as is more usually the case. However, many of these difficulties naturally vanish on a second perusal: when the mind has once taken a bird's-eye view of the whole, it can better appreciate the parts. We would, however, force on Mr. Browning's attention the expediency of prefixing either arguments or prologues to his principal works, which should not themselves be dramatic, but simply preparatory, explanatory, demonstrative. We almost question, whether he could write them himself; but any one else who had studied his works could perform this office for him; and this would go far toward rendering his works accessible to the general reader, and himself consequently popular. So much must be admitted: the motives of Mr. Browning's *dramatis personæ* are always clearly de-

finer in their author's mind; they never say a word at random: where we least see purpose, we shall be sure to find it, if we take the trouble to search. We may not always agree with the poet that such a motive is natural or becoming, but we shall always see that, taking that motive for granted, the consequent expression of feeling is wonderfully natural and real; that the poet has done what he meant to do, whether that in itself be right or wrong. This is a very rare, perhaps the rarest, quality. How few, how very few men, in creating works of art, have a clear knowledge of their own intentions! How few dramatists, for instance, conceive and develop a character consistently! Almost all trust in a great degree to chance, and often write better than they know themselves; though generally, of course, much worse. Mr. Browning, on the contrary, realizes intensely whatever he conceives; he creates and commands his characters, he is not commanded by them. We believe, then, that as a real purpose will always eventually be discovered where the greatest apparent obscurity prevails, time must necessarily be favorable to the appreciation of Mr. Browning's works. When they are universally acknowledged to be noble dramatic creations, (as they must eventually be,) men who can, will study them for themselves, and, communicating their observations to others, will plane the way even for masses, so that the very "public" at last may wonder at its having found much difficulty in the matter. But a truce to these general observations. Pass we to the first work in these volumes, the dramatic poem "Paracelsus," well worthy of a lengthy essay on itself alone.

It is difficult to express the object of this poem in a few words. Paracelsus [*the* Paracelsus] is a man who lives for Knowledge for its own sake, without regard to Love: after many years he is partially converted from this error, but his conversion is only partial; men treat him ill, and therefore he relapses into his old heresy under a worse form, and finally dies, acknowledging that he has lived too much for self, too little for his race. The beauty of much of the poetry in this work can scarcely be too highly commended. We must give a few samples. The two charming characters of Festus, the sympathizing and admiring friend of Paracelsus, and his bride Michal, would alone endear this work to us. In the first part, or act, entitled "Paracelsus aspires," he is discovered in a garden at Wurzburg, passing the last evening with these friends, previous to his de-

parture on the search for absolute truth and knowledge. Festus has encouraged his mystical aspirations; but is now afraid of his own work, and would dissuade Paracelsus from his ambitious design,—an endeavor in which Michal unites. Paracelsus thus sweetly and affectionately addresses them:—

"You must forget
All fitful, strange, and moody waywardness,
Which e'er confused my better spirit, to dwell
Only on moments such as *these*, dear friends!
My heart no truer, but my words and ways
More true to it. As Michal, some months hence,
Will say, 'This autumn was a pleasant time'
For some few sunny days, and overlook
Its bleak wind hankering after pining leaves.
Autumn would fain be sunny; I would look
Liker my nature's truth; *and both are frail,*
And both beloved for all their frailty!"

Festus, however, is not blinded by this fair speech; he recognizes the secret pride of his friend, and chides his ambitious longings:—

"That look!
As if *where'er you gazed there stood a star!*"

We cannot enter into the philosophy of the poem: this would lead us much further than we can now go. Festus's main fear is that Paracelsus will not seek knowledge for the sake of God or of man. He says,

"Presume not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channel, as He wills shall gather
Imperfect tributes,—*for that sole obedience*
Valued perchance."

And further on:—

"How can that course be safe, which from the first
Produces carelessness to human love?"

And again Michal says (Aureole is Paracelsus's first name)—

"Stay with us, Aureole! Cast these hopes away,
And stay with us! An angel warns *me*, too,
Man should be humble: you are very proud;
And God, dethroned, has doleful plagues for
such!"

Paracelsus responds grandly and proudly, in the full conviction of his mission (we quote here and there, not in any regular course):

"Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns im-
part!
Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss?
What full-grown power informs her from the first?
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent boundless regions of the sky?"

His enthusiasm at last so carries away
sweet Michal, that she exclaims,

"~~Very~~ **W**ait him no further, Festus! *It is so.*"

Though subsequently, on Festus's energetic
remonstrances, she again retracts. Festus
bids Paracelsus pursue the usual course to
knowledge, study the writings of others, not
seek only for himself: he responds—

"Shall I still sit beside
Their dry wells, with a white lip and filmed eye,
While in the distance heaven is blue above
Mountains, where sleep the unsunn'd tarns?"

Festus says very finely, after much more
has passed, in continuation,

"But know this, *you*—that 'tis no wish of mine,
You should abjure the lofty claims you make;
Although I can no longer seek, indeed,
To overlook the truth—that there will be
A monstrous spectacle upon the earth,
Beneath the pleasant sun, among the trees;
A being, knowing not what love is. Hear me!
You are endowed with faculties, which bear
Annex'd to them, as 'twere, a dispensation,
To summon meaner spirits to do their will,
And gather round them at their need; inspiring
Such with a love themselves can never feel,
Passionless 'mid their passionate votaries.
I know not if you joy in this or no,
Or ever dream that common men can live
On objects, *you* prize lightly, but which make
Their hearts' sole treasure. The affections
seem
Beauteous at most to you, which we must taste
Or die. And this strange quality accords—
I know not how—with you; *sits well upon*
That luminous brow—though in another it
scowls
An eating brand, a shame."

But our extracts are growing too frequent
and too long. We must remember our ap-
pointed limits. We hurry to Paracelsus's
last words in this part; they are these:

"Are there not, Festus,—are there not, dear Mi-
chal,—

Two points in the adventure of the Diver?
One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl.
Festus, I plunge!

FESTUS. I wait you when you rise!"

In the second part, called "Paracelsus at-
tains," we are in Constantinople, at the
house of a certain Greek conjurer, nine years
afterward. This conjurer professes the pow-
er of possessing everybody with the secret he
may want to make his life complete—every-

body, that is, who first records in a certain
book the exact amount of knowledge he has
already attained to. The disappointed Para-
celsus, who of course could not find for him-
self what God had revealed, though he had
apparently not accepted that revelation,
comes to this conjurer in a kind of mad de-
spair; and here he *does* learn the one great
want which has blasted all his efforts: it is
brought home to him, that he only sought
knowledge for its own sake, or that of pride
in its possession; that his primary duty is to
work for his fellow-men, to communicate
what he has gained to them. He is taught
all this by a certain mad poet, Aprile, who
has erred in a contrary direction, from excess
of love, which has absorbed his active fac-
ulties, and prevented his turning them to
any use. He has loved all art, for instance,
too dearly to devote himself to any branch
of it. Because he could not be all, he would
be nothing. Much of the poetry in this part
is exquisite, but we have no space for ex-
tracts from it. Paracelsus is really supposed
to have discovered certain secrets, chiefly in
medicine, which would be highly beneficial
to humanity; amongst them, the circulation
of the blood, and the sanguification of the
heart. Mr. Browning says in his notes,
"The title of Paracelsus to be considered
the father of modern chemistry is indisputa-
ble," and quotes very learned authorities in
support of this view. However this may
be, the correctness or incorrectness of the as-
sertion does not concern us. The poet con-
ceives it to be thus, and had every right to
do so. Paracelsus now, then, resolves to
devote his services to his fellow-men. He
becomes professor at Basil, in Switzerland,
and meets with devoted followers for a
while; but his old original sin remains deep
engrained; he makes no allowance for dull-
ness and slowness; he is impatient to attain
magnificent results; he becomes more and
more convinced that man is unworthy of
sharing his true knowledge—which, after all,
is so insufficient in his own eyes, because he
has not *all*. Festus visits him here; and
the third part consists of a long colloquy be-
tween them in the year 1526—scene, a
chamber in the house of Paracelsus. It is
very fine, but necessarily very painful. The
bitter discontent of Paracelsus, the trustful
admiration of Festus, are each developed
nobly. The passages of a domestic nature,
in which reference is made to Michal and her
children, are very touching. After Paracel-
sus has laid his heart open to his friend, and
shown him his terrible disappointment and

gnawing misery, Festus says beautifully, resolved to trust still—

"These are the trials meet for such as you,
Nor must you hope exemption: *to be mortal*
Is to be plied with trials manifold.
Look round! The obstacles, which kept the
rest

Of men from your ambition, you have spurn'd:
Their fears, their doubts, the chains that bind
them best,

Were flax before your resolute soul—which
Avails to awe, save these delusions—bred
From its own strength, *its self-same strength,*
disguised,

Mocking itself. Be brave, dear Aureole! Since
The rabbit has his shade to frighten him,
The fawn his rustling bough, mortals their
cares:

And higher natures yet—the power to laugh
At these entangling fantasies, as you
At trammels of a weaker intellect:—

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!
I know you.

PARACELSUS. And I know you, dearest
Festus!

And how you love unworthily; and how
All admiration renders blind.

FESTUS. *Naught blinds you less than admi-
ration will:*

Whether it be that all love renders wise
In its degree:

I say, such love is never blind, but rather
Alive to every the minutest spot
Which mars its object, and which hate—sup-
posed

So vigilant and searching—dreams not of."

There is much more equally beautiful, but we refrain. We must quote, however, certain descriptions of morning, which have a quiet witchery about them, to us irresistibly charming, occurring toward the end of this scene. The first is,

"FESTUS. Hark!

PARACELSUS. 'Tis the melancholy wind astir
Within the trees. The embers too are gray.
Morn must be near.

FESTUS. Best ope the casement!—See,
The night, late strewn with clouds and flying
stars,

Is blank and motionless;—how peaceful sleep
The tree-tops all together!"

The second occurs a little later, in a speech of Paracelsus's:

"See, morn at length! The heavy darkness
seems

Diluted; *Gray and clear without the stars:*
The shrubs bestir and rouse themselves, as if
Some snake, that weighed them down all night,
let go

*His hold:—and from the east, fuller and fuller,
Day, like a mighty river flowing in,
But clouded, wintry, desolate, and cold."*

We need not waste comments on those who do not appreciate such poetry. Finally, Festus leaves Paracelsus, deeply moved, to return to Michal and his own quiet vicarage; making his friend promise, however, that he will call him to his side, if there should ever be a change for the better in his mood. In the next part, which plays two years later, Paracelsus "aspires again," but with baser and still more selfish aims. He has been driven from the university in disgrace, and has resolved to give up all idea of loving or serving men. His first vagrant life in pursuit of knowledge is once more assumed, with the addition of certain evil stimulants; in other words, Paracelsus, despairing of a high and noble goal, has resolved to avail himself of all mean occasions for enjoyment, and regards even drinking as one of these. The greater portion of this part is occupied by another colloquy in a house at Colmar, in Alsatia, betwixt Paracelsus and Festus, who has been sent for by his friend, and who has just lost his own wife, Michal. It is naturally even more painful than the preceding colloquy, but it is powerfully conceived and executed. Terrible is the despair which makes Paracelsus say,

"So sickness lends
An aid,—it being, I fear, the source of all
We boast of. Mind is nothing but disease,
And natural health is ignorance."

Nothing can be more exquisite than the pathos of the latter part of the scene, in which Festus announces Michal's death, and Paracelsus comments on it. We have no space to extract it as we should wish to do. Paracelsus then goes forth once more on his life's journey, and he does at last *attain*, in the fifth part, within a cell of St. Sebastian's Hospital at Salzburg, not only death, but a knowledge of his own life-long errors. Festus is still by his side; he has sought out his dying friend, and passed the long night watching in the cell. Paracelsus knows him not, his mind wanders; he is buried in a kind of living trance. At last, after many wild speeches, uttered by Paracelsus on his awaking from his trance, he grows calmer. "Cruel," he says,

"Cruel! I seek her now, I kneel, I shriek,
I clasp her vesture—but she fades, still fades;
And she is gone; *sweet human love is gone!*—"

*'Tis only when they spring to heaven, that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep,—
And all at once they leave you, and you know
them !'*

Is there not many a heart which could respond to this, with an exceeding bitter cry ?—Further on, he says, still in his delirium, unconscious of his friend's presence :—

*"Truly there needs another life to come !
If this be all—(I must tell Festus that,)
And other life await us not,—for one,
I say, 'tis a poor cheat, a stupid bungle,
A wretched failure. I, for one, protest
Against it, and I hurl it back with scorn !"*

After this he relapses into a fit of madness, believing that all men are scorning and spitting at him. At last he pauses, exhausted. Festus speaks :—

*"Have you no thought, no memory for me,
Aureole ? I am so wretched :—my pure Michael
Is gone, and you alone are left to me ;
And even you forget me. Take my hand—
Lean on me, thus.—Do you not know me, Aureole ?*

PARACELSUS. Festus, my own friend, you are come at last ?"—

From this moment he never loses the possession of his senses. Festus predicts his future glory : he rejects all idea of this, but rises from his couch, to make a final revelation of his faith. We cannot scan its philosophy here : poetically, it is most beautiful ; it predicts a future millennium of glory for mankind, it proclaims the duty of love—true love for man and God. It is not distinctly and dogmatically Christian, as was Aprile's noble speech ; who, seeing in the moment of his death the errors of his past life, exclaimed :—

*"Man's weakness is his glory ; for the strength,
Which raises him to heaven and near God's self,
Came spite of it : God's strength his glory is ;—
(man's)
For thence came with our weakness sympathy,
Which brought God down to earth, a man like us."*

Nevertheless, the conclusion of "Paracelsus" is in many respects satisfactory, and the whole impression conveyed by the work is one of a very salutary nature. We see the utter futility of all attempts to attain to the knowledge of God, *without* revelation : we

see that the lowliest Christian child may be wiser than the heathen sage. As a poem, "Paracelsus" is a very noble creation, not devoid here and there of a certain objectionable mysticism of thought and expression, but nevertheless worthy of the most attentive study.

"Pippa Passes," the next in order of these works, will not now engage much of our attention. It is a wild but beautiful little drama, (if we can so call it,) marred, however, by two or three unpleasant stains, which we cannot leave unnoticed. Its leading idea is charming. A little girl, Pippa, from the silk-mills at Asolo in the Trevisan, "passes" by certain individuals, pertaining to various degrees of life, far above her own, and by her simple songs, which she carols almost unconsciously, is made to control the entire existence of those whom she thus "passes." The moral is, that God can and does effect the greatest ends by the simplest ministers. We have already referred to the two drawbacks, of which we have to complain in particular : the one is the virtual encouragement of regicide, which we trust to see removed from the next edition, being as unnatural as it is immoral : the other is a careless audacity in treating of licentiousness, which in our eyes is highly reprehensible, though it may, no doubt, have been exhibited with a moral intention, and though Mr. Browning may plead the authority of Shakspeare, Goethe, and other great men, in his favor. These things set on one side, we should have little to do but to admire ; had not Mr. Browning most marvelously destroyed some of his finest passages by making certain alterations in them, for the purpose, we presume, of attaining greater clearness,—an end which has not been attained, though ease, grace, and nature have been sacrificed. We will give one instance. In the former edition, called "Bells and Pomegranates," Mr. Browning had made Pippa say, talking of her own intention to imagine herself in the position of certain characters throughout the day :—

*"Up the hill-side, through the morning !
'Love me, as I love !'—
I am Ottima, take warning," &c.*

This is now changed to—

*"See ! Up the hill-side yonder, through the morning,
Some one shall love me, as the world calls love ;
I am no less than Ottima, take warning," &c.*

which is obviously void of the original's grace and nature. We might quote other, even worse, instances. The additions, too, are in almost all cases unnatural, if not positively offensive. We shall make one or two citations from the speeches of Luigi, the young Italian who means to kill the Emperor of Austria, to save his country, and who ought to be converted from his purpose by Pippa's song, but unfortunately *is not*, as the case now stands. He is talking to his mother about Italy's woes and the trouble they occasion him, and he goes on:—

"No, trouble's a bad word: for, as I walk,
There's springing, and melody, and giddiness:
And old quaint turns and passages of my youth,
Dreams long forgotten, little in themselves,
Return to me, whatever may amuse me;
And earth seems in a truce with me, and heaven
Accords with me; all things suspend their strife;
The very cicalas laugh, 'There goes he, and
there!
Feast him—the time is short; he is on his way
For the world's sake,—feast him this once, our
friend!
 And in return for all this I can trip
Cheerfully up the scaffold-steps. I go
This evening, mother."

How admirably does this embody the happy, genial, impulsive southern nature! The exquisite propriety of the rhythm can scarcely escape observation. Every line is in this respect a study. Once more he says:

"Too much
 Have I enjoy'd these fifteen years of mine,
 To leave myself excuse for longer life.
 Was not life press'd down, running o'er with joy,
 That I might finish with it ere my fellows,
 Who sparelier feasted, made a longer stay?—
 I was put at the board-head, help'd to all
 At first; I rise up happy and content.
God must be glad, one loves His world so much!"

But we pause, from lack of space. What pity is it, that a youth who so much engages our sympathies, should be confirmed in sin by Pippa's pious song!

We pass on to the next work, a tragedy, "King Victor and King Charles." This is one of the finest dramatic illustrations of history with which we are acquainted, and in it Mr. Browning has been scrupulously true to his authorities. The idea of the piece is to demonstrate the superiority of moral excellence and kindness to cunning and worldly wisdom. King Victor Amadeus of Savoy, the first of that race who attained the regal crown, was a great diplomatist and a selfish

tyrant. By plotting and counterplotting he had at last contrived to get himself into an almost hopeless situation; for having entered into secret treaties for directly opposite purposes with two opposed powers, Spain and Austria, at the same time, and Spain and Austria having happened to compare books and so ascertain his treachery, they resolved to deprive him of his newly-acquired crown, and wipe Sardinia out of the map of Europe. In this extremity he conceived the following Jesuitical scheme. Charles, his son, being of a mild, frank, and ingenuous nature, had shared none of his father's treacheries: so Victor thought he could go through the form of resigning his crown, get Charles to accept it, and leave him to settle the difficulties with foreign powers, intending all the while to return again in a year or two, and dispossess his son once more. This purpose he partly carried into effect. Charles by his honesty and candor really satisfied Spain and Austria, and saved the state; he further pacified his home subjects, who had been highly exasperated by the tyrannic policy of Victor. But Charles's sense of duty prevented his resigning the sceptre, which he had sworn to keep for life, to hands so certain to misuse it; and Victor, unable to bully or wheedle his son out of the kingdom, intrigued with France, and entered into a conspiracy to bring a French army into the land. At this epoch, however, before he could carry this last scheme into execution, he died, and Charles remained in undisturbed possession of the crown. This union of a king with a foreign army against his own people, is what Voltaire denominated "a terrible event without consequences;" and from these simple elements Mr. Browning has produced a great dramatic work. It is composed, properly speaking, of two parts and four acts. The first division plays in 1730, when King Victor still reigns, at the period of his resignation of the crown: the second plays the year after, in 1731, under King Charles, when Victor returns to re-assume, by fraud or force, his forfeit sovereignty. The principal characters, only four in number, (indeed these are absolutely the only speakers in the tragedy,) are Victor, Charles, D'Ormea, Victor's minister, and subsequently Charles's also, and Polyxena, the wife of Charles; all these are admirably conceived and embodied. The self-distrust, but genuine worth and feeling, of Charles are touchingly delineated. His noble wife, who teaches him to esteem himself, and is throughout his mainstay, covering all his deficiencies, and breathing her own spirit of

greatness into him, is one of the noblest female portraiture we ever met with. Admirable in their way, too, are Victor and D'Ormea. The scene betwixt the former on his return to Turin and his son is a perfect master-piece of its kind. It is difficult to give any extracts from such a work as this, which should give any due idea of its merits; it is so pre-eminently real and dramatic, that scarcely a word could be spared. It is not, indeed, devoid of faults. Probability is, we think, sometimes sacrificed to effect; and the reader not previously acquainted with the history on which the drama is founded, is not likely to understand for some time what King Victor and his minister D'Ormea are individually and conjointly driving at. We want a clue of some kind at the beginning which is not provided us. We will conclude with quoting a few lines from Victor's half-remorseful soliloquy, when he returns to deprive his son of the crown he had so nobly earned; though we question whether the reader will be able to appreciate them apart from the context:—

"Faith,
This kind of step is pitiful—not due
To Charles, this stealing back—hither, because
He's from his Capitol! Oh Victor! Victor!
But thus it is: *The age of crafty men
Is loathsome: youth contrives to carry off
Dissimulation; we may intersperse
Extenuating passages of strength,
Ardor, vivacity, and wit, may turn
Even guile into a voluntary grace:*
But one's old age, when graces drop away,
And leave guile the pure staple of our lives,—
Ah, loathsome!"

And how nobly is this confirmed by Charles's subsequent speech to his father!—

"Keep within your sphere, and mine;
It is God's province we usurp on else.—
*Here, blindfold through the maze of things we
walk,
By a slight thread—of false, true,—right and
wrong:*
All else is rambling and presumption."

We pass to the next work in these volumes, a play, entitled "*Colombe's Birthday*," of a lighter and happier character; in which the question seems to be, in the Poet's own words, "Is Love or Vanity the best?" The plot is somewhat complicated. We will not attempt to unravel it here. Colombe, however, (so much we may say,) is presumed Duchess of Juliers and Cleves; but it turns out that she is barred by the Salic law, and her kinsman, Prince Berthold, takes posses-

sion; he, on his accession, makes some amends by proffering her his hand. She prefers, however, to resign royalty, and confer happiness on Valence, the Advocate of Cleves; the only man who stood by her in the hour of trial, when all her former courtiers shrank away. The tendencies of this work might appear democratic at first sight; but we question their being so in reality. When Colombe talks of the loss of her duchy as a trifle, Valence replies:—

"I'll have I spoken, if you thence despise
Juliers. Though the lowest on true grounds
Be worth more than the highest rule on false,
Aspire to rule on the true grounds!"

And again, where Valence speaks of the miseries of the manufacturers of Cleves, his townsmen, and inquires, wherefore they do not rise, arms in their hands, to redress their wrongs by brute force, he thus proceeds:—

"There is a Vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure;
And these embodied in a Woman's Form,
That best transmits them, pure as first received,
From God above her to mankind below."

Our royal mistress, Queen Victoria, would scarcely disapprove of this description. It is impossible to enumerate the many, even the chief, points of excellence in this play. Grace is its prevailing characteristic; but that grace is accompanied by very striking power and dignity, displayed whenever there is occasion for them. A very remarkable and successfully depicted character is that of Prince Berthold, the noble-hearted man of the world; only a man of the world, and yet noble-hearted. We are at a loss again for fitting extracts, but will cull a few beauties here and there; though no procedure can be more unjust to Mr. Browning, who is a dramatist, not an English playwright; who creates a whole, and does not seek for pretynesses and gems and the order of passages which English critics almost invariably regard as the tests of dramatic power! It may be affirmed, indeed, with justice, that no civilized nation's critics are so ignorant of the first principles of the dramatic art as those of our country. How this should be, with Shakspeare's great example, it might seem difficult to conceive; but Shakspeare, with all his glories, had, perhaps, too decided a predilection for the didactic; and it is precisely this one drawback to his otherwise matchless power which is regarded as

his superlative excellence by our English critics. To resume: We will first cite a few lines spoken by Valence, who brings a petition from the starving people of Cleves to the Duchess, and is informed that it is her birthday, therefore, no time for business. Valence replies:—

"I know that the Great,
For Pleasure born, should still be on the watch
To exclude Pleasure, when a Duty offers;
Even as the Lowly too, for duty born,
May ever snatch a Pleasure if in reach:—
Both will have plenty of their birthright, Sir."

An example of the aptness and beauty of the epithets Mr. Browning employs, may be discovered in these simple lines, addressed by the Duchess to Valence, when he appears as the spokesman of Cleves' miseries; and she unsuspectingly says,

"And you, sir, are from Cleves?—How fresh in mind
The hour or two I pass'd at queenly Cleves!
She entertained me bravely; but the best
Of her good pageant seem'd its standers-by,
With insuppressible joy on every face.—
What says my ancient, famous, happy Cleves?"

To which Valence responds:—

"Take the truth, lady!—You are made for truth."

Prince Berthold's half-remorseful doubts concerning the wisdom of his mere worldly career are graphically conveyed. His friend Melchior has been just rallying him on this head. Berthold soliloquizes:—

"Say, this life
I lead now, differs from the common life
Of other men, in mere degree, not kind,
Of joys and griefs,—still there is such degree:—
Mere largeness in a life is something, sure—
Enough to care about and struggle for
In this world. *For this world, the size of things:
The sort of things, for that to come, no doubt!*"

Finely is Berthold afterward described by Valence, who thus speaks to Colombe:—

"In that large eye there seem'd a latent pride,
To self-denial not incompetent;
*But very like to hold itself dispensed
From such a grace.* However, let us hope!
He is a noble spirit in noble form.
I wish, he less had bent that brow to smile,
As with the fancy how he could subject
Himself upon occasion to himself!—
From rudeness, violence, you rest secure:
But do not think your Duchy rescued yet!"

The scene betwixt Valence and Colombe, at the end of the fourth act, is one of the most exquisite in any language: to be appreciated, it must be read from beginning to end, and then only in connection with the rest of the play. We will only cite besides, Berthold's speech to Colombe, when he demands her hand. She has asked whether he could wed her, if she did not yield her heart. He replies,—

"When have I made pretension to your heart?
I give none. I shall keep your honor safe.
With mine, I trust you, as the sculptor trusts
Yon marble woman with the marble rose,
*Loose on her hand, she never will let fall,
In graceful, slight, silent, security.*
You will be proud of my world-wide career,
And I content in you the fair and good."

His last words, too, after Colombe has resigned the crown and plighted her faith to Valence, are very admirable; so admirable, that we must add them:—

"Lady, well rewarded!—Sir, as well deserved!—
I could not imitate—I hardly envy—
I do admire you! All is for the best.—
*Too costly a flower were you, I see it now,
To pluck and set upon my barren helm
To wither;—any garish plume will do.*"

We must leave "Colombe's Birthday," though we could find in our hearts to devote many more pages to this Play. It is likely to be an especial favorite with lady-readers, though the gravest men also may find much in it to command their admiration and respect. Perhaps its effects are here and there a little forced; but nothing is perfect, and "Colombe's Birthday" as nearly approaches perfection as any modern dramatic work we are acquainted with; even as Grillparzer's master-pieces, which a little man like Carlyle has presumed to speak of as the productions of a playwright.

We have now arrived at the most pathetic, and in many respects the most beautiful, but also the most painful, perhaps, of all Mr. Browning's dramas; we allude to the domestic tragedy of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.'" It is not free, we fear, from morbid and even evil tendencies. The hero and heroine of the piece, both supposed to be very young and noble in their characters, have "fallen, fallen, fallen, from their high estate:" the lover's desire (his name is Earl Mertoun) is to make the only reparation in his power, and wed the lady. What is most objectionable is, that there is scarcely supposed to have been any criminality, real

innocence of heart and mind being the prevailing characteristic of either and both of the offenders. It is true, that they are most grievously punished; that after suffering all the pangs of remorse, they are doomed to an early death: still the sympathy created for them may be dangerous in its effects, and the halo cast around them may mislead. Yet there is so much of moral, and even religious beauty in this drama, that we know not how to condemn it. The lovers already alluded to, Mildred and Earl Mertoun, are charmingly depicted; but Thorold, Lord Tresham, Mildred's brother, is the real hero of the play, and in him, perhaps, the interest centres. He is the noblest of English noblemen: his only fault is too great pride. Guendolen, his cousin, thus describes him: she is speaking to Mildred:—

"Thorold (a secret) is too proud by half,—
Nay, hear me out! With us he's even gentler
Than we are with our birds. Of this great
House
The least Retainer, that e'er caught his glance,
Would die for him, real dying, no mere talk;
And in the world, the court, if men would cite
The perfect spirit of honor, Thorold's name
Rises of its clear nature to their lips.
But he should take men's homage, trust in it,
And care no more about what drew it down.
He has desert, and that, acknowledgment:
Is he content?"

And this Thorold's sister is the secretly fallen Mildred, whom he thus describes to Earl Mertoun, when the latter comes openly to sue for her hand:—

"What's to say,
May be said briefly. She has never known
A mother's care: I stand for father, too.
Her beauty is not strange to you, it seems:
You cannot know the good and tender heart,
Its girl's trust, and its woman's constancy;
How pure, yet passionate; how calm, yet kind;
How grave, yet joyous; how reserved, yet free
As light, where friends are,—how imbued with
lore
The world most prizes; yet, the simplest, yet
The . . . One might know I talk'd of Mildred;—
thus
We brothers talk!"

His horror, when he learns her guilt, unconscious of its partner (as he remains till he has wounded Mertoun to the death), may be easily conceived. The scene in which this is developed, betwixt Mildred and Thorold, is one of the most pathetic we have ever read. He therein says, whilst yet

afraid to come to the point, unwilling to believe the possibility of her guilt,—

"Mildred—here's a line—
(*Don't lean on me!*—I'll English it for you)
'Love conquers all things.'—*What* love conquers
them?"

What love should you esteem—best love?

MILDRED. True love.

TRESHAM. I mean, and should have said, *whose*
love is best

Of all that love, or that profess to love?

MILDRED. The list's so long—there's father's,
mother's, husband's . . .

TRESHAM. Mildred, I do believe, a brother's love

For a sole sister must exceed them all!—

For see now, only see! there's no alloy

Of earth, that creeps into the perfect'st gold

Of other loves, no gratitude to claim.

You never gave her life, not even aught

That keeps life; never tended her, instructed,

Enriched her! so your love can claim no right

O'er hers, save pure love's claim: that's what I
call

Freedom from earthliness.—You'll never hope

To be such friends, for instance, she and you,

As when you hunted coustips in the woods,

Or play'd together in the meadow hay?

Oh, yes: with age respect comes, and your
worth

Is felt; there's growing sympathy of tastes,

There's ripen'd friendship, there's confirm'd es-
teem—

—Much head these make against the New-comer!

The startling apparition, the strange youth,—

Whom one half-hour's conversing with,—or, say,

Mere gazing at,—shall change (beyond all change

This Ovid ever sang about), your soul:

. . . . *Her* soul, that is,—the sister's soul!—

With her

'Twas winter yesterday: now all is warmth,

The green leaf's springing, and the turtle's voice,

'Arise and come away!'—Come *whither?*—Far

Enough from the esteem, respect, and all

The brother's somewhat insignificant

Array of rights!—*All which he knows before,*

Has calculated on so long ago.—

I think, such love, (apart from yours and mine,)

Contented with its little term of life,

Intending to retire betimes, aware

How soon the background must be place for it,—

I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds

All the world's loves in its unworldliness."

We shall tell no more of this sad tale, and cite no more passages from it, referring our readers to the original drama, where they may discover "through the troubled surface," as Tresham subsequently says,

"A depth of purity immovable."

Guendolen is very gracefully depicted. The next Tragedy, "The Return of the Druses," is not one of our special favorites.

Mr. Browning's main defects, a want of clearness, and a tendency to sacrifice truth to effect, are very conspicuous in it. The hero Djabal, as we have already said, wishes to gain a noble end by base means, for which he is rightly punished. Our only sympathy throughout (with the exception of a slight regard for Khalil, Anael's, the heroine's, brother) is with Loys de Dreux, a Knight-Novice of the Hospitallers, duped by Djabal, and bent on saving the Druses, without the slightest suspicion of their intended conspiracy against his order. Nothing can be finer and more effective in its way than the scene in which he finally learns the truth from the traitor Djabal's lips, and thus acts thereon:

LOYS. (*springing at the khandjar [or dagger]*
Djabal had thrown down, seizes him by the throat.)

"Thus by his side am I!
Thus I resume my knighthood and its warfare,
Thus end thee, miscreant, in thy pride of place!—
Thus art thou caught! *Without*, thy dupes may
cluster,
Friends aid thee, foes avoid thee,—'thou art
Hakeem,'
How say they?—'God art thou!' But also *here*
Is the least, meanest, youngest, the Church calls
Her servant; and his single arm avails
To aid her as she lists: I rise, and thou
Art crush'd! Hordes of thy Druses flock without:
Here thou hast me, who represent the Cross,
Honor, and Faith 'gainst Hell, Mahmoud, and
thee!
Die!"

This is undoubtedly sufficiently spirited. We would not be misunderstood: there is much that is extremely beautiful in this Tragedy also, and it is only by comparison with Mr. Browning's other creations that we are induced or enabled to disparage it. The stirring interest maintained throughout, the concentration of the action within a few hours, the various individualities so forcibly and dramatically sustained, are worthy of all praise. There is some beautiful poetry placed in the lips of Khalil and Anael. The characters of the Order's Prefect and the Nuncio, both specimens of thorough villany, are admirably conceived and embodied. On the other hand, the motives in various instances are not as clear as might be desired. Djabal is decidedly ambiguous: he does not seem to know himself whether he loves or not; and though this may be said to be a part of his character, it is certainly not *comfortable*. Anael's motives, too, are throughout only indicated, and not sufficiently or clearly indi-

cated; her intention of slaying the Prefect would never be guessed by the vast majority of readers. We do not like alterations in published works; but *this* play might certainly be rendered far superior to what it is.

We now come to a very great work, one of Mr. Browning's greatest, indeed, the "Tragedy," or rather the dramatic Poem, of "Luria." In this, Genius is shown in conflict with obstinate mediocrity which will not believe in it, which will persist in attributing all manner of unnatural motives to its every action, and which finally accomplishes its ruin. Another view of this piece would present to us the contrast betwixt Luria, the impulsive half-savage Moor, and the comparatively Northern Machiavelian prudent Florentines, betwixt impulse in fact and worldly wisdom. Regard it as we will, "Luria" is a great work, and deserving of far other notice than we can bestow upon it here. There are some strained effects in it, some striking improbabilities, and there is a final suicide (of which the poetic effect is great), which we cannot admire from a moral or religious point of view. We can only hope that "Luria" was not a Christian; for then the deed of ignorance might be forgiven. It is certain that this excuse would not have availed poor Thorold. To resume: One unnatural circumstance we may not pass without direct censure. Luria, it must be observed, is the General of the Florentine army against the Pisans; Braccio, his great common-sense worldly adversary, is the Commissary of the Republic in the camp. Now a certain Florentine lady, called Domizia, is also there: we are not at all informed for what *expressed* purpose. We learn, indeed, that Braccio has had her placed there to entrap Luria; and that her secret wish is to lead Luria to rebellion against Florence, which she hopes to destroy through him; but all this does not bring us a step nearer any avowed motive for her presence, which is indeed wholly wanting. This deficiency greatly injures the effect of the part she takes in the play, and tends to give an unreality to the whole. Here, too, an *argument* seems needful. At all events, no one, we should say, would clearly understand the work, on his first perusal of it. But we must not pause for further comments. Our readers will thank us more for a few extracts. Luria's character is admirably conveyed in a speech which he makes to Braccio and Domizia in the first act:—

"I wonder, do you guess, why I delay,

Involuntarily, the final blow,
 As long as possible?—Peace follows it!—
 Florence at peace; and the calm studious heads
 Come out again, the penetrating eyes:
 As if a spell broke, all's resumed; each art,
 You boast, more vivid that it slept awhile!
'Gainst the glad heaven, o'er the white palace-front,
The interrupted scaffold climbs anew;
 The walls are peopled by the painter's brush;
 The statue to its niche ascends to dwell:
The Present's noise and trouble have retired,
And left the eternal Past to rule once more.—
 You speak its speech and read its records plain;
 Greece lives with you, each Roman breathes your
 friend;—
 —But Luria,—where will then be Luria's place?"

The unaffected humility and candor of genius breathe from every line of this, and a similar spirit is sustained throughout. Braccio, however, chooses to believe this "childishness," as he calls it, affected; he cannot conceive that such a leader should be so wanting in worldly wisdom; he suspects him of a secret design to turn Florence's arms against her; and so, while he is winning her battles, Braccio sends such reports to the Senators as induce them to pass a secret sentence of death upon him. This Luria learns from Tiburzio, the Pisan General, who is ushered to his presence by Husain, a Moor, and Luria's friend. We must not pass Husain without his meed of praise. In him is personified the true African instinct, whether of rage or love; he all but adores Luria as a God, and hates all the Florentines, against whom he warns him. He says:

"There stands a wall
'Twixt our expansive and explosive race
And these absorbing, concentrating men."

But we must not keep Tiburzio waiting. We may return later to Husain. The Pisan General comes. He remains alone with Luria, he proffers him the proof of Florentine treachery, and conjures him to open the intercepted missive, and act thereon, as he may feel inclined. Luria replies at last:

"And act on what I read? *What act were fit?*—
 If the firm-fix'd foundation of my faith
 In Florence, which to me stands for mankind,
 If that breaks up, and, disemprisoning
 From the abyss. . . Ah, friend, it cannot be!
You may be very sage yet—all the world
Having to fail, or your sagacity,
You do not wish to find yourself alone.
 What would the world be worth? Whose love
 be sure?
 The world remains—you are deceived!"

He refuses then to open the missive.

Tiburzio expresses his admiration and goes. The following soliloquy of Luria's is so grand, and so characteristic of our author, that we cannot find in our heart to omit or even to shorten it:

"My heart will have it, he speaks true! My
 blood
 Beats close to this Tiburzio as a friend.
 If he had stept into my watch-tent, night
 And the wild desert full of foes around,
 I should have broke the bread and given the salt
 Secure, and, when my hour of watch was done,
 Taken my turn to sleep between his knees,
Safe in the untroubled brow and honest cheek.—
 Oh, world, where all things pass, and naught
 abides!
Oh, life, the long mutation! Is it so?
 Is it with life, as with the body's change?
 Where, e'en tho' better follow, good must pass;
 Nor manhood's strength can mate with boyhood's
 grace,
 Nor age's wisdom in its turn find strength;
 But silently the first gift dies away,
 And though the new stays, never both at once!
Life's time of savage instinct's o'er with me:
 It fades and dies away, past trusting more;
 As if to punish the ingratitude
 With which I turn'd to grow in these new lights,
 And learn'd to look with European eyes.—
 Yet it is better, this cold certain way;
 Where Braccio's brow tells nothing, Puzzio's
 mouth,
 Domizia's eyes reject the searcher;—yes:
 For on their calm sagacity I lean,
 Their sense of right, deliberate choice of good;
 Sure, as they know my deeds, they deal with me.
 Yes, that is better,—that is best of all!
 Such faith stays when mere wild belief would go:
Yes,—when the desert creature's heart, at fault
Amid the scattering tempest's pillar'd sands,
Betrays its steps into the pathless drift,—
The calm instructed eye of man holds fast
By the sole bearing of the visible star,
Sure, that when slow the whirling wreck subsides,
The boundaries, lost now, shall be found again,
The palm-trees and the pyramid over all.—
 Yes; I trust Florence,—Pisa is deceived!"

Alas, poor Luria, he is deceived. But we cannot directly pursue the narrative. He remains true to Florence; he fights and wins for her; then learns his intended doom. The adoring army is at his beck and call, and the faithful Husain urges him to vengeance. He says:—

"There lie beneath thee thine own multitudes—
 Sawest thou?
 LURIA. I saw.
 HUSAIN. Then, hold thy course, my
 king!—
 The years return.—Let thy heart have its way!"

And, again, further on:—

"Oh, friend, oh, lord,—for me,
What *am* I?—I was silent at thy side,
That am a part of thee—It is thy hand,
Thy foot, that glows, when in the heart fresh blood
Boils up, thou heart of me!"

And, finally,

"Both armies against Florence! Take revenge!
Wide, deep,—to live upon in feeling now,
And after, in remembrance, year by year,
And, with the dear conviction, die at last!—
She lies now at thy pleasure :—*pleasure have!*"

Luria, however, resists this and all other temptations. His only vengeance on Florence is to destroy himself by poison, from love for her, lest she should incur the disgrace of his punishment :—before his death, his true greatness is acknowledged by one after the other of those Florentines who have been leagued against him : finally, even the worldly-wise Braccio bows down before the purity of Genius. But it is all too late—he dies! One more passage we must cite from one of Luria's later speeches :—

"My own East!
How nearer God we were! He glows above
With scarce an intervention, presses close
And palpitatingly, His soul o'er ours!
We feel him, nor by painful reason know!
The everlasting minute of creation
Is felt there; *now* it is, as it was then :—
All changes, at His instantaneous will;
Not by the operation of a law,
Whose maker is elsewhere at other work!
His soul is still engaged upon his world,
Man's praise can forward it, man's prayer suspend:
For is not God Almighty?"

And now we pass on to the last of Mr. Browning's longer works, socially and politically, perhaps, the most important of them all, entitled "The Soul's Tragedy," a wild species of Drama, the design and execution of which are thoroughly after our own heart. It is written for the purpose of flaying alive (if we may so express ourselves) certain morbid restless "byronizers" and troublesome democrats to be found in all countries in this our age. The hero, the representative of this class, called Chiappino, is a citizen of the Italian town Faenza, which is under papal domination. No matter, however, what the government may be, Chiappino is one of those who will always be found on the side of opposition (unless, indeed, they have secured the loaves and fishes for themselves); loud, noisy, turbulent, a mischief-maker by profession. Nevertheless, some good men are taken in by his high-sounding liberalism, and our Chiappino has a friend called Luitol-

fo, who is one of these. The Provost, who governs Faenza under the Pope, has not improperly banished this very odious fellow : he is in Luitolfo's house, with Eulalia, the latter's betrothed, whilst the honest, comparatively conservative friend, has gone to intercede for him with the Provost. He amuses himself in the mean time with abusing Luitolfo, whom he hates on account of his happy, genial nature, which contrasts with his own curish temperament. He derides what he calls his friend's "wise passiveness," and says most characteristically of himself :—

"True, I thank God, I ever said 'you sin,'
When a man *did* sin : if I could not say it,
I glared it at him; if I could not glare it,
I pray'd against him. *Then, my part seem'd over.*
God's may begin yet : so it will, I trust."

Not contented with this, Chiappino gets up a little additional misery on the score of his being madly in love with Eulalia, though he has never mentioned it : oh, no! he loved too deeply for that. Talking was all very well for Luitolfo, with his "slight, free, loose, and incapacious soul." The fellow proceeds a long time in this strain. He is interrupted by Luitolfo's arrival, who, maddened by the Provost's refusal to spare his worthless friend, had actually come to blows with him, and left him for dead : of course he is very remorseful for this deed. Chiappino brightens up and resolves to act the martyr. Luitolfo shall fly in his stead. He will remain, and accept the penalty of this heroic deed. Luitolfo, half deadened by horror, goes. The mob are heard approaching. Chiappino's vain-glorious heroism, which must be prating, is admirably conveyed :—

"How the people tarry!
I can't be silent . . . I must speak . . . or sing—
How natural to sing now!"

To this twaddle Eulalia very finely responds :—

"Hush, and pray!
We are to die; but even *I* perceive,
'Tis not a very hard thing, *so* to die."

We cannot quote all her speech. Chiappino flashes forth again :—

"If they would drag one to the market-place,
One might speak there!"

"Ay, Lady Beatrice, you must still be talking." Well, the mob arrives. Chiappino shouts instantly, "I killed the Provost." The mob, instead of being furious, are in

transports of delight: they hail with rapture the doer of this mighty deed; and we may be well assured Chiappino is not the man to disclaim their gratitude. Eulalia turns an inquiring glance upon him. He responds to her thought, and talks vaguely of confession on the morrow. That morrow never comes. We cannot pursue the narrative to its close. The diplomatic skill and deep craft of the Pope's Legate, Ogniben, is admirably contrasted with Chiappino's shallow selfishness. The Legate stays the revolution by offering to make Chiappino the new Provost, after a certain interval: all the while, his intention is to turn upon him when he has got him into his power. But your liberal bites at the bait. How the catastrophe is brought about, how Luitolfo is pardoned for his manliness in finally coming forward and owning his crime, and Chiappino is dismissed with quiet contempt, utterly crest-fallen, we cannot pause to explain. This heading is put above the work by its author, with quiet but exquisite irony: "A Soul's Tragedy. Part first, being what was called the *Poetry of Chiappino's Life*; and Part second, its *Prose*." Further extracts from this work would be of little benefit, unless we discussed and exhibited its high merits at due length, and for this we have no space. We must therefore go forward, remarking only that the prose of the second part breathes some of the most bitter, but also the most salutary satire, with which we are at all acquainted.

We have now arrived at the last division of Mr. Browning's literary labors,—labors, no doubt, of love,—his "Dramatic Lyrics and Romances." As has been already observed, they are so many monodramas, that is, directly dramatic utterances under special circumstances of so many imaginary speakers, in lyric forms; but there are a few exceptions to this rule. Thus the "Cavalier Tunes," which head the series, are not strictly individual; though perhaps this may not be said with truth of the first of them, with its stirring refrain, (Kentish loyalists are singing):—

"Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song."

Of course, these lyrics, or monodramas, or whatever we may call them, are replete with Mr. Browning's usual earnestness and fiery vitality. They are extremely abrupt, and consequently, (speaking generally,) by no means easy to understand. The very first poem following the "Cavalier Tunes," strangely enough entitled, "My Last Duch-

ess: Ferrara," and embodying Italian morbid jealousy, would no doubt be a perfect puzzle to most readers, without some clue to its meaning. The speaker is an Italian Duke, who is receiving the envoy of a neighboring potentate, sent to offer him the hand of that potentate's daughter in marriage. The Duke is supposed to lead the envoy through his picture gallery, to pause suddenly before the portrait of his late Duchess, slain by his jealousy, and, drawing back the veil from it, to break out thus, in a tone of assumed indifference:—

"That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now."

Such is the colloquial style of the majority of Mr. Browning's lyrics. The Italian's jealousy is thus finely indicated:—

"She had
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made
glad,
Too easily impress'd:—she liked whate'er
She look'd on, and her looks went everywhere.—
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her,—the white mule
She rode with round the terrace,—all and each
Would draw from her, alike, the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thank'd men,—good;
but thank'd
Somehow, . . . I know not how, . . . as if she rank'd
My gift of a nine hundred years' old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling?"

"Oh, Sir, she smiled no doubt,
Whene'er I pass'd her: but who pass'd without
Much the same smile? This grew!—I gave commands:—
Then all smiles stopp'd together!"

There is a quiet and deadly earnestness in this, which cannot fail to strike those who duly apprehend it. But the theme is not a pleasant one. The next, with another odd heading enough, (it requires an argument prefixed,) is sweet and touching, though also too abrupt as it stands. We cannot notice each of these romances in particular. The "Madhouse Cells" are remarkably powerful: the first embodies the musings of a mad predestinarian, and is very terrible; the second is truthful, passionate, and beautiful. All the world will be delighted with "the Pied Piper of Hamelin," written for a child, and, for Browning, marvelously easy of comprehension. It is charming throughout; but extracts would convey no fitting idea of it,

and therefore we give none. "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," an adventure told by a horseman, is wonderfully spirited and graphic. Mr. Browning does not write about "the ride," as another man would do; he does not even describe it, he gives us the very thing itself. We have the reality, not its image or its shadow. "Pictor Ignotus" is finely conceived and executed. The idea is that of an Italian painter of the 16th century, who might have been great as Raphael in the world's esteem, if he had not shrunk alike from vulgar praise and censure, and preferred to remain unknown.

"Wherefore I chose my portion.—If, at whiles,
My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint
These endless cloisters and eternal aisles
With the same series, Virgin, Babe, and
Saint,
With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,—
At least, no merchant traffics in my heart;
The sanctuary's gloom, at least, shall ward
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand
apart."

There is more, finer even than this, but from such perfect "wholes" it is most difficult to extract. The segment of a circle gives but an imperfect notion of completeness. Next comes an extremely truthful soliloquy spoken by an Italian exile in England, which contains very great beauties, but is withal so simple, so natural, so intensely real, that to vulgar observation it might at first sight seem common place. "The Englishman in Italy," we like less; but this, too, has its merits, especially the description of the Festival:

"To-morrow's the Feast
Of the Rosary's Virgin, by no means
Of Virgins the least—
As you'll hear in the off-hand discourse,
Which (all nature, no art,)
The Dominican brother, these three weeks,
Was getting by heart."

Very spirited is the next song, "The Lost Leader," commencing,

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat :"—

And containing these fine lines, (despite their falsity, for if there ever was a literary aristocrat, Shakspeare was one):

"We that had loved him so, followed him, hon-
or'd him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye;
Learn'd his great language, caught his clear ac-
cents;
Made him our pattern to live and to die!

Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us;
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they fight from
their graves!

*He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves."*

"The Flower's Name" is a soft fanciful soliloquy, in lyric form, spoken by a lover, who recounts how his mistress visited his garden.

"This flower she stopp'd at, finger on lip,
Stoop'd over, in doubt, as settling its claim,
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name! Was it love, or praise?
Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake."

Another admirable composition is "The Flight of the Duchess," a tale, dramatically told by an old forester. Perhaps it is rather too lengthy in parts; at least, there is one unnecessary episode (very clever in itself) respecting gipsy trades. We cannot speak as favorably of the moral of this composition, for we do not like a wife's being spirited away from her husband, however unworthy of her, even by her own gipsy race. Marriage is, in our eyes, an indissoluble tie. But Mr. Browning does not speak in his own person, and has seriously disclaimed, in a certain note, the opinions expressed by his lyric "dramatis personæ." A strange wild legend, replete with mystic beauty, is "The Boy and the Angel." We have no space to quote it. "Saul," which is a long soliloquy spoken by the youthful David, has rare excellencies, but is not yet completed, a Second Part having to follow. The strange fragment called "Time's Revenges" is extremely powerful in its way. "The Glove," the last in the collection, is a tale told by the French Poet, "Peter Ronsard," or rather a new version of the old story—how a lady, to prove her own power and her lover's faith, threw her glove among wild beasts and bade the lover fetch it. Our readers may remember how Schiller and Leigh Hunt have treated this theme. Mr. Browning has "reversed the medal," and takes the lady's part with great tact and cleverness. In truth, this poem is marked by a wonderful command of language, and an overflow of biting humor. On the whole, these Lyrics and Romances are well worthy of their author; and that is saying much. They are unlike anything else we are acquainted with; for Southey's monodramas, very fine in their way, have another cast; and Tennyson's dramatic lyrics, such

as "Ulysses," are more reflective and contemplative, though very noble also. That passion, that intensity, that power, which is the marked characteristic of Mr. Browning, is conspicuous throughout them. They are not altogether free from morbid tendencies and exaggerations—witness "The Confessional," and "The Tomb at St. Praxed's," though both of these have merit: they are sometimes painful; but they are always forcible, and in some instances graceful and pleasant also. We have noticed the series very cursorily, and Mr. Browning is not a poet who can be done justice to in a few words. He must be illustrated and elucidated with care. No author more requires interpreters to stand betwixt him and the public: and where, in the present dearth of taste or common sense in the critical world, when the English of a Carlyle is thought sublime, and the artificial and conventional are in almost all cases preferred to the truthful, are we to look for such interpreters? Mr. Browning must bide his time, secure of his own greatness, and of the world's awaking sooner or later to a just appreciation of it. Even now a change is manifest; a new and complete edition of his works is called for, and proof is thereby afforded that the public is beginning to open its eyes.

We have said, on a former occasion, that Browning is most properly classed with Tennyson, and with Miss Barrett, now Mrs. Robert Browning, and our poet's wife. The first has less intensity, but perhaps more grace and finish; at all events, his talent is mainly and primarily lyric, while Mr. Browning's is almost exclusively dramatic. Mrs. Robert Browning possesses, perhaps, closer poetical affinities with her husband than with Tennyson, having displayed much of the same dramatic intensity. She is a very great poetess, probably the greatest this country has possessed, and may yet achieve even nobler things than she has presented to us. These three, however, Tennyson and the Brownings, (as we may now call them), possess in common a peculiar aristocratic grace and refinement, never perhaps exhibited in such an eminent degree, save by the ever-matchless Shakspeare; and a certain deep pathos is also common to them, together with a general *reality*, of a kind which is almost new to poetry. They are not devoid of faults; and are addicted in some degree to the use of a marked phraseology of their own, which may be thought conventional. But, after all, we scarcely know how to blame this, since we believe it is natural to them.

THE TRUE HERO.

"Help must come from the bosom alone."—EMERSON.

DESPAIRING we cry,
 "How long, Lord, how long!"
 And forget that the sorrow
 Gives birth to the song.
 We covet the wisdom,
 But shrink from the toil—
 Without fighting the battle,
 Would share in the spoil.

He who protracts the hour
 Knoweth each latent power—
 Knoweth that suff'ring will strengthen and save.
 Heroes alone may sing
 Requiems for the hero-king;
 Only the brave sing the dirge of the brave.

The soil must be broken
 Ere fit for the seed:
 That the soul be enfranchised,
 The body must bleed;—
 The prize of the worker
 Is not the success—
 What he learns by the labor,
 Therein lies the bliss.

He who protracts the hour
 Knoweth the Spirit's power—
 Knoweth that suff'ring will strengthen and save.
 Heroes alone may sing
 Requiems for the hero-king;
 Only the brave sing the dirge of the brave.

How great is his soul
 Who, friendless, alone,
 Recketh not of the merit,
 But worketh still on!
 Looking not to the future
 For glory or gain,
 His present is heaven,
 His past without pain.

He alone bides his hour,
 Trusteth the Spirit's power,
 Knoweth that suff'ring will strengthen and save.
 Heroes alone may sing
 Requiems for the hero-king;
 Only the brave sing a dirge for the brave.

From the North British Review.

THE RAILWAY SYSTEM OF GREAT BRITAIN.

1. *The Railways of the United Kingdom Statistically considered, in relation to their Extent, Capital, Amalgamation, Debentures, Financial Position, Acts of Parliament by which Regulated, Creation and Appropriation of Shares, Calls, Dividends, &c., concisely arranged, from Authentic Documents.* By HARRY SCRIVENOR, Secretary to the Liverpool Stock Exchange. London, 1849. 8vo. Pp. 840.
2. *The Railways of Great Britain and Ireland Practically Described and Illustrated.* By FRANCIS WHISHAW, Civil Engineer, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. London, 1840. 4to. Pp. 574. With Seventeen Plates.
3. *An Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion by means of Steam Carriages on Common Roads.* By ALEXANDER GORDON, Civil Engineer. London, 1833. 8vo. Pp. 192.
4. *Past and Present Views of Railways.* By ALEXANDER GORDON, Esq., Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. London, 1849. Pp. 20.
5. *Stokers and Pokers, or the London and North-Western Railway, the Electric Telegraph, and the Railway Clearing House.* By the Author of Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau. Published in Murray's Colonial Library, No. 66. Pp. 208.
6. *Report of the Commissioners of Railways, 1848.* Part I. London, 1848. Pp. 224.
7. *Report of the Commissioners of Railways, 1848.* Part II. London, 1849. Pp. 220.

It has been lately shown that there is poetry in science, and more recently it has been asserted that there is poetry even in railways. We cheerfully adopt both these propositions in all their truth and beauty, and are surprised only at the limitation with which the sentiment has been surrounded. Poetry acknowledges no boundary to its domains. Its strains are breathed throughout the physical as well as the moral world—its music is heard among the spheres—it chaunts its lays over the loves of the plants, and its sympathies are entwined even round the sufferings and enjoyments of irrational existence. What a noble epic is the universe itself! delineated in radiant hieroglyphics on the azure canvas of the firmament, as explored by the space-penetrating tube of the astronomer, and deciphered by the analysis of the mathematical sage. What a melodrama is exhibited on our own globe, while it speeds in ether its annual and its daily round;—on our earth-home—the stage upon which man has so long strutted his brief hour, emblazoning his vices and his crimes, and rioting in giddy frivolity above burning caverns

and primeval tombs, and among the contemporary dead, over whom he has himself sighed and wept.

Beneath the lava crust on which he daily treads and slumbers, he witnesses the tragedy of the pre-Adamite age, in which all the characters have perished, without leaving a seed behind;—while on its surface is played the comedy of modern life, in which intellectual and immortal man eats, and drinks, and dies; and exhibited the farce, in which kings and conquerors are reproduced in clay, or embalmed by the apothecary, or thrust underground by the sexton. Nor is the poetry of life thus limited to humanity with its conflicting interests and passions. It claims a right of song over the speechless denizens of the forest and the heath, of the ocean and the air. The Pierian spring has tributaries even in the haunts of ferocious natures; and with the blood-stained hearth of the tiger, and the roofless home which the jungle or the rock affords to the carnivorous pilgrim, there are associations of tenderness and love, of suffering and enjoyment, more noble and affecting than those which are

linked with the lower and more savage grades of humanity. When animal and intellectual life are sheltered under the same roof, and when instinct and reason are auxiliaries in the house or on the heath, we learn to appreciate the virtues and the affections, if not the knowledge and the wisdom, of the brutes that perish.

The poetry of mechanism is one of the most interesting departments of the poetry of science, and that of railways cannot fail to be regarded as the Iliad of its productions—embracing the account of works the most expensive and gigantic—the description of engines the most ingenious and complex, and the history of social ameliorations which are now altering the very condition of man—virtually extending the very term of his existence, and opening new and extensive fields for the exercise of his holiest and noblest affection.

It is not our design in the following article to amuse the reader with any account of those singularly curious and interesting arrangements* which have been rendered necessary by the great and rapid extension of the railway system, for the comfort and security of the millions whom it accommodates. Our object is to give the general reader some idea of the origin, progress, and extent of the railway system—of the ingenious inventions and stupendous works which it has called into existence—of the social triumphs which it has achieved—of the improvements of which it is susceptible, and which are necessary for the security of life and property—of its present state and prospects as a commercial speculation, and of the necessity of protecting it as a great national institution,—by the development of the whole traffic of the empire—by the grant of public aid—by placing all the railways in the kingdom under the management of Government, and by preventing in future that enormous expenditure of railway capital which has been so unnecessarily sunk in the preliminary stages of their existence, and which has led to the ruin of many of those enterprising capitalists to whom the public are indebted for the commencement and completion of these great undertakings.

Great Britain has long been distinguished among civilized nations by the magnitude and splendor of her public works. Her harbors, docks, and breakwaters, her canals, bridges, aqueducts, and lighthouses, have ever been the boast of our country, and the

admiration of foreign lands. The Docks of Liverpool, the Breakwater at Plymouth, the Caledonian Canal, the Pontcysylte Aqueduct, the Menai Bridge, and the Eddystone and Bell-Rock Lighthouses, should be familiar to every Englishman, and should be described in the humblest of our schools. But noble and magnificent as these public works are they almost sink into insignificance when placed beside the gigantic undertakings which form a part of the Railway system of England. Science demanded from matter powers and functions which fancies the most sanguine never deemed it to possess. Reason broke down the barrier of physical impossibilities, and advanced to the breach where Imagination did not dare to follow it. The strongholds of time and space were stormed and captured; and the possessors of wealth, placing a generous confidence in human genius, offered their homage to the iron crown for which a bloodless victory had achieved the empire of space.

Like all great inventions, that of Railways was of slow growth; and so divided has been the merit of the various engineers to whom we owe it, that no individual has been bold enough to claim it for himself. The ancients had formed no conception of its nature. Poets and philosophers had not desecrated it, even in the far distance; and if it was anticipated at all, it was by the far-seeing eye of prophetic inspiration. "Make straight in the desert," says Isaiah, "a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed;"*—and Daniel looks forward to the "time of the end, when many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

But whatever may have been the anticipations of science and prophecy, the true railway may be regarded as the invention of the present century. Railways were indeed constructed and used at some of the Newcastle collieries about the beginning of the seventeenth century. These early lines were constructed wholly of timber; and it was not till 1767 that an experiment was first made, the object of which was to substitute iron for wood. This experiment either seems to have failed, or to have excited no notice, for so late as 1797, Mr. Carr put forward a claim

* This has been already beautifully done by the distinguished author of "Stokers and Pokers," a work well worthy of the reader's perusal and study.

* This passage is supposed by some commentators to refer to the great highway which Semiramis formed by cutting and filling up hollows on her march to Ecbatana.

to the invention of cast-iron rails. The lines which were constructed in the last century were merely tracks of wood, stone, or iron, along which wagons were dragged by horses, and they were confined to local establishments, but principally to collieries. The diminution of the number of horses required to perform a given portion of labor upon an iron path amply repaid the interest of capital and the expense of maintenance, and men soon saw that such lines might be advantageously constructed on a larger and more comprehensive scale. An act for the first public railway in England was obtained in 1801, and from that time to 1837 no fewer than 178 of these acts were obtained. From one or two annually they began to increase in 1825, when their number rapidly augmented, as shown in the following table:—

Acts.		Acts.		Acts.	
1824, . . .	2	1829, . . .	9	1834, . . .	14
1825, . . .	5	1830, . . .	9	1835, . . .	18
1826, . . .	6	1831, . . .	9	1836, . . .	35
1827, . . .	6	1832, . . .	8	1837, . . .	14
1828, . . .	11	1833, . . .	11		

The most important of these railways were those in the neighborhood of Newcastle, which were used for the conveyance of coals to the shipping wharfs on the Tyne and the Wear; and of these the Stockton and Darlington was the most perfect. An act was obtained for it in 1823, and it was opened on the 27th September, 1825. All kinds of locomotive power were employed upon this line—locomotive engines, horses, and fixed engines; but as it consisted only of a single line of rails, with passing places, the engineer experienced serious interruption arising from the horses or other trains of carriages traveling in opposite directions. The ascents and descents on this line were numerous, and it was impossible for any locomotive, and still less for the imperfect engines of that day, to work with any advantage on such an uneven line. These defects consequently became more apparent; and as horses were out of the question, it was on this line that the advantages and disadvantages of the two species of mechanical power—the fixed and locomotive engine—were first studied, and the problem finally solved. This was effected by the labors of the Directors and the Engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, who sent a deputation of two professional engineers to inspect the working of the Stockton and Darlington line. These engineers gave in their reports on the 9th March, 1829. They reported that the advantages and disadvantages of the two systems were pretty equally balanced, but

that, upon the whole, looking especially at the expense of each, *the fixed engines were preferable*. Mr. Stephenson, the Company's engineer, was, however, of a different opinion. He considered the locomotive as the most economical, and by far the most convenient moving power. The Directors were therefore induced, and with some difficulty, to look favorably on this engine; and they wisely offered a premium of £500 for the most approved locomotive engine, to be submitted to public trial on the 6th October, 1829. Four beautiful engines accordingly appeared at Rainhill, on the Liverpool and Manchester line; the *Novelty*, by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericsson of London; the *Rocket*, by Messrs. Robert Stephenson & Co., Newcastle, with a new boiler, the invention of Mr. H. Booth; the *Sans Pareil*, by Mr. T. Hackworth of Darlington; and the *Perseverance*, by Mr. Burstall of Leith. The extraordinary speed of the engines excited among the spectators universal surprise; but in the opinion of the distinguished engineers who were appointed judges, the *Rocket* was found entitled to the premium.

The superiority of the locomotive being thus determined, a new problem of equal importance required to be solved. During the comparative trial of the engines at Rainhill, the *Rocket* frequently ascended the Whiston inclined plane, the inclination being 1 in 96, with a carriage containing twenty or thirty passengers, at the rate of from fifteen to eighteen miles an hour. The ease and regularity with which the work was performed, led the ignorant to believe that it was as easy to travel up an inclined plane as upon a level; and engineers of talent and experience were thus induced to countenance schemes by which steam-carriages should be employed on roads with long and steep hills. In 1825, Mr. Gurney constructed a steam-carriage, which made experimental trips in the neighborhood of London, and in 1829 he constructed another, in which he traveled from London to Bath and back again. A part of the machinery was broken at the outset; but on his return he performed the last eighty-four miles, from Melksham to Cranford Bridge, in ten hours, including stoppages. Other steam-carriages, constructed by Messrs. Summers and Ogle, Mr. Hancock, and Mr. Stone,* were in daily use for

* Messrs. Summers and Ogle's steam-carriages ran on the Southampton road, often fifteen, and sometimes thirty miles an hour. In 1831, Mr. Hancock's steam-carriage carried passengers from Bow and Stratford to and from Mile-end Road. The

several months on common roads; and so prevalent had the idea become, that "the perfecting of the means of interior communication would be effected by steam-carriages to the exclusion of railways, that in the year 1831 a Committee of the House of Commons presented to Parliament a very favorable Report on the subject." The attempts which were made, in consequence of this report, to substitute steam-carriages on common roads, in place of railways, completely failed; and experience soon established the important truth, that steam traveling could only be advantageously performed on planes nearly level, and on lines nearly straight.

The first of the great lines with which England is now covered was the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which has been justly called *The Grand British Experimental Railway*. The scheme originated in 1824, but the Company was not incorporated till 5th May, 1826, when the Act received the Royal assent. It carries on its operations under nine Acts of Parliament, and now belongs to the London and North-Western Company. It was perhaps unfortunate for railway speculation, that this Railway should have been, as Mr. Scrivenor calls it, "the first-born of the great family of railways—the pilot—the pioneer—the model, after which all others were to shape their course and fashion their appearance." No works of extreme magnitude were required in its construction. The line of its course was comparatively level, and, uniting the manufacturing metropolis of England with Liverpool—the greatest thoroughfare in the world—its success as a commercial speculation was certain; and hence it gave encouragement to other undertakings, where equal success could scarcely be anticipated, and to some where ultimate loss was unavoidable. It was, on the other hand, fortunate for the Railway system, that its first effort united two such opulent cities. The wealth and public spirit of its directors, and the great objects which they contemplated, enabled them to put down the powerful combinations of interested parties which were marshaled in order to crush the railway system in its infancy, and to solve all those problems, and

overcome all those difficulties, which would have perplexed a less powerful proprietary.

In 1833, Acts were obtained for the Grand Junction Railway from Warrington to Birmingham, and for the London and Birmingham Railway, so as to unite with the Metropolis the three great cities of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. Although these new lines presented greater difficulties of construction, or occasioned a greater outlay of capital than the parent line, yet the original shareholders realized high profits; and when the public saw that all the practical difficulties of the Railway system were overcome, and that the three first lines that were executed yielded large profits, they rushed headlong into a course of wild speculation, which was attended with the most ruinous consequences. The following account of the panic which ensued is given by Mr. Scrivenor:—

"The early struggles for existence which every new-born system has to endure in this country, have already been brought under notice. These past and overcome, then came the wild burst of popular feeling in its favor, at a season (1845) when many combined causes prevailed to induce an over-estimate of its value. The public had witnessed the success of those who were the first proprietors of shares in the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the Grand Junction Railway, and the London and Birmingham. Dazzled by the profits that had been received from these undertakings, they eagerly grasped at original shares in new lines, deeming the same success awaited them. The results and consequences are well known. Many were ruined, because in those days, when giddy speculation of all sorts abounded, men bought shares at an advanced premium in a line not even commenced. Then succeeded a reaction most lamentable in its effect, prostrating at once those who had been blinded by the illusive prosperity of the period, and retarding the advancement of good *bona fide* projects. The public omitted in their calculations the element of *Time*; and it does not follow, that because a line, without even a rail laid upon it, or a barrowful of earth removed from its surface, was wrongly valued at a premium in 1845, yet that same line, in *due time*, will have struggled through the infancy of its construction, and will yield to its promoters a goodly dividend; *then*, but not till then, can the premium it is worth be truly computed.

"The vicissitudes of the period did not end here. The public became alarmed, and panic after panic followed in quick succession, reducing to a nominal value the better class of shares. Scarcely had these panics commenced their destructive influence in the railway world, when the mercantile world suffered calamitous reverses—so intimate are the relations of property. Commercial men, to meet their engagements, sold the

carriages of Sir W. Dance, superintended by Mr. Stone, and made by Mr. Gurney, ran between Gloucester and Cheltenham four times a day for four months, from the 21st of February to the 22nd of June, 1831, having carried nearly 3000 persons, and traveled nearly 4000 miles. The distance, which was nine miles, was traveled on an average in fifty-five minutes, but frequently in forty-five!

railway stock they possessed, reducing, by their sales, to a lower level this depressed property. Times did not mend; the pressure upon the money market increased, and convulsion after convulsion rent and struck the delicate fabric of commercial credit. The huge structure at last gave way, and, in its crash, seemed to involve all in one common ruin. The bitter storm blew round the world; for England's stability is the keystone in the arch of commerce, and that touched and shaken, quickly spread a baneful influence over every colonial market, and, indeed, more or less, over every market in the known world."—*Introduction*, p. 20.

When the country had begun to recover from this railway paralysis, the revolutionary movement, which began to agitate Europe in February, 1848, added to the virulence of the original disease. Trade and manufactures everywhere languished. Commerce was consequently paralyzed, and railway property almost threatened with destruction. When Governments were crushed in a day, and kings driven into exile, and ministers compelled to seek for shelter from popular fury, every interest in Europe, personal and national, mercantile and political, could not fail to suffer. When foreign railways were broken up by a lawless rabble; when the lower classes, whom the laws of God and of social life had doomed to labor, sought to divide the property which the industry of honest minds and of skillful hands had accumulated; and when these social evils threatened to extend themselves into our own happy and contented land, it was not to be wondered at that railway enterprise suffered an instantaneous collapse, and that railway property almost lost its value.

Notwithstanding these severe checks, the British capitalist never despaired. He relied on the knowledge and character of his fellow-subjects, and on the power and firmness of the Government; and the railway system steadily advanced, though with impaired means and clouded hopes. The following details from the Parliamentary Returns will exhibit the successive steps of its progress, and its condition at the commencement of the present year:—

In 1843, the number of miles of railway opened at the middle of the year were—

	Miles	Increase.
	1857 . . .	Miles.
In 1844, at Jan. 1st,	1952 . . .	95
1845, . . .	2148 . . .	196
1846, . . .	2441 . . .	293
1847, . . .	3036 . . .	595
1848, . . .	3870 . . .	834
1849, . . .	5007 . . .	1137

The regular extension of the Railway system, as exhibited in this table, does not show the influence of the panic of 1845. This, however, will appear from the following statement:—

Previous to December 31, 1843, Parliament had authorized the opening of 2285 miles of railway, and every one of these has been executed.

In 1844, 805 miles were authorized, and of these only 21 miles remain to be executed.

These results show the healthy state of railway speculation previous to 1845, and the power of the shareholders to fulfill their obligations.

In 1845, however, no fewer than 2700 miles were authorized by Parliament; and of these, at the present moment, 1298, or nearly *one-half*, are yet unexecuted!

In 1846, the mania was at its height, and 4538 miles were sanctioned by the Legislature. Of these, 4056 miles, or nearly 8-9ths, are yet unexecuted.

In 1847, when the paroxysm of speculation had begun to subside, 1354 miles of railway were authorized by Parliament; and 1300 remain to be executed, the Companies having found the means only to complete 54 miles, or 1-25th of the whole.

In 1848, only 330 miles were authorized, and not a single mile of these has been executed.

According to these Returns we are almost entitled to infer that the railway system, as carried on in this country by private enterprise, has reached its limits,—that is, that it will not extend beyond the system of authorized lines. How far it may reach that limit the following statement of the Railway Commissioners will enable us to conjecture:

"There can, then, be little doubt that a very large proportion of the authorized railways will not be completed, although no estimate can at present be formed of the extent likely to be abandoned. The time for the completion of nearly the whole of the lines authorized in 1845 and 1846, which are not in progress, has been extended by the Commissioners by the Act above referred to, (11 Vict. cap. 3, passed in December, 1847,) as applications for such extension are under their consideration. And at present it can only be considered that about 35 miles of the lines authorized in 1845, and about 415 miles of those authorized in 1846, are abandoned; but from the financial statements published by *thirteen* of the principal Companies, it appears probable that not less than 1260 miles, in addition to the above, (1710 in all,) may be abandoned. When it is remembered by how few Companies these statements have been made, it is not perhaps too much to assume that *one-half* of the 4800 miles of authorized railways, of which

the works are not in progress, will never be completed under the existing Acts of Parliament."—*Report of the Railway Commissioners, 1848. Part II. pp. vi. vii. Dated May 1, 1849.*

Our readers will now be anxious to know the nature and extent of the traffic possessed by these railways, and the pecuniary returns which it has yielded.

Years.	Number of Passengers.	Receipts from Passengers.
1843,	23,466,896	£3,110,257
1844,	27,763,602	3,439,294
1845,	33,791,253	3,976,341
1846,	48,796,983	4,725,216
1847,	51,352,163	5,149,002
1848,	57,965,070	5,720,382

It appears from this table, that though the number of miles of railway opened in 1848 was more than double of that opened in 1843, and though the number of passengers had increased in a still greater proportion, yet the receipts were not nearly double, being only as 57 to 31, a result which must have arisen either from the passengers having traveled a shorter distance, or from their having traveled in carriages of a lower class—results arising, doubtless, from the state of the country.

In the table of the Goods Traffic the result is widely different:

Years.	Receipts from Goods.	Total Receipts from Goods and Passengers.
1843,	£1,424,932	£4,535,189
1844,	1,635,380	5,074,674
1845,	2,233,373	6,209,714
1846,	2,846,353	7,565,569
1847,	7,362,884	8,510,886
1848,	4,213,169	9,933,561

This table is a most important one, as it proves that, while the railway lines have been little more than doubled, or have been increased in the ratio of 18·6 to 38·7, the receipts from goods have been increased *three times*, in the ratio of 14 to 42; so that the total receipts have increased at a greater ratio than the number of miles, namely, as 45 to 99.

In order to learn what classes of society contribute to the support of the railway system, and in what proportion, we shall take the year from 30th June, 1847, to 30th June, 1848, the number of miles that were open at the beginning of this period being 3507, and the number open at the end of it, 4357:

	Passengers.	Receipts.
First Class, . . .	7,190,779	£1,792,533
Second Class, . . .	21,690,509	2,353,153
Third Class, . . .	15,241,529	661,038
Parliamentary Class, . . .	13,092,489	902,851
Mixed, . . .	749,763	11,807
Total, . . .	57,965,069	£5,721,382
Receipts from goods, cattle, parcels, &c.		4,213,179
Total receipts for the year 1847–48, . . .		£9,934,561

It appears from this table that the middle classes of society are the best contributors to railways. The number of that class who travel in second class carriages being *three* times greater than those who travel in first class carriages, and the receipts from that class being greater in the ratio of 18 to 24.

The same returns for the half-year ending December 31st, 1848, give a very favorable view of the progress of the system. The number of miles open at the beginning of that half-year was 4443, and the number open at the end of it, 5079. These 5079 are distributed as follows:—

Railways in England, . . .	3918	
“ in Scotland, . . .	728	
“ in Ireland, . . .	261	
	<hr/>	
	Passengers.	Receipts.
First Class, . . .	3,743,602 .	£1,003,516
Second Class, . . .	12,191,549 .	1,360,468
Third Class, . . .	7,184,032 .	320,862
Parliamentary Class, . . .	8,450,623 .	597,071
Mixed, . . .	60,485 .	1,382
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total, . . .	31,630,291	£3,283,299
Receipts from goods, cattle, parcels, &c., . . .		2,461,662
		<hr/>
Total Receipts for half-year ending Dec. 31st, 1848, . . .		£5,744,961

It is obvious from this table, compared with the preceding, that the second class passengers have increased in a greater ratio than the others.

Taking the average number of miles open during the half-year at 4756, the receipts for each mile would average £1208. On the following principal lines this average differs greatly:—

On the London and North-Western, it is	£2625
“ Edinburgh and Glasgow, “	1853
“ Great Western, “	1795
“ Lancashire and Yorkshire, “	1681
“ South-Eastern, “	1675
“ London, Brighton, and South Coast, “	1657
“ Midland, “	1385
“ South-Western, “	1341
“ Eastern Counties, “	1298

On the York, Newcastle, and Berwick,	£1170
" Caledonian,	837
" York and North Midland,	723
" Eastern Union,	700
" Great Southern and Western of Ireland,	592

In their latest Report the Railway Commissioners have endeavored to estimate the amount of money expended on the construction of railways:—

"The returns which will enable them to do this accurately are being received by them, and will, on their completion, be laid before Parliament. They believe, however, that the expenditure in 1848 was less than that in 1847, but nearly as large as the expenditure in 1846; that at the end of 1848, rather more than £200,000,000 (*two hundred millions*) had been expended on Railways; that the Companies retained power to expend upon authorized Railways £140,000,000, (one hundred and forty millions), and that the extension of time which has been granted to so many Companies, will allow this expenditure to be distributed over five or six years. But it has already been stated, that it appears probable that a large proportion of the lines not now in progress, will never be completed; and if it be assumed that at least one half of the lines which are not in progress will be entirely abandoned, it may also be assumed that £50,000,000 (fifty millions) of authorized capital will not be required."—Report for 1848, Part ii. p. 7.

Hence it follows, that in four or five years the sum expended on railways will amount to nearly £300,000,000, or three hundred millions of money. This enormous outlay exhibits in a striking view the disposition of capitalists to invest their money in railways; and the Railway Commissioners justly observe, that a number of these capitalists entered into the speculation not for permanent investment, but to increase their capital by an exercise of their judgment;—that it is to their "enterprising spirit that the rapid spread of railways over the country, in spite of the difficulties offered by local oppositions and parliamentary forms, is to be attributed;"—and that it is "to the energy, commercial knowledge, and habits of business of these men that the public are indebted for the prompt development of a system of railway management adapted to the wants of the community."

The conflicting interests of different classes of shareholders, namely, of those who invest their money temporarily and permanently, and also of those who hold privileged descriptions of stock, and those who do not, have for a long time rendered it advisable

that the financial supervision of Railway Companies should be entrusted to some department of the Government, such as the *Railway Board*. Mr. Edward Strutt, when at the head of that Board, introduced into his Bill of 1847 a provision that Railway Companies should, when called upon, make returns to the Commissioners of their receipts, expenditure, and accounts, in such a form as should be directed, for the purpose of ascertaining their accuracy. The absolute necessity of establishing some effectual mode of directing the financial accounts of Companies by an independent authority, which should command the confidence of shareholders and the public, has been exhibited in the recent exposure of the disgraceful transactions which have been detected in the management of the affairs of the York and North Midland, of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick, and of the Eastern Counties' Railways; and a select Committee of the House of Lords was appointed to consider and report upon this subject. In order to carry into effect the valuable suggestions of this Committee, a Bill has been introduced into Parliament by Lord Monteagle, under the name of *The Audit of Railway Accounts' Bill*, which, we trust, will soon pass into a law. The shareholders of Railway Stock, and the public who may desire to invest their gains in it, have a deep interest in the passing of this Bill, and ought to take the usual steps for securing so great a boon; but it is very probable that the Directors of Railway Companies will not, without a struggle, surrender their power into the hands of Government. A meeting, indeed, was held a few days ago, on the 9th July, for the purpose of organizing an opposition to the Audit Bill; and the Chairmen of several of the principal English Companies, with Lord Lonsdale at their head, passed resolutions condemnatory of the Bill.* Not only was it represented as inquisitorial, vexatious, and oppressive, but it was argued by Lord Lonsdale, that it would be used as an instrument by Government for purchasing Railway property on the most advantageous terms. By the Act of 7th and 8th Victoria, Government have the power of purchasing any Railway, under certain conditions; and Lord Lonsdale conjectures that the power of appointing their own accountants under the Bill, will allow Government to make out the accounts according to their own wishes, so as to enable them to buy up Railway prop-

* A meeting of the London and North-Western, on the 17th, came to a similar resolution.

erty on terms the most advantageous to themselves! Had such a sentiment emanated from a chartist or a radical shareholder, we could have found an apology for it in ignorance and political malignity; but it does surprise us that a Conservative Peer should suppose it possible that a board of English gentlemen should, either with or without any motive of self-interest, be considered capable of such misconduct. We trust that the Government will avail themselves of the power of purchasing so wisely given them by the Legislature; and we trust we shall live to see the day when the whole railways in the kingdom will be under their disinterested supervision and able management.*

An interesting feature in the Railway system of Britain is the union of a number of Railways by amalgamation, purchase, or lease. Parliament has wisely provided that no powers of purchase, sale, lease, or amalgamation shall be given to any Railway Company, unless, previous to their application to Parliament, they shall have respectively paid up one-half of the capital authorized to be raised by any previous Acts, by means of shares, and shall have applied it to the purposes of their undertaking. A return of such amalgamations was printed by order of the House of Commons in July, 1848. It exhibits in different columns the length of each individual line, the Company to which it originally belonged, the nature of the transfer to which it has been subject, whether by amalgamation, purchase, or lease, the names of the Companies amalgamated, the date of amalgamation, the name of the Company purchasing, and the date of the purchase, and the name of the Company taking the lease, with the date of its commencement and expiration. This return is illustrated by two beautiful maps, one of Great Britain, and one of Ireland, showing to the eye the amalgamation of railways—the existing lines—and those in progress. The map of Great Britain is more than three feet long and two broad, and displays in a very interesting manner the great ganglions, or condensed groups of Railways which cluster round the foci of manufactures and commerce, stretching from York to Liverpool, and surrounding Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Manchester—thickening again between Sheffield and Lincoln, and within

the wide space inclosing Mansfield, Derby, Nottingham, Stafford, Birmingham, Rugby, and Leicester. Another ganglion appears to the south and east of Newcastle and Durham, and one still larger to the south, south-east, and south-west of Glasgow. We regret to see the lines so widely separated, even in some parts of England, and such large blank spaces in Scotland and Ireland; but we are sanguine enough to believe that a long time will not elapse till the traffic of these important regions is developed in England by new railways; in Scotland by a great trunk line from Perth to Inverness and Thurso, and by tributary branches and single lines to the north and west,†—and in Ireland by similar constructions.‡

Before concluding our general notice of the physical and commercial character of our Railway system, we must notice the comparative expenses which have been incurred in England and in foreign countries. In favorable situations, English Railways, with double lines of rails, have been constructed for £10,000 per mile. When the localities have been very unfavorable, they have cost as much as £50,000 per mile. Between these two extremes we have all varieties of expenditure per mile. Mr. Lecount‡ has computed that a Railway 80 miles long which cost £960,000, or £12,000 per mile, which will rarely happen, would require the following traffic per day from each end to pay the annexed dividends:—

* Besides those for which Acts have been obtained, the following are some of the most important secondary lines required in Scotland:—1. From Hawick to Langholm and Longtown, to join the Caledonian. 2. From Girvan to Portpatrick. 3. From the Perth and Inverness trunk to Killin, Tyndrum, and Oban. 4. From Dunblane to Callander and Tyndrum. 5. From Castle-Douglas to Dalmellington. 6. From Kirkcudbright to Portpatrick by Newton-Stewart. 7. From Dalwhinnie to Fortwilliam, &c. &c.

† At the time we are writing (July 18th) we observe that Parliament has given a loan of £500,000 to complete the Great Trunk Line across Ireland, from Dublin to Galway, by Mullingar and Athlone; so that when the line at Mullingar by the Midland and Great Western is joined to Longford and Clones, through Cavan by a new line, and Clones to Lifford by the Dundalk and Enniskillen, and the Enniskillen and Londonderry now in progress, and the line then completed from Lifford to Londonderry—Ireland will be singularly favored by a Great Trunk Line cutting it in two from West to East by the Dublin and Galway Line, and by the great sinuous line running from south to north, from Waterford to Londonderry, touching Loch Erne on the western coast, and joining, by secondary lines, Coleraine, Belfast, Downpatrick, Newry, Dundalk, and Drogheda, with Dublin.

‡ *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. RAILWAY, p. 16.

* Our readers will find some admirable observations relative to this matter, in the Railway Report of 1848, Part ii., p. vii., viii., and ix., and also in the Introduction to Mr. Scrivenor's Work, pages 16, 17, and 18.

Tons of Goods per day.	Passengers per day.	Dividend.
75	or 120	1 per cent.
100	or 160	1 " "
125	or 200	1½ " "
200	or 320	4½ " "

Or taking into account a traffic composed of both passengers and goods, the calculation would stand thus :

Tons of Goods per day.	Passengers per day.	Dividend.
35	and 60	1 per cent.
50	and 80	1 " "
62	and 100	1½ " "
100	and 160	4½ " "

It seldom happens that in this country mile of Railway can be executed at so low a rate as £12,000 per mile.

"The Americans," says M. Lecomte, "have such facilities for their constructions, that 1600 miles of Railroad have been made in that country (a good deal of it, however, being only *single line*) at an annual cost of only £5081 per mile whereas, in England, the mere permanent way alone would amount to £4400 per mile, if the rails were 45 lbs. to the yard, and laid upon longitudinal timbers; £4900 per mile, if laid with rails 42 lbs. per yard, having chain and cast iron supports between them on longitudinal timbers; £5300 per mile with rails 42 lbs. per yard on blocks three feet apart; £4800 per mile with the same sized rails on wooden sleepers; £5600 per mile with 62 lb. rails on blocks four feet apart, and £5100 for the same rails on wooden sleepers; £6000 per mile for rails of 75 lbs. per yard, on blocks five feet apart; and £5500 per mile for the same on sleepers. These prices do not include laying the way, ballasting, and draining. Thus we see that the mere cost of the permanent way in this country, averaging £5200 per mile, exceeds that of the whole expense of a complete railway in America; and 75 lbs. rails, on blocks, and sleepers, including laying, ballasting, sidings, turn plates, and every expense, has exceeded £8000 per mile."—*Ency. Brit., Art. Railway*, p. 16.

The average expense of £5081 per mile employed by Mr. Lecomte, in the preceding extract, agrees very nearly with the following statement mentioned by Mr. French, the member for Roscommon county, in the discussion on Irish Railways in the House of Commons on the 9th of July :—

	Per Mile.
Columbia and Philadelphia, . . .	£10,000
Boston and Worcester, . . .	7,700
Western, . . .	7,300
Camden and Amboy, . . .	4,100
Utica, . . .	3,600
Richmond, . . .	3,600
Florida, . . .	3,200
Auburn, . . .	2,900
South Carolina, . . .	2,600
Average, . . .	£5,000

In Prussia, a comprehensive system of railways, to the extent of 3200 miles, was planned by the Government, with its usual wisdom and liberality; but up to 1845, 652 miles only were completed, as shown in the following table—the political disturbances in 1848 and 1849 having doubtless prevented the execution of the general plan :—

	Length of Line in Miles.	Cost.
Berlin and Anhalt, . . .	93½	£795,573
Berlin and Potsdam, . . .	16	210,000
Berlin and Stettin, . . .	83	783,000
Berlin and Frankfort on Oder, . . .	49½	420,000
Lower Silesian, † . . .	134	1,300,000
Upper Silesian, † . . .	49½	630,000
Breslau and Schweidnitz, . . .	37	235,000
Magdeburg and Leipzig, . . .	67½	615,000
Magdeburg and Halberstadt, . . .	35½	298,155
Dumeldorf and Elberfeld, . . .	16	304,170
Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, . . .	58	1,425,000
Cologne and Bonn, . . .	18½	131,000
Total, . . .	652	£7,017,198

According to this table, the average cost of the Prussian lines is about £10,000 per mile.

The following table shows the length and cost of each of the lines formed in Austria :—

	Length in Miles.	Cost.
Linz Gmunden Budweis, . . .	119	£742,000
Emperor Ferdinand's line, . . .	179	1,700,000
Vienna to Glognitz, . . .	46	1,050,000
Olmutz and Prague, . . .	151	1,843,725
Murauachlag and Gratz, . . .	57½	not given
Total, . . .	495	£4,936,325

These lines show an average of about £11,300 per mile.

The small States of Germany have executed the following lines of railway, 541 miles in length, of which 371 miles belong to the Government :—

	Length in Miles.	Cost.
*Baden, . . .	96	£1,704,036
*Brunswick and Hanover, . . .	38	909,707
*Brunswick and Ocherleben, . . .	43	940,000
*Brunswick and Harzburg, . . .	27½	137,600
Hamburg to Bergedorf, . . .	10½	191,323
Altona to Kiel, . . .	64	892,500
Leipzig to Dresden, . . .	71½	975,000
*Saxon Bavarian, . . .	61	900,000
Taunus Railway, . . .	28	291,641
*Munich to Augsburg, . . .	37½	350,000
*Louis, Southern and Northern, . . .	70	4,296,500
Nuremberg and Furth, . . .	4	17,708
Total, . . .	541	£9,676,249

The average cost of these lines will be about £19,000 per mile.

After these details regarding foreign railways, our readers will scarcely give credit to the following statement regarding the expense *per mile* of English railways :—

† The Government have guaranteed 8½ per cent. to the Companies.

* The lines marked * were executed at the expense of the Government.

	Per Mile.
Blackwall Railway, . . .	£289,980
Croydon, . . .	80,400
Manchester and Bury, . . .	70,000
Manchester and Leeds, . . .	64,588
Manchester and Birmingham, . . .	61,624
Brighton, . . .	56,981
Manchester and Sheffield, . . .	56,316
Eastern Counties, . . .	46,355
Great Western, . . .	46,870
South Eastern, . . .	44,412
North Western, . . .	41,612

Leaving out the Blackwall Railway, which would make an average of the expense of the preceding lines ridiculous, the average expense of the remaining ones, per mile, is £56,915! Some idea of the cause of apparently such profligate expenditure may be formed from the following facts:—

Parliamentary Expenses of the	Per Mile.
Blackwall Railway, . . .	£14,414
Eastern Counties, . . .	886
Manchester and Birmingham, . . .	3,100
Brighton, . . .	4,806

The following sums, per mile, were paid for land:—

	Per Mile.
Manchester and Birmingham, . . .	£16,262
Eastern Counties, . . .	15,881
Brighton, . . .	10,105
Average per mile, . . .	14,083

So little is known in this country concerning foreign railways, that we were anxious to have supplied the defect, by copious details respecting their history and statistics, and by comparing them with our own in reference to the cost of their construction and maintenance—the accommodation of passengers,

and their receipts and prospects; but though we have collected much information on the subject, our restricted space will not allow us to give it in detail. We shall therefore content ourselves with such an abstract of the more important particulars as our limits will permit. The following Table contains a general view of the Railway system in Germany:—

Names of the States.	English miles constructed.	English miles in project.	English miles to be constructed.	English miles Total.
Austria,	716½	239	156½	1103
Prussia,	677½	403	794	1874
Duchy of Anhalt,	39½	12½	—	52
Kingdom of Saxony,	176	148	7	331
Duchy of Saxe,	137½	43½	87	144
Bavaria,	149	308½	174½	632
Wurtemberg,	24	149	33	204
Grand Duchy of Baden,	164½	35½	—	195
Do. of Hesse Darmstadt,	34½	43½	40	118
Duchy of Nassau,	37	—	—	37
Frankfort-on-Main,	3	14	—	16
Electorate of Hesse,	—	178	4	182
Duchy of Brunswick,	73	—	7	80
Hanover,	59	154	161	374
Hanseaatic Towns,	9	—	2½	11½
Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg,	46	—	94½	140½
Holstein and Lauenburg,	96	31	43½	170½
Total,	2294	1748½	1595½	5637½

The total number of miles thus projected in all Germany is not much greater than the number now executed in England.

We have now before us a very interesting Table of French Railways in 1847, with the minutest details, occupying thirteen separate columns, and showing the expense of all the different varieties of work necessary for their completion. We must confine ourselves, however, to a brief abstract.*

Names of the Lines.	Length in Kilometers actually constructed.	Total Expense.	Expense per English Mile.
†St. Etienne to Anvresieux,	21.25	£2,996,503	£144,296
Do. to Lyons,	56.69	21,182,873	373,648
Branch to Montand,	—	399,549	—
†Anvresieux to Roanne,	67.00	12,500,000	186,587
†The Garde Line, Nîmes, &c.,	92.32	18,914,368	204,876
Paris to St. Germain,	18.47	16,413,139	888,830
Atmospherical Branch,	2.00	4,689,835	—
†Anzin to Denain and Abbeon,	15.56	2,818,202	181,083
†Montpellier to Cetta,	27.35	4,509,134	164,885
Paris to Versailles,	19.50	17,055,722	874,652
Do. to do.	16.89	16,855,301	998,005
†Bordeaux to La Teste,	52.31	5,987,773	114,471
†Alsace { Mulhouts to	15.00	2,869,096	191,273
Strasbourg to Basle,	140.50	44,953,618	319,955
Paris { Orleans }	132.69	59,652,779	449,531
{ Corbeil }	—	—	—
Paris to Rouen,	131.31	64,589,384	494,169
Rouen to Havre,	91.00	56,560,316	621,542
Montpellier to Nîmes,	52.00	16,519,605	317,685
†Paris to Sceaux,	10.45	4,740,120	453,754
The Northern Line,	334.90	135,476,337	404,528

* The lines marked † are only single lines.

The following lines have been opened in France between 1847 and August, 1849:—

	Kilom.
Paris to Tronnerre, . . .	185
— to Troyes, . . .	182
Orleans to Saumur, . . .	171
— to Bourges, . . .	112
Amiens to Boulogne, . . .	124
Marseilles to Avignon, . . .	123
Rouen to Dieppe, . . .	70
Vierzon to Chateauroux, . . .	63
—making about 1360 English miles in all France.	

The lines in Belgium constructed by the State amount to 347 miles, and cost £5,945,148. They unite Brussels with Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Malines, Courtray, Lille, Tournay, Douay, Valenciennes, Mons, Charleroi, Namur, Mariembourg, Liège, and Aix-la-Chapelle.

In Holland, there are railways joining Amsterdam with Rotterdam, 50 miles; and with Utrecht and Arnheim, 60 miles.

In the north of Italy, a line partly finished passes from Venice to Turin and Alessandria, by Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, Milan, and Novara; and one from Milan to Monza. There is also a line from Florence to Leghorn through Pisa, and to Pontedera; another from Pisa to Lucca and St. Salvatore, and another from Florence to Prato.

In the south of Italy, there is a railway from Naples to Pompeii and Castellamare, and another from Naples to Caserta and Capua; but no line has been projected in the States of the Church. The Pope, indeed, is said to have objected to their introduction.

There is a railway in Switzerland, twenty-five English miles in length, from Zurich to Dietiken and Baden; and even in Spain, a railway 17½ English miles in length has been recently opened from Barcelona to Mataro.

The most eastern railways in Europe terminate at Warsaw and Cracow. A line is in progress to Bochnia, east of Cracow, and another from Pesth to Debretzin, still farther east.

The Swedish Government have exhibited great practical wisdom in the encouragement they have given to the formation of railways. The State guarantees to the projectors four per cent. for fifteen years; and the pecuniary loans given by Government are not to be repaid till after ten years, and then they are only to be exacted from one-half of the surplus profits above six per cent. If the State resolves to purchase the lines, they cannot do so till after twenty years, and they must then pay a bonus of 25 per cent. In place of a tax being exacted by the State, as in British railways, and exorbitant local rates, the Government gives for nothing the portions of the crown-lands through which the lines may pass, and also the labor of soldiers, paupers, and convicts, at reduced wages. The Government has also agreed to erect electric telegraphs at their own expense.

The liberal conduct of the Swedish and other Governments to Railway enterprise forms a singular contrast with that of Great Britain. When the early Railway Companies were receiving large dividends, it was not to be wondered at that Government, in its necessities, should impose some tax upon their exorbitant profits, and that the parochial authorities should imitate their example. In the present state of railway property, however, these burdens are intolerable, and cannot with any propriety be much longer imposed. The London and North-Western Company have paid during the last year the sum of £50,505 for government duty, and £58,650 for local rates and taxes. In the half-year just ended, the London and South-Western Company have paid for local rates alone £10,833, which is *upward of 11 per cent. on their balance available for a dividend!* This tax, consisting chiefly of poor's rate, is so unjust and oppressive that Parliament ought instantly to redress the grievance. In this last case every adult employed by the Company is taxed £12, 10s. per annum, while the average impost on the male population of the country is only 30s. per head.

The following table shows the taxes imposed upon railways for the year 1848:—

	Government Duty.	Rates and Taxes.
London and North-Western, . . .	£50,505 8 0	£58,649 15 10
Great Western, . . .	29,603 18 8	38,555 5 2
Midland, . . .	23,043 10 5	33,125 13 2
Eastern Counties, . . .	16,817 5 1	24,754 3 8
London, Brighton, and South Coast, . . .	16,376 5 0	22,834 3 5
London and South-Western, . . .	15,033 5 0	19,491 9 6
South-Eastern, . . .	14,895 9 1	24,367 18 10
York and North Midland, . . .	7,092 14 1	13,960 18 2
York, Newcastle, and Berwick, . . .	6,571 9 3	14,513 17 1
Lancashire and Yorkshire, . . .	4,336 10 4	16,793 10 2

	Government Duty.	Rates and Taxes.
London and Blackwall,	£2,363 11 6	£2,309 13 7
South Devon,	2,134 6 5	2,017 1 10
East Lancashire,	1,906 18 1	2,695 14 1
Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire,	1,602 15 3	457 12 10
Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire,	1,172 19 3	3,423 0 5

Railways have not made much progress in our Colonies and dependencies. They have been checked by the same causes which operated in every part of Europe. The East India Company have guaranteed to the Great Indian Peninsular Company a dividend of 5 per cent. upon £500,000, a sum which is supposed capable of completing the first thirty-five miles of the line, from Bombay to Callian; and the 11th and 12th Victoria, cap. 13, guarantees 4 per cent. for loans for the construction of railways in the West Indies and Mauritius. A number of railway acts, passed by the legislatures of the Colonies of British Guiana, Trinidad, Jamaica, Ceylon, New Brunswick, and Canada, have been reported upon by the Railway Commissioners to the Colonial Office. Colonial

acts have also been passed, in 1847 and 1848, for incorporating the Nova Scotia Electrical Telegraph Company and the British North American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph Association.

In their latest Report, dated 1st May, 1849, the Railway Commissioners have made a special reference to "the great change that has taken place in public opinion with respect to the value of Railway investments." During the year 1848, consols rose about 4 per cent., while the average price of investments in five of the principal Railway Companies fell about 20 per cent., and hence the Commissioners justly conclude that there may be much difficulty in obtaining capital for many of the proposed lines. This decline is shown in the following statement:—

London & N. Western.	London & S. Western.	Great Western.	Midland.	Average.	Consols.	
184	134	146	130	148½	89	July 3, 1847.
150	102	112	109	118½	85½	Jan. 1, 1848.
120	92	95	100	101½	84	July 1, 1848.
124	80	91	85	95	88½	Dec. 30, 1848.
133	76	95	76	95	92	April 20, 1849.

After perusing these details, the reader will naturally ask, What are the future prospects of railways as commercial speculations, as these prospects may be gathered from the facts now before us, and without any reference to the development of the whole traffic of the country, or the future measures of Government? Three writers, whose opinions are entitled to considerable weight, have taken different views of the future prospects of Railway Companies. After quoting the following passage from Sir Francis Head's interesting pamphlet, Mr. Scrivenor speaks with hope, and even assurance, respecting the probable success of the Railway system:—

"In Herapath's Railway Journal of the 30th September last, it appears that the capital expended on railways now open for traffic, amounting to £148,000,000 (one hundred and forty-eight millions), gives a profit of 1.81 per cent. for the half-year, or £3, 12s. 4½d. per cent. per annum. Deducting the non-paying dividend lines, the dividend on the remainder amounts to 2.09 per cent. for the half-year, or £4, 3s. 7½d. per cent. per annum.

"After ten years' competition with railways, the dividends received by the Canal Companies between London and Manchester were in 1846 as follows:—

Grand Junction Canal,	6 per cent.
Oxford,	26 "

Coventry,	25 per cent.
Old Birmingham,	16 "
Trent and Mersey,	30 "
Duke of Bridgewater's (private property), say	30 "

"The dividends received by the Grand Junction Canal for the last forty years have averaged £9, 10s. 9d. per cent. per annum."—*Stokers and Pokers*, pp. 153, 154.

Upon this statement Mr. Scrivenor makes the following observations:—

"I hail these results of traffic as proving beyond question the future prosperity of the railways of the United Kingdom. Observe the result of traffic on canals, what rich dividends they have yielded to their proprietors; this, too, without the aid of passenger traffic. Now that we have evidently entered upon a new epoch in the world's history, when the multitudes require to be provided with swift transit—when those who in no other epoch ever dreamt of traveling, now move about in masses—there is legitimate reason for concluding that that grand system by which the many are enabled to 'run to and fro' with facility and ease, must in the end prosper beyond all former precedent. The railways have infused throughout the dense ranks of our population a quickening impulse for locomotion; they have kindled a taste in the public mind that will increase more and more;—who shall tell its bounds?

But this we know, that this disposition to travel about on the part of the public must be productive of excessive prosperity to those who are possessed of railway property: it cannot be indulged without benefiting them; and according to the measure of its increase, so may be measured the railway dividends in years to come."—*The Railways of the United Kingdom, &c.*, Introduction, pp. 22, 23.

These views are doubtless very sanguine. We trust they will be realized, though under existing arrangements we do not perceive that they rest on any solid foundation.

Having thus attempted to give our readers some account of the history and statistics of railway enterprise, and of the present and future prospects of railway proprietors, we shall now proceed to make them acquainted with the nature and construction of a railway, considered as a grand mechanical invention; with the public works and machinery which it requires, and with the improvements which are yet necessary to prevent those dangerous collisions which were so frequent in its early history.

A railway is, properly speaking, and in its original and most simple form, a pair of rails or lines made of stone, wood, or iron, lying as level as possible, for the purpose of allowing carriages to convey goods or passengers along it without being retarded by friction. We have seen narrow paths of granite which perform the functions of a railroad; and wooden rails were very common in America when the invention was first introduced. The rails of railways, however, are now almost universally made of cast-iron, and rest upon what are called wooden sleepers, lying across the line, or sometimes upon long beams of wood, which support the rails in every part of their length. The *gauge* of a railway is the distance between the two rails, or between the rims of the opposite wheels which rest upon it. It is called the *narrow gauge* when the distance of the rails from centre to centre is from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet; and the *broad gauge*, when they are 7 feet 2 inches wide, as in the Great Western.* A

* In almost all the railways previous to the Great Western, the breadth of gauge was 4 feet 8½ inches. In several of the Scottish lines the gauge is 5 feet 6 inches. The virtual combination of the two gauges on the same railway, for example, on the Oxford and Rugby line, as proposed by Mr. Brunel, is to be effected by "the introduction of a single additional rail to each line of rails, or separate railway, the outer rail of each railway being common to the two gauges." This arrangement "admits of the running of all the trains of both gauges into the same sidings, and up to the same passenger platforms." Captain Simmons, after a mature consideration of

railway may be made with only a *single line*, or *one pair of rails*; and many such have been executed. In this case, as in canals, there must be passing places, where one of two trains going in opposite directions may pass the other. On all railways, however, where there is much traffic there are *two lines*. The building at each end of the line for the accommodation of passengers and the reception of goods is called the *terminus*; and at the distance of every 5 or 6 miles there are station-houses, where passengers and goods may be received when the trains stop.

With all the aid that can be derived from deep cuttings and embankments, the engineer can seldom obtain a line as level as he could desire. When the railway, as it often necessarily does, runs from estuary to estuary, or from sea to sea, it must rise over high elevations or mountain ridges, availing itself of gorges or passes in the mountains, so as to have its highest point or summit level as low as possible. In such cases the engineer divides his line into different portions called *gradients*. One gradient may be so inclined to the horizon as to rise *one foot* in a *hundred*, which is very steep, another, one foot in five hundred, another, one foot in a thousand, while some are nearly level. In the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, for example, there are ten gradients, varying from 1 in 880 to 1 in 5426, there being a perfect level at the summit of nearly seven miles, and one gradient of nearly eleven miles, rising 1 in 1159. When the gradient is very steep, of which we have examples both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, the train is dragged up by a fixed engine by means of iron ropes or chains, and it descends by gravity, regulated by brakes. At Glasgow, this gradient, one mile and 15 chains long, is inclined 1 in 43, and at Edinburgh 1 in 27.

this plan, reports favorably upon it, and concludes with these words: "By avoiding *all meeting points*, by a separation of the gauges in the sidings and stations, and by most *stringent regulations*, preventing, under any circumstances, the connecting, in one train, of carriages of different gauges, I think the safety of the public will be guaranteed with *ordinary care and supervision*, and that the line may, by a *strict compliance with these conditions*, be rendered *practically safe*." Captain Simmons here admits that the combination of the gauges is *theoretically unsafe*. The elements of danger are already too numerous in the best formed and best managed railways to render advisable any changes of a doubtful character, and not loudly demanded either by the interests of shareholders, or for the accommodation of the public. The cautious and hesitating language used by Captain Simmons will, we trust, prevent that complication of lines which the proposed combination must produce.

When a railway is executed between two towns, the line would be the best possible if it could, as in some highly favored localities, be perfectly straight and level; but in general this is impossible. If the country should be level, which is seldom the case, the interposition of gentlemen's country houses and grounds prevents the line of the railway from being straight; and though, in some cases, a certain degree of encroachment is permitted upon this kind of property, the railway proprietors must pay dearly for the privilege. When the surface of the country is undulating, the engineer, keeping as much as he can to a straight line, guides it in such a manner that the cuttings of earth from the elevation may as nearly as possible fill up the adjacent hollows; and when the elevation is lofty, he is obliged to cut a tunnel through the soil, or the rock, of which it consists. If there is a hollow occupied by a moss or a morass, he must bring earth from the nearest elevation to form an embankment, along which the rails may be laid. When the line of railway passes over well-frequented roads, or over rivers, a bridge must be built, along which the rails are laid; and when a broad valley, either with or without a stream, has to be crossed, a *viaduct* is constructed for the purpose. When a road is not much frequented, the railway passes over it, and it is closed with gates when trains are about to pass, and again opened for the passage of carriages, the gate on each side closing the ends of the railway. This is called a *level crossing*, a contrivance which the public often successfully opposes on account of the obstruction it presents to carriages, and the danger to travelers. The cheapness of it, however, recommends it to the railway company, and many thousand pounds have often been spent in obtaining a decision favorable to one of the contending parties.

The magnificent structures which the railway system has called into existence exhibit, in a striking degree, the wealth and enterprise of the nation, and some of them may even be ranked among the wonders of the world. The splendid edifices* which form the termini of railways at populous cities particularly, with the iron roofs which unite them, and protect the trains and the passengers from the weather, and the refreshment stations, such as those at Wolverton on the London and Birmingham, and Swindon on

the Great Western, are too well known to passengers to require any description. The traveler who enjoys the luxuries they supply has generally time enough to admire and even to examine them; while he passes through tunnels and over bridges and viaducts, without knowing, except in the case of tunnels, that he is traveling over them. We shall, therefore, describe some of the more remarkable of these public works, in the conception and construction of which the genius and the talent of the engineer have been signally displayed.

Some of the most interesting of these works are the tunnels, which it is necessary often to cut through hills or elevations of clay, gravel, or rock. At an early period in railway history the public took alarm at the idea of being carried through long tunnels excluded from the light of heaven, and breathing an atmosphere unventilated and polluted with subterraneous effluvia, and the artificial combinations of smoke and steam. In February, 1837, a committee of physicians, surgeons, and chemists inspected the tunnel at Primrose Hill, then in progress, 3750 feet long, 22 feet high, and 23½ feet wide, with five shafts, about seven feet in diameter, for ventilation: They reported that the apprehension which had been expressed that tunnels would be detrimental to the health, or inconvenient to the feelings of passengers, "were perfectly futile and groundless," and experience has fully confirmed this decision. The tunnel near Kilsby, on the London and Birmingham railway, though 7270 feet long, is "traversed without the slightest inconvenience or sensation of cold or damp, the change experienced being merely that from sunshine to shade, and from daylight to lamplight."

This tunnel is one of the most remarkable, not merely for its size, but from the singular difficulties which were encountered in its construction. Its depth beneath the surface required to be about 160 feet, and it was to have two shafts or openings to the sky 60 feet in diameter, not merely to ventilate it, but to give sufficient light to allow the rails to be seen along its whole length. The strata beneath were found, by numerous borings, to be the shale of the lower oolite, and the work was contracted for for the sum of £99,000. Owing to its great length, it was necessary to have eighteen working shafts or openings to the surface, through which the earth or rock from the tunnel was to be removed. During the progress of the work it was discovered, to the astonishment both of

* The Euston Station in London cost £81,582. The great Dépôt at Camden, covering 27 acres, cost £114,385, and the Locomotive Engine Dépôt at Wolverton, £109,454.

the engineer and the contractor, that a quicksand beneath a bed of clay penetrated 1200 feet into the tunnel. Appalled by this apparently unsurmountable obstruction, the contractor took to his bed, and though relieved from his engagement by the company, he languished and died. The water rushed into the shafts to such an extent that the work was on the eve of being abandoned, when Mr. Robert Stephenson, relying on the power of science to overcome any physical difficulty, succeeded, in the course of eight months, in carrying off the water at the rate of 1800 gallons per minute, by the aid of thirteen steam engines, 200 horses, and 1250 men. Two years and a half were required to complete this stupendous work. The number of bricks employed in lining the top and the bottom of the tunnel, was 36,000,000, which, it has been calculated, would nearly make a footpath a yard wide from London to Aberdeen.*

The following is a list of a few of the principal tunnels on English lines:—

	Length in yards.	Height in feet.	Width in feet.
The Box tunnel,†	3123	27	25
Manchester and Leeds tunnel, . .	2860	21½	24
Kilsby tunnel,	2423	37	22½
Liverpool and Manchester tunnel, from Wapping to Edgehill,	2216	16	22
Abbots' Cliff tunnel, Dover,	2206	25	24
Lime Street,	2000	19	25
Watford, on the London and Birmingham, 1830			
Leicester and Swannington,	1760	13½	10½
Shakespeare tunnels, Dover, double, .	1430	30	24
Primrose Hill,	1250	25	22
Edinburgh and Granton,	1001	17	24
Bangor tunnel,	924		
Canterbury and Whitstable,	880	12	12
Callander, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, .	830	22	26
Leeds and Selby,	700	17	22
Penmaenbach, Chester, and Holyhead, .	632	24	

In some instances, such as in that of the Penmaenbach tunnel, 47½ miles from Chester, there is no occasion for any masonry lining. The tunnel is here driven through basaltic rock, which entirely supports itself. It has a semicircular top, with upright sides, and was worked from adits to the beach. It is curved throughout its whole length with a radius of 40 chains. The Penmaenmawr tunnel, 3½ miles from Chester, though driven through 250 yards of greenstone, required to be lined throughout with rubble greenstone masonry; and the Bangor tunnel, though at first considered solid enough to support it-

* On the Great Western between Bath and Chippenham; the quantity of excavation is 247,000 cubic yards of freestone chiefly, with some marl.

† The expense of this tunnel was upward of £300,000, or £125 per yard. The cost of tunneling varies from £20 to £160 per yard. The great Thames tunnel cost about £1200 per yard!

self from the hardness of the stone through which it was cut, yet having shown symptoms of not being able to withstand the action of the weather, Mr. Stephenson has ordered it to be lined with brick.

When the railway has to pass at a depth less than 60 feet beneath the surface, the engineer prefers *cutting* through the hill or ridge to tunneling, unless when the earth obtained from the cutting is required for an embankment, in which case he would cut when the depth is above 60 feet, though in ordinary cases he would have tunneled. Cuttings through clay, or gravel, or loose materials, are nearly as expensive as through rock, because in the latter case, much less cutting is requisite. The cuttings and embankments, or *earthworks* as they are called, on the London and Birmingham, were of the most extraordinary kind. "There is scarcely," says Mr. Whishaw, "a portion of this line from one end to the other, which is not either covered by embankments above the general surface of the country, or sunk below it by means of excavation." By the original section, the excavations amounted to 12,081,116, and the embankments to 10,698,315 cubic yards. At the Tring cutting alone, 1,297,763 cubic yards of chalk were excavated. The following abstract of the calculations of Mr. Lecount, respecting the whole work done on the portion of a railway, is given by Sir Francis Head, in his work already referred to:—

"The great Pyramid of Egypt was, according to Diodorus Siculus, constructed by three hundred thousand—according to Herodotus, by one hundred thousand men; it required for its execution 20 years, and the labor expended on it has been estimated as equivalent to lifting 15,733,000,000 (fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three millions) of cubic feet of stone, one foot high. Now, if in the same measure the labor expended in constructing the *Southern* division only of the present London and North-Western Railway, be reduced to one common denomination, the result is 25,000,000,000 (twenty-five thousand millions) of cubic feet of similar material lifted to the same height, being 9,267,000,000 (nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven millions) of cubic feet more than was lifted for the pyramid, and yet the English work was performed by about 20,000 men only in less than 5 years.

"Again, it has been calculated by Mr. Lecount, that the quantity of earth moved in the single division (112 miles in length) of the railway in question, would be sufficient to make a footpath a foot high and a yard broad, round the whole circumference of the earth! The cost of this division of the railway in penny-pieces, being sufficient to form a copper kerb or edge to it. Supposing, therefore, the same proportionate

quantity of earth to be moved in the 7150 miles of railway sanctioned by Parliament at the commencement of 1848, our engineers, within about 15 years, would, in the construction of our railways alone, have removed earth sufficient to girdle the globe with a road one foot high and one hundred and ninety-one feet broad!"—P. 28.

When earth cannot be obtained for embankments, and when good stone can be readily obtained, a *viaduct* is cheaper and better. In America, and sometimes in this country, viaducts have been made of wood. On the Edinburgh and Glasgow line we have two very magnificent stone viaducts, one over the Almond, and the other over the Avon. The Almond viaduct is 2160 feet long, its width 28 feet, and its height 50. It consists of *thirty-six* arches, each of 75 feet span, and as seen from Newliston and other points of view, is a most beautiful and magnificent object. The Stockport viaduct, which carries the Manchester and Birmingham railway over the river Mersey at Stockport, designed by George Watson Buck, is one of the most imposing structures in the kingdom. Its whole length is 2179 feet, running at a height of 106 feet above the surface of the river, and consists of 22 semicircular arches, each of which has a span of 63 feet. The average height of the piers is 40 feet. The whole of the London and Greenwich railway may be said to be one viaduct, consisting of *eight hundred and seventy-eight* arches, of eighteen feet span! It is 26 feet wide and 20 high.

One of the finest viaducts in the kingdom is that on the Shrewsbury and Chester Canal, crossing the river Dee, and adding new beauty to the picturesque valley of Llangollen. This valley had previously attained distinction in the history of engineering from the magnificent aqueduct of Pontcysyllte, which was designed by Mr. Telford, and completed in 1805, at the expense of £47,018. The object of this noble structure was to carry the Ellesmere Canal across the valley of the Dee, at the height of 127 feet above the river. After the embankments had been executed, 1007 feet remained to be crossed, and this was effected by twenty piers of solid masonry, rising to the height of 75 feet, and united by nineteen arches of 45 feet span. The present viaduct is a still more magnificent structure. It is 1532 feet long. It consists of nineteen semicircular arches of 60 feet span, and the height from the bed of the river to the top of the parapet at the centre piece, is 148 feet. It is founded on the solid rock. The piers, which are 13 feet thick

and 28½ feet long at the springing of the arch, are built of a beautiful stone. The first stone of this viaduct, designed by Mr. Henry Robertson, was laid on the 19th of April, 1846, and the last arch was closed on the 12th August, 1848. This viaduct is said to be the largest in the world, and cost upward of £100,000. It contains above 64,000 cubic yards of masonry, and the cost of the timber for the scaffolding was £15,000.

Besides tunnels, &c., works of a very different kind have been found necessary for preventing obstruction in the line, and danger to the passengers. At the east end, for example, of the Penmaenmawr tunnel, a *Gallery of timber* covering the railway for 390 feet of its length, was found necessary to protect the line from stones which occasionally descend from the hill above, which is covered with loose rocks and exceedingly steep, rising to the height of 1400 feet. The timber employed in the covering is *fourteen inches* thick, and is placed at an angle of 30°, resting on one side upon a stone wall washed by the sea, and on the other upon the hill, at an elevation of 40 feet above the level of the rails, having an intermediate timber support and timber struts, at every six feet apart.*

In passing across the ordinary rivers of England bridges of very considerable magnitude have been rendered necessary, not so much from the breadth of the river, as from the great height of its banks, which compels the engineer to carry the railway at a great elevation above the stream. Two very magnificent bridges of this kind are now in the act of construction over the Tweed at Berwick, and the Tyne at Newcastle. Works still more expensive and magnificent become necessary when railways have to cross arms of the sea, as in the Chester and Holyhead Railway, where the line passes over the Conway river or arm of the sea, and the Menai Straits.

The necessity of facilitating the communication between London and Dublin, had long ago induced the Government to expend large sums of money upon the roads and harbors which intervened; and in 1818, Parliament granted the sum of £20,000 to erect a bridge over the Menai Straits, which was the most embarrassing obstacle in the whole line of communication. Mr. Telford recommended a structure of wrought iron on the suspension principle, which, after a careful investigation of its merits, was adopted. The foundation-

* Report of the Railway Commissioners for 1848. Part ii., p. 33.

stone was laid on the 10th August, 1819. In 1821, about 350 men and six vessels were employed upon it: It was completed early in 1826, and on the morning of Monday, the 30th of January, the London mail coach passed across the estuary at the height of 100 feet above the tideway. The total length of this noble bridge is about *one-third* of a mile, or 1710 feet. The total weight of the iron work is 4,373,282 lbs., or upward of 2186 tons, and a single coat of the paint which defends it from the weather, weighed 2½ tons. The cost of the bridge with the toll-houses, &c., was £120,000.*

A great improvement in the communication between London and Dublin having been effected by the railroad from Chester to Holyhead, it became necessary to erect bridges at Conway and Bangor for carrying it across the two arms of the sea. The genius of Mr. Robert Stephenson, which had been so often displayed in railway enterprise, was summoned to a task of no ordinary difficulty, when he was called upon to give plans for these two public works. He proposed to erect what had never before been thought of, and still less attempted, a *tubular bridge* over both the arms of the sea which it was necessary to pass.

The Conway tubular bridge, which is now completed, and daily used for the passage of trains, consists of a horizontal square tube of wrought iron, resting on piers of solid masonry, 400 feet distant from each other. The whole length of the tube is 424 feet, its extreme depth 25 feet 6 inches in the centre, 22 feet 6 inches at the ends, and so formed as to leave a clear space within, 21 feet 8 inches in height at the centre, 18 feet 8 inches high at the ends, and 14 feet 3 inches wide. This tube, as it is rather improperly called, is in reality a rectangular tunnel, or hollow square iron box, with top, bottom, and sides, but open at the ends, through which the trains pass upon ordinary rails laid on the bottom. All round the open part for the admission of the trains, there is a great deal of wrought-iron carpentry, or framing, for the purpose of giving strength to the whole structure, the work on the top, at the bottom, and on the sides, having each a separate function to perform; and it is in this part of his work that

* The Right of Ferry was purchased from Lady Erskine of Cambo, for £26,954, or thirty years' purchase, so that the whole cost of the bridge was £146,954. The passage across the strait being now effected by a railway, the utility of the bridge, as well as the amount of tolls collected, must be greatly reduced.

the science of Mr. Stephenson is pre-eminently evinced. The object of the iron work *above* the top, consisting of eight square cells or tubes, is to resist compression; that of the work *below* the bottom, consisting of six square cells, to resist tension; and that *at the sides*, to secure the combined action of the top and bottom; the arrangement and riveting of the rolled iron plates, and of the angle iron, being varied to fulfill these different conditions. The Conway end of the tube is immovable, being fixed on the pier, and made to rest on two beds of creosoted timber, with intermediate cast-iron bed-plates; but the Chester end is left *perfectly free*, so that when it expands by heat, or contracts by cold, which it is constantly doing, it meets with no obstruction, the tube resting on cast-iron rollers, between bed-plates of the same metal, with layers of creosoted timber three inches thick. The rollers are six inches in diameter, and have sufficient play to allow 12 inches of motion. The total weight of the wrought iron is 1140 tons, and, including the castings of six feet at each end to give bearing on the abutments, the total weight is 1300 tons. "The tube," says Captain Simmons, "as may be easily conceived, is a *delicate thermometer*, from its great length, and from the nature of the material, which is peculiarly sensitive to temperature, expanding .0001 of its length, or *half an inch* in this case for each increase of 15° of temperature of Fahrenheit, and contracting in the same ratio." Captain Simmons made a number of interesting experiments, in order to test the safety of this bridge under the various kinds of action to which it may be exposed, and the effects likely to be produced upon it by the slow influence of time, and the elements.

Having placed on the tube a weight of 86 tons (a load probably as great as will come upon it) upon 110 feet of the centre, he found that the deflection was 1.02 inch. With 135 tons covering 185 feet in the centre, the deflection was 1.08 inch; and with 245, the deflection was 1½ inch, the tube remaining 0.18 inch, or a little more than 1-6th of an inch, below its original level.

A heavy loaded train of 250 tons, drawn by two engines, at the rate of 15 miles an hour, produced a deflection of only 1.08 inch, and scarcely any perceptible vibration. Two locomotives, weighing together about 50 tons, when passed through the tube with a velocity of between 20 and 25 miles an hour, occasioned a deflection of 0.6, or little more than half an inch, and a vibration almost imperceptible. Captain Simmons has

assigned satisfactory reasons why no evil is to be apprehended from time, by loosening the rivets, or changing the texture of the material. Nor does he apprehend any injurious effects from the oxidation of the iron from steam or damp air, or the vapor of sea-water, or from the continued action of high winds.

Toward the end of 1848, a second tube was erected on the Conway bridge for the purpose of carrying the down line of the Chester and Holyhead Railway. In examining the amount of deflection under different loads, Captain Simmons obtained the following results with this second tube :—

	WEIGHT.			
	53 tons over 63 feet.	112 tons over 133 feet.	173 tons over 211 feet.	235 tons over 296 feet.
6 feet west of centre,	0·48 in.	0·98 in.	1·30 in.	1·47 in.
6 feet east of centre,	0·48	0·98	1·27	1·47

Two locomotives, as in the former case, or with velocities up to 25 miles an hour, produced deflections proportional to their weight, and very little vibration. The two tubes were floated from their birth-place, and raised by hydraulic presses to their bed upon the piers.

The Britannia Tubular Bridge over the Menai Straits is a work still more magnificent. This bridge takes its name from the Britannia rock, which stands in the middle of the Straits. The Britannia pier, founded upon this rock, is equally distant from the Anglesey and Caernarvon piers, being 460 feet in the clear from each. The object of these *three* piers is to sustain the four ends of the four long tubes, which are to span the distance from shore to shore. From the Anglesey and Caernarvon piers other four tubes pass to the abutments on the shore. The pile of masonry on the Anglesey side is 163 feet 6 inches high, and 173 feet in length from the front to the end of the wing walls. These wing walls terminate in fine pedestals, upon which are placed two colossal lions. The Anglesey pier is about 196 feet high, the bottom of the tubes being 124 feet above low-water. It is 55 feet wide and 32 long. The Britannia pier is about 240 feet high; and the Caernarvon one is of the same height and dimensions as the Anglesey pier; and the Caernarvon abutment is of the same size as the one on the Anglesey shore, its wing walls terminating in pedestals for another pair of colossal lions. The two pair of long tubes, each 470 feet long, have been built on platforms, along the Caernarvon shore; and the two short ones on scaffolding, at the proper height and in the exact position which they are required to occupy when completed. The tubes are constructed in the same manner as those at Conway, the only difference being, that they are 58 feet longer and 3 feet higher. The four colossal lions which orna-

ment the pedestals at each end of the bridge were modeled by Mr. J. Thomas. They are of Egyptian character, and have been executed with admirable taste and skill. They are each 25½ feet long, 12½ feet high, and 8 feet wide, and weigh about 80 tons. No less than *two thousand* cubic feet of stone were required for each lion.*

The total length of the bridge from lion to lion is	1835 feet.
The greatest height of the bridge above low-water mark.	240 "
Height of bottom of tube or rails above high-water.	104 "
Quantity of masonry in the piers and abutments and wing walls.	1,400,000 cub. ft.
The timber used in the various scaffoldings.	450,000 "
The weight of malleable iron in the tubes.	10,000 tons.
Weight of cast iron.	1,400 "
Weight of one of the largest tubes.	1,800 "
Value of one of these tubes.	£54,000 "
Cost of the scaffolding.	£50,000 "

When a railway is thus completed by cuttings, embankments, tunnels, bridges, and viaducts, so as to form a road of iron as nearly straight and horizontal as circumstances will permit, it becomes a matter of some consideration to determine the power by which it shall be worked, and the manner in which that power is to be applied. Horses, which were the power first adopted, have now been abandoned; but it is not improbable that they may again be put in requisition, when, in the further development of the railway system, single lines of wood or of iron may be erected at a moderate expense as tributaries to the great lines, or for the purpose of connecting farming and manufacturing establishments with existing railways. May not a cheap railway of a *single rail* be constructed and wrought with horses? The loaded wagons placed between two horses, and resting on one or more wheels in the direction of the line, might be strapped to the horses so as to prevent them falling to one side; or the same effect might be

* See Timbs' Year-Book of Facts for 1849, pp. 5, 6, where there is given a drawing of the bridge by Mr. Stephenson.

produced with one horse or more placed in the direction of the line, by a contrivance to keep the load in a vertical position, in which case a very narrow path, not wider than the towing-path of a canal,* would be sufficient. The power of steam was of course immediately adopted, as we have seen when the first great line of railway was completed; but it became a question whether a fixed engine or a locomotive would be the most effectual one. The Blackwall Railway is, we believe, the only one upon which fixed engines are employed, but their adoption is owing to the character of the line, and not to any idea of fixed engines being superior to locomotive ones.

Attempts have been successfully made to apply the pressure of the atmosphere as the moving power on railways. This ingenious and beautiful thought we owe to Mr. Samuda, who actually had it carried into effect on the Railway from Dalkey to Kingston, where it has been successfully used without any accident, since the 31st October, 1843. It was used, too, for a very long time, and afterward abandoned, on the London and Croydon Railway. The atmospheric principle is still in use on the South Devon Railway, but a new portion of this line from Totness to Laira, a distance of twenty-one miles, though intended to be worked like the rest of the line, is to be worked by locomotives. A wide tube of iron was laid between the lines of rails, which had an elastic valve or slit in it throughout the whole length of the line. A piston moved in this tube, the handle or arm of which was vertical, and connected with a carriage. When the piston moved in the tube, this arm opened the valve or slit, which closed behind it—the slit being always kept closed and air-tight by grease or fusible metal, or some suitable composition. Large fixed engines were employed to pump out the air from the tube, and when a vacuum was nearly produced, the pressure of the external air behind the piston pushed it on, carrying forward the carriage to which it was attached, followed by the train. This species of railway had many advantages. The conducting carriage could not be carried off the rails, in consequence of its being connected with the tube; and there was no danger from fire or explosion of boilers. The expense, however, of the fixed engines which were necessary to exhaust the tube was very great, and the atmospheric principle has been abandoned on

the Croydon line. Proposals have been made to construct atmospheric railways on other principles, and Mr. W. P. Struve has lately proposed to carry the train through a covered viaduct nine feet square. The piston was to be a shield fixed on wheels, and made to fit the covered way, but allowing a sufficient space beyond its outer edge so that it may not touch the inner surface of the viaduct. The only result of this idea has been a working model, which was exhibited to the British Association.

The locomotive steam-engine having been found the cheapest and most effective method of applying the force of steam,—a living agent, in short, which we can send where and when we please, it may now be said to be the power which is universally used on railways. Some of the early locomotives engines moved upon only four wheels, but they are now generally made with six wheels, the two middle wheels being called the *driving* wheels, as the power of the engine is directly applied to them, and the other *four* the carrying wheels. The driving wheels vary from three and a half to eight or even ten feet, and the carrying wheels from three and a half to six feet. The *Hurricane*, constructed by R. and W. Hawthorn for the Great Western, had its driving wheels ten feet high, and its carrying wheels four and a half feet; its weight, when in working trim, being eleven tons, ten cwt. Ordinary locomotives are from eighteen to twenty feet long, fourteen feet high to the top of the chimney, and twelve to the top of the dome, their width depending on the gauge of the railway. Along with the locomotive, and behind it, is the *tender*, a vehicle on four wheels, about fourteen or fifteen feet long, and six high, which carries water in a tank at its front, and a supply of coke behind.* After the locomotive has received from the water crane a thousand gallons of cold water, and from the coke shed one ton of fuel, it advances to the front of the train ready for its work. The train, consisting of many first, second, and third class carriages, luggage vans, horse boxes, carriage trucks, and perhaps a traveling post-office, all united by chains, and prevented from striking against each other by what are called *buffers*,† is then dragged along with a velocity varying from twenty to sixty miles an hour. On the 13th Novem-

* A locomotive with a cylinder fifteen inches in diameter, costs £1950; sixteen inches, £2113; and eighteen inches, £2500, the tenders costing £500 each.

† The *buffers* are leather cushions stuffed with horse hair, which strike one another, and break the shock when one carriage is pushed against another.

* The late Lord Napier actually constructed and used a carriage with one wheel for the purpose of being driven along a footpath.

ber, 1839, the Camilla, and on the 16th November the Sunbeam, went on one part of their journey on the Grand Junction Railway at the rate of $68\frac{1}{2}$ miles! The greatest railway speed, however, that has yet been accomplished was displayed by the *Courier* in traveling from Didcot to Paddington, on the 26th August, 1848, with the twelve o'clock express train from Exeter. This engine is one of the eight wheel class, with eight feet driving wheels, a cylinder of eighteen inches, and a stroke of twenty-four feet. From a state of rest at Didcot, to the time when the train entered the station at Paddington, only 49' 13" elapsed; that is, at the average rate of *sixty-seven miles an hour*, including the time lost in getting up speed when leaving Didcot, and in reducing speed when approaching Paddington. Exclusive, however, of these losses, exactly in traveling from the forty-seventh mile-post, which the train passed at 3^h 46' 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ " to the fourth mile-post, which it reached at 4^h 23' 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", *forty-three miles were performed in thirty-six minutes and forty seconds*, or an average speed accomplished of *upward of seventy miles per hour*. While the train is thus almost on the wing, beating the eagle in its flight, the passengers are reclining in their easy chairs, thinking or sleeping, reading or writing, as if they were in their own happy homes—safer, indeed, than there, for thieves cannot rob them by day, nor burglars alarm them by night. The steam-horse starts neither at the roar of the thunder-storm, nor the flash of its fire. Draughts of a purer air expel the marsh poison from its seat before it has begun its work of death; and surrounded by conductors, the delicate and timid traveler looks without dismay on the forked messengers of destruction, twisting the spire, or rending the oak, or raging above the fear-stricken dwellings of man.

Although in wet weather the wheels of the locomotive sometimes slip upon the rails, and thus retard slightly the progress of the train, yet the delay is speedily compensated, and we may safely assert, that in all states of the weather, and in all seasons, railway traveling is equally safe and equally comfortable and expeditious. Serious and well-founded doubts were at one time entertained respecting the performance of locomotives, when such a quantity of snow lay on the rails as interrupted all the ordinary communications throughout the country; but these fears were dispelled so early as the 20th of December, 1836, when snow to the depth of four or

five feet had accumulated in the deep cutting through the Cowran Hill upon the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. On the morning of that day, the Hercules engine, built in that year by R. Stephenson and Co., approached the cutting, where crowds of the people had assembled to assist in the emergency. When it reached the spot, it dashed right into the drift, clearing its way through the obstructing mass, and driving the snow over the top of the engine chimney, like foam from the surf of a violently agitated sea. In spite of this and similar obstructions, the train came down from Greenhead, *twenty miles*, in an hour and a quarter, and kept its time, while all the ordinary roads were either greatly obstructed, or entirely blocked up.

It is not to be wondered at that persons of a nervous temperament, and incapable of estimating the small and calculable amount of danger to which they are exposed on railways, should have their fears strengthened by the sight of a train of enormous length, weighing sometimes 153,300 lbs. avoidupois, rushing at the rate of 56 miles an hour, along embankments and viaducts, and on the edge of precipices with the ocean raging at their base; and that they should absolutely prefer the stage-coach or the steam-boat, with all their discomforts and real dangers, to the luxury and repose of a first-class carriage; and still less is it to be wondered at, when they read the details of a railway accident,—or of locomotives taking to their heels and running through brick walls, like a musket ball through a paper target,—or of a collision with a luggage train, where the wagons overrode each other till the uppermost one was found piled forty feet above the rails! We admit the tendency of this knowledge to create alarm, and we sympathize with the sensitive nature which it misleads; but while we would call to the remembrance of such persons some of the frightful disasters on the ocean, in which hundreds have perished in a moment; the deadly explosion of high-pressure boilers, by which crowds of passengers have been destroyed, on board the American steamers; or the constant occurrence of stage-coach and carriage accidents, when travelers were not numerous—we are anxious to prove to them that there is and can be no traveling with anything like the safety of railway conveyance. No account of the present Railway system can be correct, or even honest, without some notice of the nature and character of railway accidents; and we scruple the less to refer to

some of the most frightful, because it is necessary that measures be taken, at whatever cost, to prevent their recurrence, and because we think it very probable that, if these means are taken, we may never hear again of such disasters. When we speak of railway accidents, we refer only to those which happen to passengers without any negligence on their part, and in consequence only of their traveling on a railway.

In a former Article we had occasion to mention the *increasing* safety of steam navigation as exhibited in the voyages of steamers connected with the State of New York.

In the five years ending with 1824, *one* life was lost out of every 126,211 passengers; in the same period ending with 1833, *one* life was lost in every 151,931 passengers; and in the same period ending with 1838, only *one* life was lost out of 1,985,787, the safety of the passengers having increased 16½ times.* The same result has been obtained in railway traveling. According to the calculations of Baron von Reden, the following were the casualties which took place on the railways of England, France, Belgium, and Germany, between the 1st of August, 1840, and July, 1845:—

England, 1 passenger out of	869,000	passengers, killed by his own negligence.
France, 1	2,157,000	do. do.
Belgium, 1	670,000	do. do.
Germany, 1	25,000,000	do. do.
England, 1 official out of	300,000	officials, killed and wounded from misconduct.
France, 1	5,000,000	do. do.
Belgium, 1	280,000	do. do.
Germany, 1	9,000,000	do. do.
England, 1 person out of	852,000	killed from defective management.
France, 1	3,465,996	do. do.
Belgium, 1	1,690,764	do. do.
Germany, 1	12,254,858	do. do.

The safety of railway traveling in Germany, as shown in the above table, is very remarkable, and to us inexplicable; nor is the great loss of life on English railways less unaccountable, for it is 4½ times greater than in France, 2 times greater than in Belgium, for passengers, and nearly 15 times greater than in Germany. If these results are correct, they inspire us at least with the hope, that all nations may now rival the Germans in the safety with which they conduct their

railway operations. That railway traveling in England is approaching rapidly to that in Germany, in respect to the safety of travelers, we shall be able to show from documents that cannot be questioned. We have now before us the returns to Parliament of all the accidents which have taken place on the railways of Great Britain and Ireland for the years 1847 and 1848, and from them we obtain the following important results:—

IN 1847.

19 passengers killed, and	87 injured, from causes beyond their control.
8 do. do.	3 injured, owing to their own misconduct or incaution.
17 servants killed,	25 servants injured, from causes beyond their control.
107 do. do.	43 injured, owing to want of caution.
55 trespassers killed,	12 injured.
1 person killed,	1 injured, by crossing or standing on the line.
1 suicide.	
211 killed.	174 injured.

The number of passengers, during 1847, was 54,854,019.

IN 1848.

9 passengers killed, and	128 injured, from causes beyond their own control.
12 do. do.	7 injured, owing to their own misconduct or incaution.
13 servants killed,	32 injured, from causes beyond their own control.
125 do. do.	42 injured, from misconduct or incaution.
41 trespassers killed,	10 injured, from crossing or standing on line.
202 killed.	219 injured.

The number of passengers, during 1848, was 57,855,133.

* See this *Journal*, vol. ix, p. 363.

If we now take the number of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control, we shall obtain the following results :—

Passengers killed.		
1847,	19	or 1 out of 2,887,053 passengers.
1848,	9	or 1 out of 6,428,348 passengers.

Hence the risk of being killed was nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ times less in 1848 than in 1847, and nearly 8 times less than it was in the years 1846 and 1845, according to Baron von Reden's calculations. The comparatively great loss of life to passengers in 1847, was occasioned by the accident at Wolverton, on the 5th of November, when *seven* passengers were killed by the passenger trains running into a siding, and coming into collision with a coal train, in consequence of the negligence of the policeman; and also to the death of three passengers on the 24th of May, by the fall of part of the Railway bridge over the river Dee, when part of the train was precipitated into the water. Such disasters will, in all probability, never again occur. They have, at least, not occurred in 1848 and 1849; and we can therefore say to our timid and oversensitive friends who refuse to travel on railways, that in the year 1848, only one passenger was killed out of *six and a half million* of passengers who traveled by Railway; and that no safer traveling than this is to be found, or can be conceived.

But while the above returns place beyond a doubt the comparative safety of passengers, they present a fearful picture of the casualties sustained by the servants of the Company and by the public. *Four hundred and thirteen* deaths, and *three hundred and ninety-three* cases of injury, in the space of *two* years, affecting, it may be, ultimately, the life or happiness of the surviving sufferers, cannot be viewed without alarm, and call loudly upon the Government and the Companies to inquire into and remove the causes by which they have been occasioned. Circumstances have led us to look at this subject with some care and anxiety. The causes which led to these disasters have been honestly inquired into by the Railway Commissioners, and are clearly set forth in their Reports; but they have not yet been viewed in their generality, and therefore no determined plan has been adopted for preventing their future operation. The evils to be remedied, are obviously such as admit of a remedy; and we are surprised that science and ingenuity and legislation have not been more earnestly required to provide a cure.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into

details; but we may say in general, that Railway accidents may be arranged in two groups, namely, those which occur from imperfect mechanism, concealed from observation, and those which arise from carelessness, and from causes which either are or may be visible, and, if seen, may be prevented. If the iron girder of a bridge snaps,—if its masonry gives way,—if the tire of a wheel is thrown off,—if the bar of a rail springs,—if an axle breaks, and a boiler bursts, all these accidents are the result of imperfect mechanism. We believe that the strength of the axle and the girder, that the swelling of the boiler, had never been sufficiently tested, and that the tire of the wheel had never been sufficiently secured; and we hold that in all these cases the mechanist and the engineer should be held liable for the accidents which are thus occasioned, in the same manner as a lawyer and a medical man are liable for the consequences, the one of a mismanagement of his client's business, and the other of the ignorant practice of his art. At all events, axles and girders should be made doubly strong, and tires doubly secured, and boilers doubly riveted, before they are placed in contact with human life. The experience which we are daily acquiring of the strength of materials, and of its modification by time and pressure and vibratory action, will, we are persuaded, gradually diminish the number of accidents arising from imperfect mechanism.

It is therefore against the other class of accidents,—those that produce collision, or deviation from the rails, that we require to be guarded. These collisions may arise from the trains moving in opposite or in the same direction, and from a train meeting one at rest at the station, or, as in the Wolverton accident, from the points being opened so as to conduct the train into a siding occupied by another train, or by carriages. In all these cases, the accident arises from the hostile trains not seeing each other, and not being able to stop when they do see each other. When deviations from the line of rails are occasioned by physical obstructions, by sleeping drunkards, or cattle, or trespassers, a piece of rock, or slips of earth, the accident arises from the obstructions not being seen at all, or not in time to allow the train to be stopped. In many of these cases, the collisions have taken place at *stations* where they are approached in a curve line, so that the engineer or the guard cannot possibly see the obstruction, and therefore cannot stop the train. The cure for this class of acci-

dents is a legislative enactment to prevent any station from being placed, unless where it can be seen on both sides, and at such a distance as to allow the train to be stopped, and to alter the line of Railway, where it is not rectilinear, or nearly so at existing stations. But the great and crying evil is, that trains rush like infuriated bulls to their object, blind, or blindfolded, or unwilling to look for the obstruction which would destroy them. Trains have met in open day without seeing each other; and one train has overtaken another, under the same ignorance of each other's existence. If ships at sea require telescopes and officers always on the watch, Railway trains doubly demand them. The engineers and guards should be provided with telescopes with a large field of view and great distinctness, and it should be their special duty to look along the line both in their front and rear, in order to observe approaching trains, or sprung rail bars, or any other obstacles in the way.* When they are seen, powerful breaks will enable them to pause in their dangerous career. The openings into sidings, the opening and closing of points, should all be indicated by visible discs,

* On the 10th of May, 1848, six passengers were killed and thirteen injured by a passenger train coming into collision with a horse-box at the *Shrivenham Station*. The horse-box must have been invisible, or the guards blind. On the 11th of June, a train, conveying troops, standing at the *Crewe Station*, was run into by another train, causing injury to twelve commissioned and non-commissioned officers. These are specimens of accidents from the want of watchmen with telescopes.

which can be seen at a distance, so that even if an official shall neglect his duty, that duty shall be indicated to the party most deeply concerned, in place of being punished after the mischief has been done. At night, the signals at these sidings and points should be illuminated, and light beacons erected at level crossings and other places, where cattle and trespassers are likely to invade the line. It is essentially necessary, too, that when any accident happens in the train, such as a carriage taking fire; or when any obstruction or cause of alarm, such as a bridge on fire,* and a train rapidly advancing behind, is seen by the passengers, means should be provided of communicating with the engineer. We have used such telescopes as we have recommended; and it is surprising how distinctly even a passenger can see the line when its curvature permits it, and recognize even small stones at a distance, at which it would be easy to stop the train if a serious obstruction stood in the way. If any person would take the trouble of going over the whole class of accidents for the years 1847 and 1848, when much experimental knowledge of their cause had been acquired, he will perceive at once that the most fatal and alarming accidents would have been prevented by adopting the suggestion we have made, but especially by making it the duty of the engineer and guards to observe the line before and behind them with proper telescopes.

* This actually happened a few days ago, when the *Peakirk bridge*, near *Boston*, was completely consumed by fire.

HYMN.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

"THERE is a God," all Nature cries;
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire Divine,
Assiduous we adore;
Rejecting godheads, at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds, in boundless space,
Myriads of miles each hour,
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,

As the blue circle studs the face
Of that enamel'd flower.

But Thou, too, mad'st that flow'ret gay
To glitter in the dawn;
The hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launch'd away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to thy will,
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound,
One order to fulfill.

From the Athenæum.

KOSSUTH.

SEE PLATE.

Louis Kossuth and the Recent History of Hungary—[*Ludwig Kossuth, &c.*] Edited by ARTHUR FREY.
Vol. I. Mannheim, Grohe; London, Williams & Norgate.

At a time when every eye is eagerly turned in the direction of Hungary, and when the accounts from the Danube and the Theiss, however varying and contradictory, leave no doubt of the heroism with which a struggle for national independence, second to few that history has loved to record, has been maintained in that region, against the combined powers of two great empires,—at such a moment, we say, whatever promises us a nearer view of any of the actors in this exciting scene must be eagerly welcomed. The name of Kossuth, which has been borne over all Europe as chosen "Defender" of the Magyar cause, is a passport for any work professing to tell us something of a man so greatly and suddenly distinguished; and the volume now before us will be taken up with avidity, on the strength of its title alone. We cannot say that the expectations with which we opened the book have been satisfied, nor that its perusal has given us much pleasure. The ostensible editor, who has compiled it with the assistance of "Hungarian and Austrian writers," speaks in a tone little calculated to induce a temperate reader to place much confidence in his statements of fact, still less in the truth of the colors in which they are set forth. The spirit of the work is more than republican; it breathes the hottest aspirations of a party—but lately supreme in the place from whence the book was issued—that worship "revolution" as something like a divine process; regarding it as an end of itself,—not as a means deplorable even when necessary to those objects which are precious enough to be well purchased at this terrible price. One of this temper, it is clear, is not the painter whom even liberal judges would choose to delineate any eminent character raised to command by political commotions, to explain the develop-

ment of its powers, or to detail the transactions with which its influence has been identified. In the absence of a better authority, however, we must try to glean from Herr Frey's compilation such particulars of his hero as seem like matter of fact, or may be gathered from words or writings of Kossuth himself, quoted in these pages; while in those details or summaries which belong to the general history of the Hungarian cause, an attempt must be made to interpret the vehement language of the narrative,—by the aid of such documents as appear, and of whatever external aids can be procured at the moment,—so as to present some outline of the contest between the Magyars and their opponents, divested of the ultra coloring used in the present narrative.

The volume does not bring the story down beyond the verge of the Revolution: the events of which are reserved for a second volume. The first, ending with the invasion of Hungary Proper by Jellachich, in September, 1848, opens with some notices of the life of Kossuth before he began to shine in public affairs; from which period his history is identified with that of his country. The latter has evidently been compiled by Herr Frey in haste as well as in heat; and is taken, without much order or proportion, from reports of the Pesth National Assembly, from newspaper articles, and from anonymous correspondence,—so rudely put together as to produce a confused and perplexing effect. We must try to compress into a few columns the substance of what is here to be learnt of Kossuth himself; and some of the cardinal events on which that determination of the Hungarian nation turned, the results of which have been electrifying Europe.

Louis (Lajos) Kossuth was born in 1806, of indigent parents, in a village in the county

of Zemplin, in North Hungary. According to Frey's account, he is not of true Magyar blood; his father being described as a "Slovak noble,"* although so poor as to depend for his subsistence on manual labor. The family were Protestants; and it was to a minister of this religion, in an adjacent village, that young Kossuth owed his first education. The boy, we are told, attracted the pastor's notice when conversing with him, by showing "acute intelligence and a clear, open understanding." Of his early years we hear little that can be safely relied on. It is said, on the authority of "communications from some of his friends and comrades," that he "despised the company of the other children of the village," "and loved to spend his hours in solitary musings on the banks of the murmuring Ondawa." However this may have been, such dreams could not have lasted long. His teacher was called away to a distant cure; both his parents were carried off by a pestilence that ravaged the country; and the orphan boy had to seek his further support from some distant relatives. By their means he was placed in the Gymnasium of a neighboring town; where, we are told, he devoted himself with ardor and success to studies, particularly of history,—and of this to the Hungarian beyond all others. The pride of his teachers, the first in his class, he neglected the sports of his age for solitary researches into the past; but when with his schoolmates, he gave early proof of the eloquence which was one day to echo throughout an entire nation. In 1826, Kossuth, eighteen years old, "feeling himself already big and strong enough to maintain himself," left school for the University of Pesth. In "the excesses for which the Magyar students were notorious" he took no part,—but labored hard at his chosen study of law; his leisure being still given to the favorite pursuit of history,—which now led him to investigate the political constitutions of Europe, especially of France and of England. His subsistence the while was probably earned by assisting richer students. "In oppressive poverty," says Frey, "in the severest need, Kossuth passed the fairest season of his life." It was no bad training for the future leader of a nation to have been, however sternly, taught in the first place to control himself.

After some years of this discipline, during

* The Slovaks, of whom it is said there are upward of 2,000,000 chiefly in the north-east of Hungary are of Slavonian origin.

which Kossuth became "a dextrous and thoroughly accomplished notary," his diligence was rewarded by an appointment that launched him at once into public life. Invited by "several deputies," he proceeded to Presburg, then the seat of the Diet, to assist in reducing to legal form the business committed to them by their constituencies. The date of this engagement is not given; but it must have been some time—probably three or four years—before 1835; nor are we told how the student became connected with the members who gave him this office. The fact itself, however, proves that Kossuth while at the University must have made himself already known beyond its lecture-rooms as a youth of capacity and promise, through some relations not quite consistent with the recluse life described by the writer of the memoir. The emoluments of his charge "at once secured him the means of prosecuting his favorite studies with sufficient leisure; while at the same time the business intrusted to him and the correspondence belonging to it were carried on with the utmost punctuality and diligence. * * From this employment Kossuth derived a two-fold advantage:—he became, in the first place, known and trusted by the people, through his charge of preparing the reports rendered by the deputies to their constituents,—and in the second place, he acquired in it a thorough acquaintance with the different parties in the sovereign Diet of Hungary."

In this post, while satisfying his patrons, he rapidly gained the acquaintance and confidence of other members. This appears from the new employment in which we find him engaged not long after his arrival at Presburg. The usual newspapers being forbidden to print the transactions of the Diet in detail, the opposition members effected their publication to a certain extent by getting written reports lithographed; and these copies, circulated as private letters, escaped the mutilation of the censor. It was now determined to give to this private news-letter all the features of a regular journal, in which the business of the Assembly should be not only reported, but commented upon: and Kossuth was chosen for its editor. "With a courageous freedom of tone unheard until now, Kossuth discussed the proceedings (of the Diet); and the opposition was delighted to have at length obtained an organ through which its principles might be advocated in the presence of the entire nation." The Government of course "attempted as often as possible to confiscate this journal; maintain-

ing that lithographed as well as printed works belonged to the province of the press, and were equally liable to the censorship." After January, 1835, it was repeatedly seized, in spite of the protests of the opposition; but it still continued to appear, and found its way to every corner of the land, until the *coup d'état* of February the 6th,—when the Archduke suddenly closed the Diet, and the Government seemed resolved to quell the spirit of opposition by severe and arbitrary measures. Kossuth—who on the close of the Diet had established a new journal, intended to report the proceedings in the local (county) assemblies—came at once into collision with the royal authorities: and having disobeyed their mandate to cease the publication—in reliance on a renewed authority from the committee of the county of Pesth,—he was "seized by soldiers in the night, and thrown into a deep gloomy dungeon in the citadel of Ofen." To the severity of his treatment here is ascribed not only the ill health which we find often afflicting him at a later stage of his career, but also that vow of "hatred and revenge sworn against the House of Hapsburg, to the fulfillment of which the whole of his subsequent life," says Frey, "has been devoted." After an imprisonment of "more than two years," (again we are left to guess the date—which may have been between 1838 and 1839,) he was liberated "at the close of the Diet, in one of those amnesties by which the Government fancies it may win the favor of the people." Hereupon, Kossuth immediately "connected himself with the most determined democrats of Hungary." The fruit of this union was the establishment of the Pesth Journal (*Pesti Hirlap*),—which Frey says he edited "as the organ of the radical party." The newspaper "soon obtained an immense circulation,"—and continued in high repute so long as it was conducted by Kossuth; who, however, resigned the editorship to other hands some time before the year 1845,—when we find him as a speaker in the local assembly of Pesth, declaiming in person against the unconstitutional system of the Government. Throughout the two following years we may suppose that Kossuth continued to distinguish himself as a popular orator in these assemblies, and on such other occasions as presented themselves. The memoir is silent respecting this interval; and the next notice of Kossuth which it affords is the important fact of his election in 1847 as one of the two (opposition) deputies returned to the Diet for the county of Pesth, under circumstances of more than usual ex-

citement. The Government, it is said, always unable to prevent the return of liberals in that quarter, hoped to procure at least the election of some one less formidable than Kossuth had now become; by his "fiery impetuosity, the passionate glow of his eloquence, and his unbounded influence with the people." The latter, it is said, compelled the opposition to put him forward, at a time when that party still hesitated at naming a candidate peculiarly obnoxious to the ruling powers. One would like to know something more of the process by which the humbly born orator had thus early grown to be a favorite of the people and a terror to its governors. On this point, again, the memoir says nothing; but we may conjecture that the influence first gained by his pen was afterward heightened by frequent public use of his powers as a speaker on topics of popular interest. The manner of his return for the district of the capital at all events leaves no doubt as to the position which he had now reached in the public eye, as one of the foremost hopes of the liberal or national party. Kossuth, now in the flower of his age (41), at once took a commanding place among the opposition members of the Diet. "Of this party Prince Louis Batthyany was the leader, and its orator was Kossuth."

Early in 1848 the outbreak of the French Revolution gave the liberals new vigor. It was from Kossuth's lips that the utterance of their hopes and resolutions first electrified the Diet; and it is said that the arrival of the report of this speech at Vienna gave the signal to the popular outbreak in that city:—it is reported in the volume before us. We have admired its eloquence, and what in England would be termed the "parliamentary tact" with which on a dry financial subject—a question touching the credit of the Hungarian Bank—the whole aspirations and demands of the national party are brought into the foreground by the orator. On this occasion, and indeed throughout the whole memoir, the historic eye will be struck with evidences of a change in the nature of the levers that now raise or depress the political fortunes of Europe. New influences, it is clear, are gradually usurping the once decisive authority of the sword. In this commotion of Hungary—the land *par excellence* of warlike impulses—we find the prominence of relation and powers that can take root only in peace continually brought to notice. Matters affecting credit, commerce and finance are seen to be quite as important as the motions of armies in the field. They figure

among the prime objects to be secured : and with some of these weapons a warfare has been waged between Austria and Hungary not less formidable in effect on the state of both combatants than the shock of hostile troops. The *Magyars'* armed resistance has been roused by a leader whose panoply is not the soldier's. Everything, in short, even in this struggle, the issue of which must depend for the moment on the trial of military powers, evinces the tendency of such forces, once supreme in determining the fortunes of war, to fall into a secondary position hereafter.

From the period at which we have now arrived, the personal career of Kossuth is merged in the fortunes of his country. Before proceeding to seize some features of these, one may note that Kossuth, when raised to office as we shall presently see him in the Ministry of Finance, came forward at the same time as the editor of a newspaper bearing his own name (*Kossuth Hirlapja*); in which, during an interval of suspense, while the minister often found it needful to temporize in act or to speak with courtly reserve, the journalist indulged himself in a bold expression of his personal opinions and wishes, with a combination of parts—both equally avowed by the actor—which may be described as without a precedent in the political drama. A word on Kossuth's personal appearance, as we find it portrayed in the frontispiece to Frey's memoir, will not be unwelcome. The features, strongly marked and masculine, are decidedly handsome; the form of the countenance is oval; a wide forehead and large quick eyes, under a brow gently arched, give the face an expression highly intellectual; the mouth is small,—and the lips, slightly parted, bespeak an eager temperament. The nose, massive and aquiline, springs boldly from between the eyes, and is defined at its base by muscular outlines which, with the moulding of the chin, imparts a certain tone of firmness to features that would otherwise seem to promise more vivacity than resolution. The face altogether is not unworthy of a distinguished character; and an air of individuality in the portrait induces us to place more reliance on its truth* than we can afford to some of the written sketches in this volume.

Hungary, although its crown has been worn by successive members of the Austrian

* Our description, it will be seen, cannot apply to the ugly lithographed portrait of Kossuth now exhibited in the shop windows: which we hope is no better than a caricature of the features of the "Defender."

family since the battle of Mohacs in 1526, has always remained an independent monarchy,—possessing its own constitution, which each succeeding king has been required to ratify by a solemn oath at his coronation. It has been alleged that until recent times the influence of Vienna tended on the whole toward improvements in the state of the nation at large; while the nobles, to whom the constitution gave the chief power, resisted these as invasive of their special privileges. For the last thirty years, however, while a more popular element has evidently been growing up, as well among the aristocracy as by the formation in the towns of something like a middle class—increasing grounds of complaints against Austria have been supplied by the system of the Metternich cabinet in the government of this kingdom—which, although avoiding any open breach of its independence, had the effect of reducing it in reality to the condition of a mere province of the Empire. The imposition on Hungary of the Austrian commercial system has long been one serious grievance of the kind against which the Hungarians have vainly protested; others were the refusal of a special government wholly residing at Pesth,—and the supreme direction of the affairs of the nation at Vienna, thus virtually excluding natives from the chief offices, and tending to give the whole civil administration a foreign character. In short, the Hungarians charged Austria with "an obstinate refusal to comply with their just and moderate demands" for various liberal measures and necessary reforms; in refusing which, they alleged, the spirit of the constitution was willfully suppressed, with a view to the ultimate destruction of the independence of the nation; and they naturally seized on an occasion that favored the attainment of hopes long deferred.

They no sooner heard of the Vienna revolt, which closely followed the French Revolution in February, 1848, than they hastened thither to take part in the movement. Kossuth—whose Presburg speech, we have seen, gave the first spark to the explosion—was one of a numerous body of *Magyars* which a fleet of steamers poured into Vienna on the 15th of March; was rapturously welcomed by the populace,—and immediately made himself conspicuous by haranguing the citizens, imploring them "not to trust too readily to the promises of a Court." The Emperor, already terrified by the outbreak of his Austrian subjects, at once conceded the demands laid before him by the Hungarian

deputation. "These were:—1. The formation of a special Hungarian ministry, charged with both the external and internal interests of the nation, its industry and finances, and with the execution of the decrees of the National Assembly—or, in other words, an independent legislative and administrative Hungarian Government. 2. The transfer to Hungary of the administration of the military frontier, hitherto intrusted to the Aulic Council of War at Vienna."

On the return of the Hungarians to Presburg, with the royal assent to these conditions, the Diet was dissolved. A new one, convened at Pesth on the 4th of July, installed a national ministry framed in virtue of the late concession. It was composed of nine of the chief members of the liberal party. Its president was the same Louis Batthyany already described as the head of the opposition;* and Kossuth was in the list as Minister of Finance. "The new ministry," we read, "was the flower of the intellect of the Diet:"—"its soul was the Finance Minister, Kossuth."

Although the nation had thus nominally gained its long-desired object, it soon appeared that the difficulties inherent in its connection with Austria were by no means solved by this victory. Others, raised by the same spirit of popular self-assertion that had won their cause, arose within the limits of the kingdom itself. The Magyar race is not the sole population of Hungary Proper. We have already spoken of the number of Slovaks in the north-eastern region. In the provinces annexed to the kingdom, including Slavonia, Croatia, Transylvania, Dalmatia, and the military frontier, the mass of the people is Slavonian. The Magyar proportion altogether is rated at five millions out of an entire population of twelve. In the kingdom of Croatia, especially, motions of so-called Panslavism had long troubled its relations with Hungary,—on questions of the official language, of education, finance, &c. The position of the latter, indeed, toward the Croats was not very unlike that of Austria toward the Magyars. In both cases the supremacy claimed was obnoxious to its objects,—in both the desired end was national independence. The Slavonians now thought the time ripe for enforcing their claims also; while the new Hungarian Government showed a disposition rather to encroach than to concede.

* Now a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians.

On this chapter Frey's testimony, as *ab hoste*, may be quoted with some confidence.

"Since the time when Hungary had extorted its independent ministry, the bonds that tied the Austrian monarchy together had become so fragile that the slightest touch, the least breath, threatened to dissolve them. Hungary by that act had torn herself loose from the combination formed by the other (Austrian) states; and thereby had made enemies not only of the many champions of the integrity of the Austrian dynasty, but also of the major part of the non-Magyar population of Hungary, and of the Slavonic people of her appurtenant provinces. No wonder, then, that the Slavonic population should have been filled with anxiety and apprehension, while Hungary by degrees proceeded to transform itself into a specific Magyar State, since, by this change, they must have seen their own nationality menaced. It is true that the Hungarian Ministry at first did take steps which made these apprehensions seem not ill-founded. * * The notion of the Ministry was that it could make all the Hungarians one united people by Magyarizing them. To this end, the Latin language, hitherto employed in all official business, was abolished, and the Hungarian introduced, not only in the courts of justice, but in the schools and the Diet. This proceeding excited hate and bitterness in nearly all the Slavonic inhabitants of Hungary,—who seized on this as a pretext to conceal their plans inimical to liberty under the show of alarm for their nationality."

The line of conduct which thus provoked reaction even in Hungary Proper, was not likely to be more acceptable to her Slavonic dependencies. Revolt soon broke out on the Theiss and Lower Danube. At the head of the Croats stood the Ban Jellachich; and it is mainly to the consequences of their movement—which the Austrian Emperor at first affected to discountenance as a revolt, but which the Court always secretly and afterward openly encouraged—that the total rejection of the Hapsburg dynasty by Hungary is to be ascribed. This view of the question will not be found in Frey's memoir. But it appears, we think, clearly enough in all the facts which are here supplied by authentic documents.

The National Assembly, we are told, mainly consisted of three parties:—1st. A section of the aristocracy (Magnates), liberal on the whole, but firmly attached to the Austrian connection; 2nd. A middle party, including the new Ministry, whose watchword was the entire independence of a free Hungary,—if possible, under an Austrian King, if not under some other sovereign or form of sovereignty; 3rd. An extreme radical or revolutionary party, represented by some thirty members,—the latter almost

wholly belonging to the Lower Chamber (or *table*, as it is called).

The second and third of these parties soon came into collision,—on the question of the Hungarian troops serving in Italy, as the “radicals” complained, against popular freedom. The Ministers were not prepared on this point to deny to the King what he was constitutionally entitled to command: and we find Kossuth emphatically pleading against the demand for the recall of these troops; nay, promising on certain conditions to urge the Diet to further reinforcements,—a proceeding that the editor finds it hard to reconcile with the thorough-going revolutionary character or the avowed hatred to Austria which he loves to assign to his hero. He explains his conduct as a feint to gain time for a complete Hungarian revolt; and imputes to Kossuth an extreme of dissimulation hardly reconcilable with “fiery impetuosity,” in order to relieve him from the charge of willingness to subserve the ends of Austria in other quarters provided she would frankly leave the Hungarians to govern themselves—and, it may be added, would assist them to put down the Slavonian “*rebellion*.” This soon grew to be the most serious matter they had to deal with. The ultra views of Magyars and Slavonians were seen to be irreconcilable. The Austrian Court, when appealed to by the former, professed its desire to support Hungary against the “rebels” on the Lower Danube; and when Ban Jellachich evaded the mandates from Vienna, actually proclaimed him a traitor. But it was soon apparent that this was a mere pretence of anger. The Emperor was powerless in the hands of his “*Camarilla*.” Its head, the Archduchess Sophia—described in these pages as “a *Messalina*,” who had enslaved the Ban by her blandishments—had chosen this leader to restore the cause of Absolutism by the aid of the Slavonians; and advantage was eagerly taken of the umbrage unwisely given by the Ministry at Pesth to enlist the provinces on the Austrian side. The alliance, at first secretly suspected, was in time overtly proclaimed; and the civil war of races, which had been raging on the frontier since the month of June, thereupon virtually became one between the old despotism of Vienna and Magyar independence. The conflict grew more bloody and the position of affairs more critical when Austria began to triumph in Italy. The Emperor, indeed, while at his refuge in Innsbruck, had promised everything to a deputation from the Hungarian Assembly; and sent them

home rejoicing at the issue of an Imperial manifest, addressed to the “Croats and Slavonians,”—denouncing the motions of Jellachich as treasonous, warmly insisting on the rights of Hungary, and warning the Slavonic and Croatian provinces to rebel no longer against her supremacy. But the proclamation was disregarded; and the Emperor’s subsequent contradiction by positive acts of every word which he had said in it constitutes the fatal breach of faith on which the Hungarian nation justify their rejection of the House of Hapsburg. The July events in Vienna completed the rupture between the Slavonian and Magyar parties. The final defeat of Charles Albert was known there early in August; and shortly afterward the so-called counter-revolution began. One mainspring of this, it soon became evident, was to be a Croatian army, raised and led by Jellachich. The difficulties of the Ministry at Pesth—whether still desirous, or merely thinking it still expedient, to remain loyal to an Austrian King—daily increased. We have already mentioned the war of finance measures,—the reciprocal denunciations of Pesth and Vienna bank-notes—between the respective Ministries. In the cabinet of Vienna the luckless Latour now began openly to foster insurrection in Hungary:—arms, cannon, and ammunition were supplied to the Slavonian levies from Austrian arsenals. The state of things grew worse until September;—when a last solemn mission was ordered to repair to Vienna, to protest against its continuance, to obtain a definite answer from the Emperor on the menacing preparations of Jellachich, and to entreat him to repair in person to his Hungarian kingdom. The deputation was received with sullen reserve. In reply to the firm and ample statement of their grievances, the Emperor read a brief and evasive reply; while the courtiers, it is said, scarcely affected to conceal an air of contempt and triumph. The deputies returned “with a red flag hoisted on the steamer” that bore them homeward. From Vienna they saw there was nothing to hope:—the independence of Hungary must thenceforth rest on the issues of war. On the same day that the deputies reached Presburg (the 9th of September, 1848) “Jellachich crossed the Drave with an army of 18,000 regular troops and a horde of Servian and Croatian robbers, 26,000 strong,—and, in the robber’s fashion, without any previous declaration of war, in defiance of all national law, pressed on toward the heart of Hungary.”

At this crisis the first volume of the memoir ends:—the next, said to be already in the press, promises to describe the war of independence to which this harsh and faithless transaction gave the alarm. The drama, indeed, is not yet played out to the end;* but while expecting the issue with the interest due to a cause with which all freemen will sympathize, we may collect from its past scenes some leading views as to the opening of the struggle. It is of course solely as a matter of history that it falls within our province,—and history is bound to be impartial. In this point of view the events described in the present volume seem to lead to the following conclusions:—That the Hungarian nation, as a whole, did not at first design, nor for a long time desire, to reject its Hapsburg monarch: and, further, that—whatever change subsequent events might have produced under the new constitution, for a time, at least, Hungary would have taken no part against Austria in her other relations had the latter shown a sincere determination to observe the concessions which the Emperor had nominally acceded to, nor given countenance in secret to the Slavonian “rebels:”—that the Magyars, while asserting their own nationality, were not disposed to admit the claims of the Slavonian population to equal privileges; and that in disputing them at the outset they committed an error—if not an injustice. The effect of this was to throw into the arms of Austria all the Slavonian provinces: among which it is probable that the Servians, if not the Croats, were at first by no means prone to make common cause with absolutism. If, therefore, the Vienna Court was justly suspected of insincerity from the beginning, any measures that by alarming the Slavonian races tended to provoke a Panslavic union, were precisely such as a sagacious policy would have avoided. It is probable, indeed, that but for the temptation offered by the symptoms of a civil war of races in the Hungarian kingdom, the “Camarilla,” however inclined, would not have ventured, in the then state of Europe, upon a counter-revolution. The latter being once declared, the cause of Hungary of course became the cause of liberal institu-

* The above was written before the arrival of the recent accounts of serious reverses, said to have been suffered by the Hungarians—of an alleged surrender of their best army, and of the disappearance of Kossuth. What consequence may ensue upon this new state of things, time alone can reveal:—this, in the meanwhile, may be firmly believed,—that a warlike people, determined to be free, can never be *permanently* enslaved.

tions and of good faith against despotism and treachery: and it has been maintained with a resolution and gallantry that cannot be too warmly admired. Still, it may be apprehended that its maintenance has been embarrassed, if not its success endangered, by mixing up the question of supremacy of race over race with those national claims of the righteousness of which there can be no question. This combination tended to give Jellachich a power over the provincial inhabitants not of Croatia only, which he could not otherwise have wielded,—while it may have paved the way for the Russians, as champions of a Panslavic principle, in many quarters where their intrusion would formerly have excited the liveliest resentment.

We add, in illustration of what is above said of Kossuth's energy and spirit, the following remarkable letter to Lord Palmerston, written after the failure of the Hungarian cause.

KOSSUTH'S LETTER TO LORD PALMERSTON.

Widdin (Turkey), Sept. 20.

Your Excellency is no doubt already informed of the fall of my country—unhappy Hungary, assuredly worthy of a better fate.

It was not prompted by the spirit of disorder, or the ambitious views of faction; it was not a revolutionary leaning which induced my native country to accept the mortal struggle maintained so gloriously, and brought, by nefarious means, to so unfortunate an end.

Hungary has deserved from her kings the historical epithet of “generous nation,” for she never allowed herself to be surpassed in loyalty and faithful adherence to her sovereign by any nation in the world.

Nothing but the most revolting treachery, the most tyrannical oppression, and cruelties unheard of in the words of history—nothing but the infernal doom of annihilation to her national existence, preserved through a thousand years, through adversities so numerous, were able to arouse her to oppose the fatal stroke aimed at her very life, to enable her to repulse the tyrannical assault of the ungrateful Hapsburgs, or to accept the struggle for life, honor, and liberty, forced upon her. And she has nobly fought that holy battle, in which with the aid of Almighty God she prevailed against Austria, whom we crushed to the earth, standing firm, even when attacked by the Russian giant, in the consciousness of justice, in our hope in God, and in our hope, my lord, in the generous feeling of your great and glori-

ous nation, the natural supporter of justice and humanity throughout the world. But this is over: what tyranny began has been by treachery concluded; on all sides abandoned, my poor country has fallen, not through the overwhelming power of two great empires, but by the faults, and I may say the treason, of her own sons.

To these untoward events, I pray God that my unhappy country may be the only sacrifice, and that the true interests of peace, freedom, and civilization through the world may not be involved in our unhappy fate.

Mr. Francis Pulsky, our diplomatic agent in London, has received ample information as to the cause of this sudden and unlooked-for change in the affairs of Hungary, and is instructed to communicate it to your Excellency, if you are graciously pleased to receive the same. It is not antipathy to Austria, though so well merited at the hands of every Hungarian, but a true conviction which makes me say, that even Austria has lost far more by her victory, gained through Russian aid, than she would have lost in merited defeat through honorable arrangement. Fallen from her position of a first-rate power, she has now forfeited her self-consistency, and has sunk into the obedient instrument of Russian ambition and of Russian commands.

Russia only has gained at this sanguinary game; she has extended and strengthened her influence in the east of Europe, and threatens already, in a fearful manner, with outstretching arms, not only the integrity, but the moral basis, of the Turkish empire.

May it please you, my lord, to communicate to your Excellency a most revolting condition which the Turkish government, at the suggestion of Russia, is about to impose upon us poor homeless exiles.

I, the governor of unhappy Hungary, after having, I believe, as a good citizen and honest man, fulfilled to the last my duties to my country, had no choice left me between the repose of the grave and the inexpressible anguish of expatriation.

Many of my brethren in misfortune had preceded me on the Turkish territory. I followed thither in the hope that I should be permitted to pass to England, and there, under the protection of the English people—a protection never yet denied to persecuted man—allowed to repose for a while my wearied head on the hospitable shore of your happy island.

But even with these views I would rather have surrendered myself to my deadliest enemy than to cause any difficulties to the

Turkish government, whose situation I well knew how to appreciate, and therefore did not intrude on the Turkish territories without previously inquiring whether I and my companions in misfortune would be willingly received, and the protection of the Sultan granted to us.

We received the assurance that we were welcome guests, and should enjoy the full protection of his Majesty the Padisha, who would rather sacrifice fifty thousand men of his own subjects, than allow one hair of our heads to be injured.

It was only upon this assurance that we passed into the Turkish territory, and according to the generous assurance we were received and tended on our journey, received in Widdin as the Sultan's guests, and treated hospitably, during four weeks, whilst waiting from Constantinople further orders as to the continuation of our sad journey to some distant shore.

Even the ambassadors of England and France, to whom I ventured in the name of humanity to appeal, were so kind as to assure me of their full sympathy.

His Majesty, the Sultan, was also so gracious as to give a decided negative to the inhuman pretensions of our extradition demanded by Russia and Austria.

But a fresh letter from his Majesty the Czar arrived in Constantinople, and its consequence was the suggestion sent to us by an express messenger of the Turkish Government, that the Poles and Hungarians, and in particular myself, Count Casimir Batthyany, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Hungary, under my government, and the Generals Messaros and Perczel (all here), would be surrendered unless we chose to abjure the faith of our forefathers in the religion of Christ, and become Mussulmans. And thus five thousand Christians are placed in the terrible alternative either of facing the scaffold or of purchasing their lives by abandoning their faith. So low is already fallen the once mighty Turkey, that she can devise no other means to answer or evade the demands of Russia.

Words fail me to qualify these astonishing suggestions, such as never have been made yet to the fallen chief of a generous nation, and could hardly have been expected in the nineteenth century.

My answer does not admit of hesitation. Between death and shame the choice can neither be dubious nor difficult. Governor of Hungary, and elected to that high place by the confidence of fifteen millions of my

countrymen, I know well what I owe to the honor of my country even in exile. Even as a private individual I have an honorable path to pursue. Once governor of a generous country—I leave no heritage to my children—they shall, at least, bear an unsullied name. God's will be done. I am prepared to die; but as I think this measure dishonorable and injurious to Turkey, whose interest I sincerely have at heart, and as I feel it my duty to save my companions in exile, if I can, from a degrading alternative, I have replied to the Grand Vizier in a conciliatory manner, and took also the liberty to apply to Sir Stratford Canning and General Aupich for their generous aid against this tyrannic act. In full reliance on the noble sentiments and generous principles of your Excellency, by which, as well as through your wisdom, you have secured the esteem of the civilized world, I trust to be excused in enclosing copies of my two letters to the Grand Vizier and Sir Stratford Canning.

I am informed that the whole matter is a cabal against the ministry of Reschid Pacha, whose enemies would wish to force him to our extradition, in order to lower it in public estimation, and render impossible its continuance in office. It is certain that in the grand council held on the 9th and 10th of September, after a tumultuous debate, the majority of the council declared in favor of our extradition, the majority of the ministry against it. No decision was come to in consequence of the altercation which took place; but, notwithstanding, the ministry thought fit to make us the revolting suggestion I have named.

This mode of solving the difficulty would not, I am convinced, save the ministry, because a protection only given in contradiction of the Sultan's generous feeling, at the price of five thousand Christians abandoning their faith, would be revolting to the whole Christian world, and prove hardly calculated to win sympathies for Turkey in the event of war with Russia, which, in the opinion of the most experienced Turkish statesmen, is approaching fast.

As to my native country, Turkey does, I believe, already feel the loss of the neglected opportunity of having given to Hungary at least some moral help to enable it to check the advance of the common enemy. But it appears to me that it would be a very ill-advised mode of gaining Hungarian sympathy by sending me to an Austrian scaffold, and forcing my unhappy companions to ab-

jure their religion, or accept the same alternative.

No friends to the Turkish government would spring up from my blood shed by her broken faith, but many deadly foes. My lord, your heart will, I am sure, excuse my having called your attention to our unhappy fate, since it has now assumed political importance. Abandoned in this unsocial land by the whole world, even the first duties of humanity give us no promise of protection unless, my lord, you and your generous nation come forward to protect us.

What steps it may be expedient that you should take, what we have a right to expect from the well-known generosity of England, it would be hardly fitting for me to enter on. I place my own and my companions' fate in your hands, my lord, and in the name of humanity throw myself under the protection of England.

Time presses—our doom may in a few days be sealed. Allow me to make an humble personal request. I am a man, my lord, prepared to face the worst; and I can die with a free look at Heaven, as I have lived. But I am also, my lord, a husband, son, and father, my poor true-hearted wife, my children, and my noble old mother, are wandering about Hungary. They will probably soon fall into the hands of those Austrians who delight in torturing even feeble women, and with whom the innocence of childhood is no protection against persecutions. I conjure your Excellency, in the name of the Most High, to put a stop to these cruelties by your powerful mediation, and especially to accord to my wife and children an asylum on the soil of the generous English people.

As to my poor—my loved and noble country—must she, too, perish for ever? Shall she, unaided, abandoned to her fate, and unavenged, be doomed to annihilation by her tyrants? Will England, once her hope, not become her consolation?

The political interests of civilized Europe, so many weighty considerations respecting England herself, and chiefly the maintenance of the Ottoman empire, are too intimately bound up with the existence of Hungary for me to lose all hope. My lord, may God the Almighty for many years shield you, that you may long protect the unfortunate, and live to be the guardian of the rights of freedom and humanity. I subscribe myself, with the most perfect respect and esteem,

(Signed) L. KOSSUTH.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHATHAM—SHERIDAN—BURKE—FOX. *

The Modern Orator. Being a Selection from the Speeches of the Earl of Chatham, Sheridan, Edmund Burke, Lord Erskine, and Charles James Fox, with Introductions and Explanatory Notes. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Aylott & Jones, Paternoster Row.

Messrs. Aylott and Jones have established a strong claim upon the gratitude of all to whom the cause of English literature is dear. They have come forward in a very spirited manner to save from oblivion some of the brightest flowers in the whole garland of English eloquence. In *The Modern Orator*, compiled under their auspices, we have collected within a moderate compass, not specimens only, but the very cream of all that Chatham, Sheridan, Burke, Erskine, and Fox, ever addressed to either House of Parliament. The speeches of each statesman, moreover, are prefaced by a short sketch of his life; while explanatory notes enable the reader fully to apprehend both the general drift of the several orations that come before him, and the particular points which, in the progress of his argument, the speaker has contrived either to achieve or to miss. It is impossible to overestimate the value or importance of such a publication. While it brings within the reach of thousands, knowledge, from which, without some help of the sort, they must have been entirely shut out, it supplies the more fortunate few with a manual, easily referred to, and just sufficiently extensive to recall to their recollection whatever, in this department of literature, an educated man would be loath to forget. No doubt there are fuller biographies extant of all the great men referred to here. And the intrinsic worth of these must remain to the end of time precisely what it was when each first came under the scalpel of the critic. But experience has long ago shown, that biographies continue to be popular in an inverse ratio to their bulk; because you cannot forever keep alive the literary appetite that gulps down a couple of quartos, or half-a-dozen bulky octavos at the outset. Look at Tomlin's *Life of Pitt*, Lord Holland's *Memoirs of Charles James Fox*, and Moore's

Life of Sheridan. (Who that has not passed his grand climacteric ever thinks of referring to these, except for a purpose?) And even Prior's *Life of Burke*, though comparatively a recent publication, lives but in the memory of a passing generation, and will soon take its place on the top-shelves, among the books "which no gentleman's library ought to be without." Messrs. Aylott and Jones have, therefore, done good service, both to the memory of the glorious dead and to the taste and political education of the living. They have embalmed, so to speak, the rich imagery, the terse argument, the glorious declamation of the former, in a shrine which, being accessible to all, has a good chance of commanding the devotion of true worshipers to the end of time; while before the living age they bring models of imitation, which, as they may be studied without fatigue, and remembered in their just proportions, so they cannot fail of giving a bias to the tastes, and strengthening the reflective powers of the young and the ardent of many generations.

Chatham, Sheridan, Erskine, Burke, Fox—what a galaxy of illustrious names! Whig though they be (with the exception, at least, of Burke, and he was a Whig at the outset), it is impossible not to feel when we come into their presence that we are indeed standing upon holy ground. But why should our spirited publishers stop there? Has not England produced another Pitt, attaining, even in his youth, to higher eminence than his father succeeded in making at mature age? Are Canning's silver tones forgotten? Has Wilberforce quite passed from men's memories? or Huskisson, or Scott, or Murray, or Thurloe? And might not passages of surpassing power and interest be culled from the speeches of still earlier statesmen, such as Hyde, Falkland, Hampden, Cecil?

Perhaps this hint of ours may not be thrown away. The firm which has dared to put forth these two volumes, cannot fail of meeting with such encouragement as shall lead to more. And then, without doubt, the same judgment and skill which have been brought to bear upon the present selection, will find scope and room enough to disport themselves on another.

The first of the great men with whom *The Modern Orator* deals was born in St. James's parish, Westminster, on the 15th of November, 1708. His grandfather, when governor of Madras, had purchased for £20,400, a diamond, which was long considered the largest in the world; and subsequently sold it to the Regent Orleans, on account of the King of France, for £135,000. Thus enriched, he became the proprietor of a handsome estate near Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, which he bequeathed, together with a considerable portion in money, to his son Robert. Of this Robert, by Harriet Villiers, sister to the Earl of Grandison, William Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, was the second son.

William Pitt was sent at an early age to Eton, where he greatly distinguished himself, and became a favorite both with the masters and his schoolfellows. Among the latter, he seems to have associated chiefly with George, afterward Lord Lyttleton; Henry Fox, afterward Lord Holland; and Henry Fielding. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner; but never took a degree. An attack of gout in early life induced him to quit the university, and to seek in travel through France and Italy the health which had been seriously impaired. After his return, he obtained a commission in the Blues, and in February, 1735, took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Old Sarum. He at once, and without any apparent effort, made his presence felt in the great council of the nation. A strikingly handsome figure, a dignified and graceful manner, a voice full, rich, clear, and singularly flexible, supplied all that is wanting to complete the exterior graces of an orator; and neither the style nor the matter of his speeches disappointed the expectations which these outward signs might have stirred. Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, says of Lord Chatham, that "his lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound."

His great *forte*, like that of his immortal son, seems to have been "invective," the force of which was much enhanced by the lightning glance of an eye which few could bear when turned upon them without shrinking.

He delivered his maiden speech in parliament on the 29th of April, 1736, when Mr. Pulteney, then Paymaster of the Forces, moved an address of congratulation to George II. on the marriage of Frederick Prince of Wales with the Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha. To our less courtly ears, there is a tone of too much adulation about this speech, which, however, the editors of *The Modern Orator* have, with great judgment, preserved. And as it lauded the Prince on account of his many virtues, among which dutiful obedience to his royal father was not forgotten, the royal father, who hated the royal son consumedly, never forgave the insult. The young statesman was most unceremoniously deprived of his cornetcy of Horse, and went, as in duty bound, into violent opposition. As a matter of course, the dutiful Prince of Wales took to his arms the man whom the King his father delighted not to honor. Mr. Pitt was appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to his royal highness, and forthwith took a prominent part in assailing the policy and person of Sir Robert Walpole.

The first heavy blow struck by the ex-cornet at the prime minister was delivered in March, 1739, when he fiercely attacked Walpole's convention with Spain, and contributed not a little, by the force of his eloquence, to bring it into disrepute. The cabinet carried its motion, but by a majority of only twenty-eight votes—a thing quite unprecedented in the good old times of undisguised corruption; and the chief of the cabinet felt the same hour that his power was shaken. Nor is this to be wondered at. There was a vigor in Pitt's onslaught which a better cause might have found it hard to withstand; brought against the truckling of the great Whig premier, it was quite irresistible.

"This convention, sir, I think from my soul, is nothing but a stipulation for national ignominy; an illusory expedient to baffle the resentment of the nation; a truce, without a suspension of hostilities on the part of Spain; on the part of England, a suspension, as to Georgia, of the first law of nature, self-preservation and self-defence; a surrender of the rights and trade of England to the mercy of plenipotentiaries; and, in this infinitely highest and most sacred point—future security, not only inadequate, but directly repug-

nant to the resolutions of parliament and the gracious promise from the throne. The complaints of your despairing merchants, and the voice of England, have condemned it. Be the guilt of it upon the head of the adviser: God forbid that this committee should share the guilt by approving it!"

Pitt was now one of the acknowledged leaders of the opposition, and he gave the enemy no respite. On the 19th of October, 1789, war was declared against Spain; and the reluctant minister having once drawn the sword, seemed resolute to wield it effectively. But here, again, Pitt stood like a rock in his way. On the 27th of January, 1741, Sir Charles Wager, First Lord of the Admiralty, introduced into parliament a bill for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning of the navy. The measure had more than one very weak side, and they were all pounced upon directly by the prince's groom of the bedchamber. Among other arrangements proposed there was one which empowered justices of the peace, upon application under the sign manual, or by the Lord High Admiral, or the commissioners executing that office, to issue warrants to constables within their jurisdiction, to search either by day or by night for seamen; and for that purpose to enter, and if need were, to force open the door of any house, or other place, in which there was reason to suspect that seamen were concealed. Pitt rose, as soon as the opportunity offered, and thus noticed the arguments of the Attorney and Solicitor-general (Sir Dudley Ryder and Sir John Strange), who had preceded him:

"Sir, the two honorable and learned gentlemen who spoke in favor of this clause were pleased to shew that our seamen are half slaves already, and now they modestly desire you should make them wholly so. Will this increase your number of seamen? or will it make those you have more willing to serve you? Can you expect that any man will make himself a slave if he can avoid it? Can you expect that any man will breed his child up to be a slave? Can you expect that seamen will venture their lives or their limbs for a country that has made them slaves? or can you expect that any seaman will stay in the country, if he can by any means make his escape? Sir, if you pass this law, you must, in my opinion, do with your seamen as they do with their galley-slaves in France—you must chain them to their ships, or chain them in couples when they are ashore. But suppose this should both increase the number of your seamen, and render them more willing to serve you, it will render them incapable. It is a common observation, that when a man becomes a slave, he loses half his virtue.

What will it signify to have your ships all manned to their full complement? Your men will have neither the courage nor the temptation to fight; they will strike to the first enemy that attacks them, because their condition cannot be made worse by a surrender. Our seamen have always been famous for a matchless alacrity and intrepidity in time of danger; this has saved many a British ship, when other seamen would have run below deck and left the ship to the mercy of the waves, or, perhaps, of a more cruel enemy, a pirate. For God's sake, sir, let us not, by our new projects, put our seamen into such a condition as must soon make them worse than the cowardly slaves of France and Spain."

Harassed by the ceaseless attacks of his eloquent opponent, and deserted first by one and then by another of his ancient supporters, Sir Robert Walpole accepted a peerage, and, as Earl of Orford, withdrew from the administration. Mr. Pelham, Mr. Sandys, Lord Carteret, and their friends, now took the chief management of affairs. But their policy, and in particular their system of continental alliances, differed in nothing from that of Walpole, and they became, as he had been, the objects of Pitt's vehement denunciations. He attacked their inconsistency on the 9th and 23d of March, 1742, when Lord Limerick moved for an inquiry into the proceedings of the defunct cabinet; and in December of the same year exposed, with equal bitterness and ability, the injustice and extravagance of the Hanoverian alliance. It was proposed by the minister that England should take into her pay 16,000 Hanoverian troops, in order that they might be employed in the Netherlands, in support of Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary. Pitt rose immediately after Henry Fox, who had spoken in support of the arrangement, though with a qualification, and said,—

"Sir, if the honorable gentleman determines to abandon his present sentiments as soon as any better measures are proposed, the ministry will quickly be deprived of one of their ablest defenders; for I consider the measures hitherto pursued so weak and so pernicious, that scarcely any alteration can be proposed that will not be for the advantage of the nation."

He then went on, in a strain of fiery eloquence, to expose the sophistry of men who did not scruple to seek the support of the Crown at the expense of the people's burdens; and summed up his argument in these words:—

"If, therefore, our assistance to the Queen of Hungary be an act of honesty, and granted in con-

sequence of treaties, why may it not be equally required of Hanover? If it be an act of generosity, why should this country alone be obliged to sacrifice her interests for those of others? or why should the Elector of Hanover exert his liberality at the expense of Great Britain?

"It is now too apparent, sir, that this great, this powerful, this mighty nation, is considered only as a province to a despicable electorate; and that in consequence of a scheme formed long ago, and invariably pursued, these troops are hired only to drain this unhappy country of its money. That they have hitherto been of no use to Great Britain or to Austria, is evident beyond a doubt; and, therefore, it is plain that they are retained only for the purposes of Hanover."

In 1744 another change of administration took place. The Duke of Newcastle was called to the chief management of affairs, and proposed to the king that Pitt should take office as Secretary at War; but George II. could not forgive Pitt's opposition to the Hanoverian interests, and positively refused to receive him. Considerable inconvenience followed, which was overcome chiefly by Pitt's disinterested entreaty to his friends not to refuse office on his account; and the Newcastle cabinet continued to hold the reins till the 10th of February, 1746. But they had felt their own weakness from the first, and having again failed to overcome the king's disinclination to receive Pitt, they resigned. Mr. Pulteney, now created Earl of Bath, thereupon became First Lord of the Treasury. His effort to form a cabinet broke down, and Pitt's friends returning to their places, brought him along with them; first, as Vice-treasurer for Ireland, and then on the 6th of May as Paymaster to the Forces, with a seat in council.

As the second son of a country gentleman, William Pitt had always been poor. Indeed, it was the *res angusta* which alone induced him to accept office in the household of Frederick Prince of Wales, and he seized the very first opportunity that presented itself of resigning it. In 1744 the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough died, and left him a legacy of £10,000, "on account," as her will expresses it, "of his merit in the noble defence he has made of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country." This fortune, though not great, was sufficient to place him in a position of comparative independence, and he immediately ceased to be groom of the bedchamber to the prince. The emoluments of office as paymaster of the forces proved, moreover, an acceptable addition to his income; though, to his honor be it recorded, he did not pocket a shilling

beyond the bare salary allowed; and at the period concerning which we now write, this deserves to be accepted as very high praise, for there was no man then in public life, from the highest to the lowest station, but looked upon the appropriation of waifs and strays as fair plunder. Chancellors and prime ministers openly accepted presents, not from foreign courts alone, but from private persons. Till Pitt's incumbency there had never been a paymaster who omitted to appropriate to his own use the interest on public balances, or to exact a fee of one-half per cent. from moneys paid in the form of subsidy to any of the Continental powers. Pitt refused from the first to enrich himself by any such discreditable means. He paid the balances, as often as they accrued, into the Bank of England, and declined the fee which his predecessors used to expect as a matter of right. Pitt was arrogant, overbearing, and very difficult to manage, but he was quite as disinterested as his son; and we defy any man, in high life or in low, to exceed either of them in that respect.

In November, 1754, Pitt married Hester, daughter of Richard Grenville, Esq., of Wootton, in the county of Buckingham, and sister of Viscount Cobham, afterward Earl Temple, and of George and James Grenville. In 1755, he received an intimation from the king that his majesty had no further occasion for his services; and, together with Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, seceded from the cabinet. This was owing to the disapprobation expressed by these two statesmen of the subsidiary treaties with Hesse Cassel and Russia, into which the king, without consulting his council, had entered. But, though deprived of office, they did not enter violently into opposition. On the contrary, when a rupture with France became inevitable, Pitt seconded the proposal of Viscount Barrington, Secretary at War, to increase the army, which was accordingly raised from about 20,000 to 35,000 men. In spite, however, of this indisposition unnecessarily to embarrass the councils of the Government, the war was not well managed. Minorca fell into the hands of the French. Admiral Byng was sacrificed. Oswego in America, and Calcutta in Asia, were both lost. A panic seized the Duke of Newcastle, and after vainly endeavoring to bring Pitt back again he resigned. A new cabinet was accordingly formed, with the Duke of Devonshire at its head, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge formed part of it,—the

former as Secretary of State, the latter as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

There was still on the part of the king a rooted dislike to his servant,—a feeling which was carried to a still greater extreme by the Duke of Cumberland. The latter, indeed, refused to take command of the army which was to protect Hanover unless Pitt were removed from office; and once more Pitt, with Legge, and this time with Lord Temple, were sacrificed. But the disfavor of the court was more than compensated to the two former by the respect and admiration of the people. Numerous addresses of thanks poured in upon them from all quarters; and cities and boroughs loaded them with deeds of freedom, each enclosed in a gold box. The king's faction could not make head against this stream, the weight of which was further increased by the abortive issue of the Duke of Cumberland's military operations. Another change of administration became necessary, and the Duke of Newcastle assuming the post of First Lord of the Treasury, Pitt became again Secretary of State, and to all intents and purposes leader in the councils of the nation.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the great events which characterized the interval between 1757 and 1762. However averse he might be to war, Pitt threw himself into the contest which he found raging with wisdom and vigor. The navies of France were swept from the face of the ocean. Canada was conquered, and numerous islands and stations in the West Indies, in Africa, and in Asia, subdued. Nor was his triumph over the prejudices of the Jacobites either less striking or less creditable to himself. He conquered Canada, and several of the West Indies, by bringing against them the stout right arms of the very clans which had followed Charles Edward to Derby, and fought at Falkirk and Culloden. It was a wise policy this which enlisted the military spirit of the Highlanders on the side of the established Government, and consummated by kindness the triumph which Lord Hardwicke's terrible, but necessary laws of proscription, had begun. But Pitt, though a great and most successful minister, was intolerably overbearing in the cabinet; and showed no disposition to yield, even in manner, to royalty itself. He ruled his colleagues with a rod of iron, and lost all hold except upon their fears. Hence a cabal formed itself against him, at the head of which stood Lord Bute; and the first opportunity was taken to force him out of the

king's councils. On the 25th of October, 1760, George II. died. He was succeeded by his grandson, George III.; and Pitt's days of influence and power became numbered. Negotiations for peace had been begun on the side of France, and were proceeding as favorably as an English minister could desire, when Charles III. came to the throne of Spain, with feelings strongly prejudiced in favor of his *relative*, Louis XV. Pitt was not long kept in *doubt* respecting the formation of the "family compact," and foreseeing that its consequences would be, not peace with France, but war with Spain, and, perhaps, with Sicily likewise, he determined to anticipate the plans of both. He proposed in the cabinet that the negotiations with France should be broken off, and that England should take the initiative in the inevitable quarrel with them. To his great surprise he found himself outvoted. He tried a second appeal in the council chamber, and was again defeated; whereupon he tendered his advice in writing to the young king, and there, likewise, met with a repulse. No course now lay open to him except resignation. He went with his seals of office to St. James's, where the young king received him with such marks of kindness and respect, that the heart of the proud statesman was touched. His resignation could not, of course, be withdrawn; but he accepted, in token of the gratitude of the Crown, a peerage for his wife, and was not ashamed (he had no reason to be) of becoming a pensioner to the extent of £3000 a year.

A retiring statesman, whose descent into private life is softened by a pension, seldom fails to incur at least temporary unpopularity. This was the case with Pitt; but the storm, though sharp for the moment, soon blew over, and he became again the idol of the people. All that he had foretold as about to happen in regard to Spain came to pass. On the 4th of January, 1762, war was declared against that power, under circumstances far less favorable to England than would have attended the measure had Pitt's suggestions been acted upon. On the whole, however, the country had no cause to complain of the results of the contest. Several of Spain's most valuable settlements, of which Cuba was one, fell into the hands of the English, and the tide of success was flowing without a check, when negotiations for peace were entered into. Pitt heard of these, and left his bed, to which he had been confined for several days, to protest against them. Unable to stand, he was per-

mitted to address the House from the bench on which he sat, but he fairly broke down ere he could reach the pith of his argument. His speech produced a great sensation, though it could not arrest the progress of events. Cuba, the most important conquest which England had ever made, was restored to Spain in exchange for Florida; an arrangement of which, down to the present day, England has good reason to regret the improvidence.

It was about this time, or rather in the early part of the following year, that Sir William Pynsent, a Somerset baronet of ancient family, died and bequeathed to William Pitt the estate of Burton Pynsent, with a rental of £3000 a year. The baronet had no personal acquaintance with the legatee—it is doubtful whether he had ever seen him; but he was a great admirer of Pitt's public character, and seems to have had no near relatives. So considerable an accession to means not previously abundant, proved very acceptable to the recipient; but it did not abate one jot of the mental activity of the man. A martyr to gout, he still played a conspicuous part in parliament, though he steadily refused to become again a member of the cabinet which had so unceremoniously thrown him overboard.

From 1761 to 1766 Pitt remained excluded from the king's councils. He was, therefore, no party to the ill-judged Stamp Act, which had well-nigh precipitated, by a year or two, the rupture with the North American colonies; indeed, he opposed it when first brought forward vigorously, and contributed largely, by the eloquence and power of his denunciation, in effecting its repeal. The following extract from his speech on the latter occasion well deserves to be remembered:—

“A great deal has been said without doors of the power, of the strength, of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops; I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground—on the Stamp Act—when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

“In such a cause, even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the Constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? To sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in

the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves now the whole house of Bourbon is united against you? While France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave-trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty; while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain, and its gallant conqueror basely traduced into a mean plunderer,—a gentleman whose noble and generous spirit would do honor to the proudest grandee of the country. The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness which you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behavior to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies, that I cannot help repeating them,—

‘Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind.’

“Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House what is really my opinion. It is, that the Stamp Act be *repealed, absolutely, totally, and immediately*. That the reason for the repeal be assigned, because it was founded on an erroneous principle. At the same time, let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatsoever. We may bind their *trade*, confine their *manufactures*, and exercise every *power* whatsoever, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent.”

It was during this interval, likewise, that the famous disputes between the House of Commons and John Wilkes occurred. Pitt was no admirer of Wilkes; but he still less admired the unconstitutional and impolitic proceedings of those who, in their abhorrence of a demagogue and a libeler, forgot what was due to the privileges of parliament, and the undoubted rights of the constituencies. He spoke against the sentence of expulsion, which was, however, as is well known, carried into effect.

The king was by this time heartily tired of the bondage in which the great Whig families seemed determined to keep him. His first attempt to emancipate himself, by placing Lord Bute at the head of the administration, had failed. He now endeavored, with the assistance of Lord Rockingham, to shake them off; but Lord Rockingham possessed small influence in parliament, and was quite as much a member of the clique at heart as many who followed more openly in the wake of the house of Russell. No-

thing now remained, therefore, except to call upon Pitt to form an administration. He did so, "and produced," says Burke, "such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white—patriots and courtiers, king's friends and Republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was, indeed, a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on." Nor would the state of his own health permit the framer of the cabinet to watch, as it was right that he should, over its proceedings. The business of the House of Commons was too much for him, and he passed into the Lords as Earl of Chatham. Had he consulted his own fame more, and what he believed to be the best interests of the crown less, he would have retired from the cabinet as soon as the truth was forced upon him that physical strength enough to guide its deliberations was wanting. He failed to do this; and cannot, therefore, escape his share of responsibility for measures which resulted in the catastrophe which he had on former occasions contributed to postpone.

In the year 1767, Charles Townsend introduced into the House of Commons a bill for taxing America, by levying duties on certain articles which the Americans were not permitted to import, except from Great Britain. We need not so much as refer to the consequences of this measure; but it is due to Lord Chatham not to place out of record, that, as the scheme was none of his, he hastened, in 1768, to mark his disapproval of it by withdrawing from the Government. It is just, also, to bear in mind, that almost from the date of his return to power till his resignation he labored under the pressure of a malady, which though not, perhaps, such as deserves to be described as an aberration of intellect, entirely unfitted him from taking part in public affairs. The portion of blame which attaches to him, as compared with that justly attributable to his colleagues, is very small. But if he erred in suffering himself to be made an involuntary party to the beginning of the strife, he more than made amends by the unwearied zeal which marked his efforts to heal the breach. In 1770, his health being somewhat re-established, he returned to public life; and as a peer of parliament advocated measures of conciliation, which were unhappily rejected. At last, as is well known, the Government, which had repeatedly declined to entertain fair and honorable propositions from

the enemy, gave up all for lost, and resolved to have peace on any terms. This was quite as much at variance with Lord Chatham's sense of right as the original ground of the war. He resolved, therefore, to oppose the motion; and rose from a sick bed, to which he had been long confined in the country, that he might carry his design into force. He proceeded to London, and sat in the Lord Chancellor's room till informed that the business of the debate was about to begin. Let the editor of the work which we are here reviewing tell the rest:—

"He was then led into the House of Peers by two friends. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, and covered up to the knees in flannel. Within his large wig, little more of his countenance was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye, which retained all its native fire. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. The Lords stood up, and made a lane for him to pass to his seat, whilst, with a gracefulness of deportment for which he was so eminently distinguished, he bowed to them as he proceeded. Having taken his seat on the bench of the earls, he listened to the speech of the Duke of Richmond with the most profound attention.

"After Lord Weymouth had spoken against the address, Lord Chatham rose from his seat slowly and with difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported by his two friends. Taking one hand from his crutch, he raised it, and, casting his eyes toward Heaven, said, 'I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this house!'

"The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the House was most affecting; if any one had dropped a handkerchief the noise would have been heard. At first Lord Chatham spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and became as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period, both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. He gave the whole history of the American war; of all the measures to which he had objected; and all the evil consequences which he had foretold; adding at the end of each period, 'And so it proved.'

"In one part of his speech he ridiculed the apprehension of an invasion, and then recalled the remembrance of former invasions,—'A Spanish invasion, a French invasion, a Dutch invasion, many noble lords must have read of in history; and some lords (looking keenly at one who sat near him) may remember a Scotch invasion.'

"My lords," continued he, 'I rejoice that the

grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy! Pressed down as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the royal offspring of the House of Brunswick, the heirs of the Princess Sophia, of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man that will dare to advise such a measure? My lords, his majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions? Shall this great kingdom, that has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, and the Norman conquest; that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? Surely, my lords, this nation is no longer what it was! Shall a people that, seventeen years ago, was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, Take all we have, only give us peace? It is impossible!

"I wage war with no man, or set of men. I wish for none of their employments; nor would I co-operate with men who still persist in unretracted error; or who, instead of acting on a firm, decisive line of conduct, halt between two opinions, where there is no middle path. In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honor, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom; but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. My lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort; and if we must fall, let us fall like men!"

"When his lordship sat down, Earl Temple

said to him, 'You forgot to mention what we talked of, shall I get up?' Lord Chatham replied, 'No, no; I will do it by and bye.'

"The Duke of Richmond then replied; and it is said that, in the course of his speech, Lord Chatham gave frequent indications of emotion and displeasure. When his grace had concluded, Lord Chatham, anxious to answer him, made several attempts to stand, but his strength failed him, and, pressing his hand to his heart, he fell backward in convulsions. The House was immediately thrown into a state of the greatest agitation, and an adjournment was at once moved and carried. Lord Chatham was first taken to the house of Mr. Sargent, in Downing Street; and when he had in some measure recovered, he was removed to his own residence at Hayes; where, after lingering for a few days, he expired on the 11th of May, in the seventieth year of his age. On the evening of his death, the House of Commons, on the motion of Colonel Barré, voted him a funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey at the public expense. A few days afterward, an annuity of £4000 was settled upon the heirs of the Earl of Chatham, to whom the title should descend; and a public grant of £20,000 was made for the payment of his debts."

We regret that our limits will not permit us to pursue this interesting subject further. *The Modern Orator* is, however, a work which can well afford to stand or fall upon its own merits; and we heartily recommend it to the careful study of all who either delight in observing the forms and shapes which genius of the highest order once took in others, or are themselves desirous of catching a ray from the fires which still continue to burn, even amid the ashes of the mighty dead.

STATISTICS OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

It is calculated that from the 1st Jan., 1840, to the 1st August, 1845, there were issued from the press in France 87,000 new works, volumes, and pamphlets; 3700 reprints of ancient literature and French classic authors; and 4000 translations from modern languages—one-third of the latter from the English, the German and the Spanish coming next in numbers, and the Portuguese and the Swedish languages having furnished the smallest contributions. Nine hundred dramatic authors are named of pieces produced on the stage, and afterward published; 60

VOL. XVIII NO. IV.

only of comedies and dramas not acted. Among the published works are 200 on occult sciences, cabalism, chiromancy, necromancy, &c., and 75 volumes on heraldry and genealogy. Social science, Fourierism, communism, and socialism of all sizes; 6000 romances and novels; and more than 800 works of travel. According to a calculation, for which the authority of M. Didot's (the publisher) name is given, the paper employed in the printing of all these works would more than twice cover the surface of the 86 departments of France.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

JASMIN, THE MODERN TROUBADOUR.

Las Papillotos (The Curl-papers) de Jasmin, Coiffur, de las Académios d' Agen et de Bordéou. Agen: Prosper Noubel, 1843-1845.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Troubadours, and most people have some notion of their own as to who and what they were. These notions, however, are, we suspect, rarely definite, and still more rarely just. Wonderful, on comparison, would be the discrepancy between them—amusing would be the variety in its conceptions, which, on this as on many other questions, that respectable class termed “well-informed people” would exhibit. A few learned men are tolerably acquainted with the subject, and know the rank in the history of literature to which the troubadours are entitled, but we believe they are few indeed. Most people associate with the name of these minstrels only confused and misplaced ideas of ladye-loves, bowers, a peculiar garb, the dark ages and guitars. Their works are less known than those of the Fathers. The Druids do not possess a more dim and shadowy existence in the imagination of the mass. Many have no farther acquaintance with the matter than that, like a bandit, a pilgrim, or a Jew, a troubadour makes an excellent character for a fancy ball.

But however different may be the opinions entertained on other points connected with the troubadours, on one at least there would probably be all but unanimity; nearly all, we are persuaded, would agree in asserting that the time of those worthies is long since gone by, and that it is centuries since the last of the tuneful brethren sang his latest lay. Men, nevertheless, often coincide only in their errors, and this we proclaim to be one. The golden age of the troubadours may be past, but the race is not extinct; time may have modified the externals, but the spirit remains. For, dwelling in their very country and singing in their very language, differing in short from his predecessors in little more than this, that he far excels the best of them in genius, there exists at this present day a real living troubadour; his name is Jasmin, and we have seen him.

The poetry of this singular man is not known in this country as it deserves to be. A short notice of it, indeed, appeared some years ago in a weekly periodical, and one or two of his smaller pieces have even been translated into English; but we are persuaded, that by a great majority, even of those best acquainted with modern French literature, the poet of Agen has never been heard of. In France itself his reputation is not so widely or so universally spread as is that of many of his contemporaries much his inferiors in merit; nor, indeed, is it wonderful that it should be so, when we consider that the language in which he writes is now looked on only as the *patois* of a province, and that it is, in fact, nearly unintelligible to those who know no French but French of Paris. Yet, notwithstanding this serious disadvantage, the sterling excellence of his poetry has won a way for it; and if, with the mass, it is not everywhere so popular as on the banks of the Garonne, its beauties have universally been appreciated, at least, by the more competent and discerning. The most distinguished critics of the capital itself, not always too ready to discover or to recognize provincial merit, hailed him with enthusiasm, when, rambling like a true minstrel, he appeared amongst them reciting his verses; and in the difficult saloons of a city, where unaided genius to be successful must be genius indeed, the Gascon bard conquered for himself a fame of which any man might well be proud. Ampère, Charles Nodier, Saint-Beuve, and Lamartine were among the loudest in their praises; the last, indeed, went so far as to say that Jasmin was “the truest and greatest poet of the age;” and the exaggerated terms of this testimony must not be allowed to detract from its real value.

As for his native Gascony, where the language in which Jasmin writes is not only well understood, but, as being now the *patois* of the people, is to them peculiarly expres-

sive and heart-touching, he is there held in universal honor. His countrymen of that province are intensely proud of him. He is to them what Burns is to the Scottish peasantry, only, he meets with his honors in his lifetime. Fêtes and banquets await him when he visits any of their towns, multitudes crowd to hear him recite his poems, his progress from place to place is a perpetual triumph, and the unabating enthusiasm that everywhere greets him shows that the fame which Toulouse, the city of Clemence Isaure, acknowledged years ago by presenting him with its golden laurel, has since been successfully maintained.

Agen is a small town prettily situated on the reedy Garonne. In its principal square is to be found a small shop, the front of which, shaded by an overhanging blind of blue cloth, bears the legend, "*Jasmin. Coiffeur de jeunes gens.*" For, the truth must be told, "the truest and greatest poet of the age" keeps a shop, and is a hair-dresser—the fingers that sweep the lyre handle also the scissors, and scraps of verses serve to test the heat of curling-irons. Can such things be? Can a man who is a hair-dresser hope for immortality? Has he any right to bear up against the prejudices to which he must feel himself obnoxious? That ploughmen and shepherds may tune their pipes and sing, we can all readily understand; idyls and georgics come naturally from their occupations; but a hair-dresser—with all due respect to the worshipful company of barbers—seems inexorably forbidden to make any acquaintance with the muse, more especially if he be hight Jasmin, to remind us of his own oily perfumes, and if, farther, he entitle his writings, "Curl-papers," to suggest more homely ideas still. Let no Latinist punster quote to us the line,

Dum canimus sacras alterno pectine nonas,

to us there is no profession so prosaic as a barber's, and for a poet to be found among its members is indeed a prodigy. But Jasmin is that prodigy. The little room behind his shop is full of gifts, presented to him in homage of his genius; admirers in every social and intellectual rank have sent their offerings, and kings are among the contributors. He writes after his name, "Member of the Academies of Agen and Bordeaux." At his button-hole he wears the ribbon of the legion of honor—in his case, at least, bestowed upon no unworthy grounds. And the little table beside his counter is covered

with favorable reviews by critics whose judgment is stamped with authority, mingled with complimentary letters from correspondents whose approbation is indeed high praise. All these Jasmin makes no ostentation either of exhibiting or of concealing; he has not been spoiled by the flattery he has received; but he is conscious of his own merits, and disdains the mock modesty it would be affectation to assume.

In appearance he is a fine manly-looking fellow, in manners he is hearty and simple. From the first prepossessing, he gains upon you at every moment, till when he is fairly launched into the recital of one of his poems, and his rich voice does justice to the harmonious Gascon in which they nearly all are written, the animation and feeling he discovers become contagious; your admiration kindles; cold as you may generally be, you are involved in his ardor. You forget the shop in which you stand; all idea of his being a hair-dresser vanishes; you rise with him into his superior world, and experience in a way you will never forget, the power exercised by a true poet pouring forth his living thoughts in his own verses.

Amongst Jasmin's productions is a piece entitled *Mous Souvenirs*,—My Souvenirs. It appeared in 1832. Nothing can give a better idea at once of the man and of the poet than this work; for it not only yields us a retrospect of his life, but exhibits in a peculiar degree the mixture of pathos and humor, of playfulness and passion, which distinguishes him. We shall, therefore, make the acquaintance of the modern troubadour by means of this autobiography. We translate word for word when we quote in prose.

"Aged and broken, the other century had only a couple of years more to pass upon earth, when, at the corner of an old street, in a house where dwelt more than one rat, on Thursday in Shrovetide, behind the door, at the hour when they toss pancakes, of a hunchbacked father and a lame mother, was born a baby, and that baby was I."

The hunchbacked father was a tailor; and, though he could not read, he too was a poet, of a much lower degree, however, than his son. He composed burlesque and occasional couplets for the *charivaris* common in the country; but none of these effusions have come down to us—the poor tailor-satirist rests mute and inglorious. Though a thin, weak child, yet "nourished by good milk, and nestling in a warm cradle stuffed with lark's feathers," Jasmin grew, "just as if he had been the son of a king." At the

age of seven he was strong enough to accompany his father to the *charivaris*, whither he went with a horn in his hand, a paper cap on his head, and seemingly much pride of position in his heart. But the greatest delight of his childhood was to go "barefoot and barehead" to gather sticks for his parents in the willow-islands of the Garonne, with a party of some score of his companions. To this day it enchants him to remember how, "as the clock struck noon the cry would arise, *à l'illo, amits!*—to the island, friends!" How they then set off, singing, *L'agne! que m'as dounat*, a favorite song in that country; how, their faggots and their work finished an hour before nightfall, they spent that time in swinging upon the pliant branches, and how they then returned home again, "thirty voices chaunting the same air and chorus, while thirty bundles of wood danced on thirty heads."

All his amusements, however, were not so innocent. He was a sad robber of orchards; nor does he seem even yet reformed in principle, for his mouth evidently still waters at the recollection of his exploits—

"Over the hedge and over the wall,
What lots of cherries and plums we stole!
Peaches and grapes and nectarines,
Up the trees and along the vines!
Pears and apricots past belief—
Oh! I was such a famous thief!
Leaping like squirrels, on we came,
Scourges of gardens, and proud of the name."

But, amid the gaiety and carelessness of Jasmin's early years, there was a care which cast a gloom over his happiest moments; and it arose from a cause which does not usually much sadden a child. The future poet had an eager thirst for education; the poverty of his parents did not admit of his receiving it. The thought of school, and of his being debarred from it, constantly haunted him; his poor mother would whisper the word to his grandfather, and then look wistfully at her boy; but there was no help, they had not the means, and his singular desire of knowledge could not be gratified. He could only wish.

The family had evidently a hard battle to sustain. Jasmin's childhood was one of hunger and privation. We find him afterward alluding to his forced fasts, in some humorous verses addressed "To a Curé of Marmande, who at a great dinner wished to make him observe Lent." We think we hear some troubadour of Raymond's court discharging his pleasantry at the penance-pronouncing St. Dominic, or some of his monk companions.

"Cries our abbé, 'Sinners all,
Fast, and of your ways repent!
If you've sinned in carnival,
Now atone by keeping Lent.
Sinners, oh! to be forgiven,
Pay your heavy debt to Heaven!"

"Me your words in no way touch;
You and all the curés know
In advance I've paid so much,
Nothing of the kind I owe,
Why should I be told to fast?
Heaven's my debtor for the past!"

But even hunger cannot sink the buoyancy natural to childhood. Jasmin was always merry. Every season had its own pleasures, cheap and natural, but not the less enjoyed. In winter, for instance, they consisted in listening to dreadful stories told by an old woman.

"What delight and what pain I felt when she recounted the 'Ogre and little Tom Thumb,' when she painted a hundred ghosts, with the noise of a hundred chains, in an old ruin, when she rehearsed the 'Sorcerer' or 'Bluebeard,' or described the '*Loup-garou*' howling in the street. Half dead with fear, I dared not breathe, and when, as midnight sounded, I returned home, it seemed as if sorcerers and *louns-garoux* were always at my heels."

So much for imaginary terrors. The actual things of life and their stern reality were soon forced upon him in a way that left its trace for ever. It was a Monday. At play with his companions, he was their king, and they formed his escort. In the midst of his reign he sees two porters approach, bearing an old man seated on a willow chair. They come nearer and nearer, near enough at last for him to distinguish his grandfather. He throws himself round his poor relative's neck, and asks him anxiously and in wonder, *what* ails him, why he has left home, where he is going. "To the workhouse, my son," replies the weeping old man. "*Acós aquí que lous Jansemins móron*—it is there the Jasmins die. He embraced me," continued Jasmin, "and was carried away, shutting his blue eyes—five days afterward my grandfather was no more." Then, for the first time, the boy felt what poverty really is. This event struck deep into his mind; the recollection of it has since been constantly present to him, and on one occasion, at least, it exercised a salutary influence on his fortunes. When, at last, more prosperous days came, he found great satisfaction in making a bonfire of the old willow chair in which his forefathers, "all the Jasmins," had been carried to their

almshouse death-bed. With this incident the first canto closes.

The second begins with an inventory of the family furniture, in which figure, among other things, "three old beds in ruins; six old curtains, which the wind from the cranies would have caused to belly out like sails, if they had not been eaten by time and rats into the semblance of sieves; a sideboard frequently subjected to threat of bailiff—it was the only thing worth seizing—and an old wallet hanging in a corner." He had not before remarked the scantiness of their possessions, but his eyes were now opened. He saw how slender were his parents' means, and he learned things he had never dreamed of before: that the severe looking woman, who came every morning with an iron pot, bore in it to his grandmother, "sick though still not old," the soup of charity; that the old wallet was what his grandfather used to carry from farmhouse to farmhouse seeking the scanty doles of his former friends; that no old man ever died in their house, but "that as soon as they took to crutches they were sent to the hospital." So it had been from father to son. "*Paoure Pepy!*—poor grandfather."

One day, however—a bright day for him—his mother entered the house joyfully. "Jacques," said she, "Jacques, my son, you shall go to school! Your cousin the school-master takes you for nothing." Six months afterward the boy could read—he was diligent and had a good memory—six more and he assisted the priest at mass—six more, and as a chorister he struck up the *Tantum ergo*,—six more and he entered the seminary gratuitously,—six more and he was expelled from it with shame on his face and curses on his head. And this, too, was in the very moment of his first great triumph. He had gained a prize—it was only an old cassock—but it was still a prize. His mother came and saw it; full of joy was that poor mother, and between her kisses she said to him, "Poor thing! you have a good right to learn; for, thanks to you, they send us every Tuesday a loaf of bread, and this year times are so bad, that God knows it is welcome." Jasmin, very proud, promised repeatedly that he would become a *grand avant*, and his mother went away radiant with joy. His father, it was arranged, was to lay his professional hands on the cassock and alter it to the boy's size. But that vestment Jasmin was never destined to wear. He fell, both literally and figuratively. "The devil, that n stigator of evil," led him, it seems, near a

ladder, at the top of which a plump servant maid was perched, occupied—type of innocence—in feeding pigeons in a dove-cot above her. He mounted the ladder one, two, three, four steps, Kitty turned and uttered a scream, the ladder was thrown over and both came together to the ground, she uppermost. Kitty continued screaming, and when the luckless wight got upon his legs again, he found scullions, cooks, canons, and little abbés, all the house, in fact, assembled around him. Kitty told the story in her own way, with embellishments, the culprit assures us, and his punishment was immediately pronounced—

'So wicked and so young! As Heaven is my guard,
I'll see that such conduct shall meet its due reward!
Dry bread and prison from to-day, through all the carnival!
Such was the peremptory sentence of the principal."

Shut up in his cell, Jasmin was far from being miserable. He had, it seems, visions of lovely women, who,

"Sweet consolors of disgrace,
Changing it to happiness,
Breathing smiles and beaming light,
Hovered round him all the night—
Never o'er a couch so bare
Wantoned dreams so fresh and fair."

From these pleasant visions, however, Jasmin awoke to the direful reality of hunger,—a reality which causes him emphatically to deny the truth of the proverb, "*qui dron minjo*"—he who sleeps dines. To tantalize him more, from the valiant spits hard at work in the kitchen, ascended, coming through the keyhole, and impelled by the "great devil," an odor of unctuous and most delectable meats. It is the carnival, and he is in prison, alone and hungry. He becomes desperate, his eye flashes with rage, and at that moment it falls on a cupboard in the wall—high up, but secured only by a wooden pin. The means of ascent are speedily furnished by a table, some washing lines, and four chairs; on this ladder, at the risk of his neck, he climbs. Opening the cupboard, he beholds in the interior four pots; "trembling like a king upon his throne," he draws one of them toward him; something soft and black flows out on his face and trickles to his mouth; he tastes—"triumph! it is quince marmalade!"

"But at this moment who is coming up stairs?—who fumbles at the door?—who opens it?—who enters? O, terror! it is the principal himself—bearing a pardon!" But what a sad and unexpected sight meets his eye! Of course it was all over with Jasmin. There had been forgiveness for his other transgression, but for this there was none—a boy who eats a canon's own particular choice quince marmalade, puts himself beyond the pale of mercy. With a cry of "Out, you devil, out!" the enraged ecclesiastic shook the frail scaffold; Jasmin, followed by a pot or two, tumbled from his bad eminence, and was summarily expelled from the seminary. His face being still besmeared with the stolen sweets, the carnival-keepers, as he ran through the streets, saluted him with jeering cries of "A mask! a mask!" but escaping from his tormentors, he at last got home, sore with his fall, and very hungry. Here he found the table laid, and some beans cooking—but there was no bread. "You need not wait for it," said his mother to her children, sadly but tenderly; "it will not come."

They were without bread. "O poverty! O repentance! O well-turned ankles and quince marmalade! O Kitty, and O canon!"—the ration had been stopped because of his misconduct the previous day! After a while his mother casts a glance at her hand, and then exclaiming, "Wait a little—yes, you shall have it!" she goes out. She soon returns with a loaf, and all the family regain their spirits; Jacques alone is serious and watchful—watchful of his mother—serious, for he has his fears. They finish their bean-porridge—she prepares to cut the loaf—he observes her closely—observes her left hand. Alas! it was true—"n' *abiò plus soun anèl*"—she had sold her marriage ring!

This is the end of the second canto, or "pause." Jasmin here passes over a year of his life, and at the opening of the third canto the schoolboy has become apprentice to a hair-dresser, and is now, as he says, almost a man. Engaged the greater part of each day in adorning outwardly the heads of others, he devoted all his spare hours to storing the interior of his own. Every night the ray of a lamp, shining from a garret window, lit up the neighboring elm-tree; and in his bed, waking the night through, he lulled asleep his griefs by reading, forgetting for a time the ring, the wallet, and the workhouse. So he lived, "unhappy and contented." He also now began to write verses, addressed

in the first place, strangely enough, to the heroine of a novel, to pray her to be his guardian angel. She was, he says, ever in his thoughts: and when, during his occupations of the day, the terrible thought of the workhouse presented itself—as it seems constantly to have done—he had for solace only this sweet unsubstantiality. This of course prevented his minding his proper business, and he confesses it.

"How often, when dreaming, in terror or hope,
My razor too heedlessly played!
And over a visage of lather and soap
What staggers and stumbles it made!"

No doubt many a worthy citizen of Agen had cause to curse the ideal Estella who possessed the thoughts of the awkward and romantic barber's boy.

But from romance-reading Jasmin came to play-going. One evening he chanced to mingle with a crowd assembled before a large house; the doors suddenly opened, and the throng, entering precipitately, bore him along in its current.

"Where am I? Heavens! Why is that curtain raised?
How fine! Another country! Am I crazed?
How well they sing! How soft they speak,
yet clear!
But all to see and all to hear
My ears and eyes too much are mazed.
'Tis Cinderella! loud I cried—'tis she, I say.'
'Silence!' my neighbor muttered;
'Why so, sir? What is this, where are we pray?' I stuttered:
'You fool! you're at the play!'"

This gave a new direction to his thoughts; that night Cinderella supplanted poor Estella in his affections. He talked in his sleep, made long speeches, and disturbed his master's house. The ire of the old barber was of course kindled, and in the morning he ascends to his apprentice's garret to scold him. The scene which follows is inimitable. The dreamy, imaginative, easily impressed boy, lying on the floor of the room, and just awakened from silvery visions of fairyland and the beautiful Cinderella; the practical, sober, methodical, but withal good-natured master, standing with authority over him, and questioning him,—the professional pride of the worthy man as he tells the lad that he is unfit to be a barber, and had better turn player,—his horror at finding himself unexpectedly taken at his word,—his broken remonstran-

ces, half indignation, half pity, and the unlooked-for effect of his chance expression, "Infatuated boy! do you wish to die in the workhouse?"—which, by the terrible reminiscences it calls up, restores the stage-struck apprentice to his proper senses,—are all sketched with so masterly a hand, in a few vigorous lines, that the incident, than which nothing could in itself be more commonplace, becomes eminently interesting and dramatic. But it is the peculiar merit of Jasmin, as, indeed, it is his professed aim, to depict the natural, to adhere closely to the true, to represent every-day occurrences, and simply by putting them in their proper light, or by directing on them the illumination of his poetry, to give to even the most ordinary personages and events the effect and attraction which are usually considered as being confined to the romantic, the exciting, and the improbable.

Two years went by after the memorable visit to the theatre; Jasmin was now nearly eighteen years of age, the future began to brighten, and at last an important day in his history arrived—his own little "saloun" (saloon) for hair-dressing was opened. It was not much frequented at first, customers were few and fortune niggardly, "mais se non plèou, rousino"—if it did not rain, it drizzled. And soon he became completely happy. "He found in the world," he says, "a spirit that pleased him," he fell in love, that is to say. His wooing was successful; his marriage day came; "in a renovated hat, in a blue coat,—new for the second time, and with a shirt of coarse stuff, having a calico front," he carried away his bride, the pleasing, good-natured little woman whom we have seen at Agen.

His later history he passes lightly over.

"You know the rest," he says, addressing himself to M. Florimond de St. Amant, to whom the "Soubenis" are dedicated. "Fifteen years have passed; the 'Curl-papers' and other songs have attracted to my shop a little stream of so silvery a nature, that in my poetic ardor I broke to pieces the terrible chair. My fears are gone; so much so, that reading the other day that Pegasus is a horse which carries poets to the almshouse, I filled the whole house with my laughter. I, for my part, have been carried by that steed, not to the almshouse, but to a certain notary's office; and now, in the full pride of my greatness, I rejoice to see myself figuring on the list of the tax-gatherer, being the first of my family who has had that honor. It is true, the honor costs something; but no matter, our house shelters us against wind and rain, though behind it is certainly but imperfectly roofed in. But my wife says to me, 'Cour-

age! every verse you make is a tile, and it is rafters you are squaring when you write;' and she who at first, when my verses were not so argentiferous, used to lock up my paper and split my pen, now offers me, with a courteous air, the finest pen and the smoothest paper."

It is pleasing to find that both the parents of Jasmin lived to see and to profit by their son's success; for the "Soubenis" conclude with a scene in which they, as well as his sisters, are introduced in a comfortable family picture, the only drawback on the happiness of the party being their indignation at some complimentary verses which termed the poet "a son of Apollo," and thereby, as they thought, cast doubts on the fair character of his mother.

In the same little shop Jasmin still remains. But his fame soon went forth. In 1835 we find him reciting his verses amid the applause of the critical Academy of Bordeaux; and in 1840, raising to extraordinary enthusiasm an immense mixed multitude at Toulouse. Passing over, however, his other triumphs, we come to his reception at Paris, an account of which he gives in a piece entitled "My Journey." The scene is the saloon of M. Augustin Thierry, the learned and accomplished author of the "History of the Norman Conquest." The illustrious writer, whose eye a "thick drop serene" has obscured for ever, is seated as usual in his arm-chair, a melancholy calm upon his fine features, his devoted wife is beside him, around him are assembled the most distinguished people of Paris—poets, critics, orators—the learned, the witty, the imaginative. The eyes of all are turned upon a man who, with the embarrassment of modesty, but with the just confidence of conscious power, prepares to read a poem of his own. He announces it as "The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè." There is a movement of curiosity, not a few looks of incredulity, one or two of the party manifest something approaching to a sneer—for the pretended poet is a hair-dresser, and writes in *patois*.

The effect is chilling for the poor man; his southern ardor feels the frost of the atmosphere. He has an awful reverence for the great men round him, and he is crushed by their superiority. Their conventional politeness, so different from Gascon warmth, is painfully scrupulous; he is a stranger, too, and so alone.

How shall he move such an audience? How shall his simple "Abuglo" touch their hearts? He sees that they are resolved not to be influenced in his favor by the mere cu-

riosity of the thing—by the phenomenon of a barber making tolerable verses, and venturing so boldly to recite them on such ground; he sees he must stand or fall by his real merits. Let him describe his own emotions.

"A crowd of learned men and women waited coldly till I should open my lips, to measure my mind and my words. And it is not in Paris as on the banks of the Garonne. At home all are my friends, here all are judges; and he who comes to establish his name, if he does not gain a throne, finds nothing but a tomb. Doubtless they had an amicable air toward me—they even called me a poet; but I saw, by the expression of their eyes, how difficult my proof would be; and then, none of them understood our sweet, smooth language. I was dumb—I was afraid. I changed from hot to cold, and from cold to hot. In vain the magnificent countenance of the blind man grew bright with kindness toward me—in vain his guardian angel, his gentle companion, touched me with her golden wing. I trembled—I wished to go away."

But at last he took courage. He began his "Abuglo," and from the first his success was complete. He was frequently interrupted by the applause of his hearers. That evening was decisive. Twenty-six times, he tells us, within fifteen days, he repeated his recitation, the last of them being before the then royal family at Neuilly. Covered with applause and honor, he returned to his beloved Agen; and the year after he received a substantial proof of the estimation in which his poetry was held, an annual pension of a thousand francs being allotted to him by the Minister of Public Instruction.

Since then he has remained perfectly contented in his native town, making occasional tours, and reciting his works to admiring crowds in the different places of the south, but refusing all solicitation to leave his present position. One of the most pleasing of his many pleasing poetical epistles is on this subject, and contains his reasons for not following the advice of a "rich agriculturist near Toulouse, who incessantly wrote to him to go and establish himself in Paris, where he would make his fortune." It is too long to quote entire, but we select from it some passages, of which even the author of the ode, "Rectius vives," would have had no cause to be ashamed.

"Why do you always repeat to me," he says, "that money is money, and that fame is only fame? My eye is fixed on a laurel; a little sprig of it will, I hope, one day be mine; and compared with that sprig, all the riches of the world are to me as nothing. Besides, I do not know how to use wealth—wealth would spoil me. I cannot em-

ploy it usefully as you do; you, who while you enrich yourself, enrich a hundred others."

"No! I should do as upstarts always do,
Become, perhaps, stiff, haughty, proud,
And ape high lords as best I could,
And in a handsome carriage go.
Deny, whilst to the great I bend,
My kindred, and each former friend.
And act so, that from naught refraining,
Full soon my coffers would be drained.
When, now no more rich, proud, disdainful,
I should be wretched, poor, disdained."

"In Agen, then, content and poor,
Leave me as now to work and sing.
Each summer happier than a king,
I glean my little winter store.
And then I carol out the day
Beneath the shade of ash or thorn,
Too happy if my head grow gray
In the same place where I was born."

"When once is come the summer sky,
And grasshoppers are heard to ply
Their chirp of *zigo, ziou, ziou*,
The wandering sparrows quit their homes, and fly
The nests where first they felt their feathers grow;
The wise man is of other stuff,
He ever loves the ancient roof
That sheltered first his youthful head.
He loves, when all things verdant beam,
In manhood to go forth and dream
Upon the turf where as a child he played."

* * * * *

"I rest then here; not rich, but free;
With water from my spring, with bread of rye:
In gay saloons there's many a sigh,
There's many a laugh beneath the tree;—
And I for my part laugh at anything,
I wept too long—'tis time to laugh and sing;
For, wiser now than in my youth, I hold
That in this tinsel world below,
In which our days so soon will have been told,
And where all things are empty show—
Content is better far than gold."

In the preceding translation we have endeavored to preserve something of the rhythm of the original, which, in almost all Jasmin's productions, is very arbitrary. He mingles short lines with long lines at pleasure; one of fifteen syllables shall, for instance, precede one of two; to a series of stately hexameters shall succeed a flight of trochaics, in many of which the verse is composed of a single word. Such license, though common enough among French writers in the composition of fables and the like, has never been considered by them admissible in the more elevated style; but Jasmin's innovation

is as successful as it was daring. But if his rhythm is irregular, his rhymes are still more so. It is not by such rudders that his courses are steered. His rhyming lines follow each other in every possible order, they are of most unequal and disproportioned lengths; the same assonance often unites three, four, or even five, and these are sometimes consecutive, sometimes widely separated: in short, the movement of his verses is an intricate and fantastic dance, where the partners are perpetually meeting and leaving each other, where dissyllabic pigmies are coupled with monstrous Alexandrines, where the eye can discover neither method nor design, but where, nevertheless, there exists an evident harmony, which pleases though it may perplex.

The reader will observe how frequently feminine or double rhymes occur; this is destructive of all Jasmin's poetry, and arises from the genius of the language in which he writes. For we call it a language, and not a *patois*. This representative of the *langue d'oc* is no dialect of the *langue d'oui*. It is a sister of the now dominant speech, and no bastard child—it is the elder sister to boot. No doubt the Parisian *badaud* regards as a *patois*, a tongue in which the troubadours thought and sung, and the possession of which Tasso is said to have envied the Provençals; no doubt municipal authorities and rectors of schools proscribe it—no doubt it is now confined to the people, and shocks politer ears, even in its native province—no doubt it is unintelligible to foreigners, while French is spoken from Lisbon to Moscow. But there is no doubt, either, that this so-called *patois* is an ancient and independent idiom; that it springs from the language which was once common to all the south of France; that it was the medium through which that district contributed so largely to the revival of letters; that with slight modifications it is to this day spoken in thirty-seven departments, and still is the mother tongue, as far as regards the peasantry, throughout a population of fourteen millions: lastly, and what as regards our present subject is more important, that it is a copious, rich, and melodious tongue, and one which, if inferior to the French in grammatical structure and scientific polish, far surpasses it in its capabilities as a language for a poet.

It is true that Jasmin has done much for his favorite dialect. He has refined, polished, and established it; he has purged out of it the expressions and terms which it had

borrowed from the French, replacing them by genuine Gascon substitutes, or at least moulding them to the genius of his idiom; he has restored its former freshness and elegance; he has fixed by his writing the uncertainty of a speech long committed only to oral tradition; he has thrown lustre on it by his genius, and he has given it authority by his success. Agen is thus enabled to reclaim her ancient title of the "eye of Guienne," and, thanks to her faithful son, the Agenais is now the Attic of the southern dialects. Jasmin, of course, regards it with the strongest affection; and in none of his smaller pieces does he exhibit more power and vigor than in the eloquent ode in which he defends it against his friend M. Dumon, and other "*Francimans* who have condemned it to death." A vain effort; for, according to the poet, his mother-tongue has a vitality which will triumph over all attacks, and through all time. But it is time to leave the garb, and turn to the body of Jasmin's poetry. The "*Abuglo de Castèl-Cuillè*" of his longer pieces first claims our attention; for the Chalibari, his earliest poem of any length, though containing fine passages, has been far surpassed by his subsequent efforts, and is, after all, only a burlesque composition, or rather, as Nodier says, the converse of one. The *Abuglo*—the blind girl—is a simple story, founded on a local tradition; it might be told in two words; let us see what it becomes in Jasmin's hands.

"At the foot of that height on which is perched Castèl-Cuillè, at the season when the apple, the plum, and the almond were growing white through the country, this song was heard one eve of St. Joseph's day."

This fragment, preserved by Jasmin, is, by the way, of very ancient date:—

"All the paths should flower and bloom,
Soon a lovely bride will come.
All the paths should bloom and flower,
Morning brings her nuptial hour.

"And this old *Te Deum* of our humble marriages seemed to re-echo from the clouds, as suddenly a numerous swarm of maidens, fresh and tidy, each accompanied by her swain, advanced to the edge of the rock, chaunting the same words and air, looking there, so near the sky, like so many angels at play. They take their start, and speedily descending by the narrow ways of the steep hill-side, they come on in a long chain toward Saint-Amant. And the gleesome things, by the small footways, go like madcaps, still singing—

"All the paths should flower and bloom,
Soon a lovely bride will come.
All the ways should bloom and flower,
Morning brings her nuptial hour.

All this was because Baptiste and his betrothed were about to collect the *jonchée*."

That is to say, that according to the custom of the country, they were about to gather, in the woods, branches, and particularly laurel branches, to strew on the road to the church, and at the doors of those invited to their approaching marriage.

"The sky was all blue, not a cloud was to be seen, a fine March sun was beaming, and through the air a light breeze scattered his breaths of perfume."

The party of course are gay as gay can be. Gamboling and singing, they sport about, like happy lads and lasses as they are. The arch bride runs off, crying, "the girls who catch me will be married this year;" all pursue her, all soon come up with her, and then all press round her "to touch her fine new apron or her pretty cotton petticoat." But how does it happen that amidst all their mirth, and laughter, and fun, Baptiste the bridegroom is silent and sad? "What a couple are he and Angela! To see them so indifferent to each other, one would think them great folk"—people in high life—a sore sarcasm, Jasmin; "what is the matter with Baptiste to-day—what is weighing on his mind?" Why is he so depressed?

"It is because in that neat cottage, half way up the hill, dwells the blind girl, the orphan of a veteran, the young and tender Marguerite, the fairest maiden of the hamlet, and because Baptiste had formerly been her lover. The altar had even been prepared for them, but one day Marguerite was stricken with measles, or some similar scourge, and lost her sight. All changes at the voice of an obstinate father; their love, but not their happiness, continued; persecuted at home, Baptiste left the place, and now, only three days after his return, seduced by a little gold, he is about to marry Angela, thinking ever of Marguerite."

We have already a glimpse of the course the tragedy will take. Suddenly, under the mulberry-trees, the bridal party espy old lame Jeanne the fortune-teller, whom every one likes "because she always promises good luck—a lover to one, a good marriage to another, a fine infant to a third." This

time, however, the sibyl assumes a severe air, turns her look sternly on Angela, and taking her hand makes the sign of the cross on it with a reed, as she pronounces the inauspicious words, "Heaven grant, giddy girl, that in espousing to-morrow the faithless Baptiste, you do not dig a grave." As she speaks two large tears roll from her old eyes, and the evil augury checks, for a moment at least, the merriment of all who hear it; "but what matter two drops of troubled water falling on a silvery stream?" All speedily regain their spirits, "and the glee-some things, by the small footways go like madcaps, singing louder than ever

"Let the paths be flower and bloom,
Soon a lovely bride will come.
Let the paths be bloom and flower,
Morning brings her nuptial hour."

So ends the first canto. At the opening of the second we find Marguerite, emaciated by her sufferings, but still fair as an angel, sitting alone in her cottage, and soliloquizing on her forlorn condition. As yet she is ignorant of the full extent of her misfortune, but, though hoping, she has doubts. This passage is of exquisite beauty; nothing can be more true and more touching than its pathos, and we shall be pardoned if we give it almost entire.

"He has returned, and he does not come to see me! And he knows that of my night he is the star, the sun! And he knows that for six months, alone, here, I hope for him! Oh, that he would come to keep what he has promised me! For without him, in this world what can I do, what pleasure have I? Sorrow crushes my life, and makes it horrible! Day for the rest, day for others always; and for me, unhappy girl, ever night, ever night! How dark it is far from him! Oh! how sad is my soul! When will Baptiste come? When he is beside me I think no more of the day. What has the day? A blue sky: but the blue eyes of Baptiste are a heaven of love that brightens for me, a heaven full of happiness, like the one up there above—no more sorrow, no more weariness. I forget earth, sky—all, all that I have lost, when he presses my hand and is beside me. But when I am alone I remember all. What is Baptiste doing? He no more hears me calling him. A shoot of creeping ivy, I have need of a branch to support me, or I die. Ah! in mercy that he would come, to lighten my burden! They say we love better when we are in sorrow; what, then, when one is blind!

"Who knows, perhaps he has abandoned me. Unhappy girl that I am, what do I say! It were time, indeed, to bury me! What a dark thought! It terrifies me—let me banish it. Baptiste will come back to me, oh, he will come back. I have nothing to fear. He could not come so soon. He

is weary, he is ill, perhaps; perhaps his affection is preparing some surprise for me. But I hear some one—oh, no more sorrow—my heart does not deceive me—it is he—it is Baptiste!"

The door opens, but Paul her little brother enters alone. He has seen the bridal party; he tells about it; he asks, wondering, why they alone had not been invited. "Angela about to be married!" exclaims his sister, "what a secret they have kept it; nobody has told me a word about the matter; and who is the bridegroom?" "Why, sister, your friend Baptiste," replies the unconscious child.

The blind girl utters a sharp cry, and falls insensible. It is by the bridal song, "Let the paths be flower and bloom," that she is at length roused. Her little brother recommences his prattle, and she learns from him the hour fixed for the marriage next day. "Good," says the poor stricken maiden, as a terrible resolution takes possession of her. "Be consoled, Paul; we shall be there."

Jeanne, the good-hearted fortune-teller, enters, and thinking the blind girl still ignorant of Baptiste's faithlessness, tries to weaken her love for him preparatory to the discovery which must sooner or later come. Marguerite acts her part so well that the old woman is deceived. "She knows nothing of it," she says, as she leaves the cottage, "I will save her;" and in this state of dramatic uncertainty the canto ends.

"The gray dawn slowly arriving, finds two young girls waiting for it very differently occupied. The one, the queen of a day, surrounds herself with flatterers, puts on her cross and her nuptial crown, decks her bosom with a large bouquet, and ambles, and struts, and admires herself with pleasure. The other, blind, is in her little room, with neither crown nor bouquet, but she feels her way to a drawer where she knows something lies, and taking it, she hides it in her bodice, sickening in her heart. The one, light and vain, forgets, amid the sound of kisses and songs, to repeat her morning prayer. The other, her forehead bathed in a cold sweat, joins her hands, kneels down, and says in a low voice, as her brother unbars their door, 'Oh, my God, pardon me for it!'"

Marguerite and Paul, the child leading his sister by the hand, take their way to the church. This day the sky is overcast, and there is a drizzling rain; as they go on, the wind bears down the perfume of the laurel strewed on the path, and the blind girl shudders as it reaches her. "Paul, pray be done with your rattle," says Marguerite; "where are we?—we are surely going up hill?"

"And do you not see we are quite close now?" replies the boy. With what a bold and successful touch do these few words portray the thoughtless impatience of the child, who asks his blind sister if she does not see how near they are; and the excited sensibility of the poor girl, who can no longer endure the irksomeness of the noisy boy. What skill, or if it be not skill, what poetical instinct is displayed in the contrast the characters in this situation yield! Paul sees an osprey. "Oh, the naughty bird!" he cries, "he brings bad luck, does he not? Do you not remember, sister, when our brother said, the night we were watching by him, 'Ah, my little girl, I am very ill; take care of Paul, for I feel I am going.' You wept, and he wept, and I too; we were all weeping. Well, there was an osprey screaming on the roof at the time. And our father died, and we carried him here. There is his grave; the cross at its head is still there—tarnished, though."

The words of the boy act strongly on poor Marguerite, she is shaken in her resolution. A voice seems to call to her from the tomb, "My daughter, what are you about to do?" She recoils—but Paul, who is eager to see the ceremony, draws her on; and when the unhappy girl hears the laurel branches cracking under her feet, she is no longer mistress of herself; nothing now can stop her, she advances eagerly, as if to a fête, and presently she and her companion have disappeared in the old church.

The ceremony is begun. The priest is at the altar; the ring is blessed; Baptiste holds it in his hand. But before he places it on the small finger waiting to receive it, he has a word, one word, to pronounce. It is spoken; at the instant a voice exclaims, "It is, indeed, he!" and suddenly, to the confusion of all, the confessional opens, and the blind girl comes forth. Hoping, perhaps, to the last, or refusing to believe anything but her own senses, she had waited to the end—till she should hear, since she could not see, the perfidy of her lover; but now, all was over. "Hold! Baptiste," she cries, "since you have willed my death, let my blood serve you instead of holy water at your bridal;" and, as she speaks, she draws from her bosom the knife she had concealed there.

But doubtless her guardian angel was watching over her, for so great was her sorrow, that at the moment she was about to strike herself, she fell dead. And that evening, in place of songs, the *De profundis* was chaunted; a bier, with flowers on it, was

carried to the cemetery, young girls clothed in white and shedding tears accompanied it; nowhere was there any mirth; on the contrary, every one now seemed to say,

"On the paths be tears and sighs,
Low a lovely maiden lies.
On the paths be sighs and gloom,
Beauty passes to the tomb."

Such is the Abuglo. If the guardian angel who saves Marguerite from the guilt of suicide is something of a *Deus ex machina*, the knot, in the way the story is told, is certainly worthy of his intervention. Jasmin might, indeed, have otherwise arranged his catastrophe; there is no necessity for imputing to Marguerite the intention of suicide; and we believe most manufacturers of tales would have eschewed such a plot. We leave it to be judged whether they would have been in the right, or whether Jasmin is. To our mind, the whole conception of the poem, as well as the treatment of the subject, down to the minutest detail, are perfect: plan, grouping, coloring, light and shade, harmony, finish, effect,—nothing is wanting to complete this little masterpiece. It falls on the heart like a song of willows by the Lady Ophelia; and it leaves an impression like the music of Carrol, "sweet but mournful to the soul, as the memory of joys that are past." Some of its beauties will be perceived through the medium of our translations; to point them out would be superfluous, those who cannot see them will not. That such there be, we have no doubt; there are always critics to sneer at writers like the barber of Agen, whose muse, as he himself says, is but a peasant girl, and whose poetry is only the poetry of nature. But it is not for such that we write.

We pass to "Françonette," the longest and most elaborate of all Jasmin's works. It is quite of another character from the "Abuglo;" it is more ambitious, more dramatic, and more vigorous; the graceful simplicity of the other is replaced by a more artistic style of execution. The composition and perfecting of these twelve hundred lines occupied two years; yet Jasmin is a ready writer. Perhaps there is too much polish in the work; at all events, we like it less than the earlier one. We believe, however, that the general opinion tends the other way.

"It was the time when Montluc the Sanguinary, with heavy blows, cut the Protestants to pieces, and in the name of a God of Mercy in-

undated the earth with blood and tears." It was a reign of terror, "the very name of Huguenot scared the people, persecution had relaxed only for want of victims."

Nevertheless, merry-making and love-making were not altogether unknown; and one Sunday, in the month of August, there was as fine a fête as ever was seen. The rustic holiday is described with picturesque and appropriate homeliness; we have before us various local amusements—the cosmopolitan Punch, a man beating a cymbal, lemonade, the dance on the green to the music of fifes, everywhere a crowd. Amongst the dancers is Françonette, "the queen of the fields, she whom all the country round—for, as well as the town, the country has its pearl of love—had surnamed the 'fairest of the fair.'" The fairest of the fair—"but do not suppose, Moussus, that she was sad, sighing, pale as a lily, with die-away eyes, half-closed and blue, and a feeble frame bending with languor, like the willow that weeps on the bank of a limpid stream"—Jasmin has no mercy either on those who think health vulgar and disease attractive, or on the sickly school whose writings are nothing but "words, words, words"—you would be much mistaken if you did; "Françonette has a pair of eyes bright as two bright stars, one would think roses by handfuls might be culled from her plump cheeks, her hair——" But it is easier to satirize the descriptions of others than to achieve a happy one ourselves, and we therefore omit the rest of the portrait; for, with all our partiality for Jasmin, we do not think it a successful one. The truth is, that no conception of female loveliness is ever to be realized from an analysis of features and a catalogue of charms; it is by simply relating the effect produced by it on others that attempts of this kind are most successful; and Homer taught us this long ago, when he represented to us the perfection of Helen by telling the impression her appearance made on even the old men of Troy.

To return to Françonette. "Her beauty made many a maiden angry, made many a man sigh, for these latter all contemplated her and adored her as the priest adores the cross." This is better than saying that "her lips were like cherries, and her teeth whiter than snow." The young girl rejoiced at it, and her brow was radiant at the homage paid her. But one thing is wanting to her: Pascal, the handsomest youth in the country, whose praise is in every mouth, seems to regard her coldly—

he even avoids her. She naturally has a spite at him for this, thinks she hates him, and in her terrible vengeance only awaits an opportunity to dart him a bewitching glance that shall enchain him for ever—

"What then? We see that every day
Girls who drink of admiration,
From being vain, become coquettes,
A common case—'twas Françonette's.
Already somewhat vain of adulation,
She was beginning the coquette to play.
'Tis true there was but little *ruse* in her,
Yet none were loved, and many thought they
were."

Her old grandmother, as in duty bound, gave her sage counsels: "You know you are promised to the soldier—Marcel loves you, and counts on your marrying him—go, girl, restrain your flighty disposition;" but the excellent dame's words had little effect, and Françonette continued to be the cause of much jealousy, heartburning, and unhappiness.

However, the swains in that quarter made none of those odes, so learned and so tender, which others, elsewhere, go and carve upon a poplar or a willow, and then die. Oh, no! they could not write: and what is more, those innocent fellows, whose heads were turned by their love, much preferred suffering and—living. But how many tools were handled the wrong way! how many vines were ill-dressed! how many branches badly pruned! how many furrows unevenly ploughed!

At the fête, Françonette was of course in full glory, and had no lack of suitors for her hand in the dance, especially as it was the custom then, and may be yet, for all we know, that he who can succeed in tiring out his partner has the right to claim a kiss from her. Françonette, however, is not easily tired; on the contrary, she outlasts all who come, and half a dozen youths have retired out of breath without having gained the prize. Marcel, her lover, at last comes forward; he is a soldier and a favorite of Montluc's; in person powerful and handsome, but awkward; in character, a braggart, quarrelsome, and unscrupulous. He advances with a confident smile, but he has displeased Françonette by boasting that he is beloved by her, and she is resolved to punish his insolence. It is, therefore, in vain that he exerts himself; panting, purple in the face, and fairly beaten, he is obliged to retire. On the instant Pascal takes his

place, and he has not made two steps before Françonette smiles, is tired, and offers her cheek to the young peasant. All applaud; but Marcel, rising in fury, administers a buffet, and a sound one, to his rival. The indignant Pascal closes with his antagonist, masters him, and throws him with violence. The principles of our ring being then, as now, unknown in France, the bystanders call vociferously on Pascal to "finish" his fallen adversary; but the young man, though bleeding from a wound in the wrist, received, no one knew exactly how, acts generously, and at that moment the appearance of Montluc prevents any outrage on the part of the rest. Pascal is conducted away in triumph, and Marcel rises with murmured threats of vengeance.

The second canto opens with a scene between Pascal and his mother, who, though with some difficulty, dissuades him from going to a merry-making at which he had hoped to meet Françonette. We next have a lively picture of this merry-making. Françonette is there, triumphant and enchanting as usual. A certain Thomas sings a very pretty song, entitled "To the Siren with the heart of ice;" and it turns out that the author of it is the absent Pascal—a discovery of course highly pleasing to Françonette, who was evidently the siren alluded to. She has conquered the indifferent Pascal, and it is rather a satisfaction than otherwise that he complains of her being cold.

A game of forfeits follows. In the course of it, Laurent, a rich wooer of Françonette's, gains the right to a kiss from her—there is always much kissing in your French forfeits—and, on her running off to avoid him, pursues her with more eagerness than success; for, just as he catches the fugitive, he slips, falls, and breaks his arm. This, of course, threw a gloom over the party, but there was worse to come; and if, in these days, we should not be much alarmed at the apparition or the words of "an old man with a beard reaching to his girdle, who enters like a phantom at the bottom of the hall," we must remember in what age and in what locality. it was that "the sorcerer of the black wood" paid this unwelcome visit.

"Ye imprudent," said the wizard to the affrighted assembly, "I have come down from my rock to open your eyes, for your fate affects me. Ye love Françonette, ye say. But learn, unhappy people, that her wretched father, whilst she was yet in the cradle, passed over to the Huguenots, and sold her to the devil; and now the demon watches over his purchase, and follows

her everywhere, though invisibly. Ye saw how he punished Pascal, ye see how he has punished Laurent, at the moment they were about to salute her: ye are warned. Woe to him who shall wed her! For on the bridal night the evil one will take possession of her—nay, he will appear in person and strangle her husband."

Having so said, the bearded man withdrew as he came, leaving universal consternation behind him. Françonette, however, does not immediately succumb to the blow dealt her. She hopes for a moment that her companions will treat the matter as a joke; she smiles to them, poor thing, in a confident way, and takes two steps forward amongst them. But all recoil at her approach, cries of "Keep back!" are addressed to her from every side: the impression made is but too apparent; she can bear up no longer against her situation, and falls senseless upon the floor.

The next day the affair was known everywhere, and every one of course offered confirmation of the sorcerer's words, some going so far as to recollect, that always when the rest of the country was smitten with frost or hail, Françonette's fields were spared. All believe the terrible story, and soon she cannot venture forth without being assailed by cries of "There goes the girl who is sold to the demon!"

We have already quoted some of the opening lines of the third canto, in which are finely described the desolation of poor Françonette, and the bitter change she experiences from the former idolatry, and the present abandonment of all around her. The poem goes on to tell how, nevertheless, there remains to her one ray of consolation; Pascal, she learns, defends her against all the malicious reports of which she is the victim. Marcel, too, secretly informs her grandmother that his love for Françonette has not abated, and that he will make her his wife whenever she will; but she shows no inclination to take him at his word. A hope rises in her breast. At the suggestion of her old relative, she resolves to attend church on Easter Sunday, and to bring home as a charm some of the consecrated bread. She trusts "that so Heaven will restore her the happiness she has lost, and prove on her countenance that she is ever amongst its children."

The festival arrives, and she appears in the sacred edifice to the great astonishment of all. But her late friends inflict a terrible affront on her by withdrawing from the place where she kneels, and leaving her

alone in the midst of the large circle they so form; while the uncle of Marcel completes the outrage by passing before her without giving her a share of the consecrated bread, which it was his office to offer to all the faithful. It was a terrible trial for her; but Pascal, who had seen all, interrupts for an instant the collection of the alms-offering which he had been making, and presents her with the "crown" itself, "adorned with a fine bouquet."

"What a sweet moment for Françonette! But why is her forehead covered with red? It is because the angel of love has at last kindled a spark of his flame in her bosom. It is because something strange and new grows in her palpitating heart—something quick as fire, soft as honey. It is because she now lives with another life. She carries the consecrated bread—the piece of honor—to her grandmother, and then shuts herself up in her little chamber, alone with her love. First drop of dew in time of drought! first ray of the sun in winter! ye are not so sweet to the breast of the earth, in sadness, as that first flame was to the spirit of the softened girl! She allows herself to be carried away by the happiness of loving; she does what we all do—she indulges in a delicious day-dream, and, without stone or hammer, builds herself a little castle, where, round Pascal all is bright, all is radiant and streaming with joy."

But a moment after, the recollection of the sorcerer's prediction demolishes all her airy work. "She had dreamed of love; she, unhappy girl, to whom love was forbidden! she, whose bridegroom must, in their nuptial chamber, find his tomb!" With a bursting heart she kneels before an image she had; as she prays, a new hope presents itself; if she could offer a taper to the Virgin on Lady-day, and if her offering should be accepted, she would prove the falsehood of the calumnies raised against her. Her resolution taken, the days go by, and she thinks of nothing else. Often she trembles, for how much had she at stake on her success; still hoping, for she felt sure her prayers had been heard.

The fourth and last canto opens with the arrival of Lady-day. Françonette's intention has been noised abroad, and there is much curiosity far and near as to the result. There is also some pity for her, and many wish that a miracle may be worked on her behalf: she sees the sympathy of the people, and takes courage. Her hopes increase as she sees near her Pascal, praying devoutly. With a beating heart, she lights her taper, presents herself in her place, and awaits the

old priest, who is to hold to her the image of the Virgin. He comes, but just as he extends it, that she may kiss it, a loud clap of thunder breaks, resounds, and rolls away; her taper is extinguished, and with it three of those on the altar.

"Cièrge escantit : prièro repoussado !
Et tounère : malediction !"

"Taper quenched in thunder burst !
Prayer repelled ! Woe ! Heaven-accursed !"

With a superstitious people this is decisive. Françonette is condemned by the ordeal she herself chose. "It is, then, true; she has been sold to the demon—Heaven has abandoned her!" A murmur of horror arises from the congregation, and when the unhappy girl, "breathless and with a vacant look, rises to go out, all shudder and shrink from her touch."

Meanwhile the thunderstorm had fallen on her native village of Roquefort, the lightning had demolished the belfry of the church, and the hail had destroyed the vintage of the year. The inhabitants are inconsolable and excited; it needs but a small spark to inflame their passions to madness; and thus, when a voice exclaims "Françonette's land remains unscathed!" the frenzied population cry with one accord, "Let us drive her out! let us burn her! woe to the accursed one!"

The unfortunate girl, meantime, half dead with grief, has regained her home, and motionless in her little chamber gives course to her despair. "Poor bouquet!" she says to the flowers she had received with the consecrated bread from Pascal, "when I first had thee, thy perfume was happiness and I breathed it. Relic of love! I have borne thee in my bosom, but now thou art faded, and with thee my happiness also. Brave Pascal, farewell! my wounded heart weeps at the word—but farewell and for ever! Born in an ill hour, not to drag you down along with me I must hide from you my love, and yet to-day I feel that I love you more than ever—that I love you with a love that nothing can cure, with a love that in this world makes one live a queen, or die! Yet death is nothing if it spare you!"

But the mob arrives, they set fire to her farm-yard and utter terrible threats against her old grandmother and herself. At this moment Pascal and Marcel appear; the former energetically takes the part of the victim, but Marcel does more, he declares that in spite of everything he is still ready to marry

her if she will but consent. "And I too am ready," cries Pascal, to the confusion of his rival; "choose between us, Françonette!"

There was little doubt how Françonette would decide, but the unhappy girl has herself almost come to believe that she would be fatal to any one who loved her. "Oh! no marriage," she replies; "Pascal, I kill with my love—go—forget me and be happy without me!" But at length, as he insists, she yields. Pascal is enraptured, the crowd shudder, the soldier is thunderstruck. Pascal addresses him: "I am happier than you," he says, "but you are a brave man; to conduct me to the tomb I have need of a bridesman,—I have no longer a friend who will fill the office—do you!"

Marcel pauses; it is evident that a great battle is waging in his heart; his eye flashes, his brow overcasts, he fixes his look on Françonette in silence, and becomes deadly pale. At last, recovering himself, he laughs forcedly, as he replies, "Since she wishes it—she—I will."

A fortnight after, a bridal procession descended the side of the green hill; a curious crowd, trembling for Pascal's fate, is assembled to see it pass; Marcel leads the nuptial party, a secret pleasure in his countenance, an expression impossible to define in his eye. One would have thought it was his own triumph; the festivities on a grand scale are at his expense, "everything rains in abundance, everything is at the will of the guests, except pleasure, for none either laugh or sing." It is more like a funeral than a wedding, for it is now too late to save Pascal, and all are sure as to the lot that awaits him.

The evening comes. Suddenly Pascal's mother enters. "Oh, my son!" she exclaims, "leave this place. I have been to the fortune-teller. The sieve has turned—your death is certain! Pascal! if you enter your nuptial chamber, you are lost. You are lost if you remain here. And I, who love you so much, what will become of me if you die? Is a mother, then, nothing?" Pascal's eyes grow dim, but in this last trial he remains firm. "Marcel," he says, "if any evil befall me, take care of my mother; but my love for Françonette is too strong."

"I can hold out no longer!" cries the soldier, wiping away a tear; "your mother has disarmed me—be happy, Pascal. All the tale about your bride is false. But thank your mother; for without her you should nevertheless have perished—and I as well. Listen!" Marcel then tells him how, exas-

perated at Françonette's preference of Pascal, he had bribed the sorcerer to invent the calumny, so singularly seconded by chance; how, when his rival was finally accepted, he undertook the office of bridesman only the more easily to work out his revenge; and how, under the chamber prepared for the married pair, he had placed a barrel of gunpowder, which, at the moment they entered, he would have fired, and so have destroyed all three together. "But your mother, Pascal, recalled to my mind my own, whom I have lost—live for yours; from me you have nothing more to fear. I have now no one to love, and I return to the wars." He disappears, and all breathe again. Pascal retires joyously with his bride.

The next day, so strong was the superstition, the people were still anxious about his fate. Some had heard strange sounds in the air during the night; others had seen shadowy shapes upon the wall. They doubt if Pascal lives; but when at last his door opens, and he comes out all safe and sound, with Françonette all blooming and blushing, fear gives place to shame and repentance. The bliss of Pascal makes all the young men envious; "and the poor fellows, badly cured of their passion for the 'fairest of the fair,' say, as they see her looking like a blowing rose, so happy and so lovely, 'Ah! never more will we believe in sorcerers!'"

Such is a sketch of Jasmin's "Françonette," many fine passages of which we have been obliged, from our limits, to pass over without notice; in particular, we have had to omit numerous striking and faithful details of local usages, manners, and superstitions; for these, though serving materially to the completeness and embellishment of the poem, would probably be unintelligible without explanatory notes. It is possible, that with all its beauties, Françonette may read somewhat coldly to many; if so, it will arise from the plot mainly turning on a superstitious feeling which no longer exists, and the extent of which we cannot readily understand. The choice of such for the mainspring of the action is certainly scarcely to be considered judicious; and we believe, that however admirable "Françonette" may be considered as a work of art and genius, it will never become by any means so generally popular as other works of Jasmin, which depend for their interest on more universal and eternal sympathies, such as "Maltro l'Innoucento" for instance, which we have not space and time to examine.

Our space compels us also, notwithstand-

ing their merit, to leave almost unnoticed the numerous smaller productions of Jasmin. The "Third of May," the "Ode to the remains of the Polish Nation," and the poem on Marshal Lannes, may be mentioned as exhibiting uncommon vigor and boldness; the "Journey to Marmande" for its pleasantry and humor; the "Address to the Tonneins Musicians" for the excellent spirit and good feeling it breathes. "Oh!" exclaims the poet in the last, "let charity fall secretly and noiselessly, for it is as bitter to receive as it is sweet to give."

There are many epistles full of grace and spirit to various *Moussus* and *Madamos*; there are one or two pretty songs, a few impromptus, elegies, and epitaphs, and the usual amount of flattering dedications and complimentary stanzas, some of which are remarkably delicate and well-turned. In these last, by the way, our countrywomen come in for their share of incense, "Miss Arabella Sheridan," and a certain "Jeune Miss voyageuse," whose incognito is preserved, being honored with special tributes. The following is an extract from a eulogy on Jacques Laffitte; in translating it we have endeavored to preserve something of the spirit of the original rhythm.

"The great clear-flowing stream of the Adour,
Between its banks of moss and flower,
The image of thy life might be
Did ever pure its waters glide—
But, flowing to the troubled sea,
It mingles with the yeasty tide;
Whilst thou, even far in the world's wide ocean,
'Midst all its sand and foam and motion,
Preservest in thy honor's truth,
The crystal clearness of thy youth!"

The poem of "The Third of May," which we have mentioned, is remarkable for the magnificent prosopopœia with which it opens; this is a favorite figure with Jasmin, and he wields it with great success. The grandeur of the following example is not to be surpassed; it is the beginning of the short poem on the death of Foy, the orator and soldier.

"His limbs were feeble, painful was his breath—
'Strike him!' cried Slavery to attentive Death—
'He is the only man resists my sway—
Strike! and the future's mine if thou hast him
to-day!"

Two short extracts must close our quotations. The first is an illustration of what is very common in Jasmin's poetry—the conveying of a sarcasm, a lesson, or a truth, under a homely, or even comic form of expres-

sion. Describing the pleasure to be derived from the simplest sources, he says that to him—

"In everything enjoyment's hid.
If to a wedding I am bid,
And I've enough of money stored—
I hire a carriage—off I fly,
And then I think that ne'er a lord
Was followed by more dust than I."

The following are two lines which Nodier justly admires and criticises; they are from a description of a winter morning.

"Quand l' Aurôro fourrado en raoubo de sati,
Desfarrouillo, sans brut, las portos del mati."

"When Aurora, in robe of satin clad, unbars, without noise, the gates of morn." The highest praise we can give this fine couplet is to say that they recall to us Shakspeare's

"But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Such is Jasmin. Lively in imagination, warm in temperament, ardent, humorous, playful, easily made happy, easily softened, enthusiastically fond of his province, of its heroes, of its scenery, of its language, of its manners, he is every inch a Gascon, except that he has none of that consequential self-importance, or of the love of boasting and exaggeration, which, falsely or not, is said to characterize his countrymen. Born of the people, and following an humble trade, he is proud of both circumstances; his poems are full of allusions to his calling, and without ever uttering a word of disparagement against other classes, he everywhere sings the praises of his own. He stands by his order; it is from it he draws his poetry, it is there he finds his romance. And this is his great charm, as it is his chief distinction. He invests virtue, however lowly, with the dignity that belongs to it—he rewards merit, however obscure, with its due honor. Whatever is true, or beautiful, or good, finds from him an immediate sympathy: the true is never rejected by him because it is commonplace, nor the beautiful because it is every-day, nor the good because it is not also great. He calls nothing unclean but vice and crime. He sees meanness in nothing but in the sham,

VOL. XVIII. NO. IV.

the affectation, and the spangles of mere outward show.

But while it is in exalting lowly excellence that Jasmin takes especial delight, he is not blind, as some are, to excellence in high places. All he seeks is the sterling and the real. He recognizes the sparkle of the diamond as well as that of the dewdrop. But he will not look upon paste.

He is thus pre-eminently a poet of nature; not, be it understood, of inanimate nature only, but of nature, also, as it exists in our thoughts, and words, and acts—of nature as it is to be found living and moving in humanity. But we cannot paint him so well as he paints himself. We well remember how, in his little shop at Agen, he described to us what he believed to be the characteristic of his poetry; and we find in a letter from him to M. Léonce de Lavergne the substance of what he then said to us:—

"I believe," he says, "that I have portrayed a part of the noble sentiments which men and women may experience here below. I believe that I have emancipated myself more than any one has ever done from every school; and that I have placed myself in more direct communication with nature. I have let fall my poetry from my heart. I have taken my pictures from around me in the most humble conditions of men, and I have done for my native language all that I could."

We have seen no new work of Jasmin during the last three years. He is still comparatively young; we are sure he is not idle; we expect, therefore, even still greater things from the modern troubadour.

We had intended, in reviewing the writings of the hair-dresser-poet, shortly to have noticed those of others in similar, and even humbler ranks of life among his countrymen—such as Moreau, the type-founder; Roly, the carpenter; Festeau, the watchmaker; Eliza Fleury, the embroideress; Lapointe, the shoemaker; Ponty, the mason; Reboul, the baker; and several others. Their productions possess no inconsiderable degree of interest, more especially when they are considered in connection with the present state of things in France; but space fails us, and if we pursue the subject it must be at another opportunity. As it is, we may say that all of them fall far short of Jasmin.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GESTA ROMANORUM.

It is a strange old quilt of diverse patches,
Sombre and gay, to suit the tastes of all.—*Old Play.*

DEAR, quaint Charles Lamb, in his *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*, lisps out this drollery :—

"I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of books which are no books—*biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Dictionaries, Pocket-books, Draught-boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without;' the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Parley's *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

"I confess that it moves my spleen to see these things in books' clothing perched up on shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what 'seem its leaves,' to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay! To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith!"

We can keenly sympathize in the disappointment that "Elia" so whimsically describes, having "many a time and oft" put forth our hand to grasp what we fondly deemed would prove a cluster of delicious thoughts, and found, to our chagrin, that its grapes had been gathered from a vine of Sodom. It was, therefore, with no small delight that, on taking down the book that gives its title to the present article, from a very dusty shelf in our library, some months ago, we discovered we had lighted on a treat,—a choice collection of tales, possessing an intrinsic interest of subjects, and a still greater extrinsic interest, arising from the circumstance of their having furnished warp for the woof of many a bard of fame.

Being of a benevolent disposition, we wish

to enable others to taste of that which has afforded pleasure to ourselves; and so, for the benefit and delectation of those of our readers who may not have met with the *Gesta*, we shall proceed to give a brief history of the work, and then invite their attention to a few specimens of its contents, interspersed with extracts and remarks that will tend to show the influence it has had on English poetical literature.

For infants "the strong wine of truth" must be mingled with "the honeyed waters" of amusing story; and when man's mind is childish, through imbecility or want of education, it too must have instruction conveyed to it in the concrete rather than the abstract, being unable, or unwilling, to admit a principle, unless that principle be clad in an example. The monks of the middle ages were aware of this fact, and, therefore, in their preaching, endeavored to fix the attention of their benighted hearers by striking narratives; striving afterward, by the somewhat strained "applications" they tacked on to them, to awaken their sluggish, slumbering consciences. The *Gesta Romanorum** is an assortment of such tales, carelessly copied from Oriental, classical, and German writers, and generally stated to be the composition of Petrus Berchorius, who was Prior of the Benedictine Convent of St. Eloi, in Paris, in 1362. Pisistratus, however, might as justly be called the author of the *Iliad*; for all that Berchorius did was to string together "stirring stories," that, long before his time, had been told by orators in cope and cowl, to make their congregations change their weary gaping into wonderment. An imitation of the work, slightly differing in contents from the original, and qualified with a dash of nation-

* We would observe, *en passant*, that the recorded "Gests" are by no means exclusively those of the Romans.

alism to suit the taste of its probable readers (just as now-a-days French *vaudevilles* are adapted to Adelphi audiences), was produced in England by a monk, at a very early period; and to this version Shakspeare appears to be indebted for the plots of several of his plays.

So much by way of introduction. Now for our specimens, selected both from the continental and the insular edition.*

NO. I.—A SAUCY THIEF.

A fair face was the Emperor Leo's chief delight. To enjoy it to the full, he caused three images to be made in the form of women, dedicated a temple to their service, and ordered all his subjects to worship them. The first stretched forth its hand, as though in the act of benediction, having on one of its fingers a golden ring, which bore as its motto, "My finger is munificent." The second had a golden beard, and on its brow was written, "I have a beard: if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one." The third was clad in a golden cloak, whilst on its breast gleamed forth in shining characters, "I care for nobody." These three images were made of stone. When they had been placed upon their pedestals, the emperor decreed that if any one should take away ring, beard, or cloak, he should be doomed to some most ignominious death. It happened, notwithstanding, that a low scoundrel entering the temple, and perceiving the ring upon the finger of the first image, immediately drew it off. He then went to the second, and took away the golden beard; and, to finish up his work, robbed the third image of its golden cloak. The theft was soon discovered, and the culprit dragged before the emperor. When charged with the crime, he replied with great coolness, "My lord, suffer me to speak. When I entered the temple the first image held out its finger toward me, as though it would tempt me to take the ring; and when I read the motto, 'My finger is munificent,' I thought it would be very rude to refuse the obliging offer, and, consequently, took it. When I approached the second image, and saw its golden beard, I reasoned thus with myself, 'The maker of this statue never had such an appendage to his chin, for I have often

seen him; and, without question, the creature should be inferior to its creator: *ergo*, I ought to take the beard.' Any scruple as to the propriety of appropriating it that might still trouble me, was removed when I perceived, in characters most clearly legible, 'I have a beard: if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one.' I am beardless, as your majesty may see, and, therefore, took away the proffered beard for two good reasons: firstly, that the image might look more like its maker; and, secondly, that I might cover up my own bare chin. I carried off the golden cloak, partly from a feeling of benevolence, because I thought that a mantle of metal would in summer be burdensome to the statue, and in winter but a poor protection from the cold; and partly from a feeling of indignation at its haughty boast, 'I care for nobody.'"

"My good sir," retorted the emperor, "the present trial is one of law, and not of logic. You are a robber, and so you must be hanged!" And he was.

Instead of the prosy moralization* that follows this story in the *Gesta*, we will give Gower's happy rendering of it:—

Ere Rom-e came to the creáncet
Of Christ-es faith, it fell perchance
Cæsar, which then was emperor,
Him list-e for to do honour
Unto the temple Apollinis;
And made an image upon this,
The which was cleped† Apolló,
Was none so rich in Rom-e tho. §
Of plate of gold, a beard he had.
The which his breast all over spradde-||
Of gold also, withouten fail,
His mantle was of large entayle. ¶
Be-set with perrey** all about.
Forth right he stretched his finger out,
Upon the which he had a ring—
To see it, was a rich-e thing,
A fine carbuncle for the nones, ††
Most precious of all stones.
And fell that time in Rom-e thus,
There was a clerk, one Lucius,
A courtier, a famous man;
Of every witt†† somewhat he can,
Out-take§§ that him lacketh rule,
His own estate to guide and rule;
How so it stood of his speaking,
He was not wise in his doing;
But every riot-e at last
Must need-es fall, and may not last.
After the need of his desert,

* In fitting these with an English dress, we have derived considerable assistance from the Reverend Charles Swan's elegant translation of the *Gesta*. The notes appended to it have also been laid under contribution.

* We shall make it our rule to omit the "applications."

† Belief.	† Called.	§ Then.
‡ Spread.	¶ Cut.	** Pearls.
†† Purpose.	‡‡ Knowledge.	§§ Except.

So fell this clerk-e in povérte,
 And wist not how for to risé,
 He cast his wit-es here and there,
 He looketh nigh, he looketh far,
 Fell on a tim-e that he come
 Into the temple, and heed nome*
 Where that the god Apollo stood;
 He saw the riches, and the good;†
 And thought he wold-e by some way,
 The treasure pick and steal away.
 And thereupon so slyly wrought,
 That his purpóse about he brought.
 And went away unaperceived:
 Thus hath the man his god deceived—
 His ring, his mantle, and his beard,
 As he which nothing was afeard,
 All privily with him he bare;
 And when the wardens were aware
 Of that their god despoiled was,
 They thought it was a wondrous case,
 How that a man for any weal
 Durst in so holy plac-e steal,
 And nam-e-ly, so great a thing!
 This tale cam-e unto the king,
 And was through spoken over-all.
 But for to know in special,
 What manner man hath done the deed,
 They soughten help upon the need,
 And maden calculación,
 Whereof by demonstratiön
 The man was found-e with the good.
 In judgment, and when he stood,
 The king hath asked of him thus:—
 “Say, thou unsely† Lucius,
 Why hast thou done this sacrilege?”
 “My lord, if I the cause allege,”
 (Quoth he again) “me-thinketh this,
 That I have done nothing amiss.
 Three points there be, which I have do,
 Whereof the first-e point stands so,
 That I the ring have ta'en away.
 Unto this point this will I say,—
 When I the god beheld about,
 I saw how he his hand stretched out,
 And proffered me the ring to yere;§
 And I, which wold-e gladly live
 Out of povérte thro' his largess,
 It underfang,|| so that I guesse;
 And therefore am I nought to wite.¶
 And, overmore, I will me 'quit,**
 Of gold that I the mantle took:
 Gold in his kind, as saith the book,
 Is heavy both, and cold also;
 And for that it was heavy so,
 Methought it was no garn-e ment††
 Unto the god convenient,
 To clothen him the summer tide:‡‡
 I thought upon that other side,
 How gold is cold, and such a cloth
 By reason ought-e to be lothe§§
 In winter tim-e for the chiel.
 And thus thinking thought-es fele,||||

* Took.
 § Give.
 ** Acquit.
 §§ Warm.

† Goods.
 † Accepted.
 †† Garment.
 || Many.

‡ Foolish.
 ¶ Blame.
 ‡‡ Time.

As I mine eye about-e cast,
 His larg-e beard-e then at last
 I saw; and thought anon therefore
 How that his father him before,
 Which stood upon the sam-e place,
 Was beardless, with a youngly face.
 And in such wise, as ye have heard,
 I took away the son-nés beard,
 For that his father had-e none,
 To make him like; and hereupon
 I ask for to be excused.”

Confessio Amantis.

The poem from which we have made this long extract is indebted to *Gesta* in many other places, but we must hasten on to a legend which Spenser has worked into the second book of the *Faërie Queene*. Our readers will readily recognize, in the following tale, Sir Guyon's temptation in the “House of Richesse.”

NO. II.—MEMENTO MORI.

In the city of Rome stood an image, on the middle finger of the right hand of which was traced, “Strike here!” Many wondered what the inscription meant, but no one had discovered its signification, when a learned clerk, hearing of the image, came to examine it. He noticing the shadow that the sunlight made it cast, took a spade and began to dig where the shade of the finger fell. He soon came upon a flight of stairs, which led down into a cave. Descending these steps, he entered the hall of a princely palace, in which there were a number of men seated at table. They were all attired in the most costly fabrics of the loom, but not a sound escaped their lips. In one corner of the apartment he observed a bright carbuncle, gleaming like a little sun. Opposite, and aiming at it, stood an archer, on whose brow was written, “I am what I am: my arrow is inevitable; yon stone of light cannot escape its stroke.” The clerk, amazed at what he saw, entered the bed-chamber, where he found lovely ladies clad in purple, but all as silent as the grave. He next went to the stables, and admired the magnificent horses tethered in their stalls; he touched them—they were stone! He visited in succession every building in this strange domain, and having feasted his eyes on all their various riches, returned to the hall, purposing to effect a precipitate retreat, for a feeling of awe began to creep over him. “I have seen wonders to-day,” said he to himself, “but should I tell them to my friends, they will all say that I have been dreaming, unless I take back something solid to convince them that

I have been in a land of realities." Whilst he was thus soliloquizing, he cast his eyes upon a table covered with golden cups. He put forth his hand and took a goblet, but had no sooner placed it in his bosom than the archer struck the carbuncle with his arrow, and shivered it into a thousand fragments. The whole building instantly was filled with Egyptian darkness, and the hapless clerk sought in vain for some mode of egress. After having long wandered in the gloom of its labyrinthine passages he died a wretched death.

NO. III.—WORDS ARE WIND.

Shakspeare, as we have hinted above, was a great filcher from the *Gesta*, but we have only room here to give the original of his *King Lear*, with a few other selections illustrating the detached portions of his plays.

The wise Emperor Theodosius had three daughters. Wishing to discover which of them loved him the best, he said to the first,—"How much do you love me?" "More than myself," was the reply. Pleased with her affection, he gave her in marriage to a mighty king. Then he came to the second, and asked her how much *she* loved him? "As much as I do myself," she answered. The emperor married *her* to a duke. Afterward, he inquired of his third daughter,— "And how much do *you* love me?" "As much as you deserve, and no more," was her somewhat pert response. Her father thought that an earl was good enough for her. Some time after this the emperor was beaten in battle by the King of Egypt, and driven from the land he had long ruled so wisely. In his distress he naturally thought of his affectionate first-born; and, writing an epistle to her with his own hand, entreated her, in most pathetic words, to succor him. Her husband was willing to assist his father-in-law to the utmost of his power; but the unnatural daughter declared, that five knights only should be sent him, to remain with him until he could regain his crown. Theodosius was heavy of heart when he saw but five horsemen riding toward him, instead of the countless spears that he had hoped soon to see bristling on the horizon; but he concealed his emotion, and wrote off for aid to his second daughter. She was willing to find him food and clothing fitting for his rank, during the continuance of his misfortune; but would not suffer her "doughty duke" to lead an army into the field in his behalf. The emperor, almost in despair, applied, last of all, to his third daughter; and she, shedding

full floods of tears when she heard of her father's melancholy circumstances, prevailed upon her lord to raise a valiant host, by means of which Theodosius was quickly enabled to resume the imperial purple. Grieved that he had given her credit for so little affection, when, as he had found, it was the ruling passion of her heart, he willed his sceptre to his loving child.

We shall now endeavor to prove that the Swan of Avon could occasionally condescend to assume the character of a mocking-bird in thoughts as well as plots, by giving a brace or two of what we think our readers will admit to be *very parallel passages* :—

The mercy of a king is like refreshing dew,
gently falling on the summer grass.—*The Three Monarchs.*

The quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath.

Merchant of Venice.

He is like a hanging apple. The surface is fair, but there is a wasting worm at work within; and it soon falls to the ground, rotten at the core.
—*Human Life.*

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.

Merchant of Venice.

The prince who is gentle as a lamb in war, but fierce as a tiger in peace, is unworthy of regard.
—*Reconciliation.*

n p eace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

Henry V.

In the *Game of Shaci*, the subjoined abominable libel on woman occurs :—*Casta est quam nemo rogavit.* We are aware that we ought to beg pardon of the ladies for echoing such a slur on the softer sex, even in Latin; but if any of our fair readers should feel inclined to take umbrage at it, we hope they will permit us to remind them that it is the silly slander of a melancholy old monk, who, being moped to death by his single wretchedness, maligned—like the fox in the fable—what he could not obtain. Congreve, in *Love for Love*, adopts the saying we have quoted, but makes *man* come in for a share of his satire :—

A nymph and a swain to Apollo once prayed;
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betrayed:

Their intent was to try if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that
was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like to 've been posed,
But sagely at length he this secret disclosed :
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide ;
And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been
tried !

No one needs to be told of what elegant
poem the following story is the ground-
work :—

NO. IV.—“HIS WAYS ARE NOT AS OUR WAYS.”

Once upon a time there lived a hermit, who in a solitary cell passed night and day in the service of his God. Not far from his retreat an humble shepherd tended his flock. Happening one day to fall into a deep slumber, a robber carried off his sheep. The owner of them, turning a deaf ear to the excuses of his servant, ordered him to be put to death for his negligence,—a proceeding which gave great offence to the hermit. “Oh, Heaven!” he exclaimed, “the innocent suffers for the guilty, and yet is unavenged by God! I will quit his service, and enter the giddy world once more.” He accordingly left his hermitage; but the Almighty willed that he should not be lost, and an angel, in the form of man, was sent to bear him company. Having made each other's acquaintance, they walked on together toward a crowded city. They entered it at night-fall, and entreated shelter at the house of a most noble captain. He took them in, gave them a sumptuous supper, and then conducted them to a bed-chamber decorated in the highest style of art. In the middle of the night the angel rose, and, going stealthily to an adjoining apartment, strangled their entertainer's only child, who was sleeping in his cradle there. The hermit was horror-struck, but durst not reprove his murderous companion, who, though in human form, exercised over him the influence of a superior being. In the morning they arose, and went on to another city, where they were hospitably treated by one of the principal inhabitants. This person possessed, and greatly prized, a massive golden cup: in the night the angel stole it. Again the hermit held his peace through fear. On the morrow they continued their journey, and having met a pilgrim on a bridge, the angel requested him to become their guide. He consented, but had not gone many yards with them, before the angel seized him by

the shoulders, and hurled him into the stream below. The hermit now came to the conclusion that his companion was the devil, and longed for an opportunity of leaving him secretly. As the vesper bell was ringing they reached a third city, and again sought shelter; but the burgess to whom they applied was a churl, and would not admit them into his house. He said, however, that if they liked, they might sleep in his pigsty. Not being able to procure a better lodging, they did so; and in the morning their surly host received as his remuneration the purloined goblet. The hermit *now* thought the angel was a madman, and told him they must part.

“Not until I have explained my conduct,” said the angel. “Listen, and then go thy way. I have been sent to unfold to thee the mysteries of Providence. When thou wast in thine hermitage, the owner of a flock unjustly put his slave to death, and by so doing moved thy wrath; but the shepherd, being the victim of ignorance and precipitate anger, will enjoy eternal bliss, whilst the master will not enter heaven until he has been tormented by remorse on earth, and purified by fire in purgatory. I strangled the child of our first host, because, before his son's birth, he performed many works of mercy, but afterward grew covetous in order to enrich his heir. God, in His love, is sometimes forced to chasten, and beneath the tears of the sorrowing parent his piety will spring again. I stole the cup of our second host, because, when the wine smiled brightly in it, it tempted him to sin. I cast the pilgrim into the water, because God willed to reward his former faith with everlasting happiness, but knew that, if he lingered any longer here below, he would be guilty of a mortal sin. And, lastly, I repaid the niggard hospitality of our third host with such a bounteous boon, to teach him for the future to be more generous. Henceforth, therefore, put a seal upon thy presumptuous lips, and condemn not the All-wise in thy mole-eyed folly.” The hermit, hearing this, fell at the angel's feet, and pleaded earnestly for pardon. He received it, and returned to his hermitage, where he lived for many years, a pattern of humility and faith, and at length sweetly fell asleep in Christ.

The next of our eclogæ has been moulded by the plastic hand of genius into many forms. Perhaps the best known of these is the ballad of Beth-Gelert, in which Mr. Spencer has told the legend, as localized in Wales, in a very touching manner.

No. V.—IL FAUT QUELQUEFOIS TENIR LA MAIN.

The knight Folliculus was exceedingly fond of his infant son, and also of his falcon and his hound. It happened one day that he went out to a tournament, to which, without his knowledge, his wife and servants too went afterward, leaving the babe in his cot, the greyhound lying in the rushes underneath it, and the falcon on his perch above. A serpent that lived in a hole near the castle of Folliculus, thinking from the unusual silence that it must be deserted, crept out of its retreat and entered the hold, hoping to find some food. Seeing the child, it would have devoured him, had not the falcon fluttered its wings until it awoke the dog, which, after a desperate conflict, killed the wily intruder, and then, almost fainting through loss of blood, lay down at the foot of the cradle, that in the *mêlée* had been overthrown. The knight, on his return home, seeing the jaws of his greyhound red with gore, and not being able at first to find his child, thought that the dog had destroyed him; and, frantic with fury, plunged his sword into its faithful heart. Then, hearing a cry, he lifted up the cradle-coverlet, and saw his rosy boy just waking from a happy dream, whilst the huge coils of the dead serpent showed the peril he had so narrowly escaped, and the injustice that his father had so hastily committed. The knight, detesting himself for his cruel deed, abandoned the profession of arms, broke his lance into three pieces, and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where, after a few years, he died in peace.

No. VI.—A MESSENGER OF MERCY.

The Emperor Menelay made a decree, that if any guiltless captive could escape from his bonds and reach the imperial palace, he should be protected from his oppressors. Soon after the promulgation of the law, a knight was wrongfully accused, and cast into a dark dungeon. The light of his eyes was dimmed when he was thus cut off from the company of his brethren; but one mild summer morn, a nightingale came in through the little window of his cell, and sang so sweetly that he almost forgot he was deprived of liberty. As the knight treated his minstrel very tenderly, she flew into his bosom daily to cheer him with her song. One day he said to her, "My darling bird, I have given thee many a dainty, wilt thou not show me a kindness in return? Like to myself, a creature of the mighty God, oh, help me in

my need!" When the bird heard this, she flew forth from his bosom, and after having remained away from him for three days returned, bringing in her mouth a precious stone. Having dropped it in his hand, she again took flight. The knight wondered at the strange conduct of his songster, but happening to touch his fetters with the stone that she had given him, they instantly fell off. He then arose, and touched the doors of his prison: they opened. He rushed forth into the fresh, free air, and ran rapidly toward the emperor's palace. Here he was joyfully received, and his innocence being satisfactorily established, his persecutor was sentenced to perpetual banishment.

This pretty little tale very probably suggested those beautiful lines in the *Prisoner of Chillon*:—

A light broke in upon my brain,—

It was the carol of a bird;

It ceased, and then it came again,

The sweetest song ear ever heard,

And mine was thankful till my eyes

Ran over with the glad surprise,

And they that moment could not see

I was the mate of misery:

But then by dull degrees came back

My senses to their wonted track,

I saw the dungeon walls and floor

Close slowly round me as before,

I saw the glimmer of the sun

Creeping as it before had done,

But through the crevice where it came

That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree;

A lovely bird with azure wings,

And song that said a thousand things,

And seem'd to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before,

I ne'er shall see its likeness more;

It seem'd like me to want a mate,

But was not half so desolate,

And it was come to love me when

None lived to love me so again,

And cheering from my dungeon's brink,

Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,

But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine.

Or if it were, in winged guise,

A visitant from Paradise;

For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while,

Which made me both to weep and smile;

I sometimes deem'd that it might be

My brother's soul come down to me;

But then at last away it flew,

And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,

For he would never thus have flown,

And left me twice so doubly lone,—

Lone—as the corse within its shroud,

Lone—as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
Th hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

Our readers are convinced by this time, we should imagine, that many a thread in the mantle of the English Muse originally figured in the party-colored pallium of the *Gesta*.* We shall conclude our article with a couple of anecdotes, which, though unconnected with our literature, we think will amuse by their piquancy.

No. VII.—AN ARTFUL DODGE.

A certain soldier suspected his wife of having transferred her affections from himself to another; but not being able to *prove* the fact, he requested a cunning clerk to assist him in demonstrating his lady's infidelity. The clerk consented, on condition of being allowed to converse with the fair frail one. After having chatted on a variety of indifferent topics for some time, he took her hand, and pressed his finger on her pulse, at the same time mentioning in a careless tone the name of the person whom she was presumed to love. The lady's blood, at that sweet

* N.B.—Our samples are *literally* samples. We have not raked up a few instances of plagiarism, but out of very many deeds of plunder have exposed some of the most barefaced.

sound, rushed through her veins like a swollen stream; but when her husband became the theme of their discourse, it resumed its usual tranquil flow. The clerk communicated the result of his experiment to the bamboozled Benedick; but whether the affair furnished employment to the "gentleman of the long robe," as the newspapers say, or whether the soldier did by his own act abate the nuisance that had marred his peace, we are not informed.

No. VIII.—OBSEQUIUM AMICOS, VERITAS ODIUM PARIT.

A lady, during the absence of her lord, received a visit from her gallant. One of her handmaidens understood the language of birds, and a cock crowing at midnight, the faithless spouse inquired the meaning of his chant. "He says," replied the maiden, "that you are grossly injuring your husband." "Kill that cock instantly," said the lady. Soon after another cock began to crow, and his notes being interrupted to signify that his companion had died for revealing the truth, he shared his fate. Last of all a third cock crew. "And what does *he* say?" asked the lady. "Hear and see all, but say nothing if you would live in peace." "Oh, *don't* kill him!" retorted she.

Lectores, scripsimus,—plaudite aut tacete!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

GAZE on this Gothic relic of the past,—
See o'er its towers does Ruin surely creep;
Time has her mantle o'er each buttress cast,—
On such gray battlement Time's shadows sleep.
What will not fade!—all records cease at last;
A few short years, temple and tablet sweep
Into the mighty gulf that gathers all:
The slow destroyer, Time, sees tottering empires fall.

Publish thine edict, Death! call from the tomb
Thy prostrate victim, the forgotten dead;
Bid the unconscious sleepers hither come,
And quit for once their cold eternal bed.
At thy command, see, flickering through the gloom,
Heroes and kings, poets and statesmen tread:
What earthly potentate or victor sees
Such subjugated hosts—triumphs so great as these!

How silently gray Ruin's footstep falls
On arch and aisle, column, and roof, and court,
Wearing away the massive mouldering walls
Of this old Abbey, where the sinner sought
The old confessor in his older halls,
And peace and pardon with his money bought!
Victims of superstition, dark and deep,
Your errors with your ashes, should forgotten sleep!

OWEN HOWELL.

From the Edinburgh Review.

PEPYS'S DIARY.

Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F. R. S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II., with a Life and Notes. By RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE. 3d Edition, considerably enlarged. 5 vols. London: 1848-9.

A VARIETY of circumstances have combined to diffuse a more general knowledge of these agreeable volumes than can usually be anticipated by the reviewer of a new publication. Though they really contain, in their present complete form, much attractive novelty, yet the substance of their contents has been long before the public. Even the series now before us appeared in a succession of single volumes; each of which naturally revived the consideration so deservedly due to the whole. Nor can we well omit to mention that the admirable parodies of a popular periodical have familiarized every English reader with those peculiarities of style, sentiment, and character which necessarily furnish the distinctive features of such a book as this. Notwithstanding, however, these forestalments of our functions, we are loth to be altogether deprived of so pleasant a subject of disquisition: and we indulge our inclinations the more readily, from the conviction we feel that the volumes in question will supply not only ourselves, but many a successor, with inexhaustible materials for reflection, reference, parallels, and observation.

Who and what Mr. Samuel Pepys was, has been often heretofore related, and will appear, we trust, more particularly as we proceed. Dying in his seventy-second year, on the 26th of May, 1703, he bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge, an extraordinary accumulation of literary treasures. Of these the most conspicuous portion was his private library of books and manuscripts; collected, as tradition says, by no very scrupulous means, and certainly with no inconsiderable expenditure of pains and money. The circumstances of the collection and the bequest were equally curious. There is no reason to believe that Pepys, at least in the

early part of his life, had any strong tendency to what is called "book-learning." He was, it is true, of sedentary habits, of a most inquisitive disposition, and gifted besides with many of those tastes and fancies which lead to the acquirement of a good deal of multifarious knowledge. But he certainly was not, in our sense of the word, either a scholar or a student. He neither was nor pretended to be deeply or accurately read in any branch of learning or science. He was an admirable man of business, an excellent accountant, endowed, as is evident, with a prodigious faculty of methodical arrangement, and probably as efficient a public servant, in this respect, as ever lived. But of his literary capacities there remain few records more substantial than the diary now under review. All the duties of his pretensions and station he discharged, on the whole, with great liberality and zeal. If not a learned man, he was a "patron of literature and the fine arts," and, as his noble editor most truly remarks, "the numerous books dedicated to him furnish ample testimony of his munificence." He was besides a virtuoso, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a short-hand writer. He was reputed of a good fancy in architecture, in hangings, in jewelry, in costume, and in pictures. He subscribed fifty plates to Willoughby's *Historia Piscium*, as many pounds to the new buildings of Magdalene College, and a handsome cup to the Clothworkers' Company. He played a pocket flageolet wherever he found an echo, sang catches in public gardens to the admiration of the promenaders, and criticised the performances in the Chapel Royal, with the authority not merely of an amateur, but an artist. He attended at the representation of every new play, and at the exhibition of every new philosophical experiment. He

bought all the new mathematical instruments as they were invented, and occupied himself for a reasonable time with each successive novelty. While we are upon the subject of his personal qualifications, we may just record one fact—in exemplification of our own care in perusing his diary. His features have been perpetuated by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in what we must presume to be a striking portrait—though we make bold to say that, unless great allowance is due to the leveling effects of full-bottomed wigs and laced cravats, the individual specimens of the human race must have all resembled each other much more in those days than at present. Such as he was depicted, however, on canvas, he is now to be seen, in the very front of Lord Braybrooke's first volume; but we are not aware that any person has yet discovered his exact height. We have now, therefore, to state that since, on the 4th of Jan., 1669, he "could just stand under the arm of the tall woman in Holborne," which said woman appears, by a subsequent entry, to have been "exactly six feet five inches high." Mr. Pepys, in the 37th year of his age, could not greatly have exceeded the stature of five feet three! If any reader should think the fact thus elicited of small importance, we can assure him that it is just such a one as the ingenious author of the Diary would have been most anxious to see recorded.

With all these qualifications, however, Mr. Pepys was certainly not a bookworm. We rarely find him engaged in the same study for three weeks together; and though his cursory remarks upon the publications which he did not read, often show considerable acuteness and judgment, yet his selection of books for perusal was not very discriminating, and seems to have savored a good deal of that taste which is still catered for in the drawing-room of a London club-house. But, fortunately for posterity, he was something of a bibliomaniac, and certainly contrived to form a remarkably good and interesting library; comprising not only many curiosities of early typography, but copious specimens of the fugitive literature of his day. Six large folio volumes, for instance, are filled with broadsides, songs, and ballads of every description, each of which is now almost unique; while the marketable value of the whole has been computed by thousands of pounds sterling. In addition to these treasures is an admirable library of the choicest books, bound after the choicest fashion, of the days of the Stuarts. These

volumes were selected with infinite care and deliberation, and the reader of the Diary will frequently meet with a record of the precise time and price at which Mr. Pepys secured particular prizes. Thirty years, at least, before his death, we find that he had resolved on no account to fill more than a certain number of "presses;" and accordingly, as he acquired any new or valuable publication fitted for a place on his shelves, he weeded his library of its least dignified or considerable specimens, to make way for the new-comers. At the beginning of each year, too, with the help of his wife and maid, he was wont to "set them up" afresh; and we are favored with particular records of the appearance which the "presses" made at any one period, compared with the show of the previous year. The 14th of January, 1668, seems to have been devoted to this amusement. "To my chamber, having a great many books brought me home from my bookbinder, and so I to the new setting of my books against the next year—which costs me more trouble than I expected, and at it till two o'clock in the morning." Even this, however, did not content him; for on the 2nd of the next month we again find him "all the morning setting my books in order in my presses for the following year,—their number being much increased since the last, so as I am fain to lay by several books to make room for better—being resolved to keep no more than just my presses will contain." After this exercise he adjourns to "a very good dinner, of a powdered leg of pork and a loin of lamb roasted."

This library, thus perfected by thirty years' rectification and refinement, Mr. Pepys at length bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge; on conditions which included its preservation for ages to come in the self-same plight in which he had left it. The "presses" were to remain unmutated and undefaced, and were to be kept in an apartment exclusively devoted to themselves. Their contents were neither to be increased nor diminished by a single volume, but were to remain exactly in their original state and form. As he willed, so it has been. In a certain room of what was once called "the new building" of Magdalene College, and on the exterior wall of which may still be deciphered the inscription BIBLIOTHECA PEPYSIANA, was this collection for many years deposited; until, at a recent period, it was removed to an apartment in the new lodge lately erected for the Master of the College. There it now remains,—the "presses" and

their contents being just as they were left, the former in all the glory of black mahogany and glazed doors,—the latter in their original bindings, and, probably enough, in their original order.

But the most precious specimen of this treasury was that with which we are now concerned. Amongst the books in the presses were six large volumes filled with writing in short-hand; which remained undeciphered, if not unnoticed, for a century and a quarter. At length, some twenty or thirty years ago, they attracted the attention of persons competent to estimate their value, and the cipher was soon after submitted to a gentleman of St. John's College for interpretation. The problem proved not very difficult of solution: the cipher employed being but slightly varied from one commonly in use in those times, and even regularly taught in certain schools, for the purpose of enabling students to write rapidly from dictation. The contents of the mysterious volumes were, accordingly, soon translated into the vulgar tongue; and they were found to be nothing less than a faithful and particular Diary of Mr. Pepys's life and conversation from the 1st of January, 1660, to the 31st of May, 1669. This Diary, or rather, a large selection from it, was first published by Lord Braybrooke in 1825; and the speedy sale of two large editions proved how accurately its interest had been estimated by its noble editor. For reasons, however, to be hereafter noticed, it was not then thought proper to publish the journal in full,—its records being subjected to an expurgatorial process, which is now shown to have been conducted with rather excessive severity. When, therefore, a third edition of the Diary was determined upon, it became a question of some interest to decide whether the original scheme should or should not be abandoned, for a more unreserved communication of the author's thoughts. Fortunately for the reading portion of the public, this question was decided in the affirmative; and the result now finally appears in the five volumes specified at the head of this paper.

Trite as the biography has become, the convenience of our readers may, perhaps, be consulted by such a recapitulation of the leading facts of Mr. Pepys's life as will conduce to the ready appreciation of the Diary he left behind him. He was born on the 23rd of February, 1632; but whether at Brampton, in Huntingdonshire, or in London, appears to be now only ascertainable from the internal evidence supplied by his journal.

It is plain that he was in very early youth familiar with the Metropolis and its suburbs; but on the other hand Brampton was the residence of his father, and he was undoubtedly first sent to school at Huntingdon. Subsequently he went to St. Paul's, and received the completion of his education at Cambridge, where he was originally entered at Trinity; but having been attracted, apparently by a scholarship, to Magdalene, he commenced his academical residence at that college in 1651. Concerning his exploits at this seat of learning his biographers have unhappily been able to rescue only a single fact from oblivion,—and that, too, not particularly to his honor. In the Registrar's book of Magdalene is recorded the following:—"Memorandum, Oct. 21, 1653. That Pepys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill, *for having been scandalously overserved with drink y^e night before*. This was done in the presence of all the Fellows then resident, in Mr. Hill's chamber. JOHN WOOD, Registrar." Whether this admonition produced any permanent effects is, we fear, rather doubtful. We do not, it is true, meet with many confessions of his absolute intoxication, which certainly would not, had it occurred, have been omitted from his records—and he even remarks once that his father did, "for the first time in his life, discern that I had been drinking." On the other hand, the notices of protracted and rather outrageous merry-makings are so frequent, that we suspect a scientific faculty of resisting the effects of liquor must have been among the endowments or academical attainments of Mr. Pepys. At least, he speaks with the air of a critic in such matters. "April 10, 1660. Did see Mr. Creed make the strangest emotions to shift his drink, that ever I saw!"

Mr. Pepys, however, must certainly have proceeded through the regular university course, for we find mention of his M. A. degree and its cost (£9 15s.); and in 1662, being at Cambridge on his way to Huntingdonshire, he exercised his franchise as a member of the senate. "Oct. 10. Dr. Fairbrother telling me that this day there is a congregation for the choice of some officers in the University, he after dinner gets me a cap, gowne, and hood, and carries me to the Schools, where Mr. Pepper, my brother's tutor, and this day chosen Proctor, did appoint a M. A. to lead me into the Regent House, where I sat with them, and did vote by subscribing papers thus, *Ego SAMUEL PEPYS eligo Magistrum Bernardum Skelton alterum e Tazatoribus hujus Academiae, in*

annum sequentem." Our Cambridge readers will not fail to observe how much has been abolished, and how much retained, in the corresponding ceremonies of the present day. It is a great pity that Pepys did not leave some record of the state of the University during the Protectorate, which was the period of his attendance: as such a note from such a hand would have been in the highest degree edifying. He visited the old place more than once in after times, but only in his journeys to the north or east; nor does he speak of it with half the interest he professes for the localities round about London. He happened, however, to be there in 1661, just at the restoration of the old *régime*; and although it was mid-July the students seem to have been all in residence, and the colleges full. "July 15. Up by three o'clock this morning, and rode to Cambridge, and was there by seven o'clock; when, after I was trimmed, I went to Christ College, and found my brother John, at eight o'clock, in bed, which vexed me. Then to King's College, where I found the scholars in their surplices at the service with the organs—which is a strange sight to what it used, in my time, to be here." It was certainly clear enough that things were altered in respect of ceremonies; for when, a few days afterward, he went to church at Impington, "At our coming in, the country people all rose with much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins '*Right Worshipfull and dearly beloved*' to us." Presently he is informed "how high the old" (*i. e.* the restored) "doctors are in the University over those they found there—though a great deal better scholars than themselves—for which I am very sorry." It should be borne in mind, however, in estimating any little touches of this sort, that the sympathies of Pepys, for many years after the Restoration, are clearly with the vanquished party.

Though Mr. Pepys's father was a tailor by trade, yet he was connected by descent with the Earl of Sandwich; and in the house of this relative our hero found refuge and occupation, when an early marriage had rendered both these advantages unusually desirable. In 1658 he attended his patron, then Sir Edward Montague, upon his expedition to the Sound; and was appointed on his return to a subordinate clerkship in the Exchequer. Two years afterward he was made clerk of the Acts of the Navy—a place which he filled with great credit during the whole of the period embraced in the Diary. Nor was this the end of his promotion in the state; but

as his subsequent career is less materially connected with the volume before us, we need not enter into its particulars.

This brings us at length to his famous Journal. The dates of its commencement and termination (Jan., 1660—May, 1669) have been already specified, and these would of themselves suffice to apprise the reader of the general Historical information to be expected from its contents. Its essential character, however, depends in a very slight degree on such matters as these. Without making any exception in favor either of the published memoirs of Fletcher, Lord Byron's valet, or of any other production of ancient or modern diarists, we unhesitatingly characterize this Journal as the most remarkable production of its kind which has ever been given to the world. It is difficult to add much, beyond example, in the way of illustration. We can hardly yet satisfy ourselves of the description properly due to such a development of human nature. Of one point, however, we entertain little doubt;—that its contents were never compiled with the remotest view to publication. No eyes but those of Samuel Pepys could have ever been intended to scan the entries of his journal. Nor do we think, upon a general retrospect, that these daily records were made with any idea of subsequently reducing them to any publishable form—for their substance has certainly little reference to the political, and but incidentally to the social, history of the country. It is true that Mr. Pepys undoubtedly contemplated, *inter alia*, a connected-history of matters relating to that department of the administration in which he spent so many years of his life; but for this purpose we know that he made an entirely separate collection of materials. Indeed, the internal evidence of the volumes themselves is hardly reconcilable with any other supposition than that they were written from a mechanical habit acquired by the author of committing daily to paper, under the protection of a cipher, his every action, motive, and thought; and with the sole view, apparently, of recurring to them in after times, for his own amusement and information. In this respect nothing that has ever been compiled in the shape of autobiography makes any perceptible approach to the fullness and genuineness of Mr. Pepys's Diary. Rousseau's Confessions will bear no kind of comparison; nor will any of the French essays by which that seductive tale has been followed. Perhaps the reflections of Silvio Pellico in his prison supply a somewhat nearer match;

but the two productions are hardly homogeneous enough to be compared. But little information is discoverable in the Diary itself of the motives which led to its compilation. Once, on visiting Sir W. Coventry in the Tower, he found him alone "writing down his journal, which, he tells me, he now keeps of the material things; upon which I told him (and he is the only man I ever told it to, I think), that I kept it most strictly these eight or ten years; and I am sorry almost that I told him—it not being necessary, nor may be convenient, to have it known." This entry shows that the precaution of a cipher had some reference to the political perils of the times; although, as far as Mr. Pepys's memoranda go, "the material things" assuredly form but a small portion of their substance. Many of our readers will probably be able to tax their own recollections for the motives which suggest the keeping of a temporary journal; and we are inclined to think, upon the whole, that the ideas which resulted in the relic now before us, differed but very little from those of the most ordinary school-girl, tourist, or idle recluse.

As regards the historical value of this production, we have already rated it rather low: though this opinion must be taken with a certain qualification. It is according to the definition which the term "history" receives that it must rise or fall in the reader's estimation. If history is to be characterized by that "dignity" which precedents have sanctioned, or composed with that grave formality which some quarterly reviewers demand, the journal of Mr. Pepys will be next to useless. It tells us comparatively little of wars, treaties, speeches, proclamations or debates; and this little is told in a sorely undignified spirit, and with an accuracy of detail by no means unimpeachable. Every now and then, indeed, we are able to detect errors in dates, Christian names, and even records of appointments, which would infallibly ruin the author in the eyes of modern critics. In fact, the very style in which such information is communicated precludes the possibility of giving it an unconditional acceptance. It is mostly mere gossip, retailed at second, or even at third hand. "Comes my lord so and so to me, and tells me that he has seen Mr. so and so, who does say," &c. The facts, therefore, which would be available for such histories as were written in the last century are few in number, and not extraordinary in value. But the picture wholly changes, if History is considered in the light of a science which is to inform us, besides the great events of the

period, of the customs, habits, and opinions of our forefathers; to give us a real and lively notion of the days in which they lived, and to teach us the relative civilization of the age in question, as compared with that which preceded and those which have followed it. These five volumes, in short, would be everything to a Macaulay, but nothing to a Smollett. We doubt even if Hume would have availed himself of the Diary, to add or change half a dozen lines in his reign of Charles II.; for although Mr. Pepys paints the court, the monarch, and the times in more vivid colors than any one else, yet the general lights and shades of the picture were correctly enough known before, and could hardly have been amplified or deepened without a departure from that sententious "dignity" which opinion prescribed.

Even, however, when thus liberally viewed, the character of Mr. Pepys's Journal is far more personal than historical. The entries have an almost exclusive reference to himself—his family, his position, his prospects, his most secret motives, and his most inward thoughts. It is therefore as a picture of a single mind that the monument is most perfect—although, in point of fact, the mind thus portrayed is one of the most ordinary and commonplace imaginable. Certain intellectual qualities of a common enough kind, Mr. Pepys doubtless possessed in an unusual degree; but his moral and religious stature might be well matched out of any company numbering a score of individuals. The little dirty motives, the more generous impulses, the secret reservations, the half-formed hopes, and the private confessions which he so faithfully chronicles, reveal nothing but the commonest operations of the commonest conscience; the only singularity being in the incredible *naïveté* and candor with which these feelings and reflections are committed to writing. Nineteen men out of twenty might make a journal as edifying as that before us, if they would but describe their own sentiments with equal fidelity. The secret cipher must have marvelously aided in giving that confidence which the practice required; for certainly no person who ever yet lived would have recorded such facts for any information but his own—and this is the peculiarity which distinguishes the Diary before us from all others. We have known persons of respectable abilities who kept a careful record of the most ordinary transactions of their daily lives—their company, their dinners, the party round the table, and even the dishes

upon it. In this as in other practices, accidental beginnings may easily beget permanent habits. But no example, to the best of our knowledge, has ever been elsewhere known of an individual who, without prickings of conscience or persuasions of creed, deliberately sate down every evening, and put upon record, not only all the most insignificant events, but all the childish, sneaking, ludicrous, or miserly thinkings and doings which had characterized the past day of his life.

It is this predominant personality of the Diary which renders it so difficult to give a satisfactory view of its contents, in any form but that of a complete and unreserved transcript of the whole. The present edition is, in this respect, incomparably superior to the others, and, from the same cause, inferior still to what it might be made. We do not say that its absolutely literal or unreserved publication would be consistent with the reasonable requirements of public decency; on the contrary, we are well enough inclined to believe, from the specimens which have now been allowed to pass, that those rejected upon the second scrutiny were indeed inadmissible. But the fact nevertheless remains, that the Journal in our hands is still incomplete; and the misgivings thus naturally created are strengthened by the involuntary observation that in the former instance, the most valuable and characteristic portion of the Diary was often that which was suppressed. The cases, it is true, are not exactly parallel; for in the former the guiding motive of the noble editor was a well-intended regard for the public patience; whereas in the present he has been solely actuated by the observances due, even above the truth of history, to public decorum; but in such a publication as this, complete satisfaction is not to be expected where anything is known to be behind. With respect to the "historical value" of the two editions, there can, as we have already remarked, be no comparison between them. If the phrase be taken in its most formal import, at least forty-nine fiftieths of the whole Journal might have been suppressed without loss on this score; so that the original edition retained comparatively little which was worth preserving, while it utterly demolished the instruction which it might have been made to convey. For although we regret to see that the additions and insertions are not marked in the new issue, yet the reader who will trouble himself to compare the two will find that, in the old edition even the published extracts were not given *verbatim*, but that sentences and paragraphs were

so curtailed and condensed as wholly to ruin that true portraiture of the author's own character and thoughts which was the most striking feature of the Diary. Moreover, notwithstanding the risk incurred by omissions, when the information desired by the student is to be picked and gleaned from incidental allusions and involuntary disclosures, we are yet ready to grant that two volumes out of the five might have been spared even in this view of the subject, were it not for the loss in credibility and faithfulness which would thus be suffered by the remainder. But, taking the whole composition for what it is, and for what it may teach us, it is scarcely possible to suppress a single passage without serious detriment; and if we want to be satisfied with what we now possess, we must endeavor to persuade ourselves that the statements of the noble editor imply on this occasion no prudish or unscrupulous use of his privilege.

"I found," says Lord Braybrooke, "after once more carefully reading over the whole of the MS., that a literal transcript of the Diary was absolutely inadmissible. I determined, therefore, in preparing the forthcoming edition, to insert in its proper place, every passage that had been omitted, *with the exception only of such entries as were devoid of the slightest interest*, and many others of so indelicate a character, that no one with a well-regulated mind will regret their loss; nor could they have been tolerated even in the licentious days to which they relate." With these assurances we suppose we must be content; but the "interest" of a passage is what every inquisitive reader likes to determine for himself; and we cannot forbear recollecting that on a previous occasion, Lord Braybrooke suppressed as "uninteresting" the particulars of a dinner which included a *boiled* haunch of venison!

There is one very remarkable characteristic of this Diary which we do not remember to have ever seen noticed, and that is the prodigious faculty of memory in the writer which its entries discover. That this was in some degree artificially aided is probable enough. We know from the Journal itself that its composition involved two stages. The events of the day were first jotted down with great brevity, and with the use of no more words than would serve to recall them; after which these notes were expanded into the entries which we now see. No doubt, too, the operation was greatly facilitated by daily practice; but even after all allowances are made on these scores, the results to an

attentive observer will appear very extraordinary. Page after page retails with seeming accuracy the particulars of conversations which must necessarily have lasted through several hours, and which it would be thought almost impossible to take down except by the aid of shorthand. That these details are generally accurate, we are very willing to believe; but the circumstances should be remembered, in estimating the information so conveyed. After such specimens, however, of his method and diligence, we can no longer wonder at the value set on the official services of the Clerk of the Acts.

We have said that Mr. Pepys's character and disposition were of an ordinary cast; but we hardly know whether such an assertion does not set the average merits of human nature somewhat too high. Considering how unreservedly and minutely he has anatomized and exposed his own qualities, and what a respectable share of our sympathies he carries off after all, it may, perhaps, be doubted whether many characters would bear the same exposure with as much security. If his generosity was somewhat qualified by selfish considerations, yet the blemish would certainly never have been detected but for his own miraculous candor. Did ever monk or penitent write like this? "Nov. 11, 1668. By coach to my cosen Roger Pepys, who did, at my last being with him this day se'nnight, move me as to the supplying him with £500 this term, and £500 the next, for two years upon a mortgage, he having that sum to pay, a debt left him by his father—which I did agree to, *trusting to his honesty* and ability, and am resolved to do it for him; *that I may not have all I have lie in the king's hands!*" "Dec. 13. 1667. Comes to me Mr. Moore, and he and I alone awhile, he telling me my Lord Sandwich's credit is like to be undone, if the bill of £200 be not paid to-morrow; and that if I do not help him about it, they have no way but to let it be protested. So, finding that Creed hath supplied them with £150 in their straits, and that this is no bigger sum, *I am very willing to serve my lord*, though not in this kind; but yet I will endeavor to get this done for them, and *the rather because of some plate* which was lodged the other day with me by my lady's order." This plate, which Pepys forthwith carried off to a goldsmith's to be valued, turned out to be worth £100—no bad security for the £50 which he advanced in his patron's need. Unluckily, however, Lady Sandwich shortly afterward reclaimed it, and our hero lost his pledge, "which troubled him."

A less imperative call on his gratitude was one day made by the necessitous monarch himself. The hint was not very pleasantly received, "there being," as our journalist observes, "no delight in lending money now, to be paid by the king two years hence." However, he went to "Westminster, to the Exchequer, to see what sums of money other people lend upon the Act, and find of all sizes, from £1000 to £100, nay to £50 and to £20 and to £5, for I find that one Dr. Reade, Doctor of Law, gives no more, and others of them £20, which is a poor thing methinks that we should stoop so low as to borrow such sums. Upon the whole I do think to lend, since I must lend, £300, though God knows, it is much against my will to lend my money . . . but I find it necessary I should, and so will speedily do it, *before any of my fellows begin—and lead to a bigger sum!*"

To appreciate these and similar entries, it is necessary to be acquainted with the gradual progress of Mr. Pepys's circumstances; and, indeed, this little financial history supplies a very good illustration of several characteristics of the age. Our hero was in the habit of making up "monthly balances" of his property and effects, so that we are enabled to trace his worldly advancement with unusual precision. He began life with that stimulative capital—nothing. His first record of his plight gives "My own private condition very handsome—and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office (not the Clerkship of the Acts), which is at present somewhat certain."—"June 3. 1660. At sermon in the morning: after dinner into my cabin to cast my accounts up, and find myself to be worth near £100, for which I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I came to sea, besides my house and goods." This, however, soon improves by the gettings of his new office. A year afterward, "To my father's. There I told him how I would have him speak to my uncle Robert concerning my buying of land—that I could pay ready money £600 and the rest by £150 per annum, to make up as much as will buy £50 per annum; which I do, though I am not worth above £500 per annum, *that he may think me to be a greater saver than I am.*" About this time (1662) his expenses seem to have been, rather to his disquiet, about £500 a year. "March 2nd. Talking long in bed with my wife about our frugal life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could

and would do if I were worth £2000; that is, *be a knight* and keep my coach—which pleased her." This desirable consummation, however, was some time in coming. Through the year 1663 he barely kept his "£700 beforehand with the world," and could show but twice as much in April, 1665. Thereafter, however, he "did rapidly gather," and in the same month of the year following was worth £5200. "One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is, that I am come (Christmas, 1666) to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half." His "gathering" indeed is nothing strange, considering that his clerkship brought him £3560 in 1665, and £2980 in 1666, though in this latter year his expenditure made a clear jump from £500 to £1000. There were evidently pretty pickings in the Admiralty; nor did many things come amiss even to our conscientious clerk. "April 3, 1663. I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it; and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home, *not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper*, if ever I should be questioned about it! There was a piece of gold and £4 in silver."—"Oct. 27, 1667. After dinner, I down to Deptford to look upon the Maybolt which the king hath given me; and I did meet with Mr. Braithwayte, who do tell me that there are new sails ordered to be delivered her and a cable, which I did not speak of at all to him. So thereupon I told him I would not be my own hindrance so much so as to take her into my custody before she had them, which was all I said to him." Yet, after all this, it was not until the eighth year of his lucrative office that he thought himself qualified to set up a coach and a footman, though the price of the vehicle, when brought home, was but £53—less than he had often given for a necklace or jewel for his wife—and but a few months before, when seen in so handsome a hackney that it was taken for a private coach, he was "somewhat troubled." The launch of the new equipage will tend greatly to the edification of any reader inclined to moralize. Nothing could exceed the pains lavished on the turn-out. The wheels were blue, the horses black, and the reins green;—the boy's livery, green, lined with red. But after all these preparations and anticipations, the day

proved dirty and stormy, the reins were splashed, the coach befouled, and all the trouble lost for lack of spectators and admirers.

Such, in those days, was the housekeeping of a gentleman of £3000 a year: though of course Mr. Pepys's management is not to be taken as an average specimen of economy. The current prices of household articles are constantly specified and commented on. Coals fetched from 20s. to 30s. a chaldron, though "during the (Dutch) war poor people were forced to give 45s., 50s., and £3;" indeed, "such is the despair of having any supply from the enemy's being abroad, and no fleet of ours to secure them, that they are come this day (26th June, 1667) to £5 10s. per chaldron." Dinners at an ordinary—such at least as Mr. Pepys ordered—were rather costly, running from 7s. to a guinea. A "hundred of sparrowgrass," brought home from Fenchurch Street, cost 18d. "We had them, and a little bit of salmon my wife had a mind to; cost 3s. So to supper." The first dish of green peas tasted by Mr. Pepys in the year 1668 was on the 22nd of May—"extraordinary young and pretty." The same year a pound of cherries, on the 2nd of June, cost 2s. The theatre was perhaps not an advantageous market for the purchase of fruit; but oranges, when retailed by Nell Gwynn's sisterhood, fetched 6s. a dozen—"there I sat, with my wife and Deb. and Mrs. Pierce and Corbet and Betty Turner, it costing me 8s. upon them in oranges, at 6d. a piece." The general character of the meals particularized in the Diary is decidedly solid. Mr. Pepys and his wife, for instance, often sit down alone to two substantial joints of meat. One noticeable fact is the constant occurrence of venison, at tables which it would scarcely reach now-a-days; and, what is more, the substitution of the coarser parts of the buck for the haunch is noted, even in the case of thrifty households, as a censurable piece of parsimony; while a pasty made of mutton instead of venison scandalizes the journalist beyond all measure. The current histories of the East India Company mention the first order for tea as having been given in 1668—100 lbs. weight—a circumstance which gives an interest to the following entry of the previous year. "June 28th, 1667. Home, and there find my wife making of tea—a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions."

The expenses of dress bore a considerably greater proportion to the rest of the year's

outgoings than in later times. A night-gown for Mrs. Pepys is mentioned as a great bargain at 24s. : "the very stuff" of a cloak for her lord and master cost £6., and "the outside" of a coat, £8. Nay, a gratifying result, discovered on making up a certain year's balance, is set down especially to an "abatement of outlay" in coats, bands, periwigs, &c. At this time £80 was not thought an extravagant price for "a necklace of pearl" for Mrs. Pepys, so that we can the less wonder at the valuation subsequently set upon her stock of jewelry. "A fairing" to Knipp, stood our hero in five guineas, but then "he had not given her anything for a great while." Altogether, what with theatres, gardens, and the incidental demands on the purse of so gallant a gentleman, we suspect that pocket-money must have formed a large item in Mr. Pepys's expenditure. Furniture, too, was decidedly dear. "A set of chairs and a couch" are set "at near £40;" and "three pieces of hangings for my room" at "almost £80." In this matter, however, he was very fastidious, and no doubt proportionately extravagant. The tapestry at Audley End he condemns as poor, and takes a general delight in comparing other houses with his own. "Oct. 16. To my aunt Wights; the first time, I think, these two years, and there mighty kindly used, and had a barrel of oysters; and so to look up and down their house, they having hung a room since I was there — but with hangings not fit to be seen with mine." A cabinet, "very pretty, of walnutt tree," cost £11, and "a looking glass for the dining room," £6 7s. 6d. Pictures must have told largely in the list of outgoings. The painter had £30 for Mrs. Pepys's miniature, and £8 3s. 4d. were further expended upon the case. One of our hero's fancies in this matter was highly characteristic. "Aug. 29, 1668. After dinner Harris and I to Chyrurgeons' Hall, where they are building it new, very fine, and there to see their theatre which stood all the fire, and, which was our business, their great picture of Holbeins; thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money; I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000." This was the famous picture, still preserved by the company, of the grant of their charter by Henry VIII. So went the world, in the way of earnings and spendings, with Mr. Samuel Pepys. Upon the whole, considering his various tastes for books, prints, paintings, and other rarities, it may be concluded that what he terms in his

yearly accounts the "goods of his house" bore a very large proportion to the more convertible part of his property.

As might have been expected from his character and station, the Clerk of the Acts was a regular and devout attendant at church, where few sermons escaped his comments. That either the discourse, however, or the prayers were the chief object of attraction to him he never pretends. His curiosity was excited by the organs, and his interest by a certain class of the congregation. "April 21, 1667. To Hackney church, where very full, and found much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton money, and he could not help me. So my wife and mercer *ventured* into a pew, and I into another. A knight and his lady very civil to me, when they came, being Sir George Viner, and his lady, rich in jewels, but most in beauty; almost the finest woman that I ever saw. That which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof great store, very pretty; and also the organ, which is handsome and tunes the psalm, and plays, with the people; which is mighty pretty." The next Sunday, "To Barn Elms by water, and there took one turn alone, and then back to Putney church, where I saw the girls of the schools, few of which pretty. Here a good sermon and much company; but I sleepy and a little out of order, at my hat falling down through a hole beneath the pulpit — which, however, after sermon, by a stick and the help of the clerk I got up again." Here follows a still more explicit record: "Aug. 18. I walked toward White Hall, but being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty modest maid, whom I did labor to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again — which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design! And then I fell to gaze on another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. *So the sermon ended.*" It is difficult to cap such a story — but we will make a trial with the adventures of the next succeeding Sabbath. "Aug. 25. Myself to Westminster and the parish church, thinking to see Betty Michell, and did stay an hour in the crowd, thinking, *by the end of a nose that I saw, that it had been her!* but

at last the head turned toward me and *it was her mother* — which vexed me." The reader should recollect that the recorder of these passages was a distinguished public servant of grave repute, and with an income of three thousand pounds a year.

Few men, indeed, have ever surpassed Mr. Samuel Pepys in his constant and extensive attachment to the opposite sex. He would quit his office and go any distance for the sight of a comely woman; and the wives of half the citizens of London under Charles II. have been immortalized in his memoranda. He was not averse to any style of beauty in its turn, having recorded on that score only one mighty objection. The effect, however, which a certain head-dress produced upon him was singularly powerful. "May 11th, 1667. My wife being dressed this day in *fair hair* did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park and walked — a most pleasant evening; and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, surprised at it, and made me no answer all the way home, but there we parted; and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed. 12th, (Lord's Day). Up and to my chamber to settle my accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear *white locks no more in my sight* — which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, began to except against, and made her to fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of my keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying that if I would promise never to see her more — of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pember-ton — she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything — but do think never to see this woman — at least to have *her here* any more — and so all very good friends as ever." Whether Mrs. Pepys kept her part of this bargain we cannot ascertain, but the reader will very soon discover how far the connection was interrupted between her husband and Mrs. Knipp. The "poor wretch's" jealous fits occupy no unsubstantial portion of the concluding years of the Journal, and not without evident rea-

son. One of these took a form somewhat extraordinary. "Jan. 12, 1669. This evening observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself not mighty fond — because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which God knows, it was upon the business of the office unexpectedly; but I to bed, not thinking but that she would come after me. But waking by and by out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold too. At this, being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so after an hour or two, she silent and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury that I was a rogue, and false to her. I did as I might truly (!) deny it, and was mightily troubled — but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew my curtain open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends! made as if she did design to pinch me with them; at which, in dismay I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down, and did by little and little very sillily let all the discourse fall. . . . I cannot blame her jealousy, poor wretch — though it do vex me to the heart." The Diary, however, prematurely as it terminates, does not end without giving us a glimpse of the hour of retribution. There is a certain gentleman whose visits sorely "trouble" Mr. Pepys, "and the more so as I do perceive my wife take pleasure in his company." All this, it has been said, betokens merely such a participation in the current humors of the day as was necessarily to be expected in a gentleman of Mr. Pepys's estate. Perhaps so; but surely in this case our hero's grave strictures on the deportment of his sovereign are a little misplaced. King Charles was a very shameless monarch; but not many of his servants had a right to be scandalized at his doings — and amongst the number certainly not Mr. Pepys. A great many entries of this Journal, it should be remembered, are still concealed; and it is hardly too much to suppose that the omissions would not augment the writer's credit for morality.

We have given these personal matters a precedence in our review, not only for interest's sake, but because they really form the staple of the Diary; and have yet nevertheless been less prominently introduced to public notice than other less curious subjects. There is, however, no lack of more purely

historical topics—for some of which curious enough parallels may be found in our own time. Only twelve months ago, or thereabouts, the British Isles were troubled with serious, though not very definite, alarms respecting a foreign invasion. Now in the days when Mr. Pepys was Clerk of the Acts a descent upon our coast did actually take place; and as the phenomenon has never since occurred, perhaps the reader may like to know how Londoners really did feel, and how Government really did act, when an enemy's fleet was not only in the Channel, but abreast Chatham Yard in the Medway. On the 10th June, 1667, "news was brought us that the Dutch were come up as high as the Nore." Upon this all the energies of the Government, or, we should rather say, all the frantic endeavors of the Admiralty, were exerted to procure and dispatch some fireships wherewith to burn the enemy's vessels. By a most extraordinary windfall, Mr. Pepys and his colleagues actually found themselves at this juncture possessed of a little ready money; but this good fortune was so astonishing, that they could hardly either believe it themselves, or persuade others of the fact. And so, "partly we, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money, won't believe us," so that, in the end, they were little the better for their store. Next day they received intelligence that "Sheerness was lost, after two or three hours dispute, and the enemy in possession of that place—which is very sad, and puts us in great fears of Chatham." However, an order from Council was issued, empowering them "to take any man's ships," and indeed some statesmen went further, and argued that "under an invasion, as this is owned to be, the king might take any man's goods." Meantime the "soldiers" were drawn off to Chatham and elsewhere, and all night long the drums beat up for the trainbands, every man of which was to appear on the morrow, "with bullet and powder, and money to supply themselves with victuals for a fortnight" under pain of death.

All, however, availed but little; for presently the sad tidings came that "*the Dutch did brake the chayne!*" This was the very next day; and "some lacquies" told Pepys that "hardly anybody in the court but do look as if they cried." Next morning the mischief thickened; the "Royall Charles" had been captured and manned by the Dutch, and another fleet of theirs had been signalled

in the Hope. At this intelligence our Clerk of the Acts gave all up for lost; and forthwith busied himself about bestowing his family, and, above all, his savings, in some place of security. "So I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and at two hours' warning they did go by the coach this day, with about £1300 in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in fright and fear what to do with the rest. I cannot have my 200 pieces of gold again for silver, —all being bought up last night that were to be had, and sold for 24s. and 25s. apiece. So I must keep the silver by me, which sometimes I think to fling into the house of office; but then again know not how I shall come by it, if we be made to leave the office. Every minute some one or other calls for this or that order; and so I forced to be at the office most of the day about the fireships that are to be suddenly fitted out; and it's a most strange thing that we hear nothing from any of my brethren at Chatham, *so that we are wholly in the dark*. About noon I did resolve to send Mr. Gibson away after my wife with another 1000 pieces, *under color of an express to Sir Jeremy Smith, who is I hear with some ships at Newcastle, which (the express) I did really send to him, and may possibly prove of good use to the king, for it is possible in the hurry of business they may not think of it at court,—and the charge of an express is not considerable to the king!*" Was there ever such a case of conscience stated before!

Meantime the rulers of the country characteristically displayed their wisdom and courage. The king harangued the city militia, and the Duke of York followed him. "At the council table, D. Gauden did tell me yesterday the council were ready to fall together by the ears, arraigning one another of being guilty of the counsel that brought us into this misery, by laying up all the great ships." The city again was "troubled at their being put upon duty, summoned one hour and discharged two hours after, and then again summoned two hours after that, to their great charge as well as trouble." And at the Admiralty, "the people that come hither to hear how things go make me ashamed to be found unable to answer them, for I am left alone here at the office. The dismay that is upon us all, in the business of the kingdom and navy at this day, is not to be expressed, otherwise than by the con-

dition the citizens were in when the city was on fire—nobody knowing which way to turn themselves." In this strait it was at last determined to protect the capital by sinking some ships below Woolwich and Blackwall,—a measure which was executed in this wise. "Strange our confusion! among them that are sunk *they have gone and sunk without consideration* the Francklin, one of the king's ships, with stores to a very considerable value *that hath long been loaden for the supply of the ships*—and the new ship at Bristol, and much wanted there—and nobody will own that they directed it, but do lay it on Sir W. Rider. They speak also of another ship loaden to the value of £80,000 sunk with the goods in her—or at least was mightily contended for by him, and a foreign ship that had the faith of the nation for her security. And it is a plain truth that both here and at Chatham the ships that we have sunk have *many, and the first of them, been ships completely fitted for fireships at a great charge.*" As to the seamen, "several come this morning to tell me that, if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch: *but otherwise they would not venture being killed, and lose all they have already fought for.* . . . And, indeed, the hearts as well as the affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publicly, 'This comes of you not paying our husbands! and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not.'" Another redoubtable expedient was one which has recently been rather loudly advocated—the taking up merchants' ships for the occasion to do the duty of ships of war; "but, Lord, to see how against the hair it is with these men, and everybody else, to trust us and the king—and how unreasonable it is to expect they should be willing to lend their ships and lay out £200 or £300 a man to fit their ships for the new voyages, when we have not paid them half of what we owe them for the old services!"

As might be anticipated, a "parliamentary inquiry" followed upon all this; and the curious reader may here again find an amusing parallel to some corresponding proceedings of more recent date. Mr. Pepys, indeed, was not without some apprehension of popular violence. "I have also made a girdle, by which, with some trouble, I do carry about me £300 in gold about my body; that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised; for I think in any na-

tion but ours, people that appear, for we are not indeed so, so faulty as we, would have their throats cut!" By-and-by he was actually summoned before a large committee of the council to explain the measures taken in his department,—an ordeal which he passed pretty safely. "So I away back with my books and papers; and when I got out into the court it was pretty to see how people gazed upon me—that I thought myself obliged to salute people and smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner too." He was, in fact, in so great dread of such a fate, that when going to attend the court he left behind him directions where to find some gold which he had hidden against misfortune. "Guinnys," it will be observed, which were seldom procurable except at a considerable premium, formed the favorite portion of Mr. Pepys's substance; and these were either concealed or hidden upon the first rumor of disturbance. The "diggings" down at his father's house are a match for any stories from San Francisco. At the first sound of the Dutch guns, he dispatched, as we have seen, his wife and his "guinnys" into the country to be buried—or at least the latter. The news of the clumsy way in which this had been managed "did drive him mad;" so, three or four months afterward, he went down himself to reconnoitre; and, "it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work—to dig up the gold. But Lord! what a loss I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was, that I begun heartily to sweat and be angry; but by and by poking with a spit we found it, and then began with a spudd to lift the ground." It seems that the coin had been buried in iron headpieces, the "notes" being inclosed in bags, and placed with them. But both bags and notes now proved to be rotten; and the earth had got in amongst the gold, and the deposit itself was within sight of a neighbor's window, and not half a foot under ground! These things "all put together did make me mad; and at last I was forced to take up the headpieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by candlelight, and carry them into my brother's chamber; and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and besoms, at last wash all the dirt off the pieces and parted the pieces and the dirt . . . and afterward with pails and a sieve did lock ourselves in the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then

sift those pails in one of the summer-houses—just as they do for diamonds in other parts of the world.”

The staunchest Tory would hardly decry the funding system, after reading how people were put to it, to invest their money in the reigns of the last Stuarts. There was, it was true, the resource always open of lending it to his Sacred Majesty; but the alternative could not be described as highly eligible. The destitution to which the Court had reduced itself was inexpressibly scandalous. The Admiralty was soon penniless again after its unexpected piece of luck. On the 20th of August there was “no money to be heard of—nay not £100 on the most pressing service that can be imagined, of bringing in the king’s timber from Whittlewood, while we have the utmost want of it.” The king offered ten per cent. for a loan; and the proposition suggested a pleasant joke in the city, that “the Dutch themselves would send over money and lend it—upon our publick faith, and the Act of Parliament!” Even the king’s personal service, notwithstanding his daily profusion, was liable to shameful deficiencies. We are accustomed to look at the Spanish Court of this period as an example of what royal households might possibly come to; but such a story as the following was never, we do believe, reported from Madrid or Aranjuez, though we recollect a legend of the whole contents of the royal larder being taken one morning to furnish a scant and insufficient breakfast for their Catholic Majesties. “April 22, 1667. The king was vexed the other day for having *no paper laid for him at the Council Table*, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne did tell his Majesty he all epewothr cod nlu s whose work it was to provide it, who being come did tell his Majesty that he was but a

poor man, and was already out £400 or £500 for it; which was as much as he is worth, and that he cannot provide it any longer without money—*having not received a penny since the king’s coming in*. So the king spoke to my Lord Chamberlain, and many such mementos the king do now-a-days meet withall—enough to make an ingenious man mad.”

Enough indeed—though all this was not exactly the fault of Charles II. As to buying and selling places and pardons, and such like matters, every page will give the most scandalous examples. Indeed, we cannot but think that these volumes will, in the opinion of every impartial reader, supply the most conclusive evidence on a question which, we understand, has been lately mooted. A great historian has recently drawn a picture of England as it stood at the close of this reign—the accuracy of which has been impeached in some quarters—chiefly on the ground of its giving too unfavorable a view of the morality, happiness, and civilization of our society at that time. Now there are very few of the propositions maintained by the historian which do not receive the most complete and thorough confirmation from the contents of the extraordinary chronicle before us: and we would willingly peril the final issue upon the conclusions to which these unconscious records must inevitably lead. Let any person, desirous of ascertaining the truth by his own observation, attentively study the contents of these five volumes. He will not find the task in any respect a disagreeable one; and if he exerts only an average amount of judgment and sagacity, he will need little aid in deciding the question at issue between Mr. Macaulay and his censors.

ON HEARING THE GREAT ORGAN AT HAARLEM.

Vast fount of sound—whence is thy power!
Æolus breathes in thee,
In thunder bursts, or swelling low
In softest melody!

What time thou wak’st thy voice, we think
The whirlwind blast is come,
Joined by a thousand trumpets loud,
Each with its rolling drum!

As flame wakes flame when cities burn,
Far-spreading, wide, and strong,
So when thou speak’st the air becomes
One living sheet of song!

Thy notes are notes of joy! and now
They tell of deepest woe;

Alternate given, as frail man finds,
In this sad world below!

Were echo dead, and song no more,
Nor mirth nor mournful strain,
Fresh from her caves thou would’st awake
The trembling tones again!

Exhaustless is thy power! thy might
No diminution knows;
As much of song remains, though now
Thou slumb’rest in repose!

’Tis silence all! as is the grave!
Where fond ones claim a tear,
They are not dead—but only sleep,
And music sleepeth here!

From the English Review.

THE EMERSON MANIA.

Essays. By R. W. EMERSON. *Nature, an Essay, Orations, &c., &c.*

[The reader hardly needs to be told that the English Review is the organ of the High Church and Tory party.—Ed.]

THE reputation enjoyed by that "transatlantic thinker," whose name we have set forth in the heading to these remarks, suggests matter for grave reflection. When we find an essayist of this description, who seems to be "a setter forth of new gods," belauded alike by Tory and Radical organs, by "Blackwood" and "the Westminster," by the friends of order and disorder—when we find his works reproduced in every possible form, and at the most tempting prices, proving the wide circulation they must enjoy amongst the English public generally—we feel that we too should not leave them disregarded, that we should bestow something more than the mere incidental notice on them which we have hitherto found occasion to indite. We are credibly informed that these essays find many readers and admirers amongst the youth of our universities. Here is a more special "moving cause" for our examination into this theme,—the "rationale" of what we may well call the Emerson-mania. We shall discuss a few of the leading tenets of the Emersonian philosophy, as calmly and dispassionately as we may; and, if we give offence to the idolaters of this "transatlantic star," we can only say that truth is too serious a matter to be trifled with, and that we hold ourselves bound, in this instance, to speak out plainly. To plunge, then, "in medias res,"

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

But men in this age, ay, and women too, grow weary of truth and reason: sober sense offends, and unity annoys them; they long for a concert of harmonious discords to wake them from their drowsy lethargy. To the mental palate, thus diseased, novelty is the chief provocative. A new cook comes, and mingles poison with his sauces. What then?

The flavor is pungent, and a moral evil may often be an intellectual pleasure.

Some reflection of this nature is needed to reassure us when we see men and women, whom we have believed sensible and amiable, hailing the glare of such a treacherous marsh-light as the American paradox-master before us, as though it were the advent of a new and brilliant star. Mingled considerations oppress us in treating such a theme: on the one hand, our knowledge of the great mischief wrought in so many cases by this mighty phrasemonger would urge severest ridicule as the first of duties; on the other, there is really such an amount of showy cleverness, of external brilliancy, and, now and then, of even happy audacity, about this quasi-philosopher, that we feel we should not do him justice, nor have any chance of reducing him to his rightful level in the estimation of his rapt admirers, did we not testify our sense of those merits which, in some degree, excuse their adoration, and which cannot fail to strike the most prejudiced observer.

True it is, that when a man throws forth thoughts at random, as Emerson does, without the smallest regard to self-consistency or reality, he cannot fail, here and there, to light on a quarter, or a half truth, or perhaps even on a whole one. Let a man possessed of a competent knowledge of counterpoint sit many hours at a piano, forcing the chords into endless combinations, now and then a happy musical idea can scarcely fail to flit across the air; small praise to the strummer! The man of higher taste and noble imagination would far rather abide under the imputation of barrenness, than afflict his own soul and senses by the production of the false, the common, and the vile. There is a certain order of wealth that is near akin to poverty.

What shall we think of his philosophy, who can seriously tell us, "With consistency

a great soul has simply nothing to do?" Order is divine: disorder is a blot, an error, an absurdity. How, then, shall we esteem his wisdom, who boasts, "I unsettle all things. No facts are to me sacred; none are profane; I simply experiment, an endless seeker, with no past at my back?" Unconnectedly does this writer jerk forth his sayings; here is a perception, there a second, there a third; make the most of them! only ask not for sequence or completeness! And yet a myriad waves *apart* will make but one wide and desolate swamp; blend half of these in one, and a broad lake spreads forth, to mirror the azure skies, and refresh the eye with beauty.

Nevertheless, despite this vagueness and seeming boundlessness of thought, we soon learn that the philosophy of Mr. Emerson (if we may so call it) is restricted within a system's narrow limits, as well as that of his neighbors; there is no logic in his form of utterance, certainly, but by-and-by we begin to perceive that he is trading on a small stock of positive ideas, though he casts them into so many incongruous shapes, and is at so little pains to reconcile one with the other. We find that this essayist has a science, a morality, a *religion* of his own, and that, with all his pretensions to indefinite catholicity, he tests all things (as from the infirmity of man's nature he must needs do) by this special standard.

The one cardinal error of Emerson is to take the unit for the mass, the individual for the universal, the ego for Deity. With all his contempt for those more sensible thinkers than himself, who have assented to a revealed scheme as truth absolute, and hold all other truths in subordination to that master-principle, he yet constantly, nay, continuously, assumes that human nature and the world are what *he* sees them to be, and *can* be nothing beyond this. He confounds relative with absolute existence. He seems to fancy the stars *are not*, until *we* behold them. Because to us, and for us, individually, things only are as we receive them, he conceives that fact and truth are dependent upon *our* perceptions. He regards man as a constantly inspired "revealer of the absolute;" we use, in a degree, his own cant, to render ourselves acceptable to any of his deluded admirers, who may possibly be found amongst the readers of this article. He fancies that what he calls "the over-soul," or universal reason, is *potentially* common to all, but actually possessed only by those who are *inspired*; and these he re-

gards as the infallible teachers of humanity.

Nevertheless, let it not be supposed that the errors of Emerson are those of Carlyle; that the former is only an imitator and disciple of the latter. Emerson, though less brilliant, and perhaps less genial, certainly endowed with less descriptive or dramatic power, is the better thinker of the twain: though here, if ever, is the place to say "*bad is the best*." Carlyle, however, inculcates the worship of genius; Emerson denounces all adoration save that of self: Carlyle is by nature a mental slave; and Emerson the embodiment of self-glorification. The one commands us to kneel in the dust before *force*, whether displayed for good or evil, as being in its essence divine; the other forbids us to set the most glorious actions, the most mighty works, above, or even on an equality with, our own private notions of them. Which of these creeds is more mischievous, it were difficult to say: the cant of either is disagreeable; but we should say that that of the idol-worshiper was the more odious, that of the self-idolater the more absurd. When the man, whom we know to place no faith in the bare existence of his God, echoes with rapturous and servile adulation the scriptural phrases of the Puritanic world, because emblematic to him of a real *trust* of some kind, which he is unable to share, we cannot but feel disgust; but we laugh outright at the comic self-sufficiency of that teacher who cries with a sober face and earnest voice, "If *I* see a trait, my children will see it after me, and, in course of time, all mankind—for *my* perception of it is as much a fact as the sun."

But should we not, perhaps, go more steadily to work, and say a few words—a very few, on each of the first twelve Essays in the volume before us, leaving "Nature," and "Addresses," and "Orations," for some future occasion, or rather altogether on one side? For, in truth, owing to the small number (already hinted at) of Mr. Emerson's real notions (we will not say, ideas), the careful consideration of a single page, taken at random from his writings, would almost exhaust the theme. But let us proceed in order due.

First, then, our author discourses on "History," in which discourse his aim is to set forth his one great principle, that each man must assume *his* superiority to present, past, and future, subject these to his own nature, and receive or reject them without the slightest regard for authority, or apparently any external testimony whatever. And here let

us remark, how very acceptable such teaching must have been, must still be, to weak, silly, half-formed youths, and all other inferior natures, which have too much vanity to know true honest pride, and would gladly think their own small "self" the epitome, nay, the circle, of the universe. Mr. Emerson says it is so. Hear him! (let us pass over the blasphemy of his motto!) "There is one mind common to all individual men." How satisfactory! Nay, more: "He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate." Is *this* not sufficiently explicit? Know, then, "What Plato has thought, *he* may think; what a saint has felt, *he* may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, *he* can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done; for this is the only and sovereign agent." Very intelligible, and very reasonable, no doubt; and, above all, conducive to modesty. But this is only "the starting;" our American warms with his theme: "A man," that is, each man, "is the whole encyclopædia of facts." What a pleasing conviction! Youth behind the counter, rejoice: for thou art All, and the All is in thee. Thou hast been wont to consider thyself a learner: know that the teachers of all ages shall come and bow down themselves before thee! "The moon" is in "the turnip" at last. How intoxicating must be this draught of self-delusive nectar to the imagination of many an honest boy!

Mr. Emerson simply puts out of question the great facts, that human perceptions of the Infinite must be finite at best, and that two of the greatest, and highest, and deepest sources of our conviction are authority and reverence. Nine-tenths of our material knowledge even we must take on trust: we cannot prove all things for ourselves. How, then, should we be entitled to conclude that our individual perceptions of moral and religious truth must be higher, and clearer, and more worthy than those of genius and of holiness? True it is, that to us, finally, our own sense of things must be the nearest and most important, though it follows not, as Mr. Emerson assumes, that things *are*, because we think we see them. But, then, how is this sense *formed* which is to be our ultimate guide? The staunchest stickler for private judgment cannot reasonably affirm, that this should not be modified by those external aids which are here so unceremoniously rejected, or, rather, seemingly forgotten. Truth, Mr. Emerson, is not dependent upon perception. The great is great, the beautiful is beautiful,

whether you or we see it or not. We may exclude the glorious sunshine, by absolutely closing our eyes to its beams; but we cannot force the daylight to fade because we blind ourselves.

"Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of form?—the soul knows them not!" Really! but the soul *does* know them; and if yours is ignorant, good "essayist," confined to the contemplation of your own ego, be assured that you are nothing but an isolated straw, driven to and fro by the breeze, without any fixed place in the wide world of spirits! History is, indeed, only of interest in as far as it speaks to the soul; but, if it does not speak to it, it follows not that history is barren, but more probably, that the soul is shallow, and "dead in life."

It were endless to comment on all the self-contradictions of this writer; but it is amusing to find one who refers all things back to the individual ego, assuming that the human mind could not devise the form of a cherub, nor of a scroll to abut a tower, until it had seen some cloud or snowdrift, suggestive of these forms. The combinations of the imagination are endless; they may, they will, find their counterparts in nature; but they need not be stolen from it, though little minds will always conceive them so to be.

The atheism of the writer peeps out pretty broadly, where he commends the "Prometheus Bound," as emblematic of man's natural opposition to pure *Theism*, "his self-defence against *this untruth*," "*a discontent with the believed fact, that a God exists*." Very pretty, Mr. Emerson; very pretty, indeed; and well-meaning young men study you with reverence, and young ladies dote upon you—poor innocents! Finally, "History shall walk incarnate in every wise and just man;" in every self-trusting philosopher, in every Emerson, in fine, or Emersonian! And, when we have once ascertained this fact, why not shut up our books, and begin to live history ourselves? After all, we are we, and all is in us. There is no resisting such arguments. We cannot wonder that simple souls should be fascinated and overpowered. But we would say to all that have thus been led astray, (and would that our voice could reach them!) return to the paths of reason, and bathe your spirits in light; learn to revere! *learn to learn!* Believe us, you shall not be "*the less*" for it.

Let us move onward. The Essay on "Self-Reliance" meets us next, and this is bolder still. "To believe your own thoughts, to

believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is *Genius*." And happily this genius, we find, may be the lot of all, at least of every Emersonian: the fact is strongly urged upon them throughout these Essays. "Speak *your* latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense!" But it will not do for us to be for ever quoting these eternal strummings upon one false note. Our readers must already see, that there is a unity of some kind in Mr. Emerson's multiplicities and contradictions.

But a very little more need be cited here: the precious fruits of this doctrine concerning individual infallibility must be seen to be estimated. Further on, then, we read: "No law can be sacred to me but that of my own nature: good or bad are but names, very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it." A convenient doctrine, verily! We are ready to give Mr. Emerson credit for the best possible *intentions*; but perhaps his admirers will be disposed to admit, that such teaching is not *quite safe*.

We find it difficult to say, how infinitely petty this self-idolatry appears to us, as manifested in its fear of all influences from without. Let us be ourselves! Let us live for whim, if *we* are only *we*! Let us not be swayed by fact or truth! Let us isolate our souls at any risk; and, then, we must be original, and, being infallible, must grow divine. And are there thousands of good people who have swallowed all this? Why do not they remember, that while they love God and man aright, nothing can deprive them of their individuality? Influenced they must indeed be, whether they like it or no, by a thousand foreign causes. They cannot grow up "all alone," and *have a world to themselves*! It is very hard, certainly; but God *will* guide us and control us, and even our fellow-creatures *will* sway us and form us, and in no slight degree govern us, however stern may be our resolve of independence. "Be a non-conformist!" cries Mr. Emerson: "so can you alone be great." Alas! we may protest on one or two special points; but, if we mean to live with our fellow-men, we *must conform* in all important particulars, or we shall find ourselves outlaws indeed.

After a strong fling on the part of our philosophic friend at "conformity and consistency," which he dooms as "ridiculous," and of which he devoutly hopes to have

heard the last, we have much more repetition, and then some inflated pantheism or atheism,—we prefer the plainer phrase. Much is prated respecting "Instinct" and "Intuition," on which it would be a pity to waste time and good paper. All things are to be wrought, not for the sake of good, absolute good, but to please the "ego." We will not waste more words on this folly. Then prayers are denounced; all prayers, at least, save *action*: they are "a disease of will." Man himself is God, or at least the purest embodiment of the "over-soul." Prayer, therefore, is "meanness," nay, absurdity. "*It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness.*" That is, it supposes man and God to be two, whereas they are only one. "Sancta simplicitas!" in people, who would stare at you grievously affronted, and would even have a right to be so, if you called them no Christians, and yet who admire this blasphemous rubbish. Ah! poor Emerson! can *you* believe this sad twaddle? or do you not happily vindicate here that character for inconsistency of which you are so proud? Have you really never had occasion to pray for a child, or a wife, or for yourself? If not, how very great, or (in stricter confidence) how very small your soul must be! Are you really fearful, in your vanity, to acknowledge the Almighty providence above you, of which you are the unwilling servant, nay, the slave? For

"Blindly the wicked work the will of Heaven!"

Not that we would believe you wicked; far from it! we think a human being could scarcely write with such weak audacity who realized his own theories. You must be better than you imagine for.

The life of man is a life of grace: grace created, redeemed, sustains him. Didst thou make thyself, or thy world? Are not the evidences of infinite design around thee? Tell us not of an antiquated argument, when we utter the revelation of the human heart. Individuality is essential to every particle, to every form in creation: a thing that is not individual is nothing. We may cheat ourselves with words, if we think fit; but a God, who could not love, who did not guide, who would not keep us if we sought him, who did not, in fine, hear prayer, were no God at all, were nothing better than a non-entity. Either nature is divine and self-created, or there is One Supreme who permeates the visible universe, but to whom

that universe is but as a viewless speck in a boundless ocean of glory. And to this All-Infinite nothing can be great, nothing small; He hears, He loves the humblest child of clay. But since, in truth, the human intellect might sink in the contemplation of this amazing mystery, God has become visible in man, incarnate in the *Lord Christ Jesus*. This Revelation stands on a pinnacle, which all storms and tempests must assault in vain, lofty as the highest aspirations of the soul, yet broad and plain as truth. Unless we chose to believe our Lord and his Apostles (may we dare to write the word?) *impostors*, and the whole sacred volume one comprehensive falsehood, (and how, feeling its holiness, its sublimity, knowing the glorious self-sacrifice of its originators, can we attain to this Voltairean audacity?) what must remain for us? Nothing but to love, tremble, and adore!

We will not waste words on Mr. Emerson's most monstrous hypothesis, that "the Everlasting Son" proclaimed only the God-head of all humanity when He announced his own. *He* must be a narrow-minded fanatic, indeed, to his own vain and silly creed, who can persist in such an error as this. But Mr. Emerson's self-sufficiency never deserts him. "Men's creeds," he says, "are a disease of the intellect." He has said it! We had better let the subject rest, or this profound teacher will annihilate our simple faith.

And now the "teacher" digresses, and descends a little to anathematize "traveling." It is, he informs us, "a fool's paradise."—"I seek the Vatican;" "I affect to be intoxicated," &c., "but I am *not* intoxicated." We can well believe it. But are we really compelled to accept your standard, friend, because "a fact perceived by you becomes of necessity one for all ages?" If so, we wish you would cultivate more pleasant perceptions, and, on mature reflection, consent to think better even of traveling.

We have some more rather clever though paradoxical talk respecting Society's never advancing, but we cannot pause to examine it: it is one of those few approaches to a half truth which this writer sometimes stumbles on, perhaps against his will.

Next, he treats of "Compensation:" his reprobation of a certain clergyman and his congregation is highly comic. The doctrine complained of is, the belief of mankind that another world is needed to set right the inequalities of this. Of course, there is compensation even here: in a certain sense, and

in a degree, the good may be said to be the happy, and the evil the unhappy on our earth; *but* there is such a thing as callous triumphant sensuality, or as virtuous woe. Good hearts do break sometimes; bad hearts do rejoice, after their kind, up to the very hour of their departure. Who has not seen instances in his own individual experience? We will not follow Mr. Emerson's "arguments" on this head. We advance to another theme. When he tells us, then, the true doctrine of *Omnipresence* is, that God re-appears *with all his parts* in every moss and cobweb, we can only repeat our former query, Can the man, who gives utterance to such wholesale rubbish, place any confidence in it himself? We trow not.

In this Essay there are, however, some striking ideas, some few happy images, some self-evident, indeed, and very harmless truths, which are, nevertheless, utterances of the honest human understanding. The whole is one of those "talkifications," which make us hope that the *man* is better than his "philosophy."

Next, "Spiritual Laws" come on the tapis, and are discussed in the former strain: we find less and less of novel matter or treatment to record. Self—self—self—is the eternal cry, though it finds utterance in many illustrations, some happy and some unhappy. We do not altogether dislike a bold passage toward the conclusion, and, by way of fair play, we will quote it:—"Let the great soul, incarnated in some woman's form, poor and sad and single, in some Doll or Jane, go out to service, and sweep chambers and scour floors, and its effulgent daybeams cannot be muffled or hid; but to sweep and scour will instantly appear supreme and beautiful actions, the top and radiance of human life, and all people will get mops and brooms, until, lo, suddenly the great soul has enshrined itself in some other form, and done some other deed, and that is now the flower and head of all living nature." There is truth in this, despite the grotesque exaggeration: how it agrees with the remainder of Mr. Emerson's system rests not with us to explain. It might have been Carlyle's.

Now comes a paper on "Love," which we rather like: but after an eloquent passage about lovers, which had some poetry in it, and much else that may, perhaps, by courtesy be counted "*very clever*," and to which we are anxious, as opponents, to give all due credit, the old troublesome notions show themselves, and suggestions are made that we shall only love for the sake of what we

get for *self*; that "our affections are but tents of a night," &c. But we will not pause for further cavils here, however just. We quote one pleasing passage, which recalls, as we fancy, something either in Washington Irving, or in Bulwer's "Eugene Aram," that book so striking and so artistic, despite its partial immorality. "The rude village-boy teases the girls about the school-house door; but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel: he holds her books, to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him instantly, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him: and these two little neighbors, that were so close just now, have learnt to respect each other's personality." Oh! Mr. Emerson, if you would more frequently condescend to observe, and give up aspiring to *teach*! Be assured, nobody listens to your philosophical twaddle: nobody, at least, who has a *mind*, worthy of the name, an independent intellect such as you admire. But let us not be too crabbed over this paper.

The essay on "Friendship" is far more objectionable; inflated in language, and misty in sentiment. We cannot exactly make out what Mr. Emerson wants, whether his friends should be friends indeed, through weal and woe, or merely sympathizers, for he states the case both ways, backward and forward, twice or thrice, and we are not quite sure where he ultimately settles. There is all the difference in the world betwixt an alliance founded not only on mutual esteem, but also on mutual assurance of active and sincere regard, and a mere literary or æsthetic sympathy, which seems to be what this author aims at as his ideal of true friendship. These sympathies of taste or of imagination may be very pleasant things in their way, and are so; they are like some beautiful forest-glade which we chance to encounter on our pilgrimage, where we rest for the noon-tide hour, but whence we start again with only a momentary regret; they make no deep impression on the *heart*. Compared with the substance of true Friendship, they are only shadows, however fresh and green, and "kindly." When sympathy unites men on higher themes than those commanding a mere literary interest (such a theme, for instance, as religion), where both feel themselves working for a great good, the benefit of their fellow-men, or the glory of God, this communion of thought and feeling approaches the nature of true friendship, and, under

favorable circumstances, may easily ripen into that noble bond. But we must not allow ourselves to be longer detained by Mr. Emerson's transcendental speculations.—Some part of what he says on "Prudence" seems sufficiently prudent, as far as we can make out a definite intention, and, indeed, there are various happy passages in this little essay which might repay perusal. Prudence, we may venture to remark, is little known to Mr. Emerson, though he discourses so learnedly on the theme. Were he gifted with that prudence, of which modesty seems an essential element, he would scarcely have perpetrated the majority of the essays before us, and we should, therefore, not have had to hold him up as a sad warning against the very error he condemns (Imprudence)—

"To point *his* moral, and adorn *his* tale."

"Heroism" is, of course, another variation of the old strain "be *thyself*, and therefore all that is wonderful and perfect!" It is chiefly remarkable for its characteristic praises of "Beaumont and Fletcher," whose flashy, noisy vanities and pompous boastings, placed in the mouths of their constantly contemptible and wonderfully inconsistent heroes and heroines, have evidently far more attraction for Mr. Emerson's fancy than the calm, quiet, greatness of Shakspeare's men and women, who rarely deal in these grandiose protestations,—characters such as the calm Pagan "Brutus," seduced to ill, indeed, but noble in his fall; or the cheerful Christian hero, "Henry the Fifth," so truly *great* in all things, and therefore not ashamed of kneeling to his God, and ascribing all glory to him only.

We have some pleasant glimpses of the nature of "mob-sway" in this paper, calculated to inspire us with no little gratitude that universal suffrage is not yet established among ourselves: that the monster many are not supreme, that the sober middle classes and "gallant" upper classes retain their due influence. Now follows an essay on "the Over-soul." As may be suspected from the title, this is very *transcendental*; and having already dealt with its "philosophy," which is but another variation of the old weary strain, we shall leave it alone in its glory. It contains, we may observe, a vast amount of blasphemy, and is altogether extremely offensive.

The paper on "Circles" is more amusing, though this contains much of mischievous audacity also. What a pity is it that men will write on subjects of which they do not understand the very elements! Here, for instance, we are told that we "can never see

Christianity from the catechism," as if a man who does not recognize the existence of a God had any right to teach Christians the nature of Christianity: and this announcement is followed up by a very impertinent, not to say, impious gloss on what Mr. Emerson calls "a brave text of Paul's." We shall not trouble our readers with it. What *the last facts of philosophy* are in this thinker's estimation, we may learn from the following extract, which only "caps" a long passage, couched in the self-same strain:—"The poor and the low have their way of expressing the last facts of philosophy as well as you. 'Blessed be nothing,' and 'the worse things are, the better they are,' are proverbs which express the transcendentalism of common life." It is a kind of circular indifferentism, inferring that good things and bad all come to one end at last, which is here aimed at by our philosopher. But the part of this essay, in which the writer's inordinate, and we could almost say delightful, conceit (did it not prove so mischievous in its effects) displays itself to most advantage, is perhaps the following:—"Beware when the great God lets loose a *thinker* on this planet! *Then all things are at risk!* It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or *where it will end!* There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. *The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization!* Generalization is always an influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it." This delicious morceau we have extracted in full; indeed, we had not the heart to curtail it. We are not aware that we have ever met with a passage in which the *vis comica* is carried to a higher point of daring. The first outbreak, after the letting loose of "the thinker," is delightful! "*All things are at risk.*" Good reader, do you not tremble? The subsequent climax is tremendous:—"hopes of man," "religion of nations," "morals of mankind,"—all at the mercy of this awful "thinker," who is to extirpate them all, if he so pleases, by means of a mysterious battle-axe, "*a generalization!*" Here the image is irresistibly suggested of a Will o' the Wisp, dancing up and down upon his little swamp, impressed with the firm conviction, as far as firmness can pertain to so volatile a creature, that nothing but his merciful forbearance

prevents his setting moon, and stars, and universe in flames, by means of his potent tail and fiery beard. But when honest people are found to run after this inflated marsh-light, and incur no little danger of sinking in the swampy ground on which it flourishes, being likely, at all events, to plunge up to the chin in mud and water, and sure not to escape without many a miry strain,—this grotesque extravagance becomes something more than a laughing matter, and calls for severe reprehension and rebuke. By-the-by, this very Mr. Emerson was employed in America to harangue a large body of theological students, dispersing to their pastoral cares. What a satisfactory idea does this give us of American orthodoxy in essentials! We do not mean to suggest that all religious bodies in America were represented at the university in question,—we humbly trust that the Episcopal Church was not. But we digress.

The paper on "Intellect" contains little that is novel, excepting a very preposterous outburst at its conclusion in favor of the old pagan philosophers, Hermes, Empedocles, Olympiodorus, Synesius, &c. How much, we venture to inquire, does Mr. Emerson really know of these men? How much has he really read of their compositions? We suspect that this is an instance in which the trite "*Omne Ignotum pro Magnifico*" may find an apt and needful application. But Mr. Emerson dwells in a world of shadows, and therefore these pagan unrealities might well call forth his ardent sympathy. Men of this author's order like everything which they do not understand; mainly, we suppose, because self-admiration is their unfailing characteristic, and they rarely, if ever, understand themselves.

The twelfth and last Essay treats of "Art," and is designed to teach us, that the date of poetry, painting, sculpture, and music has expired: nevertheless, we are to take comfort, and cultivate art still, "in eating and drinking, and further, "in the shop and mill, the assurance-office and the joint-stock company,"—an appropriate American conclusion, against which it is scarcely worth our while to protest. There is something infinitely amusing in the tone of patronage to art which our "thinker" assumes. Hear him once more! He has just condescended to bestow some praises on pictures of Raffaele's, and now continues:—"Yet, when we have said all our *fine things* about the arts, we must end with a *frank confession*, that the arts, as we know them, are but initial." Afterward we learn, "they are abortive births of an imperfect or vitiated

instinct ;" but here the philosopher soars too high for our weak senses to follow him. In sober truth, we have but another instance here of that inordinate vanity which is Mr. Emerson's most besetting literary sin. Not possessing genius himself, being unable to create a great picture, or a real poem, or an oratorio, and only gifted with the unfortunate faculty (however common) of writing high-sounding twaddle about each and all of them, he is extremely anxious to convince the world and himself that this twaddle is quite as great or greater than the works of art in question, and that an Emerson is equal to a Shakspeare, a Raffaele, or a Beethoven. The puddle from the tanning-yard, not content with troubling the lake's purity, goes bubbling, and hissing, and steaming on, as though it were lord of all, and the lake were only there that it might be able to sail about in it and defile the azure waters. But let us waste no more words on this exhibition of absurdity.

We shall now draw these observations to a close, noted down for the benefit of some, whose eyes, under God's blessing, they may in some degree avail to open. Certainly, the very dangerous nature of this man's speculations are not sufficiently realized, and parents

and those in authority are not duly on the watch against them.

We have run through twelve of Mr. Emerson's Essays, and discovered more of paradox than of truth, and perhaps more of evil than of paradox. Had we looked further, we should have found little or nothing better, though there are two or three happy descriptions of natural scenes in the Essay on Nature : for Mr. Emerson's mind travels round a vicious circle, and is almost incessantly occupied in inculcating self-idolatry. Once more, and in conclusion, we assure him and his admirers, that the universe is *not* included in that very pretty section of it which is reflected on the mirror of his or their individualities. To self-conceit, creation seems to have originated in *its* finite perceptions, and to have reached the goal of being when *its* approval is obtained ; and, nevertheless, the world would have gone on very well without it, and will, no doubt, when it shall have been gathered to its fathers. To the mite in the sunshine, a ray of light is the universe : nevertheless there is a world beyond.—And *his* range of thought must be contracted indeed, his perceptions infinitesimally narrow, who cannot love and reverence his fellows as oftentimes equal or superior to himself, who cannot recognize and adore his God.

DESTINIES LINKED TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

CASSIMIR PERRIER died mad of anger and despair.

Lafitte, the opulent banker, sponsor (*le parrain*) for the revolution of 1830, died, ruined in fortune, and overwhelmed by grief and remorse.

Marshal Mortier fell a victim to Fieschi's infernal machine.

M. Hermann, Minister of Finance, terrified by the approach of bankruptcy, was struck down by a fit of apoplexy.

M. Pojol, the hero of Rambouillet, died in consequence of a fall down the staircase of the Tuileries.

M. Gisquet saw his political life closed in all the disgrace of a most scandalous legal process.

M. Villemain was seized by a fit of mental aberration, which led to absolute insanity, in the midst of his ministerial functions.

M. Martin (du Nord), Minister of Justice and Public Worship, died insane.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, without any external wound, or even an apparent physical cause of death, lost his life by merely jumping out of a carriage.

MM. Cubières and Teste, both ancient ministers and peers of France, both equally dishonored and degraded ; the latter endeavored to commit suicide, and has been condemned to a long imprisonment.

The Duc de Praslin, peer of France and chamberlain of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans, put an end to his life by poison, after having perpetrated the most odious of crimes.

Count de Bresson, the able diplomatist, who negotiated the Spanish marriages, and was afterward appointed ambassador to Naples and peer of France, committed suicide at the moment when his success astonished Europe.

Madame Adelaide * * * *

A dynasty and a government that had, in less than twenty years, been attended by such a series of tragedies as these, might well be looked upon as doomed. Doomed it was, indeed ; but the day of retribution came quicker than men expected—too soon, perhaps, for the welfare of all the European interests, whose crisis was sure to follow the next revolution in France.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY!

A FEW weeks after the lucky termination of the Sandford affair, I was engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by homicide, which had just occurred at the residence of Mr. Bagshawe, a gentleman of competent fortune, situated within a few miles of Kendal in Westmoreland. The particulars forwarded to the London police authorities by the local magistracy were chiefly these:—

Mr. Bagshawe, who had been some time absent at Leamington, Warwickshire, with his entire establishment, wrote to Sarah King—a young woman left in charge of the house and property—to announce his own speedy return, and at the same time directing her to have a particular bedroom aired, and other household matters arranged for the reception of his nephew, Mr. Robert Bristowe, who, having just arrived from abroad, would, he expected, leave London immediately for Five Oaks' House. The positive arrival of this nephew had been declared to several tradesmen of Kendal by King early in the day preceding the night of the murder and robbery; and by her directions butcher-meat, poultry, fish, and so on, had been sent by them to Five Oaks for his table. The lad who carried the fish home stated that he had seen a strange young gentleman in one of the sitting-rooms on the ground-floor through the half-open door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not indeed broken into, but broken out of. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servant-woman barbarously murdered. The neighbors found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her night-gown and stockings, and with a flat chamber candlestick tightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some noise below, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars.

Mr. Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three and four thousand pounds in gold and notes—the produce of government stock sold out about two months previously—had been carried off. The only person, except his niece, who lived with him, that knew there was this sum in the house, was his nephew Robert Bristowe, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long-contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been some time lying idle at Five Oaks, as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before finally concluding it. This Mr. Robert Bristowe was now nowhere to be seen or heard of; and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr. Bagshawe and his niece—torturing, horrifying suspicion that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical letter written to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices! As he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighborhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the fishmonger's boy, was sent to London by the authorities. They also forwarded for our use and assistance one Josiah Barnes, a sly, sharp, vagabond-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unfortunate Sarah King, who had discarded him, it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly idle, and in other respects disreputable habits. The *alibi* he set up was, however, so clear and decisive, that he was but a few hours in custody; and he now exhibited great zeal for the discovery of the murderer of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He fiddled at the festivals of the humbler Kendalese; sang, tumbled, ventriloquized at their tavern orgies;

and had he not been so very highly gifted, might, there was little doubt, have earned a decent living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half bred him. His principal use to us was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr. Robert Bristowe; and accordingly, as soon as I had received my commission and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr. Robert Bristowe had left the hotel a week previously without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him. This was odd, though the period stated would have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

“What dress did he wear when he left?”

“That which he usually wore: a foraging-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trousers, and Wellington boots.”

The precise dress described by the fishmonger's errand-boy! We next proceeded to the Bank of England, to ascertain if any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I handed in a list of the numbers furnished by Mr. Bagshawe, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a sort of undress uniform, and wearing a foraging-cap. Lieutenant James was the name endorsed upon them; and the address, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was of course a fictitious one. The cashier doubted if he should be able to swear to the person of the gentleman who changed the notes, but he had particularly noticed his dress. I returned to Scotland Yard to report no progress; and it was then determined to issue bills descriptive of Bristowe's person, and offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it; but the order had scarcely been issued, when who should we see walking deliberately down the yard toward the police-office but Mr. Robert Bristowe himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barnes out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed something more than a week previously—where or by whom he knew not—and afterward deceived, bamboozled, and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a per-

son whom he now suspected to be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information; and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good-morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Saracen's Head, Snow-Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach. He then walked into the inn, and seated himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period at any rate; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows—one of whom I thought I recognized, spite of his fine dress—enter the booking-office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night-coach to Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of furze and frieze-coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for booking three insides to Kendal on the counter, was equally, or perhaps more puzzling: “Is the gentleman who entered the office just now—him with a foraging-cap I mean—to be our fellow-passenger?”

“Yes, he has booked himself; and has, I think, since gone into the house.”

“Thank you: good-morning.”

I had barely time to slip aside into one of the passages, when the three gentlemen came out of the office, passed me, and swaggered out of the yard. Vague, undefined suspicions at once beset me relative to the connection of these worthies with the “foraging-cap” and the doings at Kendal. There was evidently something in all this more than natural, if police philosophy could but find it out. I resolved at all events to try; and in order to have a chance of doing so, I determined to be of the party, nothing doubting that I should be able, in some way or other, to make one in whatever game they intended playing. I in my turn entered the booking-office, and finding there were still

two places vacant, secured them both for James Jenkins and Josiah Barnes, countrymen and friends of mine returning to the "north country."

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr. Bristowe was still seated, apparently in deep and anxious meditation, and wrote a note, with which I dispatched the inn porter. I had now ample leisure for observing the suspected burglar and assassin. He was a pale, intellectual-looking, and withal handsome young man, of about six-and-twenty years of age, of slight but well-knit frame, and with the decided air—travel-stained and jaded as he appeared—of a gentleman. His look was troubled and careworn, but I sought in vain for any indication of the starting, nervous tremor, always in my experience exhibited by even old practitioners in crime when suddenly accosted. Several persons had entered the room hastily, without causing him even to look up. I determined to try an experiment on his nerves, which I was quite satisfied no man who had recently committed a murder, and but the day before changed part of the produce of that crime into gold at the Bank of England, could endure without wincing. My object was, not to procure evidence producible in a court of law by such means, but to satisfy my own mind. I felt a growing conviction that, spite of appearances, the young man was guiltless of the deed imputed to him, and might be the victim, I could not help thinking, either of some strange combination of circumstances, or, more likely, of a diabolical plot for his destruction, essential, possibly, to the safety of the real perpetrators of the crime; very probably—so ran my suspicions—friends and acquaintances of the three gentlemen who were to be our fellow-travelers. My duty, I knew, was quite as much the vindication of innocence as the detection of guilt; and if I could satisfy myself that he was not the guilty party, no effort of mine should be wanting, I determined, to extricate him from the perilous position in which he stood. I went out of the room, and remained absent for some time; then suddenly entered with a sort of bounce, walked swiftly, and with a determined air, straight up to the box where he was seated, grasped him tightly by the arm, and exclaimed roughly, "So I have found you at last!" There was no start, no indication of fear whatever—not the slightest; the expression of his countenance, as he peevishly replied, "What the devil do you mean?" was simply one of surprise and annoyance.

"I beg your pardon," I replied; "the waiter told me a friend of mine, one *Bagshawe*, who has given me the slip, was here, and I mistook you for him."

He courteously accepted my apology, quietly remarking at the same time that though his own name was Bristowe, he had, oddly enough, an uncle in the country of the same name as the person I had mistaken him for. Surely, thought I, this man is guiltless of the crime imputed to him; and yet—At this moment the porter entered to announce the arrival of the gentleman I had sent for. I went out; and after giving the new-comer instructions not to lose sight of Mr. Bristowe, hastened home to make arrangements for the journey.

Transformed, by the aid of a flaxen wig, broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and a multiplicity of waistcoats and shawls, into a heavy and elderly, well-to-do personage, I took my way with Josiah Barnes—whom I had previously thoroughly drilled as to speech and behavior toward our companions—to the Saracen's Head a few minutes previous to the time for starting. We found Mr. Bristowe already seated; but the "three friends," I observed, were curiously looking on, desirous no doubt of ascertaining *who* were to be their fellow-travelers before venturing to coop themselves up in a space so narrow, and, under certain circumstances, so difficult of egress. My appearance and that of Barnes—who, sooth to say, looked much more of a simpleton than he really was—quite reassured them, and in they jumped with confident alacrity. A few minutes afterward, the "all right" of the attending ostlers gave the signal for departure, and away we started.

A more silent, less social party I never assisted at. Whatever amount of "feast of reason" each or either of us might have silently enjoyed, not a drop of "flow of soul" welled up from one of the six insides. Every passenger seemed to have his own peculiar reasons for declining to display himself in either mental or physical prominence. Only one or two incidents—apparently unimportant, but which I carefully noted down in the tablet of my memory—occurred during the long, wearisome journey, till we stopped to dine at about thirty miles from Kendal; when I ascertained, from an overheard conversation of one of the three with the coachman, that they intended to get down at a roadside tavern more than six miles on this side of that place.

"Do you know this house they intend to

stop at?" I inquired of my assistant as soon as I got him out of sight and hearing at the back of the premises.

"Quite well: it is within about two miles of Five Oaks' House."

"Indeed! Then you must stop there too. It is necessary I should go on to Kendal with Mr. Bristowe; but you can remain and watch their proceedings."

"With all my heart."

"But what excuse can you make for remaining there, when they know you are booked for Kendal? Fellows of that stamp are keenly suspicious; and in order to be useful, you must be entirely unsuspected."

"Oh, leave that to me. I'll throw dust enough in their eyes to blind a hundred such as they, I warrant ye."

"Well, we shall see. And now to dinner."

Soon after, the coach had once more started. Mr. Josiah Barnes began drinking from a stone bottle which he drew from his pocket; and so potent must have been the spirit it contained, that he became rapidly intoxicated. Not only speech, but eyes, body, arms, legs, the entire animal, by the time we reached the inn where we had agreed he should stop, was thoroughly, hopelessly drunk; and so savagely quarrelsome, too, did he become, that I expected every instant to hear my real vocation pointed out for the edification of the company. Strange to say, utterly stupid and savage as he seemed, all dangerous topics were carefully avoided. When the coach stopped, he got out—how, I know not—and reeled and tumbled into the tap-room, from which he declared he would not budge an inch till next day. Vainly did the coachman remonstrate with him upon his foolish obstinacy; he might as well have argued with a bear; and he at length determined to leave him to his drunken humor. I was out of patience with the fellow; and snatching an opportunity when the room was clear, began to upbraid him for his vexatious folly. He looked sharply round, and then, his body as evenly balanced, his eye as clear, his speech as free as my own, crowed out in a low, exulting voice, "Didn't I tell you I'd manage it nicely?" The door opened, and, in a twinkling, extremity of drunkenness, of both brain and limb, was again assumed with a perfection of acting I have never seen equaled. He had studied from nature, that was perfectly clear. I was quite satisfied, and with renewed confidence obeyed the coachman's call to take my seat. Mr.

VOL. XVIII, NO. IV.

Bristowe and I were now the only inside passengers; and as farther disguise was useless, I began stripping myself of my superabundant clothing, wig, spectacles, &c., and in a few minutes, with the help of a bundle I had with me, presented to the astonished gaze of my fellow-traveler the identical person that had so rudely accosted him in the coffee-room of the Saracen's Head inn.

"Why, what, in the name of all that's comical, is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Bristowe, laughing immoderately at my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still, amazed and bewildered as he was, no sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

"I do not wish to obtrude upon your confidence, Mr. Bristowe," I remarked, after a long pause; "but you must perceive that unless the circumstances I have related to you are in some way explained, you stand in a perilous predicament."

"You are right," he replied, after some hesitation. "*It is* a tangled web; still, I doubt not that some mode of vindicating my perfect innocence will present itself."

He then relapsed into silence; and neither of us spoke again till the coach stopped, in accordance with a previous intimation I had given the coachman, opposite the gate of the Kendal prison. Mr. Bristowe started, and changed color, but instantly mastering his emotion, he calmly said, "You of course but perform your duty; mine is, not to distrust a just and all-seeing Providence."

We entered the jail, and the necessary search of his clothes and luggage was effected as forbearingly as possible. To my great dismay we found amongst the money in his purse a Spanish gold piece of a peculiar coinage, and in the lining of his portmanteau, very dextrously hidden, a cross set with brilliants, both of which I knew, by the list forwarded to the London police, formed part of the plunder carried off from Five Oaks' House. The prisoner's vehement protestations that he could not conceive how such articles came into his possession, excited a derisive smile on the face of the veteran turnkey; whilst I was thoroughly dumbfounded by the seemingly complete demolition of the theory of innocence I had woven out of his candid, open manner, and unshakable hardihood of nerve.

"I dare say the articles came to you in

your sleep!" sneered the turnkey as we turned to leave the cell.

"Oh," I mechanically exclaimed, "in his sleep! I had not thought of that!" The man stared; but I had passed out of the prison before he could express his surprise or contempt in words.

The next morning the justice-room was densely crowded, to hear the examination of the prisoner. There was also a very numerous attendance of magistrates; the case, from the position in life of the prisoner, and the strange and mysterious circumstances of the affair altogether, having excited an extraordinary and extremely painful interest amongst all classes in the town and neighborhood. The demeanor of the accused gentleman was anxious certainly, but withal calm and collected; and there was, I thought, a light of fortitude and conscious probity in his clear, bold eyes, which guilt never yet successfully simulated.

After the hearing of some minor evidence, the fishmonger's boy was called, and asked if he could point out the person he had seen at Five Oaks on the day preceding the burglary? The lad looked fixedly at the prisoner for something more than a minute without speaking, and then said, "The gentleman was standing before the fire when I saw him, with his cap on; I should like to see this person with his cap on before I say anything." Mr. Bristowe dashed on his foraging-cap, and the boy immediately exclaimed, "That is the man!" Mr. Cowan, a solicitor, retained by Mr. Bagshawe for his nephew, objected that this was, after all, only swearing to a cap, or at best to the ensemble of a dress, and ought not to be received. The chairman, however, decided that it must be taken *quantum valeat*, and in corroboration of other evidence. It was next deposed by several persons that the deceased Sarah King had told them that her master's nephew had positively arrived at Five Oaks. An objection to the reception of this evidence, as partaking of the nature of "hearsay," was also made, and similarly overruled. Mr. Bristowe begged to observe "that Sarah King was not one of his uncle's old servants, and was entirely unknown to him: it was quite possible, therefore, that he was personally unknown to her." The bench observed that all these observations might be fitly urged before a jury, but, in the present stage of the proceedings, were uselessly addressed to them, whose sole duty it was to ascertain if a sufficiently strong case of suspicion had been made out against

the prisoner to justify his committal for trial. A constable next proved finding a portion of a letter, which he produced, in one of the offices of Five Oaks; and then Mr. Bagshawe was directed to be called in. The prisoner, upon hearing this order given, exhibited great emotion, and earnestly entreated that his uncle and himself might be spared the necessity of meeting each other for the first time after a separation of several years under such circumstances.

"We can receive no evidence against you, Mr. Bristowe, in your absence," replied the chairman in a compassionate tone of voice; "but your uncle's deposition will occupy but a few minutes. It is, however, indispensable."

"At least, then, Mr. Cowan," said the agitated young man, "prevent my sister from accompanying her uncle; I could not bear *that*."

He was assured she would not be present; in fact, she had become seriously ill through anxiety and terror; and the crowded assemblage awaited in painful silence the approach of the reluctant prosecutor. He presently appeared—a venerable, white-haired man; seventy years old at least he seemed, his form bowed by age and grief, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his whole manner indicative of sorrow and dejection. "Uncle!" cried the prisoner, springing toward him. The aged man looked up, seemed to read in the clear countenance of his nephew a full refutation of the suspicions entertained against him, tottered forward with outspread arms, and, in the words of the Sacred text, "fell upon his neck, and wept," exclaiming in choking accents, "Forgive me—forgive me, Robert, that I ever for a moment doubted you. Mary never did—never, Robert; not for an instant."

A profound silence prevailed during this outburst of feeling, and a considerable pause ensued before the usher of the court, at a gesture from the chairman, touched Mr. Bagshawe's arm, and begged his attention to the bench. "Certainly, certainly," said he, hastily wiping his eyes, and turning toward the court. "My sister's child, gentlemen," he added appealingly, "who has lived with me from childhood: you will excuse me, I am sure."

"There needs no excuse, Mr. Bagshawe," said the chairman, kindly; "but it is necessary this unhappy business should be proceeded with. Hand the witness the portion of the letter found at Five Oaks. Now, is that your handwriting; and is it a portion of

the letter you sent to your nephew, informing him of the large sum of money kept for a particular purpose at Five Oaks?"

"It is."

"Now," said the clerk to the magistrates, addressing me, "please to produce the articles in your possession."

I laid the Spanish coin and the cross upon the table.

"Please to look at those two articles, Mr. Bagshawe," said the chairman. "Now, sir, on your oath, are they a portion of the property of which you have been robbed?"

The aged gentleman stooped forward and examined them earnestly; then turned and looked with quivering eyes, if I may be allowed the expression, in his nephew's face; but returned no answer to the question.

"It is necessary you should reply, Yes or No, Mr. Bagshawe," said the clerk.

"Answer, uncle," said the prisoner soothingly: "fear not for me. God and my innocence to aid, I shall yet break through the web of villany in which I at present seem hopelessly involved."

"Bless you, Robert—bless you! I am sure you will. Yes, gentlemen, the cross and coin on the table are part of the property carried off."

A smothered groan, indicative of the sorrowing sympathy felt for the venerable gentleman, arose from the crowded court on hearing this declaration. I then deposed to finding them as previously stated. As soon as I concluded, the magistrates consulted together for a few minutes; and then the chairman, addressing the prisoner, said, "I have to inform you that the bench are agreed that sufficient evidence has been adduced against you to warrant them in fully committing you for trial. We are of course bound to hear anything you have to say; but such being our intention, your professional adviser will perhaps recommend you to reserve *whatever* defence you have to make for another tribunal: here it could not avail you."

Mr. Cowan expressed his concurrence in the intimation of the magistrate; but the prisoner vehemently protested against sanctioning by his silence the accusation preferred against him.

"I have nothing to reserve," he exclaimed with passionate energy; "nothing to conceal. I will not owe my acquittal of this foul charge to any trick of lawyercraft. If I may not come out of this investigation with an untainted name, I desire not to escape at all. The defence, or rather the suggestive facts I

have to offer for the consideration of the bench are these:—On the evening of the day I received my uncle's letter I went to Drury Lane theatre, remaining out very late. On my return to the hotel, I found I had been robbed of my pocket-book, which contained not only that letter, and a considerable sum in bank-notes, but papers of great professional importance to me. It was too late to adopt any measures for its recovery that night; and the next morning, as I was dressing myself to go out, in order to apprise the police authorities of my loss, I was informed that a gentleman desired to see me instantly on important business. He was shown up, and announced himself to be a detective police-officer: the robbery I had sustained had been revealed by an accomplice, and it was necessary I should immediately accompany him. We left the hotel together; and after consuming the entire day in perambulating all sorts of by-streets, and calling at several suspicious-looking places, my officious friend all at once discovered that the thieves had left town for the west of England, hoping, doubtless, to reach a large town, and get gold for the notes before the news of their having been stopped should have reached it. He insisted upon immediate pursuit. I wished to return to the hotel for a change of clothes, as I was but lightly clad, and night-traveling required warmer apparel. This he would not hear of, as the night coach was on the point of starting. He, however, contrived to supply me from his own resources with a greatcoat—a sort of policeman's cape—and a rough traveling-cap, which tied under the chin. In due time we arrived at Bristol, where I was kept for several days loitering about; till, finally, my guide decamped, and I returned to London. An hour after arriving there, I gave information at Scotland Yard of what had happened, and afterward booked myself by the night coach for Kendal. This is all I have to say."

This strange story did not produce the slightest effect upon the bench, and very little upon the auditory, and yet I felt satisfied it was strictly true. It was not half ingenious enough for a made-up story. Mr. Bagshawe, I should have stated, had been led out of the justice-hall immediately after he had finished his deposition.

"Then, Mr. Bristowe," said the magistrate's clerk, "assuming this curious narrative to be correct, you will be easily able to prove an *alibi*?"

"I have thought over that, Mr. Clerk,"

returned the prisoner mildly, "and must confess that, remembering how I was dressed and wrapped up—that I saw but few persons, and those casually and briefly, I have strong misgivings of my power to do so."

"That is perhaps the less to be lamented," replied the county clerk in a sneering tone, "inasmuch as the possession of those articles," pointing to the cross and coin on the table, "would necessitate another equally probable, though quite different story."

"That is a circumstance," replied the prisoner in the same calm tone as before, "which I cannot in the slightest manner account for."

No more was said, and the order for his committal to the county jail at Appleby on the charge of "willful murder" was given to the clerk. At this moment a hastily-scribbled note from Barnes was placed in my hands. I had no sooner glanced over it, than I applied to the magistrates for an adjournment till the morrow, on the ground that I could then produce an important witness, whose evidence at the trial it was necessary to assure. The application was, as a matter of course, complied with; the prisoner was remanded till the next day, and the court adjourned.

As I accompanied Mr. Bristowe to the vehicle in waiting to reconvey him to jail, I could not forbear whispering, "Be of good heart, sir, we shall unravel this mystery yet, depend upon it." He looked keenly at me; and then, without other reply than a warm pressure of the hand, jumped into the carriage.

"Well, Barnes," I exclaimed as soon as we were in a room by ourselves, and the door closed, "what is it you have discovered?"

"That the murderers of Sarah King are yonder at the Talbot where you left me."

"Yes: so I gather from your note. But what evidence have you to support your assertion?"

"This! Trusting to my apparent drunken imbecility, they occasionally dropped words in my presence which convinced me not only that they were the guilty parties, but that they had come down here to carry off the plate, somewhere concealed in the neighborhood. This they mean to do to-night."

"Anything more?"

"Yes. You know I am a ventriloquist in a small way, as well as a bit of a mimic: well, I took occasion when that youngest of the rascals—the one that sat beside Mr. Bristowe, and got out on the top of the

coach the second evening, because, freezing cold as it was, he said the inside was too hot and close——"

"Oh, I remember. Dolt that I was, not to recall it before. But go on."

"Well, he and I were alone together in the parlor about three hours ago—I dead tipsy as ever—when he suddenly heard the voice of Sarah King at his elbow exclaiming, 'Who is that in the plate-closet?' If you had seen the start of horror which he gave, the terror which shook his failing limbs as he glanced round the apartment, you would no longer have entertained a doubt on the matter."

"This is scarcely judicial proof, Barnes; but I dare say we shall be able to make something of it. You return immediately; about nightfall I will rejoin you in my former disguise."

It was early in the evening when I entered the Talbot, and seated myself in the parlor. Our three friends were present, and so was Barnes.

"Is not that fellow sober yet?" I demanded of one of them.

"No; he has been lying about drinking and snoring ever since. He went to bed, I hear, this afternoon; but he appears to be little the better for it."

I had an opportunity soon afterward of speaking to Barnes privately, and found that one of the fellows had brought a chaise-cart and horse from Kendal, and that all three were to depart in about an hour, under pretence of reaching a town about fourteen miles distant, where they intended to sleep. My plan was immediately taken: I returned to the parlor, and watching my opportunity, whispered into the ear of the young gentleman whose nerves had been so shaken by Barnes's ventriloquism, and who, by the way, was my old acquaintance—"Dick Staples, I want a word with you in the next room." I spoke in my natural voice, and lifted, for his especial study and edification, the wig from my forehead. He was thunder-struck; and his teeth chattered with terror. His two companions were absorbed over a low game of cards, and did not observe us. "Come," I continued in the same whisper, "there is not a moment to lose; if you would save yourself, follow me!" He did so, and I led him into an adjoining apartment, closed the door, and drawing a pistol from my coat-pocket, said—"You perceive, Staples, that the game is up: you personated Mr. Bristowe at his uncle's house at Five Oaks, dressed in a precisely similar suit of

clothes to that which he wears. You murdered the servant"——

"No—no—no, not I," gasped the wretch; "not I: I did not strike her"——

"At all events, you were present, and that, as far as the gallows is concerned, is the same thing. You also picked that gentleman's pocket during our journey from London, and placed one of the stolen Spanish pieces in his purse; you then went on the roof of the coach, and by some ingenious means or other contrived to secrete a cross set with brilliants in his portmanteau."

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" screamed the fellow, half dead with fear, and slipping down on a chair; "what shall I do to save my life—my life?"

"First get up and listen. If you are not the actual murderer"——

"I am not—upon my soul I am not!"

"If you are not, you will probably be admitted king's evidence; though, mind, I make no promises. Now, what is the plan of operations for carrying off the booty?"

"They are going in the chaise-cart almost immediately to take it up: it is hidden in the copse yonder. I am to remain here, in order to give an alarm, should any suspicion be excited, by showing two candles at our bedroom window; and if all keeps right, I am to join them at the cross-roads, about a quarter of a mile from hence."

"All right. Now return to the parlor: I will follow you; and remember that on the slightest hint of treachery I will shoot you as I would a dog."

About a quarter of an hour afterward his two confederates set off in the chaise-cart: I, Barnes, and Staples, cautiously followed, the latter handcuffed, and superintended by the ostler at the inn, whom I for the nonce pressed into the king's service. The night was pitch dark fortunately, and the noise of the cart-wheels effectually drowned the sound of our footsteps. At length the cart stopped; the men got out,

and were soon busily engaged in transferring the buried plate to the cart. We cautiously approached, and were soon within a yard or two of them, still unperceived.

"Get into the cart," said one of them to the other, "and I will hand the things up to you." His companion obeyed.

"Hollo!" cried the fellow, "I thought I told you"——

"That you are nabbed at last!" I exclaimed, tripping him suddenly up. "Barnes, hold the horse's head. Now, sir, attempt to budge an inch out of that cart, and I'll send a bullet through your brains." The surprise was complete; and so terror-stricken were they, that neither resistance nor escape was attempted. They were soon handcuffed and otherwise secured; the remainder of the plate was placed in the cart; and we made the best of our way to Kendal jail, where I had the honor of lodging them at about nine o'clock in the evening. The news, late as it was, spread like wild-fire, and innumerable were the congratulations which awaited me when I reached the inn where I lodged. But that which recompensed me a thousand-fold for what I had done, was the fervent embrace in which the white-haired uncle, risen from his bed to assure himself of the truth of the news, locked me, as he called down blessings from Heaven upon my head! There are blessed moments even in the life of a police-officer.

Mr. Bristowe was of course liberated on the following morning; Staples was admitted king's evidence; and one of his accomplices—the actual murderer—was hanged, the other transported. A considerable portion of the property was also recovered. The gentleman who—to give time and opportunity for the perpetration of the burglary, suggested by the perusal of Mr. Bagshawe's letter—induced Mr. Bristowe to accompany him to Bristol, was soon afterward transported for another offence.

SMILES AND TEARS.

This life is like an April shower,
Through which at times the sun is breaking,
And Hope, the rainbow, gilds the the hour,
That Care would else be overtaking:
Thus smiles and tears,
Through passing years,
Alternate joy or grief are waking!
One moment—skies are all serene,
Then soars the gladdened heart elated;
Another, shades may intervene,
And man believes his lot ill-fated:

Thus smiles and tears,
Through passing years,
Come on and off life's varied scene!

As seasons roll, so natures change,
Now buoyant, firm, or feeble-hearted;
Within the pale of Wisdom's range,
Or from the path of Virtue started:
Thus smiles and tears,
Through passing years,
Arise, and are as soon departed!

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

LONDON MORNING NEWSPAPERS.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of the mysterious regions of the theatrical *coulisse*, there are no establishments the secret working of which is less known to the general mass of the public than that of those great collectors and condensers of political intelligence—those extraordinary machines which are the contemporary historians of the world—the London Morning Newspapers. With almost every other grand branch of national industry we are more or less acquainted. Most people have a notion of the operations of the blast furnace or the power-loom: most people have picked up some smattering of the mode in which cottons are spun at Manchester, and razors ground at Sheffield. Little treatises devoted to descriptions of branches of national industry are frequently issued from the press: the coarse raw material is traced through its every successive stage until it arrives at the consummation of a costly and finished fabric. We may read or see how the lump of ore becomes a legion of shining and delicate needles—how certain constituent mineral masses are fused and wrought until the glittering chandelier or the wonder-working lens is placed before us. We know how rags may become paper, and the forest a ship. Still, there is a peculiar species of industry of which the public knows little—one requiring for its successful prosecution a more peculiar union of elements than is demanded by any other pursuit—a branch of industry demanding the combined and constant application of highly-skilled and intelligent manual labor—of vast capital—of a high degree of enterprise and worldly shrewdness—and, more than all, of great, and keen, and cultivated, and flexible intellectual power, constantly applicable to the discussion of almost every question—moral, social, political, and literary—which can spring up into importance amid the daily and hourly fluctuations not only of the public opinion of Britain, but of that of the civilized world. Such a union of qualities and possessions must be brought together by any one who thinks of triumph-

antly establishing, or successfully carrying on, a London morning journal.

As, then, we believe that the notions popularly entertained of the means whereby the news of the world is every morning served up to us with our hot coffee and rolls are somewhat vague, we propose to devote this paper to a sketch of the intellectual and material engine to which society and civilization owe so much; and after some pondering as to the simplest and most comprehensive course to be adopted, we have come to the resolution—first, of enumerating and describing the several parts of the machine in detail, and then after putting them into gear, and setting the whole in motion, of directing attention to the general working, and of explaining the motive forces and the plan of operation of the entire mechanism.

All the London daily-newspaper establishments are situated either upon or close to the great artery of communication between the City and the West End. Some of those grimy-looking news-manufactories are patent to the street, others skulk in dingy and obscure alleys, as though attempting to carry out, even in their local habitations, that grand principle of the anonymous which, rightly or wrongly, is held to constitute not only the power, but the very essence and soul of English journalism.

The vast body of the employés of a London journal may be divided into six grand categories or departments, it being, however, understood that in some cases these departments blend, to a little extent, with each other, and that those individuals who, as it were, stand upon the confines, occasionally undertake somewhat mixed duties. There is, first, the important and all-supporting typographic department, numbering perhaps somewhere about sixty individuals. Then there is the commercial department, occupied in the business-conduct of the paper, in attending to the due supply of the requisite material for all the other branches, in receiving and arranging the advertisements, in managing the publication, and keeping the

general accounts of the whole establishment. This department, including those more or less connected with advertising agencies, &c., may furnish employment for about a dozen of persons. We then come to the reporting establishment. Of this the principal branch is the parliamentary corps, a body averaging from twelve to sixteen members: next them may be classed the law reporters, who attend regularly in the several courts, and who may come to some half-dozen more: in the same category we may perhaps include the regular and authorized correspondents of the paper in the principal provincial towns and outposts: and our account would be manifestly incomplete did we leave out of sight the vast cloud of irregular and unengaged reporters, who supply a great portion of the every-day London news, including the proceedings of the minor courts—particularly the police-offices—the inquests, the “melancholy accidents,” the “alarming conflagrations,” the “extraordinary coincidences,” and the like. This body of men, although few or none of its members have any real tangible footing upon the periodical press, yet play no inconsiderable part in supplying it with its miscellaneous home intelligence. They form, as our readers have no doubt divined, the often-talked-of class, called by themselves “general reporters” or “occasional contributors,” but known to the world as “penny-a-liners.” Next in the order in which we are proceeding we may reckon the important and expensive department of foreign correspondence—a department the extent and importance of which have very much increased since the commencement of the present continental disturbances. A glance at any London journal will show that, besides having a fixed correspondent in almost every European capital of importance, there is hardly a seat of war unattended by a representative of the metropolitan press. Wherever, indeed, gunpowder is fired in anger, a letter to a great English newspaper is pretty certain to pop out of the smoke. Proceeding with our list, we approach the editorial department, including not only the actual executive editors, but the corps of original writers—the mysterious authors of the “leaders,” and the gentlemen whose pens, shunning politics, are devoted to the chronicling and analysis of the fine arts, the drama, and literature. Here we tread upon somewhat slippery ground. As we have said, the principle of the anonymous is kept up with very remarkable strictness in the leading journals; and even those who are

tolerably well behind the scenes in other respects, may still know little of the grand arcanum involved in the authorship of the leading articles. No doubt the paternity of some of these is tolerably well known in press circles. Sometimes the internal evidence of style or particular opinion betrays a writer: in other instances tolerable guesses and approximations are formed; but in, we should say, the great majority of cases the authorship of a leader is absolutely unknown to nineteen-twentieths of the employes of the newspaper in which it appears.

We have now catalogued the five principal divisions into which the intellectual and manual labor of a morning newspaper is thrown, and we may add a sixth general department, including the class which may be described as more strictly the servants of the establishment—the day and night porters, the messengers, the couriers employed upon foreign service, and generally the host of supernumeraries who hang on the outskirts of a great newspaper establishment.

Having thus cursorily run over the different parts of the machine, we proceed more narrowly to describe their individual conformation. The typographical department comprehends, as we have said, about sixty compositors. Among their ranks are to be found the very best, the most intelligent, and the most expeditious printers in London or the world. They are paid by the piece; and a few of them earn not less than from £3 to £4 per week. From £2 10s. to £3 is, however, we believe, the general amount of their wages. The task of a morning paper compositor commences about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and is continued until the paper is “put to bed,” as the technical phrase goes, between four and five o'clock in the morning; but occasionally his labors are even still further protracted. When an important foreign express is expected—the Overland Mail, for example—he either remains hanging about the establishment, ready at an instant's warning to commence operations upon the looked-for news, or flings himself down, all dressed, either in his lodgings or a neighboring tavern, prepared instantly to hurry back to the office should a breathless messenger warn him that the “Overland is in.” A useful peculiarity of the morning paper compositor is the extraordinary skill with which he deciphers the vile congregations of pothooks and hangers with which he is frequently called upon to deal. Imagine, for example, half-a-dozen columns of report of an impor-

tant country meeting, scribbled in red-hot haste, and in pencil, by two or three reporters during their transit from Liverpool or Exeter by an express train; fancy this crumpled-up mass of half-effaced, half-unintelligible scribbling deciphered, set up in type, and corrected, within a few minutes over an hour! Yet such an exploit is by no means without a parallel in the offices of the London morning newspapers. For the rapidity with which news is set before the readers of a journal they are much indebted to the compositors.

Passing over the commercial department of a newspaper, which presents few characteristic features, we arrive at the important class of the reporters. And of these the parliamentary corps first claim our attention. This embraces men of very different calibre, and very different views and habits. With some it is the all in all, with others merely the convenient stepping-stone. A few, and only a few, of its members have little pretensions beyond those of skillful short-hand writers; but a great majority of its occupants aim higher than this—possessing as they do the intelligence of educated gentlemen, sharpened and developed by a course of training which brings them into constant communication with public men and public events; while not a few are personages of more or less literary or political celebrity, who may well aspire one day to make the speeches they now report.

The routine duty of the gallery is easily explained. Each newspaper has a regular desk, at which its representative is always seated from the opening to the rising of the House. The reporters generally succeed each other in alphabetical succession; and the period during which each remains on duty is called his "turn." These turns are of different lengths at different periods of the evening. Up to about 11 o'clock they are either half-hours or three-quarters. After that time they are generally either quarter-hours or twenty minutes. Every newspaper has a distinct set of rules upon the subject in question, rules which, however, are always liable to be modified, according to certain fixed principles, by the duration of the debate in the House of Lords. As soon as a "man"—reporters are always called "men" in gallery patois—is relieved by his next successor, he proceeds to the office to extend his notes—"to write out his whack"—gallery *argot* again. A full three-quarters' turn amounts, with the majority of speakers, to somewhat more than two columns of the close

type used in printing parliamentary reports, the writing of which is seldom accomplished under four hours of severe labor. It not unfrequently happens, especially if both Houses be sitting—and the corps therefore distributed in equal proportions in the Lords and Commons—that time will not permit the full extension of the short-hand notes. A second turn looming ahead obliges the reporter to "cut down" many a flower of eloquence; and on very hard-working nights there are such things as three turns, involving, as the reader will perceive, in many instances a spell of seven, eight, or nine hours of exceedingly hard and exhausting toil. These occasions, however, are comparatively rare; and taking the average amount of the session, we should say that it is somewhat less than a column per night per man. Of course the majority of speeches made in parliament bear very considerable curtailment. The ordinary rank and file of M. P.'s are merely summarized—their endless prolixity, their ten-times repeated iteration, their masses of commonplace declamation, are condensed and translated into English grammar—often a most requisite process—so that the twenty lines of what appears to the reader to be a neat little compact speech, convey, in reality, the pith and substance, well and clearly put, of half an hour or an hour's rambling, tedious oration.

When, however, a reporter, unhappily for himself, falls upon one of the crack men of the house, a minister or an Opposition leader, the case is very different. The report is then almost verbatim. We say almost, because there is hardly one man in the House who does not occasionally owe something to the reporters in the way of the excision of a twice or thrice-repeated phrase, or the rounding-off of a sentence left incomplete in the heat of speaking. As may be expected, there exists a code of oratorical criticism in the gallery of an entirely technical and professional nature, and which judges of public speakers entirely in reference to the facilities which their styles afford for being reported. Perhaps a hint or two on contemporary orators regarded in this light may not be without its interest and use. Sir Robert Peel, then, is a favorite in the gallery. He is distinct and deliberate; and when he has to deal with statistics (the mortal horror of the reporters), exceedingly clear and intelligible. Moreover, Sir Robert understands the gallery. We have heard him on very important occasions absolutely dictate rather than speak. His rival, Lord John, is generally deliberate enough, but he is not always distinct, and

unless he warms and rises with his subject, is very apt to be slovenly in the construction of his sentences. Sir G. Grey is an exceedingly difficult speaker to report: he is too rapid. Sir Charles Wood, again, is often verbally confused, and apt to make *lapses lingue*, which in financial speeches are terribly embarrassing. Viscount Palmerston is a capital man for a reporter—deliberate, epigrammatically distinct, and uttering his sentences with a weighty and a telling point. Sir J. Graham is also an easily-reported speaker. Not so Mr. Gladstone, who pours himself out in an unbroken, fluent, and unemphatic stream of words; uttering subtle argument faster than other speakers rattle out mere verbiage. Mr. Macaulay was another dreaded orator; and for this reason, that his utterance was so rapid, as to render it exceedingly difficult to follow him; while his diction was at once so gorgeous and so epigrammatic, that the omission of a word marred a sentence. Much of the same remark applies to Mr. Sheil, who, moreover, has to contend with a thickened, indistinct, and screaming utterance. Mr. D'Israeli keeps a good reporter upon the full stretch, but he is not generally complained of in the gallery. As for the Upper House, Lord Stanley is perhaps the most unpopular man, using the word of course in its technical sense. He is terribly rapid and terribly good. Lord Brougham is generally more deliberate. His parenthetical sentences, however, often puzzle his recorders. Lord Aberdeen, distinct, deliberate, and pure in his style, is easily reported. The same of Lord Lyndhurst. The Marquis of Lansdowne's speeches are vastly improved by the omission of a good half of the words which they contain; and to Lord Monteagle a similar remark applies with still greater force. Earl Grey is a capital reporter's speaker—distinct, clear-headed, and correct; and so, by the way, is the young Duke of Argyle, who has made a debut in public life which promises to give the reporters many an aching wrist.

On the whole, the reporters' gallery, although its occupants are occasionally very severely worked, is a pleasant and a merry place, and a great manufactory of jokes, good, bad, and indifferent. As a general rule, reporters are terribly lukewarm politicians. Probably they hear too much of all parties to like any of them; and so speeches delivered on all sides of the House are generally the objects of plenty of droll running commentary, frequently of a nature which

would please the political opponents of the orator rather than himself.

Of the law reporters little has to be said. They are frequently young barristers, who make up in this way for any deficiency of briefs with which they may be afflicted.

We now come to the irregular reporting troops, the penny-a-liners. There are perhaps fifty or sixty people in London who get their living solely by casual contributions of articles of news to the press. The body is an odd compound of all manner of waifs and strays from society, and more remarkable, we fear, for enterprise and impudence in the pursuit of its calling, than for either honesty or ability. The only notion which many worthy folks in London have of the *personnel* of the press is gleaned from the penny-a-liners, who suddenly start up, no one knows how or whence, upon every occasion which gathers a group of people together, boldly proclaiming themselves to be the representatives of the press, and seldom doing it much credit either by their appearance or their manners. Many a good man and able has indeed made his first advances to journalism through humble penny-a-lining, but no man of ability remains long in the ranks. The great body of penny-a-liners are either dissipated and discarded reporters, who have drunk themselves out of station and respectability, or a wonderful *omnium gatherum* of uneducated and illiterate men, who have been flung out of the ordinary range of mechanical or semi-mechanical employments, and have, somehow or other—one by one accident, one by another—fallen back upon the precarious and Bedouin-like existence of penny-a-liners. Of course the "occasional reporter" is only paid for those portions of his contributions which actually appear in print; and, on an average, not one-tenth of the mass of "flimsy" manuscripts received every night by the sub-editors of the morning papers is accepted and printed. The "flimsy" in question is the technical name for penny-a-line copy, derived from the thin tissue paper which the "manifold" writing apparatus always used necessitates the employment of. A penny-a-liner always sends duplicates of his intelligence to all the morning papers, so that he has occasionally the good luck to be paid several times over for the same paragraphs, and that at the rate of a penny-halfpenny, not, as his name would imply, a penny per line. A penny-a-liner may therefore, it is evident, upon such occasions as a "good fire" or a "good murder"—both common phrases with the craft—

make a much more profitable week's work than the regular-salaried reporter can hope for. We have known instances in which from £30 to £40 have been cleared by a penny-a-liner in a single week. But in general the brotherhood are terribly improvident. They spend their money as fast, or faster, than they make it, and seldom or never have anything laid by for the quiet, and, to them, unlucky intervals when no political agitation causes good crops of meetings, and when there happens to be a happy dearth of accidents and offences. Then come the times for fabricated intelligence. Inquests are reported which are never held, and neighborhoods are flung "into a state of the utmost alarm and excitement" by catastrophes which no one but the penny-a-liner himself ever dreamt of. We remember Mr. Wakley publicly stating that upward of a dozen inquests were reported in one day as having taken place under his presidency, not one of which he ever held! The occasion which elicited this statement was a remarkable one. The suicide of a young girl, who had been seduced and abandoned with her child, was reported, and adorned with so many touching and really romantic circumstances, that public curiosity and sympathy were strongly excited. We well remember, on the night when the intelligence was handed in—in "flimsy" of course—to a daily paper, hearing the sub-editor—a gentleman, by the way, well known to the readers of this Journal—exclaim, in allusion to one of the letters given, "See, there is perfectly touching and human pathos: not the greatest master of fiction who ever lived could have struck off anything half so exquisite in its simple truth to nature as the ill-written letter of this poor, uneducated girl." In two or three days the whole story was discovered to be a fabrication! And yet in all probability our friend the then sub-editor was right. These fabricated stories are seldom or never the invention of their concoctors: they are simply copied from some forgotten file of newspapers, or some obscure colonial journal, and adapted to London life and customs. Of course every effort is made by the conductors of journals to prevent their being duped in this manner, but they cannot always help themselves. They have no hold over the penny-a-liners but by systematically rejecting their communications; and if a fellow who has been detected in a fraud finds his copy "tabooed," he either makes an arrangement with a friend for the use of his name, or starts a new appellation altogether, under which he

either makes a new character, or remains in an undistinguished position until the old offence has blown over or been forgotten.

The best characteristic quality of the penny-a-liners is their matchless perseverance and energy in the pursuit of materials for paragraphs. Does a conflagration break out?—they are in the midst of the firemen; does a remarkable crime take place?—they regularly install themselves in the locality; often they outnumber the group of individuals which forms the "numerous and respectable meeting" they report. Railway accidents afford them rich harvests. They find out cases of suicide in a way little short of miraculous; and hardly a day passes which does not yield them a "remarkable coincidence," or an "extraordinary catastrophe." Altogether, the penny-a-liners are about the most irregularly-paid, the most hard-working, and the most scampishly-living set of individuals in her Majesty's dominions.

We have loitered at some length over the reporting department, which is, in sooth, one of the most interesting connected with a daily paper, and we must dispatch the foreign correspondents with a hastier notice. Our readers can well understand that theirs is a department which has of late been quite turned upside down. In the old peaceful days, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Augsburg, were the principal ports of continental correspondence. Now-a-days, of course, a newspaper must have its agents swarming over Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Bay of Biscay to the Sea of Azof. The duties of a Parisian correspondent, the grand centre to which the others were always subsidiary, were of a kind requiring watchfulness rather than hard work. Paris, as the centre and radiating point of continental politics, was constantly becoming the sudden seat of unexpected news, which it was the duty of the correspondent instantly to forward, often by special courier or pigeon-express to London. The routine of duty was by no means oppressive. The concoction of a short summary of the news of the day; the extraction of copious translations of the morning papers, furnished in the friendly pages of "Galignani;" and perhaps a visit to the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères*, or that of the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, where official and private information could always be got by those who knew the right way of going to work. This generally formed the day's routine of duty. The real pressure of the work, however, lay in the extreme watchfulness required, and the constant liability of

the correspondent to be called upon to decide whether such and such an item of intelligence, as it transpired, was or was not worth the expense of a special courier or a flight of pigeons to London. Now-a-days, of course, the couriers are being superseded by the railways, and the use of pigeons, over one part of the journey at all events, by the electric telegraph. Nor will the most casual student of the daily newspapers fail to perceive how much more copious is the letter of the Paris correspondent than it used to be. Of the many in France who curse the late revolution, none have more cause to do so than "our own correspondent." The "war" reporters form quite a new class, which has of course risen with the exigencies of the times. More than one of the gentlemen, however, who are now enlightening the English public upon the chances and changes of the Italian and Hungarian wars, have seen hot work in the Carlist campaigns in Spain, and have had a few tolerably narrow escapes from being shot or hung as spies. Indeed, not later than last summer, a friend of ours, who was in the thick of the first Schleswig-Holstein dispute, found himself placed, by the arrest of a courier whom he had dispatched, in an extremely awkward situation, from which he only escaped by a most liberal expenditure of horse flesh, and by ultimately seizing the open boat of a fisherman, in which he crossed the Little Belt, and at last contrived to conceal himself in Copenhagen. It is quite evident, then, that the situation of a correspondent at the seat of war is by no means suited to those gentlemen of England who love safety and ease. Adequately to perform the duties of the post, a man must be a thorough linguist, even to the extent of understanding the patois of the district in which he is placed. He must possess, moreover, a good and plausible address, be a man of enterprise and resource, one who can cook his own dinner, and make a comfortable bivouac on the lee side of a tree. Above all, he must have the pen of a ready writer, and have enough of nerve, without needlessly or recklessly exposing himself to danger, to make up his dispatches coolly and collectedly, even should a stray shot occasionally make its appearance in his vicinity. Good folks who do not like sleeping out of their own beds, who wink at the crack of a pistol, and who catch colds in thorough drafts, had better not undertake to write a contemporary history of a war.

We have now come to the editorial department of the London daily journal. By

the editorial, however, is by no means to be understood the leader-writing department: we speak of the actual working *visible* editors. In respect to the leader-writing corps, the strictest secrecy is, as we have said, preserved. If its members ever come to the office, they do not come officially; and though their business may be guessed at, it is never avowed. The actual acknowledged editorial body generally consists of a sub-editor and his assistant, a foreign editor; sometimes, but not always, a business editor, as we may call him, whose functions are half literary, half commercial; and an editor-in-chief, who represents the proprietors, and keeps a watchful eye over all the departments, and whose executive power is despotic. The money-article writer has an establishment of his own in the city, and generally sends the result of his labors every evening.

Let us begin with the two sub-editors. They are at their posts by eight or nine o'clock p. m., and the labors of one of them at least do not cease until four o'clock next morning. To their care is confided the mass of penny-a-line matter, from which they select what is considered as of interest or importance—often abridging or grammatizing it, as the case may require. They have frequently to attend to the literary and political correspondence of the paper, picking out from the mass of "Constant Readers" and "Regular Subscribers" those lucubrations which seem worthy of the notice of the editor-in-chief. To them is also confided the task of looking over the multitudes of provincial papers which every day arrive, and extracting from them all the paragraphs which may appear to deserve the honor. The principal sub-editor is also in continued and close correspondence with the printer's room, from which he receives regular bulletins of the amount of matter "set up," and of the space which remains to be filled. In many of the London papers, the rule is, that every line which is printed must go through the hands of the sub-editor. He is thus enabled to preserve a general idea of the hourly progress of the newspaper toward completion. Another part of the sub's duty is a general supervision of the reporter's room. In case of any failure in this part of the duty, occasioned perhaps by sudden illness, he puts himself in correspondence with another paper, so as to obtain the means of supplying the gap. He grants interviews to the less important class of business visitors; makes the minor arrangements for having public meetings, dinners, and so forth, reported;

has an eye, in fact, to every department save that of the "leaders;" and passes a life of constant hurry and responsibility, the major part of his duties consisting of a hundred little odd jobs, trifling in themselves, but upon his indefatigable and energetic attention to which the character of a newspaper greatly depends.

The duties of the foreign editor will be obvious from his title. He performs for foreign intelligence what the sub-editor does for home news. He receives and arranges foreign expresses, summarizes the intelligence contained in them, and has frequently a great deal of hard translating work upon his shoulders. Of course the foreign editor must be an accomplished linguist.

We have reserved the editor-in-chief until the last. His is a situation of great power, and consequently of great responsibility. To him all matters of doubt arising in the inferior departments are referred. The sub-editor is his aid-de-camp, who brings him information of what every body is doing, and how every body is doing it. Printed slips of everything reckoned important in the paper are from time to time laid before him. He makes all the arrangements of magnitude, respecting the engagement of correspondents, reporters, &c., and gives audiences to those whose business is of great importance, or who, from their situation in public or private life, cannot well be handed over to a subordinate. The peculiar department of the editor-in-chief is, however, that of the leading articles. He may either write himself or not. In general, an editor has plenty to do without the composition of brilliant or profound political essays. But he probably suggests subjects to his writers, hints at the tone to be adopted, carefully revises the leaders when written, and generally takes care to communicate to the whole executive the peculiar views as to business or politics entertained by the unseen proprietary body whom he represents. The editor-in-chief usually transacts business in the office in the course of the afternoon. He makes his appearance again about ten o'clock or eleven o'clock p. m., and frequently remains until the paper is actually published, about five o'clock in the morning.

We have now set before our readers a tolerably full account of the constituent parts of the machinery of a London newspaper. It only remains that we briefly dash off a sketch of the machine as it appears in its usual rapid motion. Nearly all day long the establishment is almost deserted; only the clerks in the counting-house ply their tasks, and re-

ceive and register the advertisements. At four o'clock or so, a couple of the editors arrive; the letters which may have been received are opened and run over; arrangements for "leaders" for next day are probably made and communicated to the writers thereof; and such communications from regular or casual correspondents as may be selected from the mass are sent up to the printer's room, in readiness for the compositors when they arrive. By seven o'clock p. m. the work is beginning in earnest. Three or four parliamentary reporters have already set to at their desks, and the porters are laying huge masses of "fimsy" and packets from the country upon the sub-editors' tables. Meanwhile the compositors above have also commenced operations. By ten o'clock the work is in full swing. Perhaps a dozen columns of parliamentary debate have been written; the sub-editors are actively engaged in preparing for the printer the occasional and penny-a-line intelligence, and two or three writers in different parts of London are deep in "leaders." Hardly a train now arrives in town which does not convey packets of country news and country newspapers wet from the press, to the great centre of intelligence. "Express parcels" from abroad drop in, and are submitted to the foreign editor. All the office is one blaze of light and activity. By midnight the great mass of intelligence has arrived. The porters carry away from the sub-editorial rooms basketfuls of rejected contributions; the master-printer reports as to the length of "matter" in his hands; the editor-in-chief communicates with the sub, and finds that everything is working smoothly. The reporters are still at it might and main. Perhaps the House of Commons does not rise until two o'clock, so every quarter of an hour sets a fresh hand to work. As three o'clock approaches, the master-printer gets nervous, and begins to think of the early trains; the gentlemen of the gallery are directed to cut down at all hazards, and close up their reports: the last selection is made of the "matter" which must be flung over either until next day, or entirely. Shortly after three the outside half of the sheet is at press, for the machine-men have been getting up the steam on the engine for the last couple of hours: the last touches are hurriedly given to the "leaders" and the "latest intelligence;" and by half after five o'clock, fast express carts are flying with the reeking sheets to the terminus of every railway to be scattered over Britain as fast as panting steam can carry them!





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